

Fredro Starr

"Dyin' 4 Rap - Featuring Capone-N-Noreaga, Noble, Cuban L"

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[Fredro Starr]

The game is fucked up, ya niggas got me tired of rap
Right now I'm not inspired by rap
Ya niggas ain't Dyin 4 Rap, talkin bout iron for clap
Ya niggas never fired a gat
Never took it the streets, and supplied it wit packs
I had feds in my house, trynna wire my cat
In the wall, little cameras hidin in cracks
Niggas talk about drug money, what cats you flip
On the trains tellin bitches that you crashed ya whip
You never seen cop killers wit the plastic grips
Turn beef to some funky closed casket shit
Blast a fifth, 16 shots, niggas ran 16 blocks
16 niggas drop, ya niggas never seein the plot
Never put greens on top, never put fiends on lock
My elite niggas scream on cops, hustle dope
Roll up, puff up smoke, parolin decode
Standin on them corners wit them guns in they coats
Had them same little muthafuckas under ya bed
Gun to ya head, wake up, wanted ya dead
End of the night, take ya light, I'm gettin ya back
I'm twistin you back, cuz what ya niggas spittin on
tracks'll
Get you 16 or 8, gun cap, leave it at that
Cuz ya niggas ain't Dyin 4 Rap

[Chorus 2X]

See, I'm what defines the streets
The one that bitches dyin to meet
The one ya thugs tryin to be
Since I started, I can't count how many sound like me
But can't none of ya niggas get down like me
Can't none of ya niggas get down like me
Can't none of ya niggas get down like me

[Fredro Starr]

Fuck this rap shit, fuck the rhyme of the year
I'm about to get away wit the crime of the year
Bought a black dress that's for ya momma to wear
Got bitch niggas run when the drama appear
Streets ain't safe, six shots, tear ya face

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