

Sauce Money "Pre-Game"

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I hold my gun fine ideas be as bright as the sunshine
Shook the rap game with just one line
When me and my niggaz combine all day you know
what
Sometimes I run with mad niggaz who done time
Hit you with eight from one nine now you showin the
vein
My shells is like information go in your brain
Holdin my slug before you squeeze em show em the
love
Burn your fingertips so throw em a glove
Understand me
Before my album dropped copped the Grammy
Uncanny
Bought my first Rollie from Manny
Dirty burners my crew never hand me
Nigga we family
You not get shot
Get caught sniffin like Dexter Manley
With at least ten lead spray right paint your skin red
Damn we all the shit you can't be
We big time you small time
Real small like how an ant be
Marcy bust a shot for Metcalf Tito and Danny
Peace to the Burrells Cut Wop and Stanley
Boom Moet and bow my whole set is wild
Pass threats frontin flash singles an ass bent
Fuck a bitch you know the drill
Cut a check or a suck a dick

[Jay-Z]

As a youth explosively clappin off the roof
Shootin guard like Kobe
Raised up slay spears and bowie
Back then Gil was my code Spanish Jose
Showed me how to get the money niggaz owed me
Fast forward no kids six cars and three Rollie's
Two cribs trips to Cuba sippin on Uba
Got rap in a stupor first to clap your group up
From the Range with the ski rack or six with the roof up
Shit I light the motherfuckin soundproof booth up
New shit y'all say the same shit like you're looped up

Your raps all lazy Jigga the Black Scorcese
What your album lack is more Jay-Z
Code name Jehovah all praise me
Yall don't paint pictures yall all trace me
You've yet to see the day when my squad be done
I represent that shit nigga Marcy son
What

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