

Fat Joe F/ Ja Rule, Ashanti

"Independent Babble"

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Dig that, oh boy
That's what I'm talkin' about, JT the Bigga Figga, E-40
Daz Dillinger, San Quinn, what up check it oh boy

[Daz Dillinger]
Ya see I'm all about lavish shit, plushed out havin' it
Fifty g's a twenty gauge on my cabinet
Shit, can't be half steppin'
Niggas be lookin' around blastin' niggas with any
reppin'
My profession I selected, directed
Shit, I'm a boss nigga and I'm highly respected (No
doubt)
With the stacks cause I layed to the game no pressin' it
Niggas wanna get down but niggas freebasin'
Fuck it up from the Beach down to Filmoe
Give it up, niggas duckin' and it's real ghost
And a nigga hand in pain cause of the wrist
Countin' a million a stack matchin' it
Why try to fade me, the invincible
Principal comin' out as the invisible
I got it locked from every hood to every spot
To want a mack glock, damn it stay hot
Every other sucker and buster beware
It's a Dogg Pound gangsta on the loose out there
And I'm comin' I'm comin' comin' and comin'
And I'm runnin' I'm runnin' and I'm gunnin' and I'm
gunnin'

[San Quinn]
They can't stop my paper chasin'
Keep it crackin' on the back streets
Collectin' them chips and all stacks
Who be in tact, nobody really knows the hustle
Sportin' one day, bouncin' back with legs buckled, like
that
Fortified, I know these niggas be hatin'
Watch they faces as they can't stand seein' me skatin'
(Woo-woo)
Politicin' nah playa no polished tickets
Debt tapes, cash advances and meal tickets

Dogg Pound gangstas and the G-O-P
We from the 415 they from the 213
Beneath the layers like the window, ballin' me and my
kin folk
Squattin' on these twenty inch dubs, tint on window

[Hook: San Quinn (E-40) x4]

We independent in the game that we bubble
Cause it's the life, the life, the life, the life (The life)

[JT the Bigga Figga]

We bring this shit like the Wild West, Filmoe to Foul-Set
We slang crack and run around with a tech
What did I mean, I'm tryin' to push something clean
Like a 500 CL, nigga please believe
With the stackin' c, puttin' g's on g's
For another hit they beg oh please, oh please
Try to freeze our accounts, I put the strap on ya tongue
I'm doin' this to eat bitch not rappin' for fun
I'm the first to speak and the first to leap
With two concrete feet, touchdown hurt the streets
Hold court in the streets, judgement to the winner of
beef
No more clubbin' nigga, no more sleep, uh

[E-40]

Spend safari, ya better go cop a pack of smokes
40 why orwhere ya been
Oh you been givin' out prescriptions and antedotes
Takin' notes, shootin' dice, practicin' my literature
With my folks, Filmoe niggas, ask JT he the bigger
figure
Nifty with my spitter, full off that alcohol off The Liks
Old school zig-zag nigga smokin' on some of that cat
piss
Pokin' and strokin' the batches, patchin' up my dips
Seven-fifty a pop, nigga that's how I been doin' this
Sellin' tapes out the trunk of my car, independent shit
Fuckin' with these distributors, tryin' to get nickel rich
Tryin' to get nickel rich, fuckin' with these distributors
Moms and pops loyal fans, redeems and vans, ooh

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