

Cam'Ron F/ Dutch Juggernaut Spade**"4 My Niggaz"**

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[Blake C]

What you sayin'?

Roc-A-Fella (uh huh)

Gener-al (uh huh)

B.I.G. (right on)

QB (that show-nuff right on)

Fuck niggas wanna do, man (nothing)

See, Cease A Leo (huh)

I'm for the kids (right)

Sometimes we gotta get gutter on this motherfuckers,
y'know

It's how we do it (yeah)

Feel me baby?

Yo, yo, stay away from 38, tech-nines and shotty

I wanna move swift, but don't blow like John Gotty

I'm something to watch, like the paparazzi

Hard to copy, shock waves can't stop me

Got dogs big as Bruce Smith to block me

It's Blake on the grape, pouring ya juice, tickle your
weight

Just might be, politely, leave your man to ache

The guns are dirty? You know I double check the safe

I take it all, still be the last to escape

Kick It like Q-Tip, we get it killed for a few chips

Got a new whip, new house, got a new zip code

Watch the stroll, little Ace

A soldier that was born to roll

I love God and you know I got soul

To sell around the globe and more Bank than Tower

Dime just rewind-a, it was hard to find her

Found out my niggas got right behind her

(Overlappin last line)

[Mr. Bristol]

Y'all niggas got dick bricks, scared to grab the fifth

But I done did that, recognize the clique

Back round six-four times, fellas and shit

Make mils off the stories that we tellin' and shit

'Til I said to myself "My life is betta than this"

I wanna party, live it up, pop Don and Cris

In a lake with a waterproof on my wrist
Been a professional, now I'm starting to mix
We rhyme to kick tricks, for kids, I bring it where ya live
Run up in your crib, tie up your wife and kids
Send my man out, G, pissed off a ten-year bid
We live this real street life
And that's word to B.I.G. (uh)
I'm the type to analyze ya (what)
Move swift like Kaiser (uh)
My appearance surprise ya (yeah)
About 5'4", my .45 is live (uh, uh)
Don't ya get live? Never judge your man by size (uh,
yo)

[Chorus]

I'ma do my thang, I'ma do my thang
Do I do my thang, I'ma do my thang
Watch me do my thang, I'ma do my thang
For my niggaz, do my thang, I'ma do my thang
Uh, do my thang, I'ma do my thang
Do I do my thang, I'ma do my thang
Watch me do my thang, I'ma do my thang
For my niggaz, Brooklyn

[Lil' Cease]

Yo, yo, yo, yo
This my war I ride for lick one in the sky for
Get back everything that my nigga die for
Since his death, many steps and many left
Niggas owe money, yo, niggas can't pay a penny less
Cease got the squeeze, I'ma let these fuckers know
BK style, my niggas Love the Dough
About six hard years, eleven months ago
We was all puffin' 'dro, nowhere to go
Now I get dough, get low, let a slug blow
Cops say "Got evidence?" Let the dog go
Here's the answer, you fucking with Leo Ganza
Nigga's coke so raw, you gon need a sampler
Niggas better be as wise as me or die like me
Or go see the board then and frown like me
Got niggas takin' pictures throwin' pies on me
Motherfuckers' All Eyez On Me
Whatever happened to Brook-lawn?
Better yet, Crook-lawn?
Niggas even look wrong, niggas get hooked on
Picture me making a shook song
No, I know the wars we took on
Niggas better get gone

[Jay Z]

Yeah, flow sicker on every record

Watch Sean, glock nine, nigga, heavy necklace
Watch mine, about to make niggas very jealous
Ice in every letter, untouchable, can't fuck with duke
Thug spit, arms shake, who I'm gon play
With the CEO of the coke on Broadway, huh?
Never heard so many choices from one man
I make bitches, fuck it, I make the gun jam
Flows like sniffin' a hundred grams o'
Cocaine raw, rip your whole brain off, uh
Make it real easy to lift your chain off
BK style (what), see Jay how (uh)
We don't play fair, we play foul
Go head, stand there, we spray crowds
Live from the 7-1-8
If there ever was one great
I'm him, nigga, times three

[Chorus to end]

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