

Lisa "left Eye" Lopez

"It's Time I See You"

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[Drag-On]

Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!

Fuck y'all niggas talkin 'bout huh? ["it's time I see you...]

Get it right, you faggot niggas heard Suge Knight
Double R's the only niggas he respect and, y'all niggas
shook right?

y'all get on Hot 97 and, talk wit a baritone
wit two niggas downstairs wit ?licensed guns? to take
y'all home

scared ass niggas, you think they gon take a life so
they can get life [nope]

ask Puff they aint tryin to hear that nigga
for no cake, and y'all can get at us on Labor Day
we make stones that say ? your moms labor day
I'm in the hood so we can link up, any place you think of
handheld don't hold prints plus I burnt the tip of my
fingers

I'm a Bronx gangsta nigga, double R's hoodrat
the nigga they come get quick bitch, on this hood shit

[Cross]

Y'all bitches think the ryders a joke, well I don't play
[let's go]

I blow you whole fuckin shit up like Tim McVeigh
gimme the needle, not tomorrow, but today
Cross comin y'all better get the fuck out the way
I aint the shit that you see that's on the top of your
church
I put a bomb in your baby carriage, brick through your
hearse

[Infa-Red]

Tell your CEO, don't call my CEO apologizin [sorry]
I'm at your wake in the choir standin harmonizin
It's Infa-Red the shit that be on top of the heater
The best thing in New York since Steinbrenner signed
Jeter
hold Camby sister the hostage, then send 'em a reef
so stop frontin vegetarian just scared of beef

[Eve]

Yo, ay suck my dick bitch, the way this chick spit
ridickliss
Here we go again, only we on Kiss shit
we comin and you keep runnin
you keep claimin you the best that done it
pussy let me see somethin
fake niggas screamin "Ryde or Die"
same niggas we run up on and make 'em cry
outta all the camps in this game, nigga
we the champs in this game
who kick the real shit before the fame
fuck you fat ass, fake bad ass niggas
still play the hood while you ride past niggas
coward trust me, we keep it gutter
hope you stay mad a hater cuz you can't touch us, huh

"It's time I see you..."

[Styles]

Ayo, I aint got a care in the world
Kidnappin your kid, maimin your mom, and airin your
girl
and like, you aint got a care in the world
I'm hopeless and numb, I can't see but I can focus my
gun
and I'm down for smokin blunts to the head
my nerves is shot, my paces is short, I dump in your
head
I'm the hardest nigga out you outta know it by now
I'm the nigga that they talk about goin to Chao
and my name ring bells, my blade stay bloody
if you heard about me beefin dog I leave the most
shells
the nigga to salute, the quickest to shoot
Holiday Styles, motherfucker, givin you pound

[Sheek]

What? Like I won't run up and break your jaw
like they make a vest for your head to stop the 4
I'm tired of rappin, let's get the mack and send niggas
on vacation
right in front of the radio station
motherfuckers aint quiet til the tech go off
arteries hitted, hawkin, they neck is shit
I'm the motherfuckin hardest
I smack the shit out of any one of your artists
whatever the label
y'all niggas don't want beef, y'all want meat at the
table
and I don't give a fuck, Sheek'll do life in the box
before any of y'all bitch niggas front on the LOX

What? Motherfuckers, c'mon

[Jadakiss]

Yo, If I miss your head and your neck, I'll hurt your chest

if you from the streets betrayal is worse than death
and I'm known for gettin money, not known for wildin
but I'm real I could rock both phones in the island
this is how we even the bets

I kill everything you love dog, right now, even the pets
everything got dubs on it, even the vets

50 close, then 50 wide, even the sets

cuz the bullets is like calisthenics when I'm squirtin

when they start hurtin, that means they workin

only way we comin is hard

industry is like jail nigga, double R's runnin the yard, uh

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