

2Pac F/ Dramacydal, Storm, Jewell

"The INC is Back"

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[Intro - Shadow - talking]

Geah, Lou turn it up a little bit nigga

(rowdy I see you nigga)

Yeah (Queens)

Yo this Shadow in this motherfucker (holla)

Representin Hoodstock (Hussein)

The Stock Family nigga (yeah)

Haha, and its a motherfuckin takeover (geah, Ferrari Black)

We invested in the hood nigga in a lot of different ways

Geah (c'mon), but right now nigga

[Chorus - Shadow] - 2X - w/ ad libs

The bricks is back, the bricks is back

The bricks is back, the bricks is back

Big 'Dow ain't the toughest

so I'll tell you right now when it's on it's nothin

Shadow gettin to bustin

[Verse 1 - Shadow]

Let me tell you who I be and who I am

Shadow Stock, ready rock, that's what I'm sellin and

E pills, four hundred for fifty get you a refill

Twenty-three a gram nigga, let's do the deal

Representin the Stock Family

I don't really care how big you get pussy, you can't handle me

Won't say I'm the toughest

So I'll tell you right now when it's on, it's nothin

Shadow gettin to bustin

Every class at school nigga was special ed

Teacher got bored a nigga so we was all red

Twenty four with no diploma I don't really care

These cowards don't got it crackin and I'm out there

Lou we got the brown, Ferrari got the green

Smells caught in between, nigga doin his thing

What I'm sayin it's a hustler's pain

Bein rich by myself, it's a treacherous dream

Damn!

[Chorus - Sekou 720] - 2X - w/ ad libs

Queens is back, Queens is back
Nigga Queens is back, Queens is back
Man Sekou ain't the toughest
I'll tell ya right now, when it's on it's nothin
720 get to bustin

[Verse 2 - Sekou 720]

Oh my gangstanes
All the anger in my heart who we thank for this
Yo I can't thank a soul but God and guns
Don't kill a damn fool it's a animant's steel (drugs)
It's the liquor and the bills cause a man to steal
It's the lack of Medicaid and these bitches got AIDS
And they snaggin at the Y, player we too high
I ain't really into ballin and tossin my chips (uh huh)
Rather cop real estate then ride big whips
Rather trick on my wife and go real a dick or hips
Slick bitch that's strict man, she can't get shit
But she get trashed on the car hood by Hoodstock
We got good stock
and size does matter bitch, that's why we slang good
cock
Back the thirty eight slug, back out (what what)
Look out the way, 'fore your whole hood shot up (yeah)

[Chorus - Black Child] - 2X - w/ ad libs

The Inc. is back, the Inc. is back
The Inc. is back, the Inc. is back
The Inc. is back, the Inc. is back
Black Child is gutter, it's on motherfuckers

The Inc. is back, the Inc. is back
The Inc. is back, the Inc. is back
Black Child is gutter
I don't give a fuck what I sell out with a gun
motherfucker

[Verse 3 - Black Child]

I got stocks in the hood, sold rocks in the wood
Pop up on your block, with the glock like its good
Got niggaz scared to cop and drop like I'm Suge
Pop if you could, watch if you would
Nigga go platinum from the federal pen
Go 150 months, and come home gettin rich again
Nigga it's sicker than, I hope you listenin
Nigga we glistenin, pop off and leave you in the dead
man position
Black Child is Murder, y'all forgettin
The work I put in, the dirt I done did
On this earth niggaz lives is worthless
Unless you worth a few million, school your children

Let the game get to 'em, then they brain get ruined
Mine speak foreign languages fluently
Hoodstock exchange ain't nothin new to me
Cop and go, set 'em shoppin up to Unity
I've been ticklin clit ever since puberty
Might taste it if it smells clean to me
Mama lean with me, holler and scream with me

[Chorus - Ja Rule] - 2X - w/ ad libs
The Rule is back, the Rule is back
The Rule is back, the Rule is back
Like 'Pac said "keep your head up man"
Like Biggie Biggie "give me one more chance"
Haha, niggaz

[Verse 4 - Ja Rule]
I +Clap Back+ just from my mental anguish
This cash is aimless, cop the new yellow Vanguish
And I ride swervin down the westside highway
Get high like a G4 on the runway
I can't land it man with gun in hand
A hundred grand in escrow tryna expand
A million niggaz that brick, whole bricks to grams
Just leave with money, its seems like its Uncle Sam
So keep (hustlin) I done roll that comes from all the
pain and the (strugglin)
(Look at here) federal agents (runnin in)
Come again, it must be mistaken identity
Like when Oswald took the rap for killin a Kennedy
We in the street, not industry niggaz
And because we're called "the Murderers" that don't
make us killaz, now does it?
Now it's not home but still them trumpets blowin
Hold on cause the leader of this mission is a pro

[Chorus - Ja Rule] w/ ad libs

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