

## Jae Millz

### "6 Minutes Of Death"

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[Jae Millz]Ayo Millz break the block down from A to Z  
I can supply you with work lil' nigga, I'm like the Temp.  
Agency  
I'm in the kitchen wood chilled with the feet broke  
Soft white got the table lookin' like a ski slope  
Fuck "goin out" me and my money elope  
And most niggaz rap about money but they be broke  
My man went to Moorehouse and had a strong flow  
So I had him pitchin' in Atlanta like John Smoltz  
Makin' money make the world go round  
When it stack up it'll make a nigga girl go down, clown  
Patron and Grey Goose'll get the bitch loose  
And after the crew I'll have her lickin' on the 'sis too  
We gettin' money where I'm from nigga  
You gettin' tired of your chick tell her pack her shit  
I'll come and get her  
I'll put her on to some shit and get her grind right  
Get her mind right fatten the ass and get her spine  
tight  
I'm the flyest, most niggaz want a deal with Nike  
I'm like dumb nigga I'm tryna buy it  
I need percentages I don't care who the hottest  
Lil' nigga I think BIG like Christopher Wallace  
And I (and I) won't stop till my grand kids' grand kids  
sittin on dollars  
And I ain't even a father, nigga  
Call me your majesty, (talk to em) I'm young black and  
fly  
When it come to dough I got a Jewish mentality  
Lil' fuck niggaz still tryna battle me  
I go in they mouth like I'm the dentist lookin' for  
cavaties  
I don't know why your mans hyped you with that battery  
I'll hit your whole team with caps and I don't mean  
salaries, nigga  
I already got dough now I'm chasin the power  
I'm the statue stand tall cuz I'm replacin' the Towers  
And these niggaz washed up now they faces is sour  
Mad cuz they broke and lonely and I'm makin them  
dollars  
With enough divas to spread out to ten cities

I can throw assists all night like I'm M. Bibby  
Harlem got a fuckin' reason to front now  
Uptown, let's go we got a reason to stunt now  
I told Joey and Stack shit ain't in tact  
Our captains lost our city now we gotta get it back  
I'm on top nigga, you can take it how you wanna  
But ain't nothin' impress me for the last three summers  
I don't give a fuck how disrespected you may feel  
Nigga see me when you see me  
It's whateva, it's Jae Millz mufucker

[Stack Bundles]Nigga the crew feel better when well  
rounded (chea)  
Still rounded (chea), dress square but a nigga well  
rounded  
Grounded like I came home late on my curfew  
And proved I was better than most niggaz my first two  
(what)  
Lil' years in the mixtape league  
Now it's biddin' war time I got a Bloomberg league  
So the hood's overwhelmed (why)  
They know it's the voice of the hustler whenever they  
hear son up at the Helm  
Son give'em hell like "damn, he on advocate"  
The fans fiendin' for it they got the addict itch  
That's the bundles put it all in your nose  
These niggaz is lil' me's, hear it all in their flows  
Ho's, that's a topic you don't even wanna touch on  
I face fuck the ones you couldn't touch on  
Hand brushed on see the denim know what these bout  
The Antiques, Red Munkey's, or Vi's out  
Yall bring the V's out I can even splurge  
GT's wasn't me so I'm leanin' towards the Spurs  
Leanin' towards the furs a lil' more to my nature  
Mink coyote, fox all in the nature  
I get it in blocks I'm the Semour Cakester  
I give it on the arm you can get it from me  
Cuz if prices was any cheaper y'all be sellin' it for free  
Paid 2-3 sell it for 2-2-5  
McDonald's is makin more of a profit on Super Sized

I spit the truth inside niggaz wrote the fake shit  
These niggaz practicin' snitchin' y'all on some jake shit  
Millz spoke on it, I agree with him  
Can't even spar with niggaz what's the reason for a  
gym  
Ain't hot enough to even work up a sweat  
I been fire since Wu days with The Perfect Cassette  
So when you mention my name these niggaz get  
offended  
No chain on just a five star pendant

General of that Riot so Squadddd Up  
Feelin' real prestigious hoppin' out that Porsche truck  
I'm on top of my game and still climbin'  
They not fuckin' with him can't even peel the hymen

[Joe Budden]It's the nigga with the mask on that will  
yack dude for jewels  
Aint gotta say it, that dudes the truth  
make me put that tool to use  
these niggaz will be in the game shakin like Mahmoud  
Abdul Rauf/  
Not turrets, gotta rep, my team to the end  
Lambos to ferraris to the beamers to the benz  
If I blam it'll kill, never ran never will  
only thing that bleed on me is these jeans on my tims  
Hat low its not a weak link in my squad  
I'm LL In Too Deep, I'm thinkin I'm God  
As far as rappers I'm thinkin theyre frauds  
call 'em all rubix cubes cause I really used to think they  
was hard  
For once trust me you don't wanna start problems  
the pound will make you Eddie Curry wit a heart  
problem  
So if you on the block wit only a few grams man  
then you a bird nigga, Toucan Sam  
And any beat ima air that, rappers just gotta wear that  
Fox Brown should be the only one that can't hear that  
Hit you in the spine or the belly, gun on me  
I ain't Sticky Fingaz, I ain't leave mine in the telly, smell  
me?  
Thank god he ain't fuckin wit that red line  
cuz i'll merk any nigga that disrespect mine  
If it wasnt fed time, or lock up or rec time,  
dude 'll be a daily news headline  
You ain't the best, what memo got sent?  
if you got dogs what kennel they in?  
So if you wanna get fresh like a Mentos mint  
then it'll tempt those men, wit clips longer than Leno's  
chin  
Aint no type guts wit you  
you terrel owens them niggaz that wear eagles they  
don't even wanna fucc wit you  
Me fam? I was pimpin weed dirt,  
back when niggaz used to rock Simpsons t-shirts  
I'll give it to any nigga, I mean any nigga  
big man or skinny nigga, dare a dude tempt me nigga  
auto or semi nigga, dump it till it's empty nigga  
they don't even want you in New York, you like Penny  
nigga  
Check the time it's around that hour  
lil niggaz they ain't around that powder

They ain't super or luigi or Mario, ain't found that power  
plus they couldn't spit fire if they found that flower  
Cowards, know the toys bust loco  
While they tryin to dap my hand like the Boy's Club logo  
And yea that 5 slide and clock  
I'm the million dollar baby, but I won't die tryin to box  
Dont want a piece of the cake, I want the pie and all  
I don't believe 'em when they say that they be  
supplying the raw  
You don't move white you lyin dogg  
that's a neverending story without the white flying dog  
Son these dudes is broke don't know the feeling of  
bread  
they in dept, tampon niggaz still in the red  
And the fans keep askin if ya man stopped beefin  
I call 'em Mr. Fantastic, tell 'em stop reaching

[Killer BH]Yo, when I come through  
I'm like a something...  
I can't remember  
I'm that nice...  
Like the spice

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