

## Rod Stewart

# "To All My Niggas"

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[P.Diddy]

{\*gunshot\*}

Shadyville Entertainment, Bad Boy collaboration

[Intro] (50 Cent)

I love niggas! I love niggas!

Cause niggas are me!

And I should only love that 'presents me

I love to see niggas go through changes (Whoooo!!)

I love to see niggas shoot through shit (Did it again)

And to all niggas that do it I love

[B.I.G.]

To all my Brooklyn (Niggas!)

To all my Uptown (You niggas understand?!)

To all my Bronx (It's war nigga)

To all my Queensbridge (I'll blow you away)

[Verse: B.I.G.]

Back up chump, you know Biggie Smalls grips it quick

And kicks it quick, you know how black niggas get

With the hoods fatigues with the boots with trees

Smokin weed, flippin ki's, makin crazy G's

Hittin' buckshots at niggas that open spots

On the avenue, take my loot, and I'm baggin you

Pimpin hoes that drive Volvo's and Rodeos

Flash the Roll, make her wet, in her pantyhose

Damn, a nigga style is unorthodox

Grip the glock, when I walk down the crowded blocks

Just in case a nigga wanna act out

I just black out, and blow they motherfuckin back out

That's real

[Chorus: 50 Cent] (2x)

We the realest nigga

50 Cent and B.I.G. my nigga

Don't try to act like you don't feel a nigga

Biggie yo nigga, 50 yo nigga

Squeeze the trigga' leave a nigga fa' sho!

[Verse: B.I.G.]

When we smoke spliffs, we pack four-fifths  
Just in case dread wanna riff  
He get a free lift to the cemetery, rough very  
Not your ordinary, we watch you get buried  
That's a real nigga for ya  
Get mad do a quarter flip the script, and rip your  
lawyer  
Spit at the D.A. cause fuck what she say  
She don't give a fuck about your ass anyway  
Up North found first stop Watertown  
Of fist-skill, where the hand skills are real ill  
You'll be a super Hoover doo-doo stain remover  
Ha hahhh, yo Chief, pass the Buddha

[Chorus]

[Verse: 50 Cent]

When I was young my M.O. was to go hand-to-hand  
And even my P.O. she called me the Ginger Bread Man  
I catch a new case, and tell her ass "catch me if you  
can"  
Don't let your people fill you up wit octane I'm not  
playing  
Get gassed up to get blast up  
Real B.I.G. style watch the kid break it down  
Check it, thou shalt not fuck wit North C. Papa  
50 Cent, I'll break yo ass off propa'  
There's no place like home, New York - New York  
I run this city, I don't dance around like Diddy  
Niggas is giddy, till they act smack silly  
Or spray wit the Mack Milly, they don't want drama  
really  
Pussy niggas get hard lip syncing my lyrics like Milly  
Vanilly  
Even the hood they feel me {\*gun cocked\*} hah! I'm  
on fire!  
Niggas out in Philly they feel me, they bump my shit  
Every bootlegger you know, bump my shit, bitch!

[Chorus]

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