

Da Brat

"Road Dawgs"

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DJ Clue
(Jay-Z)
New Shit
(Uh, huh, check it out now)
Road Dawgs
Amil, Eve, Da Brat
(Amillion, E-V-E)
Jay-Z

First Lady, check it out, uh yo
Don't watch me nigga watch my bitches
Yeah, yeah, Roc-A-Fella that's the clique
Nigga don't watch me better watch my bitches

I stay sick wit'
Each [unverified] flow like liquid shit
Harder than the dick get
Nigga flew his whole clan just to get wit'

One touch nigga fiend for the clit lick
Don't leave 'em nothing but a quick fix
Me and money makers be the first pick and
Do the dirt quick and

Sexy thug keep get me warm make my toes twitch
Only fuck wit' the raw you should know this
Ruff Ryde, but you scared of the stallion
Scheme for cream, me and Amillion

Carry rockets in my pockets, better step back
Put holes in ya back you can bet that, hustle for the
dollar
Eve, like to cut you, make you holler
Play cuts for bucks and watch 'em pile up

You want more?
See me in the drop top it's on
Peach color pony head course
Player instinct, learned from my dogs

Save ya money baby, I'ma take you to the mall

And I buy you something small
Maybe something negligence
Cartier, came fast in small things

What I need to survive is a peace of the pie, feel me
E V E, capitalize
Taking the shit, making it mine
Big niggas in the game that'll let us find

Put me up against anybody I shine
Taking my time for this line for line
Mad chart thugs wit' yours crime for crime
Real bitches keeping it raw, about time

Where my hoes in this house
Who hold they niggas down
Who roll hard, y'all my road dawgs
(Hey)

Where my ladies in this place
Who hold they niggas space
When he locked up, throw ya baby glocks up
(Owh)

Where my hoes in this house
Who hold they niggas down
Who roll hard, y'all my road dawgs
(Hey)

Where my ladies in this place
Who hold they niggas space
When he locked up, throw ya baby glocks up
(Owh)

Crush shit before I even touch shit
Wit the princess cuts and shit
My niggas, Roc-a-Love for me
Haters, make you think you can fuck wit' me

This rap shit is like drugs to me
Nigga, need a fix leave it up to me
All Money Is Legal
Roca y'all know how we do

First class, all stretch out
Or, S-Class all sexed out
Got the cash, let's be out
Bitch gone only do joints wit the best out

Most niggas can't handle me
So I strictly fuck wit' family

Sports to death, ask Jigga
Don't I only deal wit a high class nigga?

It's a turn off if my cash bigger
Don't blame me, blame my last nigga
Mother fucker kept me laced from the feet up
Started off wit a pair of V studs

I be wifey no pre-nups
Still ended up wit the SE what
Windows down, seats back
Can't catch me wit' a sweet track

Co-writers don't need that 99 and I still ain't meet my
match
Feel me huh? New Your and Philly huh?
The only ones that had a chance
Was the ones wit' the cash advance

Where my hoes in this house
Who hold they niggas down
Who roll hard, y'all my road dawgs
(Hey)

Where my ladies in this place
Who hold they niggas space
When he locked up, throw ya baby glocks up
(Owh)

I tell 'em like this
Ain't to many mother fuckers bad as me
Bust at a nigga wit' a rhyme
Or a nine wit' a tragedy

When it cause catastrophes, will actually 'cause you to
bleed
Fuck up anything you breathe, pass the weed
If a nigga proceed to step outta line, I'm a gradually
Fill his anatomy wit' bullet holes in his behind

I happen to be the type of bitch
Get a grudge I don't budge and shit
And look at what I did in life as a kid
Wit' thugs and pents

Now I got the knowledge of a college mother fucker
Wit' a scholarship
At any degree my temperature get, boiling hot to
freezing
When I release, you can see the reason, I'm so cold

Niggas continuously rolling me beats to choke on
Tryna get a smoke on
High, 'cause I have to get it
When you can never see me coming the Devil's
Advocate

Material hoe, keeping niggas dropping they draws
And fiending for more
Surrounded wit', diamonds around the wrist
Cruise the town in my six, bruising them every time I hit

And I ain't tryna quit
If I do, you can never find another to fill my shoes
I prove you can't duplicate this
Attempt to and lose

This little nigga been rocking the basement since I was
about two
Pick up the pace quick, why worry about a
replacement?
When I stepped in came wit' my feet in the pavement
Leave niggas in amazement

And guess what the ingravement say?
Capital B R A T was here and got paid all year
In a major way, fuck what the haters, fuck the tabloids
I spit on niggas, who try to steal my joy

Where my hoes in this house
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