

## **Billy Ray Cyrus**

### **"Still Death Row"**

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[Intro - Virginya Slim & Crooked I]

Yeah..

Death Row, baby

(Death Row!)

Heavy hitters

Uh-uh

(Yeah)

(Why am I?)

Crooked I

(Yeah)

(Who are you, though?)

Virginia Slim, baby

(Let 'em know somethin')

That we ain't going nowhere

(Nowhere, niggas)

Second dynasty here

(Yeah)

Play boy

[Crooked I]

Tell me what's all the fuss, one hundred seventy five  
police

wastin' all of the taxpayer's dollars just to holler at us?

Mad cause the Benzes is hot, the Impalas is plush

Nobody bothered me when I used to hop on the bus

Now the cops follow me, the life of Dominick's rough

They wanna throw a young don in some cuffs

But it's... (still Death Row)

I let 'em know, if they didn't remember

I know, some of you suckas got hidden agendas

But I'm, sick of pretenders

Niggas'd rather stick their dick in a blender

Than to go against the sickest contender

Get your ridiculous click to surrender

My game code is winter when it ends in December

Scoop your chicken and Bend Hurr... tender

You know how young niggas roll

Send ya hoe... to your husband, walking pigeon-toed

The West Coast is ours

Still them other niggas old

Over fifty million sold

[Chorus - Virginya Slim and Crooked I]

It's still Tha Row... ugh

(Baby, we still stackin' money up)

And what we gon' do?

(Lady, we still don't give a fuck)

And how we roll y'all?

(Baby, we still in the club beat)

We represent, what?

(We still represent the streets)

It's still Tha Row

(Baby, we still spendin' star bucks)

And what we throwin' up?

(Sweetheart, we still throw them balls up)

And who we beefin' with?

(We still beefin' with the po-po)

And what they say we is?

(We still ghetto)

It's still Tha Row

[Crooked I]

Some of you gangsta rappers out there poppin' seventy pills

Man, you bangin' on wax cats'll never be real (Marks!)

This ghetto celebrity still do whatever he feel

Look at my billboard, I took a shit on Beverly Hills

That's 'cause it's all about Crooked (Yeah, it's all about green)

Around y'all (We stand tall) As who? (Yao Ming) Y'all mean?

And Crooked keep a heat compartment

I don't speak to rappers that work for the Police Department

Nine milli, I eat your heart with

I seek the target, reach in garments, squeeze diesel vomits

I don't need y'all to start me

Ten million albums sold? Maybe if I look like Paul McCartney

But I'm dark as dark Bacardi, dark as Marcus Garvey

Sparks cigars that start the party... ugh!

And we ain't lettin' suckers in

I got a lovely deal and I own my publishing'

[Chorus]

[Outro 1 - Virginya Slim & Crooked I]

Yeah, Red Bone... Queen, Virginia Slim, Miss Gail Gotti

(This for my gangsters)

Representin'... heavy hitters

Death Row, baby

We done slept too long  
(And for my hustlers)  
Y'all done had y'all time  
Now we back  
Ready to keep it gangster  
(And for my riders)  
Yeah... the real ones  
The ride or die ones  
Come on..

[Crooked I]

And I heard every single word that you say at your  
show  
But when we at the awards ceremony, they have to go  
S.W.A.T. Team stormin' the label, one of 'em's even  
pointing a A.K. at the door  
Another day at Tha Row  
They say we only out to split wigs  
What about the hospital trips givin' gifts to sick kids?  
Oh, I see, you want us ALL doing six bids  
It's okay, we still big cars and sick cribs, the Death Row  
way  
No way... Crooked came into this game to lose  
I'm anxious, I'ma change the rules  
I'm dangerous, I'm a gangster Langston Hughes  
I'm a mistress that you can't confuse  
I'm from Tha Row, so if I piss it'll make the news

[Chorus]

[Outro 2 - Crooked I]

Yeah... I know you're lovin' that  
Turn on your T.V.... open up a newspaper or somethin'  
Read all about us... them ghetto cats  
Tryin' to shove us out the game, but they can't  
There's a ghetto in every city in America  
And I'm from the Big West  
Second dynasty... Death Row is back!  
Yeah!  
All you mutts get off our nuts  
Chuuuch!  
Ah, ha...!  
Ha, ha, ha, ha..

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