

## Barbra Streisand F/ Vince Gill

### "Declaration"

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Yo, this girl called me..  
"Hi Pos! Heard your shit, back in style baby!"  
.. heard the De La, said I'm back in style y'know?  
Heh..

[scratching]  
"You-you-you.. you need to stop"  
"I declare that only live niggaz rap this year" -> Prodigy  
"Jam's off the meter yo, this {shit} is hot" -> P. Smith  
"There's always ONE.. (ONE!)"  
"Amateurs get hung with they own gold chains" ->  
Rebel INS  
"There it is!!"  
"I declare that only live niggaz rap this year" -> Prodigy

[Pos/Plug Won]  
The average MC sells terror  
We nail terror up against the wall for target practice  
Not one of your top five MC's  
but I see clearly with ease you lack this  
Coast to coast, we pop up on your scene like toast  
playin host to your regiment  
who rally to boast, but now boast no more  
They got floored by the sight of my ledger print  
I came specifically, to fracture yo' ability  
to grandstand anywhere next to me  
This is the year, when the true better man  
keeps the cheddar and writes to his destiny (word!)  
Timeless episodes of talent got me nominated  
by the ones who hated me on spittin tighter  
Salute these "Supa Emcees" for bein clever;  
and never use the weed as a ghost writer

[scratching]  
"I declare that only live niggaz rap this year" -> Prodigy  
"Jam's off the meter yo, this {shit} is hot" -> P. Smith  
"Run a rapper through a maze like a experiment" ->  
Malik B  
"Yeah, word up!"  
"I declare that only live niggaz rap this year" -> Prodigy

[Pos/Plug Won]

Contrary to popular truth, these youth are runnin  
scared  
so in one stare they gettin strapped  
Cash rules NUTTIN from below the belt  
The dick choose to melt asses where them dollars at?  
(Where them dollars at?) Musta been bitten by a rabbit  
Actin silly like that; your pop culture need a diaper  
change  
I'm snatchin the mic, like I'm lootin  
with a whole lot of shootin while you're keepin out of  
sniper range  
Your aim's to please, my aim's to freeze  
you dead center in your tracks with your hands high  
Ain't no tricks, we set it to fire like Hendrix  
All the hard rocks at liquor spots  
All over the scene, makin it messy  
so we make a clean getaway to a better day  
Can't say the same, for them cats who left the game  
cause they couldn't claim the better pay  
This ain't no masquerade  
so the mass parade of people need to stop frontin  
There's truly a few makin them hits  
while us, we got our mitts closed cause you on the field  
buntin  
Make it to third base, but never reach home  
The word is, your whereabouts is unknown  
While we're that point of view, that you never really  
knew  
with the stitch to keep the cut sewn (De La!)

[scratching]

"I declare that only live niggaz rap this year" -> Prodigy

"Jam's off the meter yo, this {shit} is hot" -> P. Smith

..

ROCK A BYE BABY!! ON THE TREE TOP!!  
WHEN THE WIND BLOWS!! THE CRADLE WILL ROCK!!  
ROCK!! RO..

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