

Da Brat F/ Ja Rule "Down 4 Whateva"

Visit "[Down 4 Whateva](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Brooklyn! Uh, yeah! Now, check this shit out

Verse one: O.C.

Now check this motherfucking capo right here
Mash Out Posse SLASH O.C. come together like a glock
and a clip
We gon' jam when its time to blast!
Big niggaz that rap, we bout to get in your ass
We done played the background, ay-yo all my peops
I'm naming names, fuck it, it's on
I'm taking it back to some Brooklyn shit
With this ten-man clique
Who don't know how to act, lookin for some niggaz to
hit
And if you ever think it can't happen to you
You might just end up in the East River with some bale-
ass shoes
I ain't playin no more, I'm gonna bring it to your ass raw
I flipped the word around, nigga, this means WAR
Yo, fuck that, Brooklyn's on the map forever
To Billy and Fame, I hope you niggaz down for
whatever
With Mike, go get the guns when its time to shoot
To Brooklyn I give a 21-GUN SALUTE
(Come on)

Chorus:

Flatbush *cut and scratched*
--Crown Heights-- "Thought I'd remind y'all"
Brownsville *cut and scratched* (Firing Squad)
"Thought I'd remind y'all" *scratching*
Bushwick *cut and scratched* "(See I) Thought I'd
remind y'all"
?? *cut and scratched*
--East New York-- "Thought I'd remind y'all"

Verse two: Lil' Fame

I used to roll 'em, this is a holdup

MAKE em roll up, come up out your clothes and get
your whole shit swole
up
This game ain't changed cause I became a rapping
dude
I'm still a black cat, quick, and straight clapping dude
(Try to act rude) Play the mascot
With your clown ass ways, these days, look what your
ass got
Clap, shot the body, I'm keeping it real
That cartoon ass nigga thought he was King of the Hill
That whole shit was animation, immitation
When I shipped that ass on out, like immigration
Ways of Emancipation, Proclamation
Constitutional rights, the LAST GENERATION
Your facin, M.O.P., O.G.'s
Flippin this track with O.C.
Niggaz know we, hold this shit down for Brooklyn,
nigga!
Where guns spark and leave them things smoking,
nigga!

Chorus

Verse three: Billy Danze

Hot damn! Danze shot your head
Full cooperation, I'm taking donations, ante up the
bread
(Clap, clap!) You got that fat while we were gone
So the balance that I wrote like ???, we're taking on
Put the rest of that shit in the bag
I would tear your ass to pieces, so you please don't
make me mad
(Here we go again!) You ain't known, I control my
destiny
I only got love for the thugs that's next to me
(Who that?) Berkuanace, soldier, I'm ill
pause I told ya, I'm real!
And I've been doing a double danly
Everyone ?from my crew is sayin? (Daddy, don't fail
me)
Hold on, the way that I jettin my foes may never be
even
I'm one of them dudes that niggaz refuse to believe in
(Life is full of obstacles!) so keep weeping
(At 24-years old) My only goal is too keep breathing

scratching --Brooklyn-- "Thought I'd remind y'all"

