

Jae Millz

"Protect Ya Neck Freestyle"

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[Jae Millz:]

I get kited till the haze gone
That's why my lungs look like they could be related to
Grace Jones
You better check what the beat is sayin, I'm like a stove
on it
The Dark, it ain't hard to see I'm far from a?
Harlem, faggot fuck your past views
You think it's '89 the way niggas still snatch jewels
Plus niggas clap tools
And they'll have lead engraved in your skin like the ink
they use for tattoos
Look I ain't one of them rap dudes who act rude
And yack about how much back in the day they gat
blew
Nah homie, I don't spit it, I live it
Shit matter fact I do both witout even movin my pivot
I swear I wish I had a camcorder
So you could see how I go in booths and come out with
charges of manslaughter
You motherfuckers prolly heard it befo
But just in case you dumb niggas ain't know...

[Papoose:]

I'm a four bar killa, killa reflection in all ya'll mirrors
First Slay gave me breakfast now all ya'll dinner
Cause my shots wasn't for ya'll niggas
But it's enough room in the cemetery for all ya'll niggas
I carry the Mack Milli, I don't play with toy guns
I raise M&M's like the Detroit slums
Thugacation Nation, niggas avoid them
Brooklyn is the place we build and destroy from
Pull out the M-1, leave you and your boys done
Niggas thought I was 97 the way I point one
You can't compares us, you here to fear us, then plan
the grammar
I'm the hand in hander, blam the cannons, I'm jamming
hammers
Put a knot in back of his head just like a bandana
Niggas always want static, that's why I pack an antenna
From New York, Pap is a monster
I got a hundred guns and fifty clips, half of 'em

revolvers

[Canibus:]

Yo I put it to you so raw, you prolly O.D. on the floor
That's what you get for disagreeing with God
The Lebron James Bond, my aim with the arm is so long
That I could tag along, with Socom
I spit to the beat, flip like Swizz did to the beat
At sunrise I spit to the East
Niggas talk shit in the streets
When they bout to get released, they ain't got no lip for
the beast
Make you strip like police, I point the heat
From the hip to get leverage if you more than four
deep
Got a pistol grip hawk with a chrome beak
Shit is so deep, I check to make sure it's no leaks
Lookin like Jada in the black Jaggari
Half Jag, half Ferrari, the valet saw me
Shorty wanna know how the flesh work, what's under
my sweatshirt
That's why I hit the gym till my chest hurt
Next year's summer I'm a kill a conjecture
For now I'm just a hustler tryna give you my best work

[Lord Tariq:]

Lord, pimpin it's truest, I really do this
Still amongst the realest and focused as a Buddhist
Notice how I stroke this, quote it "I influence"
The youngest to the oldest, I'm Jesus to the Judas (huh)
The reason the game done weakened the chain
They speakin my name, they speak it in vain, but they
clueless
And when I reach for the thang, they each wanna
change
They speech and they claims, But, I'm a do this
Cock and squeeze on who wanna romp with me
Got G's on that (OOWEE), that'll stomp with me
By now you shoulda heard how the Feds wan get me
And how my bread long like the dreads on Ziggy
You're dead wrong silly, I ain't tryna take nine shots
To sell records, that there song's Fifty
I ain't doin time cause I'm good with crime
Sorry, but that's how my crew is designed
Team Saga, we chasin that agua, that's the glory
You could see it on the E True Hollywood Stories
Bout how they hollerin for me, blind how to endure me
But not witout profit, surely you ridin for me (C'mon B)

[McGruff:]

Yo the Fif will lift you, so damn high up in the sky

Niggas prolly think you could fly
Niggas like you don't think you could die
Yap nigga's shines, throw drinks in they eyes
Stick-up kids, shoot it out, like Billy The Kid
Shit I rap about is the shit, I really done did
Shit you rap about is the shit you really don't live
You think the streets don't know you oh-so-fake
Lameass cornball namer hold no weight
You's a sucka in the hood bitch, nigga I'm hood rich
Strippin all the good shit, stay in some bullshit
Sprayin the full clip, makin sure every bullet count
Bounce a couple bullets in ya mouth
Know where you rest at, pull up at ya house
Wifey, I bless that, be pullin up her blouse
Holla at ya boy, in ya cranberry exhaust
Beige interior, pedal to the floor
Heavy on the bling, Sean John velour

[Cory Gunz:]

When them shells pop out them twelves, pellets whiz
and they twist niggas
He filled mine with blanks, said wassup till we switched
blinkers
Thinkin I'm dumb, but he don't know my 9 got a twin
sister
Sixteen kids in her, they hungry, they skipped dinner
Squalie on that hollow tip diet, ya gettin thinner
You know the difference now between a wild and a
bitch nigga
The type that go to trial the other would rather skip
nigga
Hard livin not knowin if your momma exist nigga
Started with the yellow radio on the block spittin
Everybody and they mother heard before Pop listened
I was on that Tupac and with Hova and Nas dissin
Each other, it was hard cause both of them had caught
my vision
I'm better than whatever rapper you bring in front of
me
It's a lot of Jiggas and Pacs but it's only one of me
Don't nobody want it, that's the reason I'm bored
Cause they buyin they ways into battles they cannot
afford
Before I get at a nigga, I go straight to the source
Shit I say make 'em get pen, paper, and a Thesaurus
The Militia, they ain't got shit for us
I'll have a nigga runnin like Forest, through a forest,
tryin to shake the Taurus
Like he holdin the torch
But him getting away is equivalent to a turtle
outrunning a Porsche

Go straight through a nigga door, with the four four
And the moss, in my jacket, if he chattin, to the force
Then he gon get lost, and we both drivin off
But the catch is, his lips'll be taped to the exhaust
Of a four door Ford, with multiple horsepowers
Ya label gotta be pussy cause they endorse cowards
nigga

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