

Lil Wayne

"Bonus Beat"

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Chubb Rock:

Back in the days we wished to be a star
Rap in the street, bang the beat on a car
Swany D banged the hood so hard it would dent
While Dave and Rob just invents
A style so smooth and unique
But then Rob went to school, Dave's on Wall Street
With a suit and a tie, Rob has a book bag
But deep in their hearts I knew they wished they had
A chance to rap on the record heard on the radio
I was making my second album and said, "Yo"
No time to rehearse
Yo, Rob, you're first
To kick your text
Homeboy, you're next

Rob Swinga:

This is Rob, first to rock the microphone
To see all the chromosomes
The DNA structure
Will make you pucker
Up your lips
And say, "Boy, he's a trip"
To Africa
People want to go and laugh at ya
Up you mighty race, you can accomplish what you will
Cause I will kill
The beat not the person, cause I don't ill like that
I just rap and attack
It ain't wack
I love being black
But you're scared cause society went boo
Don't judge me as one of the many, but one of few
That will do
Anything I have to do
To open your mind because you're numb
This is serious, but I won't extract the fun
So when I kick it like karate
Bite you like arare
If you kiss your teeth
There's beef

I have a shotty
That's home waiting
There's no escaping
Bum, don't you know the sum of the parts is equal to
whole
And if you've got heart
Check out the roughest part
It's part two
Dave it's on you
To kick the text
Homeboy, you're next

Dave:
My rap is synonymous with perfection
Suckers try to play me then they run for protection
Think about it when it comes to the rhyming
Originality, that with all the great timing
Cause rapping with authority is the style that I am using
So when you're at a party and you get to choosing
The best
I mean compared to the rest
For style and class there is no contest
I'm not offended
Or pretending
I'm just lending
A bit of my rhyme and then I am sending
A musical note to whom it may concern
You wanna battle me, then you'll have to get burned
Cause I'll meet you
Beat you
Over again
Send you to the bar for a Heineken
And then you'll come back for a rematch
Or some haps until we kick it
I'll say a fresh rhyme
Of course you'll vick it
Then I'll have to just beat you again
I'll have to slay you
Burn, broil, fry, and sautÃ© you
Cause taking out a punk like you is pure fun
I'll stick you with a fork when I think you're done
So savor
Cause I will not do you any favors
And all these suckers out there just Flava Flav imitators

Chubb Rock:
Yeah y'all
No time to fall
I'm gonna go to the top
But I won't crawl
Gonna jump and leap

Not walk I'm gonna run
My pops is forty-five and I'm a son of a gun
It's Chubb Rock
If you was wondering who
It's a collaboration merely of the two
With Rob and Dave
They both had a page
We was all down back in the days
Doug, Martin, Gary, Johnny, Stan
Jamey, Danny, Tony, Ezra, and
Derrick, Joe, Russell, Kurt, Louis Roddle
Gene, Malcolm, Sean Fisher, and Donald
And the others that lived on Troy
This record goes out to my homeboy...
Donny Battle

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