

## Dunja Rajter

### "I Use Rhymes"

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[1 Da Boy]

I got a little trouble on my chest, right now  
Mark ass niggaz, don't wanna let me go round  
What's wrong you mad, because I'm on feet now  
Fucking around with this, will get you killed uh-huh  
Now that's gangsta, that's the only way I say it  
I say it because I mean it, and I'm meaning what I said  
Y'all niggaz don't really want, trouble from me  
I catch you young pimp, and break both of your feet  
Make you sniff paint thinner, till your nose start to  
bleed  
And if you still talking shit, I'll break both of your knees  
I'm a Downtown soldier, from the hood of the 3  
Where fake niggaz get cut, like a shirt with no sleeves  
Cause that's me, pushing a big body U-V  
And that's me, keeping the spot H-O-T  
And that's me, I represent that A-V-A-R-I-C-E whooo

[Hook - 2x]

I use rhymes my nigga, to express myself  
It all comes to the line, when I'm by myself  
It's do or die right now, cause I'm for myself  
We slowed it when you jamming this, here by yourself

[Lil' Keke]

Where my down South soldiers, lightening up doja  
1 Da Boy, Lil' Ke man I swear we done told you  
The streets is dangerous, better pack your weapon  
Nobody got a gun, then your click half stepping  
Texas Mafia, nobody is stopping you  
You better slow your role, cause my killas is watching  
you  
Herschel Wood to the Tre, collecting pay  
How they ride AK's, stay prepared to spray  
And the street sweeper, hits so deeper  
Writing bar after bar, cause the words reach you  
Verbal assassin, you know the flow be blasting  
I wanna get my bread, is all I'm asking  
Respect the G-Code, Lil' Ke so cold  
Trying to get my loot, cause it's right up the road  
No time to be wasting, my bad fa sho

Like Christopher Wallace, I love the do'

[Hook - 2x]

[1 Da Boy]

Be wise each nigga like me, show up  
I told them boys, that 1 Da Boy gon blow up  
But them haters didn't like that, true that  
Sell a million copies, I lay em over blue dat  
I ain't bringing my style, I ain't bringing my skills  
But I got the skills, to pay my whole click bills  
Now what's the deal punk, you got beef let me know  
1 Da Boy kicking in your front, and your back do'  
I ain't no punk mark, bitch, hater or a hoe  
If you aggravate my mind, your head slammed to the flo'  
Cause I'm a hard hitting thug, that's about my scrill  
Always scheming in my brain, how to make a quick mill  
Now what's the deal, I'm keeping it low but real steel  
1 Da Boy on top, of the world now do you feel  
The hits that I spit, on this track support shit  
Avarice taking over, ain't no and, if's or misses

[Hook - 4x]

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