

## Genius Cru

### "Road Dawgs"

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DJ Clue (Jay-Z)  
New Shit  
(Uh, huh, check it out now)  
Road Dawgs  
Amil, Eve, Da Brat  
(Amillion, E-V-E)  
Jay-Z  
(First Lady)  
(Check it out, uh yo)  
(Don't watch me nigga watch my bitches)  
Ha ha  
(Uh, huh)  
(Uh huh, uh huh)  
(Yeah, yeah, Roc-A-Fella that's the clique)  
(Nigga don't watch me better watch my bitches)

[Eve]  
I stay sick wit  
Each ??? flow like liquid shit  
Harder than the dick get  
Nigga flew his whole clan just to get wit  
One touch nigga fiend for the clit lick  
Don't leave'em nothing but a quick fix  
Me and money makers be the first pick and  
Do the dirt quick and  
Sexy thug keep get me warm make my toes twitch  
Only fuck wit the raw you should know this  
Ruff Ryde, but you scared of the stallion  
Scheme for cream, me and Amillion  
Carry rockets in my pockets, better step back  
Put holes in ya back you can bet that, hustle for the  
dollar  
Eve, like to cut you, make you holler  
Play cuts for bucks and watch'em pile up  
You want more?  
See me in the drop top it's on  
Peach color pony head course  
Player instinct, learned from my dogs  
Save ya money baby I'ma take you to the mall  
And I buy you something small  
Maybe something negligien

Cartier, came fast in small things  
What I need to survive is a piece of the pie, feel me  
E-V-E, capitalize  
Taking the shit, making it mine  
Big niggas in the game that'll let us find  
Put me up against anybody I shine  
Taking my time for this line for line  
Mad chart thugs wit yours crime for crime  
Real bitches keeping it raw, about time

Chorus: 2xs

[Jay-Z] (Amil)

Where my hoes in this house who

Hold they niggas down who

Roll hard, y'all my road dawgs

(Hey)

Where my ladies in this place who

Hold they niggas space when

He locked up, throw ya baby glocks up

(Owh)

[Amil]

Crush shit

Before I even touch shit

Wit the princess cuts and shit

My niggas, Roc-a-Love for me

Haters, make you think you can fuck wit me

This rap shit is like drugs to me

Nigga, need a fix leave it up to me

All Money Is Legal

Roca y'all know how we do

First class, all stretch out

Or, S-Class all sexed out

Got the cash, let's be out

Bitch gone only do joints wit the best out

Most niggas can't handle me

So I strictly fuck wit family

Sports to death, ask Jigga

Don't I only deal wit a high class nigga?

It's a turn off if my cash bigger

Don't blame me, blame my last nigga

Mother fucker kept me laced from the feet up

Started off wit a pair of V studs

I be wifey no pre-nups

Still ended up wit the SE what

Windows down, seats back

Can't catch me wit a sweet track

Co-writers don't need that

99 and I still ain't meet my match

Feel me huh? New Your and Philly huh?

the only ones that had a chance

Was the ones wit the cash advance

Chorus:

[Da Brat]

I tell 'em like this

Ain't to many mother fuckers bad as me

Bust at a nigga wit a rhyme or a nine wit a tragedy

When it cause catastrophes, will actually cause you to bleed

Fuck up anything you breathe, pass the weed

If a nigga proceed to step outta line I'm a gradually

Fill his anatomy wit bullet holes in his behind

I happen to be the type of bitch

Get a grudge I don't budge and shit

And look at what I did in life as a kid

Wit thugs and pents

Now I got the knowledge of a college mother fucker

Wit a scholarship

At any degree my temperature get, boiling hot to freezing

When I release you can see the reason, I'm so cold

Niggas continuously rolling me beats to choke on

Try-na get a smoke on

High, cause I have to get it

When you can never seeing me coming the Devils Advocate

Material hoe, keeping niggas dropping they draws

And fiending for more

Surrounded wit, diamonds around the wrist

Cruise the town in my six, bruising them every time I hit

And I ain't try-na quit

If I do, you can never find another to fill my shoes

I prove you can't duplicate this

Attempt to and lose

This little nigga been rocking the basement since I was about two

Pick up the pace quick, why worry about a replacement?

When I stepped in came wit my feet in the pavement

Leave niggas in amazement

And guess what the ingravement say?

Capital B-R-A-T was here and got paid all year

In a major way, fuck what the haters, fuck the tabloids

I spit on niggas, who try to steal my joy

Chorus

