

## **Fredrik Thordendal's Special Defects**

### **"Dyin' 4 Rap"**

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[Fredro Starr]:

Dyin' 4 rap, the remix saga, throwin' shots to the top  
Catch you comin' out ya Bentley drop  
Run up, open a block, empty the glock  
I'm dyin' 4 rap, rap niggas nailed to the cross  
If you Christ to the game, nigga, die for the cost  
Send flames out to S-5, killin' ya Porshe  
Took a step back from the game, watch ya flip  
Did a few flips, fucked a few chicks, you can't fuck with  
me  
Bullet to bullet baby, check the glocks  
Spit slugs, one after another, play "connect the shots"  
Cock the flame, had another doc to range  
Make ya head rest part of ya brain, like that  
Bulletproof rap, rap with a gun in my back  
Two G's got niggas still throwin' they gats  
Once you cross to the other side, I'm bringin' you back  
I'm Firestarr, and I'm dyin' 4 rap

[Capone]:

To America's system, I'm double pharoah  
I speak wisdom, rebellin' on the BC spit  
My intuition on streets, keep bitchin'  
Push the hottest structure, deep dishin' stack dollars  
and buck  
Shootouts, got the hood hot as a fuck  
My criminal demeanor, got snagged and tash, sizin'  
me up  
Searchin the Beamer, niggas question who I run with  
A vest, a tech, and extra gun clip  
What you say might get your son hit  
Queensbridge, where my duns live  
Kiam was destined to rule, since my mother's stomach  
Understand what I am, a prophet, poetical targets for  
sabatage  
You can't stop me, gorilla at large, fuck a murder  
charge  
I spray at ya block, I spray at the cops  
I'm a hater, ya wrist shinin' and I fuckin' spray at ya  
watch  
I'm grimy, I'm sick of being broke, I'm sick of short sells

I'm representin' jail murder to coke pots on the stoves

[Norega]:

Them niggas dyin' 4 rap, rap dyin' for me  
You can't see me a motherfucka, hot as me  
You see me dip through the traffic and I turn it up  
Them chicks takin' Ecstasy to suck my nut  
Straight gangsta, niggas compare me to Suge  
But they say I'm more fouler, yeah they should  
I got the "What? What" aout to fade the hood  
I still got coke on the streets, you know I'm good  
I'm from Queens, infrared beams and car hard jeans  
Them niggas dyin' 4 rap, rap dyin' for me

[Young Noble]:

This ain't no battle of the beats, this a battle of heat  
Battle in the streets, battle til we six feet deep  
Outlaw warrior, yeah Makaveli train  
Niggas mad how we rob, Makaveli's the blame  
Niggas dyin' 4 rap, I'm dyin' to snap  
Life was a game of dice, niggas dyin' to crap  
You dyin' to ride dick, you dyin' to lie stiff  
Frm dyin' to bar quick, get off my dick  
I'm like a fire starter, I wet ya car with FireStarr  
And garment before the cops'll call  
Shot you far dawg, ain't no runnin' away  
With 'Pac involved son, it can be done today  
Thug we dyin' for the cause, burners told you Outlaw  
Young Nob's, stayin' raw, and it's wall to wall

[Cuban Link]:

Yo, I'm the Spanish Casanova, livin' leathers  
24 karat toke a far from marriage, in Paris  
We talkin' parrots on my shoulder, hold up  
The mellow holdin' is Cuban, it's takin' over, I thought I  
told ya  
I'm doper than coke without the bakin' soda  
Drunk or sober, jump out the Rover, and fold you with a  
crowbar  
Throw a rop around ya neck, and do what Sosa did to  
Omar  
So far, my repertoire, got respect in no parts  
Like Joan of Arc, if you turn apart, rollin' til dark  
It's Terror Squad, from the start til I come across God  
No hold barred, most niggas got balls but no heart  
Who wanna run with the dot dada, nigga come holla  
from the Bronx  
Where they gun down punks for one dollar

