

## Unknown

### "Double Up"

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[Verse 1:]

Yo yall niggaz wit the muscle yall get clapped in the  
tussle  
I'mma hustler, not a rapper bitch, rap is my hustle  
Show a nigga know yo, we the 1st teen millionaires in  
Harlem  
since rich and poor, you don't know, get to know  
Ain't takin shit to left, Jimmy Jones rock and jock  
Right back to the block and cock, it ain't hop and scotch  
It's pop and scotch, in a bar they go shot for shot,  
Matter of fact, outside the bar they go shot for shot  
Me and my codie on a O-Z, we go rock for rock,  
Me and my codie on a role we go rock for rock,  
You souped up, think I'm easy to touch,  
Then you been watchin' a little bit of TV, too much,  
Lots of rhymes, so you see my ass lots of times  
On the corner still, like I ain't got a dime  
Autographs not the kind to be signin' the crap,  
Here's a CD, slash here's a dime of that crack

[Chorus:]

Nigga double up, keep all guns double clutch,  
Shoot at yo feet, make you jump like double dutch,  
New York baby, for you matchbox nigga'z  
Take away the french fry, snack box niggaz

[Verse 2:]

I know lookin at my jewelery is scarrin yo brain  
Not to mention Jada Pinkett over parkin' the range  
(Yo that's Will Smith girl) naw she's part of my chain  
Pardon my game, car gettin washed in the rain  
Runnin yo trap, that'll get you one in yo back  
The hood that I had, had to take the good with the bad  
Like Joe on the run, put his fuckin P O it's done  
Low on his funds, had to get the coke or the guns  
Word to the wise, killa Cam, I heard of them guys  
Diplomat, crisp black, yo convertible fives  
Rims on the wheel, to drive down shows in the South  
Rap ain't that great neither, I got coke to give out  
Stroke to give out, motherfuckin smoke to give

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