

Cassidy "Salute Me"

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[Nas-Chorus x2]

Now, niggas salute me, bitches salute me, the block salute me, the hood salute me, you should salute me they should salute me, so fuck who you are im the mothafucking general

yo S goes illin, swizz beats illin, what more can we say stop grillin, before you get hit up, shot up good, will murk you in in ur hood, im al pracinco, naw fa god, you'll lose ur life wether on the corner or the club im shootin dice, break my shiper, ima get at u slice you, knife you, stab you, shank you, splat ya, to many rappers are jelous, who be gasin the fellas, but you actin to never so the crack in the ghetto, went from nasty to exco, back to nasty, clappin at black heat, none of ya'll are matchin my level, im the general.

[Nas-Chorus x2]

Now, niggas salute me, bitches salute me, the block salute me, the hood salute me, you should salute me they should salute me, so fuck who you are im the mothafucking general

[Fat Joe]

Now a days im on some mack shit, but i used to be loyal to tax, cracks a nigga that a soil ur jacks, feed em with treys the size of light balls, coke so bright it shine like white gold, and the hoes they liked Joe even before this rap shit, before the pasauchy floors and the rows to match it, joes a bastard, i sell pussy for cheap, make my bitch walk the strip with no shoes on her feet, dont front for me, you kids is not ballin, if you is then why ur wiz on my dick like im jordan?, joes pausin for no man, with no plans, sick of this rap shit, why i listen to slow jams, uma grown man, the talk of the strip, niggas think im capchild the way i balls the 5th, dogg use a bitch, im hear to bring you a muzzle, say a peep and ima bring you a muzzle, get the point?, general.

[Nas-Chorus x2]

[Cassidy]

Its Cassidy awk get rocked like a boat when you go

fishin, ayo listen, im the general like toes chicken, im
so sickin, you can tell by the expression on my face that
i'll get in that ass like pepperation H, the weapon on the
waist, and i spray guns off, 'cause if its beefs, im on
top of it like A1 sauce, pause, who the truth? ME! who
quick to shoot? ME! my 4 5th got kick like bruce lee,
see ima true G, hotter then soup be, raw like susi, you
gotta salute me, you do C, i'll put in a order for you, i'll
let the water boil, cook a qaurter to the oil, i had it for
sell, and try faggets to tell, go to jail and start signin
like patty labelle, i aint goin back in the sell, you rat and
you dead, fuck a vest put a bullet proof hat on ur head,
when im clappin the lead i'll murda a nigga, and if he
say not the feds im servin a nigga, im thirsty for this
change playin games aint a issue you now, a bitch a
give you aids now a days if she kiss you now, i got that
coke and that haze on my grissle now, we goin to war
you gonna need more then a pistol now, they throwin
missles round, you still tryna get a 9? its the last days
end of time, terriost jackin planes, sendin bombs threw
the pentagon, they off the hook like intercoms, we just
had a bad winter time, so you know they gonna start to
rob and still for a mill when its dinner time, you still
spendin time focusin on dumb shit, on the block
smokin but you broken on some bum shit, wut the hell,
you mise well put a suit and tie on, jump in a casket
and get ur die on

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