

Angela Johnson

"So Right"

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Verse One: Styles

Catch me in the Dirty South
In the red porche burning out
Head across seas, bout to turn it out
Coming back home to a furnish house
We three deep, what, and we ain't get no sleep
We on the next flight, 25 a night, damn right
Plan is to keep the fam tight
Copping the Vipe and I ain't stopping at the light
Can't see the dice, ice to bright
Heard he with a pretty chick, you a idiot
Get a record deal and not take it serious
Plan to make hits for a long period
Hell of a living, shit being on television
Ball i'ma score everytime there's an inning
I once had had a mill and it's just the beginning
Everybody want a pool, I need an ocean to swim in

Chorus: Kelly Price

Your love, so right (so right)
It makes me want more (it makes me want more)
Your fault love, so tight (so tight)
You need an encore (give me an encore)

Verse Two: Sheek Luchion

Yeah, yeah, yeah, what up, yo, hey yo, hey yo
Hey yo before I rock a show I pray to God in a huddle
Sheek laid back, you know I'm bout to bubble
All ya'll hate that, tryin to keep me in trouble
We take things serious, ya'll do it for fun
Cuz when we hit we stick like noodles when then done
International despite thee, Westcoast beef
I blew it down on Keenen Ivory
Wayans, got the all with a grain for the pain
So if we conflict you get all in yo brain
You gonna play this like little kids play hoolahoop
>From day til it's dark with the fat man scoop
Now you spook, you heard Lox about to drop

Pop the top, we got this in a can like Pringle
Heard one song, now you changing up your single
While I mingle, Sheek the black man gingle
In a club with two mommies, that's bilingual

Chorus

Verse Three: Jadakiss

Yeah, wha, wha, yo yo yo yo
Now what ya'll think we here for? aight then
Get this money, keep it tightened, right when
All ya'll thought ya'll was coming to get us
Cuz we lost B.I.G., but he still wit us
Fooled ya'll ass, ya'll tools don't blast
All we do is make hot songs and use ya'll cash
I hang my plaques in the bathroom
Cuz I'm sill thinking bout making a hit
While I'm taking a shit
Playa Haters be scraping the 6
For no reason, that don't even make no sense
I'm happy they made them with bullet prrof glass tints
If you want beef, see you at the Bad Boy cook out
Get a new look out, pull your black book out
Who you know pal for enough to distribute
2.5 and that's just the tribute
Anything involved with Benji's we with that
With the good comes the bad never forget that

Verse Four: Jay-Z

If you ain't in it for the money then get out the game
Motherfuckers better think before they spit out my
name
I been known to have torn shit out the frame
Load up the clip and aim TEST ME!
You ain't in it for the dough, yo rhyme on your block
I'll hit you with an owe, and do crime on your block
If you wanna sell a million, Bad Boy and the Roc
You know we come through with the gleam shit blinding
your block
And our home be spacious, like a mil. and a dock
And the platinum bracelet, try to steal and get shot
Been a villain since I can remember for willing to plot
Sell crack, make a million then stop FEEL ME!
Yes nigga, Jay and L-O-X nigga
This is for you training bra bitches whose chest got
bigger
It's on nigga, and the simple fact is
We got this rap shit captive

Chorus to fade

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