

Big Tymers F/ Lil Wayne

"Blaze Wit Ya'll"

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[Kool G Rap]

(Yo!! G Rap nigga) See y'all thought it was a game right?

Like y'all ain't know this was gon' happen? (Jinx Da Juvy)
We {*censored*} for life, we known for holdin it down
Gun brawls, hand to hand combat, whatever (word)
We ain't havin none of that, you heard? (word)

[Chorus: G Rap + Juvy]

[Kool] If you about dough, we can get paid wit y'all

[Jinx] Wanna ball out, we can get laid wit y'all

[Kool] You got beef? We can draw heat and blaze wit y'all

[Jinx] Get locked up, sharpen up the blades wit y'all

[Kool] You wanna smokeout, blow the purple haze wit y'all

[Jinx] You wanna show out, spend money for days wit y'all

[Kool] You wanna do dirt, keep it in the shade wit y'all

[Jinx] You wanna act up, pull out guns and spray it at y'all!

[Kool G Rap]

This one goes out to my Queens thugs, that steam slugs

My real killers out on the corner that's seen blood

My wild niggaz schemin with snubs, fiendin for grub

Eatin off the streets, triple-beamin the drugs

The ones that put a red beam in your mug

The ones that bug and be in the clubs

and hide whips, gleamin with dubs

This one goes out to my peoples

that hit the hot blocks to cop the diesel

in back of the spots but chop on the lethal

Then pop goes the weasel

If niggaz want it, then pop goes the eagles

We can draw guns and rock like The Beatles

Drop pots of evil, ghetto D with shots from a needle

Lay you down with shots that are cerebral

Before rap, my click was hot as Segal, now we clock legal

Hop like Kenieval, pass the cops in our Regals
Above blowin like diplomats, me and my click of cats
Duck when we spit the gat or get your shit twisted back

[Chorus]

[Jinx Da Juvy]

That young fella straight from the slums and that's that
Got kicked out of school cause I used to carry guns in
my knapsack

Been a serious dude, never the one to laugh at
So play crazy and this 380'll twist your cap back
Before rap, I played the slums where the cash at
Duckin the boys in blue, with jumps in asscrack
Now I switched over, but still tote the big toaster
for niggaz schemin so I'm fiendin to bend your wig
over

You might catch the kid herbed out, bent over
Without a license, gettin brain in a tint Rover
But not for nuttin, a frontin dude get popped for frontin
Y'all the type to snitch when a cop's comin
But that don't stop nuttin cause trust me the cop's
duckin

A badge don't mean shit, when the glocks is gunnin
And I don't think the pig's tryin to get, popped in the
stomach
Or be worse, layin with they wig hotter than the oven

[Chorus]

[Kool G Rap]

G Rap as real as it gets, peel with the fifth
Bust down a mill' with the click, ill with the chicks
Wheelin the 6 to cribs on hills in the sticks
Metal we pack is heavy you can feel when it spit
Used ta, reel in the chips, slangin krills on the strip
Now we, spillin the Crist', niggaz still with the hits
Won't stop until I cop a half-a-mill' for the wrist
Rule with a iron fist but still in the midst
G Rap and his squad of guerillas, carve your grill up
Harsh killer hold the hammer like 20 bar villains
Spit flames like Godzilla, menage-a-trois in large villas
Pack the trey-pound God pealer
It's a hard thriller mob chiller
Decide your fate like a Tarot card dealer
Y'all niggaz is yard squealers; play around and be a
scar feeler
A shot down man on the tar feeler chick witchu the gem
star spiller

[Chorus]

[Kool G Rap]
What? (G Rap nigga) Black {*censored*} fam baby,
uhh
(Jinx Da Juvy) The new milleny niggaz, knahmean? 2000
shit
Here to rule shit
All y'all weak niggaz fall back
Brrrap! Brrrap! Get the fuck out of here

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