

## **Bizmarkie**

### **"Dedication"**

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This is dedicated to you  
You and you

[Mr. Do It 2 Death talking]  
So you wanna spread a lot of talk about my city  
Milwaukee huh  
All that talk about Laverne and Shirley  
Happy Days, all that bullshit  
What the fuck ya think, ain't no niggaz here  
We got something fo ya mutha fuckas  
I got something fo ya mutha fuckas

[Chorus]  
You've been hatin' on my city fo a while  
Now we had to shout y'all down  
And if you don't let us thru the do'  
We gonna go get the 4-4  
Oh act like you didn't know  
From you bustas to you suckas to you hoes  
I know one thang fo sho  
Betta not bring your ass around my city

[Coo Coo Cal talking]  
All my Thug P niggaz, all my Hillside niggaz  
All my Lincoln Park niggaz, all my tre-8 niggaz

[Mr. Do It 2 Death talking]  
All my 4-5 niggaz, all my 2-6 niggaz  
My tre-4 niggaz, my 4-8 niggaz

[Coo Coo Cal talking]  
All my Eastside niggaz, all my Northline nigaz  
All my Parklawn niggaz, all my North Meadow niggaz

[Mr. Do It 2 Death talking]  
All my Hillside niggaz, my 2-8 niggaz  
My 2nd & Keith niggaz, all my Rest In Peace niggaz

[Verse 1: Coo Coo Cal]  
It's Milwaukee Wis-consin, stompin' over the game of  
rap

Got lil' pimp in us, (?) got game and a strap  
It's where the thugs stay and drugs lay  
But hungry hoes will pack your shit and turn some  
tricks  
cuz we won't budge babe, we play the game till the last  
quarter  
If money drop like the spot then you can't leave till the  
last boulder  
We gettin' older, and wise 'n rise wit advengance  
Puttin away then 'lacs and comin back slid'n in dem  
Benz's  
We blowin' up like the World Trade  
Half of the scratch we pack,  
come from rap, and all the rest your girl made  
So if we don't see you at the top  
wavin' hangin outta drop dawg  
bumpin one of my songs that got the game on lock  
Top of the charts with this hardest rap  
It's Coo Coo Cal chap representin Milwaukee where I  
started at  
Whoever thought of that of us bubblin up like  
champaigne  
Ridin' thru your city on dem thangs nigga, fo real

[Chorus]

Ain't been to the city in awhile  
Now we had to shout y'all down  
And if you don't let us thru the do'  
We'll have to go and get the 4-4  
Oh act like y'all didn't know  
From the west to the sucka city hoes  
I know one thang fo sho  
Ya betta not bring your ass hoe

[Mr. Do It 2 Death talking]

All my 2-9 niggaz, my 8-tre niggaz  
All my 1-4, 1-5, and 1-9 niggaz

[Coo Coo Cal talking]

All my 86 niggaz, my 6-tre niggaz  
My 2-4 niggaz and my 1-9 nigga

[Mr. Do It 2 Death talking]

All my eye-to-eye niggaz, my stumpdown niggaz  
My Infinite 4-5 niggaz and Block Mob niggaz

[Coo Coo Cal talking]

All my O.P. niggaz, my PPD niggaz  
My 2-7 niggaz, and dem 4-5 niggaz

[Verse 2: Mr. Do It 2 Death]

Nigga, fuck what ya heard, Milwaukee County 'till they  
down me  
Do It 2 Death Midwest you know how my town be niggaz  
Big pimpin', ridin' 20 inches  
Twerkin in Excursion, workin dem thirty-sixes  
Pimps up, hoes down... Kenny Ivy  
All the niggaz be-sheist hoes, greezy-grimmy  
Love my city these streets remind me  
All the days I used to hustla wit dem D's behind me  
Hello, niggaz still ghetto, still playin' games  
Still Jheri-curled up, still slang 'caine  
Milwaukee County niggaz here now, still gone change  
We the last niggaz to get in this game, holla

[Chorus]

Ain't been to the city in awhile  
Now we had to shout y'all down  
And if you don't let us thru the do'  
We'll have to go and get the 4-4  
Oh act like y'all didn't know  
From the west to the sucka city hoes  
I know one thang fo sho  
Ya betta not bring your ass hoe

[Coo Coo Cal talking]

All my Green Bay niggaz, my Racine niggaz  
My K-Town niggaz and my Madison niggaz

[Mr. Do It 2 Death talking]

All my Southside niggaz, my L.K. niggaz  
My mexicano, latino, ese niggaz

[Coo Coo Cal talking]

All my "Peek-a-boo" niggaz, my Waupan niggaz  
My Dodge County niggaz and my H-O-C niggaz

[Mr. Do It 2 Death]

All my Brookfield niggaz, my Fox Spring niggaz  
My Brown Deer (?) and River Hills niggaz

[Chorus]

Ain't been to the city in awhile  
Now we had to shout ya'll down  
And if you don't let us thru the do'  
We'll have to go and get the 4-4  
Oh act like ya'll didn't know  
From the west to the sucka city hoes  
I know one thang fo sho  
Ya betta not bring your ass hoe

