

Cam'Ron F/ Usher**"Dyin' 4 Rap"**

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[Fredro Starr]

Dyin 4 Rap, the remix saga, throwin shots to the top
Catch you comin out ya Bentley drop
Run up, open a block, empty the glock
I'm Dyin 4 Rap, rap niggas nailed to the cross
If you Christ to the game, nigga, die for the cost
Send flames out to S-5, killin ya Porsche
Took a step back from the game, watch ya flip
Did a few flips, fucked a few chicks, you can't fuck wit
me
Bullet to bullet baby, check the glocks
Spit slugs, one after another, play "connect the shots"
Cock the flame, had another doc to range
Make ya head rest part of ya brain, like that
Bulletproof rap, rap wit a gun in my back
Two g's got niggas still throwin they gats
Once you cross to the other side, I'm bringin you back
I'm Firestarr, and I'm Dyin 4 Rap

[Capone]

To America's system, I'm a double pharoah
I speak wisdom, rebellin on the BC spit
My intuition on streets, keep bitchin
Push the hottest structure, deep dishin, stack dollars
and buck
Shootouts, got the hood hot as a fuck
My criminal demeanor, got snagged and tash, sizin me
up
Searchin the Beamer, niggas question who I run wit
A vest, a tech, an extra gun clip
What you say might get your son hit
Queensbridge, where my duns live
Kiam was destined to rule, since my mother's stomach
Understand what I am, a prophet, poetical target for
sabotage
You can't stop me, gorilla at large, fuck a murder
charge
I spray at ya block, I spray at the cops
I'm a hater, ya wrist shinin and I fuckin spray at ya
watch
I'm grimy, I'm sick of being broke, I'm sick of short sells

I'm representin jail murder to coke pots on the stoves

[Noreaga]

Them niggas Dyin 4 Rap, rap dyin for me
You can't see me a muthafucka, hot as me
You see me dip through the traffic and I turn it up
Them chicks takin ecstasy to suck my nut
Straight gangsta, niggas compare me to Suge
But they say I'm for fouler, yea they should
I got the "What? What?" about to fade the hood
I still got coke on the streets, you know I'm good
I'm from Queens, infrared beams and car hard jeans
Them niggas Dyin 4 Rap, rap dyin for me

[Young Noble]

This ain't no battle of the beats, this a battle of heat
Battle in the streets, battle til we six feet deep
Outlaw warrior, yea Makaveli train
Niggas mad how we rob, Makaveli's the blame
Niggas Dyin 4 Rap, I'm dyin to snap
Life was a game of dice, niggas dyin to crap
You dyin to ride dick, you dyin to lie spit
From dyin to bar quick, get off my dick
I'm like a fire starter, I wet ya car wit Firestarr
And garment before the cops'll call
Shot you far dog, ain't no runnin away
Wit Pac involved son, it can be done today
Thug we dyin for the cause, burners told you Outlaw
Young Nob', stayin raw, and it's wall to wall

[Cuban Link]

Yo I'm the Spanish casanova, livin leathers
24 Karat toke a far from marriage, in Paris
We talkin parrots on my shoulder, hold up
The mellow holdin is Cuban, it's takin over, I thought I
told ya
I'm dopper then coke without the bakin soda
Drunk or sober, jump out the Rover, and fold you wit a
crowbar
Throw a rope around ya neck, and do what Sosa did to
Omar
So far, my repertoire, got respect in no parts
Like Joan of Arc, if you turn apart, rollin til dark
It's Terror Squad, from the start til I come across God
No holds barred, most niggas got balls but no heart
Who wanna run wit the dot dada, nigga come holla
from the Bronx
Where they gun down punks for one dollar

