

Joe Budden**"Six 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
A stack'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, 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
Captains lost our city now we gotta get it back
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 the 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 for profit on super size
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 even 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 timbs
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, Tucan 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
they tryin to dap my hand like the Boy's Club logo
And yea that 5 slide and clock
im the million dollar baby, but I won't die tryin to box
Dont want a piece of the cake, I won't the pie and all
I don't believe 'em when they say they be supplying the
raw
You don't move white you lyin dogg
that's a neverending story without the white flying dog
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

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