

## Amil "4 Da Fam"

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This ones for the family  
[Incomprehensible]  
For the dynasty, a million  
[Incomprehensible]  
Check it out, yo

Aiyo, this time it's for my family, we ride or die  
It's in the blood 'til the death, now aim for the sky  
My four blow fo show, fo doe, for only  
It's money, drugs and hot slugs you know bleek

Squeeze hammers t'il they nail me, fuck what niggas  
tell me  
Street scholar, keep firin' is what they tell me  
Drug chemist, thug nigga be named Memphis  
Straight from da borough of dem B.K. niggas

Where we rob for the fun of it, hustle for the drug of it  
Rap money in rubber-bands, just for the love of it  
Straight from my ghetto, we listen to heavy metal like  
Desert eagles, street sweepers, loud metal

It's hit an run now, motherfuck anyone of you  
We dem niggas be in ya crib just like furniture  
Pop up with the gun in ya  
Release one for zero-zero M Bleek R O C dot com

This philly cat back at it  
Still throwin' crack at it  
Still fuckin' with them crack-atics  
Still bust 'em with them black matics

It's ain't the bucks, it's the rush  
You tryin' to get my ass at it  
They say I think ass backwards  
Fuck how I act, as long as I stack, it's all mathematics

Our tracks nice, hug the block ta tract dice  
Late night, club night, mac attract dikes  
I pull up, Cadillac truck nice  
Two guns, you know mac pack gat twice

Gets that crack back wit that ice  
No joke wit the coke, I wips that right  
No doubt, never droubt, gets that price  
It gets that nice, when you live that live

Papi knows yours name  
And you ditched that wife  
Nigga it's gets stacked green nigga  
It gets stacked chain nigga

I get forty G's a feature now  
Hold Franklin's like a Aretha now  
In the SL two seater now  
And I'm in nuthin' but diamonds

I'm the illest female that you heard thus far  
Five-five with the thirty-four B-cup bra  
I fuck wit dem cats who ain't up to par  
I get niggas for cash, clothes, jeweleries, plus cars

I'm talkin' rent money, I'm talkin' bank money  
I'm talkin' Martha Keats step of with the rent money  
Movin' on up, two in the sauna  
Still ride through the block, pull up on the corna, plus

Give me an inch so I can take a mile  
I bring life like a new born naked child  
Bitches tryin' ta come up, gotta wait a while  
As of now, Amil-lion just played ya style, you dealin'  
with, nigga

The, the roc, the the, the roc  
(Let me talk to y'all niggas real quick)  
The, the roc, uh uh, the roc

Yo, y'all niggas truly ain't ready for this dynasty thing  
Y'all thinkin' Blake Carrington, I'm thinkin' more like  
"ming  
I got four nephews, and they all right in  
They all young and wild, plus they all like things

And I'm havin' a child, which is more frightening  
But y'all about to witness is big business kid  
Big bosses, cocky, and big benzsesses  
Come through flossin'em shiny rims it is

An office don't pop up in their sentences  
I think you understand what type of event this is  
I don't think you know I focus young Memphis is  
Or I see was so real, when you add on Amil

This is much more than rap, it's black entrepreneur  
Clothin', movie, and films, we come to conquer it all  
Roc-A-Wear, eighty mill like, eighteen months  
You could bullshit wit rap if you want, muthafuckers  
When it's all said and done, we gon' see what's what  
Holla at Hov, I'll be in the cut what

It's the, the roc, the the, the roc  
It's the, the roc, the the roc  
You rollin' with the roc  
Dynasty niggas, that's right like no other

It's the, the roc, the the, the roc [Incomprehensible]  
It's the, the roc, the the, the roc [Incomprehensible]  
[Incomprehensible]  
[Incomprehensible]

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