

## Alice DeeJay

# "Men of Respect"

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Intro: Sheek Luchion

Yeah, what the deal. This is what y'all niggaz been waiting for?  
This is what been waiting for huh? That Kasino shit. L.O.X. shit.  
Oh my God. Flex gonna pump this. Clue gonna pump this.  
Angie Martinez gonna pump this. Ahhh, oh.

Verse One: Sheek Luchion

Yo I don't toss it when I pop, I just run up in the spot  
Pour acid on my glock and start burying the pot  
In the back yard, used to have the dead dog I stuffed with G's  
Tell the cops that he died from fleas  
That shit was well planned, but I know when it happens  
When the shit hits the fan, and that nigga be your man  
And get caught red hand with a half a pelican  
What do you do? Don't stall  
Spring him and buy more  
It's the code of the streets  
If your belly ain't the beast  
And you ain't hungry for this cake  
How much you expect to make?  
When I was young I threw parties and had food fights at school  
Whoever came and made it there fresh was cool  
So that taught me  
I started stealing dean's walkie-talkies  
Five cent a chip  
The next month, bought a whip  
Something like, Lucy or Rex, next thing you know  
I'm getting sex from 9th and up, that's living it up  
Not Donald Trump but what, buying pies for the class  
Fifteen buying Hydro in glass  
Way back when  
Only drinking Gin  
Now I'm a Hennessy man, I dealt with many hoes  
Used to pump my fist with Arsenio

Player hating niggaz that used to rap in all the videos  
That needed to be me  
My click needed to be G  
All up in the game, with bitches riding our train  
And I'm pretty sure my nigga Kasino feeling the same

#### Verse Two: Kasino

Ayo you can't tell me nothing about doing dirt  
Sitting up, six months in the spot, on the block, losing  
work  
I been there, any part of the game you name  
I done did it, even after Sledge runs in it  
I done copped out, blew trial, done my whole sentence  
Went from no dough, 'til the point when the dough  
don't grow  
Got too big for them little whips, the door won't close  
Got the big truck, bent up, all over the road  
Remember little Keith, from P.S. 93 with his brothers  
clothes  
Went from hand me downs, but y'all hear me now  
Don't forget that I'm sober when y'all staring me down  
Got a team of hungry niggaz, that's my family now  
And they get down, there's no lace wearing their  
browns  
Went from spitting hot lyrics, to spitting a round  
And yo I promise not to act funny  
Loyalty to all them niggaz who react for me  
Handle my gats funny, but for this rap money  
I was three cars deep, and this my pack money  
Eating and learning to act hungry  
>From South Cat country, hustling cane  
I'm like Denzel with a Benzel, he got game

#### Verse Three: Styles Paniro

I swear if I die, don't you dare send me flowers  
If you ain't a friend of ours  
Sucker, they call me S. P. I don't blend with cowards  
I spit Heroin, make y'all niggaz pure dope heads  
Like Tony when he went to kill Frank Lopez  
Top of the world  
Gun cocked, cocking' your girl  
Blowing the steam  
Feels good fulfilling your dream  
Using your head, while y'all niggaz losing your bread  
Watching the snakes in the garden and I'll watch y'all  
dead  
Whether I'm living or dying, got 'em rough riding  
Leave with two bitches 100 G's plus iron  
Styles spits the shit that'll have niggaz crying

Telling your man what I said, fucking with Dreads  
In the 500 I'm blunted, most wanted by Feds  
Lock me up, your little ass copied up  
Had the whole East Side looking popped up  
Hop in the Porsche  
Cranberry frosty sauce  
Deep dish 18's  
Out of state play things  
Ten niggaz behind me, we all racing  
Eleven left hands with them platinum face things  
Busting a left, about the get the truck with the checks  
Sending you death for fucking with the Men of Respect

#### Verse Four: Jadakiss

Y'all think y'all getting a dime of this rap money, you  
crazy  
I'm hungry and I can't pump no more, I'm lazy  
I never did like you, I really don't know you  
And just because I give you a dap, I'll still blow you  
Listen here, we just gonna make one thing clear  
You gonna lose two of your mans a month, for a year  
Yeah I seen ill niggaz slide off broke  
That's why I got incorporated, now I write off coke  
Burning the hash, keep money, learning the stash  
My credit is great, but I buy burners with cash  
I'm the nigga that'll come through and light up an  
ounce  
Y'all the faggots that'll talk about me as soon as I  
bounce  
All your men are hating me, four door Inf. off white  
With the nickels, the chip, and the clear lights  
I bear right, bust a U, then hop out with the pump  
And make all them niggaz empty all their shit in the  
trunk  
Jadakiss in the top 5, dead or alive  
Spit bees at a nigga, that'll give him the hives  
Whenever you hear me, it'll be the flow of the night  
Just gimme a light, and lower the Mic  
I swear to God, have everybody saying I'm the MC of  
their choice  
Then they'll remember it was me, raspy voice  
Got Clive D, Lyor and Tommy  
Trying to buy me  
I don't wanna talk, all y'all do is send me a check  
L.O.X. and Kasino be the Men of Respect

#### Chorus: all

Men of Respect, steal the work, kill the connect  
You look dry so we leaving you wet

I don't care if I'm sentenced to death  
I'ma still get dough 'til my very last breath

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