

## Isyss

### "Chain Gang"

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( )

[Jadakiss]

Yeah, what the fuck?

[Sheek]

Lox baby

Sheek Louch, Jadakiss, Styles too

Blackrob, what the fuck, all up in this mother fucker

[Jadakiss]

Bad boy

Stay back nigga

[Sheek]

Ay yo, you want 15 G's thats stuffed in my pocket?

Nigga stop it, that bullshit you talking go rehearse that  
at Rockets

Puff lye I pay dues, that nigga with a tattoo

The thin Ha (Yonkers slang), these motherfuckers  
gonna watch the Little

Rascals

When I say I bust my shit, believe it all the way

And the summer times where the Chochas show where  
one in her leg

If you could walk still, every block in Yonkers be hot still

With miners that will bust you down faster than cops kill

Niggas still front and step to you, falsley accused

that they just shot and you can still be the judge boo

I die for my 354 niggas, with the young stoned niggas

Lox are my heart, cold niggas

Sheek give it to you, like a bitch with a disease

that got AIDS on her lips and wish and hope you bleed

So if you want it, Fuck It!

In the Benz I'll be there, you gonna rot like

a dead Luco (spanish slang) under the stairs

[Blackrob]

Yeah yo, I swing that ass through the E-R, now I'm out  
the D-R

heared in New York, y'all was looking for the Hee Haw

Lads is sweatin' us, we are four of the baddest  
I'm the one that go stick you for all the cabage  
The icon, doing this shit since Stride-on  
Perpitrating ass niggas like you, I keep my eye on  
I rake em, roll em, like smoke from Peter Ross  
Then I hold em, stole em, work hard to be the boss  
My fashion is Kumb-a-i, or else I'm attackin'  
Dukes frontin acting like they toughest then napkins  
Spittin', them bullshit crimes I stay hittin'  
not forgetting, the bullshit crimes and ass whippings  
The whole 9, I dont waste time, I brace mines from the  
waistlines  
Niggas is scared to face mine  
See I'm a criminal, so after this interview  
I'ma bend a few, Fuck It! Could we sin a few?  
I put one into you, I promise to God  
It's about time y'all niggas pay homage to Rob

[Styles]

You can catch me on the low with a Calico bitch,  
I got flow while she's bagging her shit  
Comin' thru in a '98 wagon, lavender shit  
imagine the shit, used to be like packing the clip  
Cop in the truck the S-C cockin' to dump  
You can find me with my enemy coppin' his blunt  
When I'm finished niggas ask which block do I want  
My pockets is lumped, find me on a yacht with a blunt  
What you know about daimonds, nigga knockin' the  
pump  
While on my spare time I learned to market Heron  
I'm gettin' valuble, celebrate with stuff off the Malibu  
Science is the game and it's all mathematical  
Pearl white Porche, licence plate "radical"  
It's real when the fedaral-ies in Cali get mad at you  
forget that, Lox from the block want the shit back  
And I was in the first place, feeling the hit backs

[Jadakiss]

Let me get back like Jada, more 'rabs than 3-ey-doe  
get the potatoe and clap at niggas in brod day-do  
You know the flow, where it come from and where it go  
or where it's gonna be at, that's where we at  
I touch you if you think I'm jiggy with the Puff,  
move and still sellin' forty-thousand a week so Fuck  
You!  
Three niggas you dont want none of make your insides  
Feel like the summer you gettin' Dumber & Dumber  
While we get smarter and smarter, makin' shit harder  
and harder  
Til this rap games like the Carter  
I'm Nino, Styles is raw steemed from casinos

And Sheek is the boss of the Hennisey gambino  
We talking millions, you talking C-notes  
you used to stash dope in a sea coach, couldn't play  
sweet though  
You know the Kiss, on the low in the mist  
Blowin' roach and sipping Red Ally and Moe with a bitch  
When my niggas'll flip, see how cute you look,  
In the box with the suit on like you used to look  
Hard body with a purple faced future look  
Future crook, the same nigga who's boots I took  
Juliani aint a motherfuckin' joke  
You got mad niggas broke, alot of niggas gettin' that  
coke  
When they bring it to the lab is it sold to the slab  
First felony, you still gettin' four and a half  
[End]

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