

## Sade

### "Live and die for hip hop"

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Chorus:

Well nigga\* roll me a mic and let me smoke it til' I'm  
high if you ever seen me rock than you know that I- live  
and die for the things I do slang I use breakin' down  
mics and destroyin' crews. (2X)

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1-2-1-2 unhh..... 1-2-1-2 mic check 1-2-1-2  
1-2-1-2 unhh..... 1-2-1-2 mic check 1-2-1-2

1st Verse: Mack Daddy & Da Brat

I devoted my whole life to rockin' mics gettin crowds  
lifted put my pants on backwards caus' I wanted to  
be.... different.

I keeps'em with a crease tom peeps burn to nucci,  
house full of hunnies sportin' gucci, cuttin' coochie.  
I'm the man girlfriend, luxury I swim macadocious to  
the most brown sex and slim, state of uptrends, known  
for making dividendes and millions my people jump,  
jump, jump, jump.

Who chose to be the next nigga to step get deleted by  
death undefeated ain't no thang to put that body to  
rest chest filled with smoke yokin' niggas up by the  
collar. Follow me cuz my dollars makin' more cents  
than common.

Robbin' you for your money and your diamonds  
endangerin' your species,  
more like a woman than the bee gees.

No remorse steady smokin' plenty grass let it go and  
let Da Brat commence to be the baddest hoe.

Chorus

2nd Verse: Daddy Mack & Mr. Black

Nothin' but a C big party (twelve until) see I'm the  
daddy of the mack and at the top of world I chill keep  
real, my feela' work consists of that (a thuggish ass  
niggas sayin' way to keep'em pissed) my life I wouldn't

tread it, to me it's nothin' better, wakin' up when I  
wanna sportin' Jay-boogie leather.  
Autographs (bubble baths) five star hotels, rollin' wit' a  
clicc supa' thick and everybody gettin' well.

Take off the safety face me gun powder chowder for  
real, the last nigga figga to ever make it off the hill with  
steel, rhymes rock like Cope the smoke and I'm in  
effect with a tech that got a infa-red scope.  
Smackin' those actin', tough as Tinactin, fall up in your  
hood increase your brain with the mack 10, stacked N's  
seventeen's on the benz and burn up on my thigh in  
case these niggas won die.

Chorus

Oooooooooooooohhhhhhhh..... Someone tell me..... we  
got it goin' on..... I'm tellin' y'all (it's that SoSo Def)

3rd Verse: Jermaine Dupri

I want you to feel me, my whole thang is to get inside  
your body, I run game like my name was John Gaddy,  
hittin' hookshots like Vlade and niggas around my way  
call me little Liberace.

A lady lover like no other and I be lethal with my  
weapon so they call me Danny Glover now who keep it  
hot? (We Do.)

See So So def ain't nothin' but a fool ass crew.

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