

Bizzy Bone F/ Cat Cody

"U Better Recognize"

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Sam (Dre):

(I heard Sam was going solo) God damn, you didn't know so,
well I can blast fast so freak an ill type of slow flow.
I'm hitting harder than Berry Boss so check the golden child,
throwing it to your ear-hole, got you going buck wild.
But truck-tracks, rhymes all day, breaking off niggaz proper,
did dirt, did West cause I clown coppers (yeah).
Do hip-hop, rap, compose 'em most, I couldn't see me,
mad advanced and my skills are all about the dollar bills.
From Pittsburgh to Cali dropping bombs like that,
was on the D.L. with the squad so I couldn't hold it back.
Black, I regulate I buzz a big gate figure,
mobbing with the ill nigga, with his finger on a bigger trigger.
Serving all (saps), hitting sevens on the (simps),
making do', eating shrimps, locing with some real pimps (yeah).
So peep game, best believe I love my peeps
that's why I make the type of music you can pump in
your jeeps
(that's right).
So buck my sound, I put it down for the underground,
I got the women cause I'm slamming, jamming.
Got it going on this time for this new producer to rise,
so open your eyes, I think you better recognize.

Dre: (Sam)

Once again it's the man with the masterplan,
they call him Sam and I (think you better recognize)
(2x)

Sam: (Dre)

I remember days on the blocks where I slang slung
played punk cops
and mad props cause I ran with hard rocks (yeah).
From napalms to Uzi's I made G's (say what?),
them build up enough Luther by keys.

No gang affiliation, yo I stood on my own to pulling
capers
I'm a sneaky slick nigga, I never had to pull the trigger
(right).
I mack, and on top and that I'm used to staying wicked
with just 24-7,
you can ask my ex-hooker.
But now I'm on some new improved shit,
making hits, stacking chips, now everything's
legitimate.
I flipped the scrip a long time ago, on the five-o,
when I had to scope with this new way to make my cash
flow (uhm).
Yes indeedy, I wasn't greedy, got my niggaz out the
gutter,
now they're rolling with the Sam Sneezy.
Hip hop fanatic causing static in the industry,
these whack creators, I call 'em imitators (ah yeah).
Been trying to see me, but see I'm unexplainatory,
with the fame and glory, that's why I gotta tell my story.
With no disguise, a lot of niggaz despise,
because I'm on an uprise, so I think you better
recognize.

Dre: (Sam)

Once again it's the man with the masterplan,
they call him Sam and I (think you better recognize)
(2x)
(Think you better recognize) (2x)

Sam: (Dre)

Well I'm back in the mix with a bottle of hennessy,
so fire up a blunt let's have an end of the sanity.
Crazy shot outs giving pounds to all my niggaz,
hitting all the hookers by the dozen, cause they dig us
(trick).
Fuck what you've heard, recognize what you be seeing,
it's time to earn truth to the game human being.
I'm that little bass nigga trying to get mine, fuck a nine,
cause I'll incline with the mastermind.
I got my crew in my corner so I can't loose,
cause I'm paying mad douze in this record biz, I don't
snooze.
And suckers be popping at those idiotic egosytible type
of flimflam,
I can't be faded Sam-am.
Playing with the hustlers never dealing with the
knucklehead bollers,
cause boys play with toys and scholars play with
dollars.
I'm a mack of my own right, plus my game is tight,

baby get it right, I ain't the one, so take flight.
Bitches give my mad rep, nothing but the brazen off
tempo,
thinking they can get my loot, I never trip to knock the
boots.
I gotta be wise, when time to dip between the thies,
all eyes on the price, so I think you better recognize.

Dre: (Sam)

Once again it's the man with the masterplan,
they call him Sam and I (think you better recognize)
(2x)

Once again it's the man with the masterplan,
they call him Sam and I (think you better recognize)
(2x)

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