

## **Ikay "Dem Boyz"**

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### Intro

Uh huh... Blaoh,  
Uh! Ikay... Lifestyle... Blaoh,  
Let's do this... for real,  
Uh huh... uh!

### Verse 1

When I step out,  
Pull my Tech out,  
You better step down,  
Or get down,  
I'm hot now,  
I can't stop now,  
Rollin in da Benz wit Pac in da background,  
Flossing!  
Trying to make a fortune,  
Snitch niggaz talkin,  
Blaow! Blaow! His life is what is cost him,  
Awesome!  
If it's beef, I want some,  
Tell me where my niggaz at,  
Da streets know I'm ill when I spit my rap,  
They say hip hop's dead, I'm here to bring it back,  
I'm still rhyming, shining,  
Got two chicks on my dick, y'all I'm grinding,  
Came from shit, now my Rolex is diamond,  
Never forget where I came from,  
Life is like a puzzle! Yea, it's like a game son,  
When da nigga Scrappy got locked up,  
I said to my dawgs... yo life's fucked up,  
Shit we do to survive,  
Now I understand why snitch niggaz can't look me in  
my eyes,  
Diss Lifestyle you die,  
I got da games in my hands,  
Money and fame in my hands,  
Fuck around I'll have yo brain in my hands.

### Chorus

Dem boyz ain't real, dem boyz don't ride,  
Dem boyz can't hear, dem boyz gon die,  
Dis boy so live,  
Come on niggaz, we gon ball all night.

Dem boyz ain't real, dem boyz don't ride,  
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## Verse 2

Uh Huh... Uh,  
I got da game in my palms,  
Radio play my songs,  
Da whole world gon love my funeral psalms,  
I'm not a hot boy, I'm not Chris Brown,  
Blowin weed in da air, dis is how I get down,  
Cold blood thugz,  
Rollin on dubs,  
I'm a street nigga, never find me in da club,  
Show ya boy love,  
Bitches, kisses and hugs,  
Holla at da kid baby... uh!  
I'm a chick magnet, rhymes that I spit made me mad  
rich,  
Nigga play my hits while I blaze my spliff,  
Glock on my hip, brown outfit,  
Need a "A"-Town chick,  
A New York dime piece,  
California white freak wrapped under my sheet,  
I feel so blessed, feel like I'm da best,

Mama don't stress,  
I got a "S" on my chest.

## Chorus

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## Verse 3

They shot at my coupe, hate on my crew,

What can I do, hate on em too,  
Black gloves, vest! I stay strapped,  
Gun in my lap,  
Hate on me you get killed in da act,  
Nobody loves me,  
Weed in my system... I'm trying to be drug free,  
Didn't choose to be a "G", I'm just chasing my dreams,  
Get in my way, ya blood flow like a stream,  
Pull up in da scene,  
Black Lamborghini, I see niggaz face screwed up like  
it's a ghost they seen,  
I don't trust dem bitches, still cautious,  
I'm trying to breathe but they won't back up off us,  
I'm a business man, da streets is my office,  
I'll put you in da right frame of mind, call me da  
prophet,  
Nigga stop it, this whack shit you call rapping,  
All I'm hearin is bitches and gun clappin,  
What happened to da passion, da old school fashion,  
I'm ashamed how you niggaz been actin.

#### Chorus

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