

## Jadakiss

### "None Of Y'All Betta(feat. Styles, Sheek)"

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[Styles]

It's sorta like the Holy Trinity...

I'ma say...

I say it's like three different guns you fuckin faggots

Get shot three different ways

Matter fact, make that six different ways

Gun in each hand bitch

None of y'all betta

[Primo scratch twice-- Jadakiss] - "Aint none of y'all betta"

If it is name it

We'll squash you, ASAP, feel it

All I know, niggas give me all my dough

Like Boston George comin through with all my blow

Right now I'm tryin to charter a jet

Fuck this hit the Panama Canal and get a harder connect

Step on your toes, mess with your hoes, shoot up your mans

Come through the block tryin to screw up your plans

Cuz I still rob niggas for coke

Understand I'm the first one they call when they gettin the dope

I'm the one who prick your finger when they give you the oath

I'm the one who made the hit when they bring you the toast

Like Pacino and DeNiro 'cept they call me Paniro

Sad Styles still spin that arrow, fuck it

Like the boss of New York, you know how I feel

Kill a motherfucker cuz a corpse don't talk (no doubt)

Sixteen in the joint wit one in the head

If the bullets had legs have them run in your head, bitch

[Primo scratches:]

[Jadakiss] - "aint none of y'all betta..."

[Sonja Blade] - "what y'all know about..." [Styles P] - "put in my work..."

[Sheek] - "on the block..."

[Jadakiss] - "aint none if y'all betta..." [Styles P] - "but you know it's all real..."

[Tef and Billy Danze] - "Is it real? Yeah son!"

[Jadakiss] - "aint none of y'all betta..." [Sonja Blade] - "what y'all know about..."

[Styles P] - "put in my work..." [Sheek] - "on the block..."

[Jadakiss] - "aint none of y'all betta..." [Styles P] - "bet you know it's all real..."

[Tef and Billy Danze] - "Is it real? Yeah son!"

[Jadakiss] - "aint none of y'all betta..."

[Sheek]

Let's get it poppin my nigga

Load the tech up and go shoppin my nigga

and I don't mean the mall or no Gucci store

You know what the fuck I want, bricks of raw

and I'm too old to make less than a hundred a year

If it means wavin the hammer and leavin you there

If it means grabbin your kids out daycare

Somebody losin a seed, pay or bleed

It's Sheek Louch, I aint got no heart

I shoot broad daylight right in front of the mark

I put 28 holes through the icy car

Fuck around, like the God won't squeeze

If I don't see the badge I'm clappin the D's

LOX motherfucker, the OX motherfucker

The reason why you shouldn't cop drops motherfucker

Like it's something for me to shoot your pops

motherfucker, what

[Primo scratches]

[Jadakiss]

Ayo the dopes and the rice, the cokes and the pyrex

over the stove and I'm bout to hit it with the ice

Runners love to pump the bomb

They know no fair ones, now niggas'll jump they moms

You god, minus the 12 disciples

I pop up, all you see is shells and rifles

If I don't like you, I'ma kill you not fight you

I bite a little piece of your ear off like Mike do

and everybody gon' follow me now

Down eighth and an oozie mahogany brown

Faggots want you to kill 'em in a hurry

It fucks me up, like they aint got no money to get

buried

You could flip, I'll survive m'kay, motherfucker

In my block still doin twenty-five a day

Know you work out, chest and your back all nice

But the twelve gauge'll have your six pack on ice, what?

[Primo scratches]

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