

## Onward

### "Jackin' For Beats '99"

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\* several different beats are used in this song  
Like ice cube's "jacking for beats"

(jigga my nigga-jay-z)  
Sticky  
What's my muthafuckin' name  
Fingaz  
And who I'm rollin' wit  
All my killas  
Uh uh uh labels better get it right  
Rappers better gimme that beat fool  
Clik clik you been robbed now  
You didn't know sticky fingaz on ya track now  
Somebody said you number 1 in the streets  
That's why I'm coming for you first jackin' your beat  
I took ya beat and rearranged it on some dumb shit  
Got robbed on the radio broad day public  
The thugs loved it it's not a game  
Went solo on that ass but it's still the same

(holla holla-ja rule)  
Beat robba robba  
Jackin' rappers beats and make 'em hotta hotta  
Stealin' all ya spins plus ya dollas dollas  
Killas if you feel me just folla folla (what, come on)  
Take it to the streets hold ya gats and bust the heat  
Even if it's off your plate I gots to eat  
I'm on some bullshit for no apparent reason  
I want it wit y'all I'm ready to die breathin'

(hate me now-nas)  
It's the rappers I rob  
The beats that I take  
The labels I snake  
For 30 grand help you perform at the wake  
Touch ya life and everything I touch I take  
Hate me now 'cause later gon be too late  
I merk you  
Everything I spit is controversial  
I'm the illest killa they ever signed to universal  
F the fordham

I'm God son  
As soon as they blink bet ya bottom dolla i'ma rob 'em

(how to rob-50 cent)  
My sticky fingaz turn fists across ya jaw  
Beat ya ass in real life at the source awards  
The real fifty from brooklyn God bless he got outed  
You just a fake clown who front and rout about it  
I got a new deal  
For a few mil  
Shoot to kill  
You fruity like dru hill  
You spare change you ain't even half a man 'cause  
Matter of fact you ain't even half the man ya moms was

(ha-juvenile)  
Oh you thought you was safe, ha  
Though you could escape, ha  
'cause we label mates, ha  
Oh you thought I wouldn't get yo cake, ha  
You thought that beat from the dirty south wasn't gon  
get raped, ha  
And birds wanna have sticky baby, ha  
Dogs run around stayin' sticky crazy, ha  
He ain't got no type of sense, ha  
No tellin' what I do  
Might even jack my own crew

(throw ya gunz-onyx)  
The original take 'em out bring 'em out dead  
Comin' at me wrong kid I put that thing to ya head  
Sticky fingaz going for self call the cops  
Don't even talk to me about the onyx shit you'll get shot

(play around-lil' cease)  
5 o'clock in the morning killas at ya door  
Colt 4-4 I'm puttin' chalk on your floor  
Find you up the block from ya house dead in the store  
Work the beat like pigeons and I'm bucking 'em all  
Press ya luck and you'll fall  
Neva seen nothing this raw  
I'm what the world been waitin' for  
Wait no more  
This wack shit can't take no more  
Should've been banned the streets should've made it a  
law

(what ya want-eve)  
I'm ready for war  
What ya niggas want (what, what, what, bring it)  
Can't touch

All y'all niggas sweet even rob swizz beats  
Nowadays producers gettin' 50 g's  
Jack they beat kid I did my track for free  
Jerk you for ya pub I ain't payin' a fee  
I just loop it up on the mpc

(the party is goin' on over here-busta rhymes)  
Long as you live neva seen nothing this while  
Took ya beat and flipped it right in my style  
Just payin' back niggas be bitin' my style  
And if it's dead in the crowd I put some life in the crowd  
God's gift to the underground  
Running 'em down  
Fucking 'em down  
Empires be tumblin' down  
The end of the world is comin' around  
Throw ya ass in the ground  
Nothing to lose  
Changing the rules  
Playin' for keeps  
I'ma shark in the waters it ain't safe in the streets  
Sticky fingaz and I'm jackin' for beats

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