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Jimmy Witherspoon ''It's All About The Benjamins''

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[Jin]

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Whether you post on the block, or sittin on a stoop Listen to the truth that we spittin in the booth Might see me sober, on a mission with my troops Or in a alley, tipsy, pissin on my boots Why'd the chicken cross the road? She saw me sittin in a Coupe (coop) Fully equipped, only thing missin is the roof I'm tryin to own shit Yeah I buy CDs but most of the time, bump my own shit And since a teenager, spent my own chips Fuck an allowance, now we push our own whips And y'all cats sound real pathetic Tryin to scramble up a down payment, just to build your credit If you ain't got skills then debt it Test a kid, when he spit, guaranteed that you will regret it I'm tellin you, approach the game with caution It ain't hard to get addicted to fame and fortune Anticipatin to get signed, could be a long wait You fishin for compliments but you usin the wrong bait Just to build mine, had to destroy some careers Accomplished in six months, what you tried to do for years Cause I'm playin in the game, you hatin in the stands Got dropped in the second round of Makin of the Band I bagged 'em all, from East Coast broads to California hos Only go raw, when I'm eatin California rolls My style's like smokin a sack, how potent is that? I'm the main event, you just the openin act You could check across the Atlantic Ocean and back Got every Chinese kid in the ghetto quotin my rap When I step on stage, you know the baddest is here, Turned a hole in a wall club into Madison Square. They applaud for me, and that's the way it oughtta be. Mad love in Philly, when I rock The Armory. Whack ass rappers wanna puncture a artery? Soft ass flows, man you ain't harmin' me, I turn your 16 into a four-part harmony, Bitch...

[Gobe] Stay on my gristle, we grizzly Sleep like winters, eat beats like dinners Reaps like sinners, even if we off the block got the street life in us We out of town, got the at least five renters With the hos all I need is five minutes They call me the plumber, open they walls put the deep pipe in 'em Henny and Hypnotic, nigga I spit logic Niggas was missin my bullets so now I just lobbed it Went pro out of high school, skipped college Stayin at ???? class to get knowledge Hot as fire, blazin like Stoudamire Ride with a lop-sided tire And I won't stop rockin 'til I retire Look, I'm the lamp post's livest wire And these rats probably wired If I'm a liar, that's like being unemployed with jobs for hire I ain't gettin booked for shit you could top the prize And look, I know it's crowded I'm just tryin to get by ya Slide aside before I decide to slide ya You in the trunk, we ready to drive and hide ya Shit you know what I'll do to you (what?) Nigga go ahead push me I had your funeral doin the pussy It's the bottom of the ninth nigga go up on third What type of pitcher don't throw no curve You a motherfuckin dodo bird I never bite my tongue or hold no words ??I herb?? go, flow, so remarkable, still sell yayo Niggas used to short me until I copped a scale, they blazed me once I been doin this for years, you still countin baby months A nigga only daze me once But I never fold up, I still catch you with a crazy punch Put you on ice like baby fronts And my family tight like the Brady Bunch

[Jin]

Yo, hey yo I still got it Sick flow with a ill logic Battle verses are spittin by the real topic Don't get ripped on the spot How you sittin on 20s but can't afford to park your whip in the lot I'ma spit for my block, no one reppin for us Go 'head sleep, think we don't got weapons to bust? Hate a dick tease, let a brotha get a quick squeeze

Ain't tryin to fuck already at the telly trick please

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