

## Daddy/112/Faith Puff "Reverse"

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Puffy]

I'll never stop

I don't give a fuck

If it's me against a million billion of ya'll mother fuckers

I will never stop

I bust six out the roof of my Bentley Coup

Head shots so mother fuckers can't regroup, can't  
recoup

I'll be damned if you get more points than me

Sell more joints than me

Steal your faith, take a puff, inhale my name

Smoke on it, shit, choke on it

Bitch nigga, I'mma make a hit nigga

Hot mother fucker down to the skit nigga

Game over playa, and nigga ya scored low

Hit me later young, and I'm at the award show

Bank account ten digits and it's all "O's"

I floss the most shit, fuck the most hoes

Come on, you can even ask Don Juan

It's official now, they all rock Sean John

Might have to change my name to strong arm

You came to get money man?

That shit been long gone, come on

[Shyne]

Have much to do with nigga since Nicolas Bond

Poppin' and choppin' until the day that I'm gone

Shyne poor, cuz your dream come from one bottle

Prominent premier, premium bravo

Watch him explain ain't nothin' but blood thug crime  
though

Shots in the spinal, from my rivals

Cross the t's and dot the i's and

Pay the judge, drop the top we'll mess around

Shit, it's the kid rapper's feelin'

You cowards don't know? I'd rather be racketeerin'  
somewhere

Bustin' shots in the atmosphere and

Not caring, fuckin' the prosecutor at my hearin'

Money laundering, honies wondering

Who me? I reply casually

Come what God would be if He was a straight G

Tonight too tight out of a big ditch we ride

[Redman]

Yo yo yo, it's your hide

Grab the rope and yell rawhide

Front line is pussy, call off sides

I'm focus but my hand is cross-eyed

I left my gun home, here borrow mine

Pop the nine like a judge "All rise"  
This gun'll knock plants off tall guys  
We value-packs, y'all small fries  
(Yo, I'm from the projects)  
Yo, but on the floor tied  
Don't matter, we'll take up all size  
Truly yours doc, then PPP hide, my name is  
Since five, I talk jive  
In church dressed in cordoroy ties  
Now I'm grown up and been married four times  
Besides, I'm just a sight for soar eyes  
Brick city, known pop the door wide  
Stolen Bonneville in New York High  
[G-Dep]  
Reversin' the plot  
Last come, first one to rot, first in the glot  
If I miss, circlin' the block, servin' the pot  
And I be the person to watch  
If your girl missin' the rock, purse and a watch  
Hot as it gets, from Hell came outta you debts  
Buy the cassette, rewind it to death  
Alota y'all sweat it, you try to forget  
How I rock shit from N.Y. to Tibet  
You got it to bet? That's just how you got into debt  
You lost when you nodded your neck

Through the vest, through the chest that you tried to  
protect

Take the voice that you try to project, check

Darin' you to kid, cat shootin' sperm in you wiz

I'm why you smell herb in the crib

Man I'm out for doubtful, shit I spit a mouthful

Indo out-do, intro to outro

[Sauce Money]

I'm the hottest thing spittin' so go warn your clique

Them niggas y'all look up to is on my dick

Sauce motherfuckin' born to hit

I get so far up in your ass, think I was on some shit

Look, you against me is really nothin' to see

Who, when, where, what it's gon' be

I don't give a fuck if it's he or she

I'm the virgin of hip hop

Nobody fuckin' with me

I know your type, you a ride dick nigga

Cry sick nigga, lied quick nigga

Out of turn speakin', first one leakin'

Always the Suzuki side kick nigga

Bitches don't cast stones down, they throw bricks

Why I come through and tell 'em to blow dick

These nigga's the nicest? No, go fish

Sauce, you da best motherfucker, no shit

[Cee-Lo]

You're treated and competed, walk away from it  
undefeated

Observe it from over there, ok

Ain't It obvious we overheated

You talkin' that slick shit

But I jus' know that you meant me

But evidently, you don't know

I get your ass gone permanently

It ain't complex

I'll just bang holes or you're ablin' to ask who next

Do a drive-by on your project, take the traps

Come on and get some of our gun craps

I'll straighten out the nigga now

When I snap, make your chest cavity collapse

When I glide the entire map

With the frequent four alarm fire, rap straight up

Put weight down, fuck around, you ate up

And nigga when I eat, I mean I lick the whole plate up

Look in my eyes, I'm not scared

Sucka, you heard what I said

If you don't wanna get dead

No it ain't no cure, ice cold in the low, the go-rilla

The mo' scrilla the more real-la, I live to rule

[Busta]

Don't hold me back, you bet

How many nigga's think they fuckin' with mines

A nigga God blessed with such an undeniable shine

I hope you know there's nothin' fresher

The manifester apply the pressure

Tie you up and gag you in your mouth with a piece of polyester

Now fix your fuckin' face up

Empty the chest of drawers before I stretch your jaw

Everybody hit the fuckin' floor

Only the real mother fuckers belong

I hope nigga's don't end the party before we finish the song

(Bitch nigga)

You be the last to come and harrass, reflect on the past

When I used to pull spine outcho ass

Live nigga's go stack money, continue to bill shit

Long as I'm in this fucker I'm determined to kill shit

Zap nigga's like cellular flips and swell up your lips

Fuck with so much dick in their ass it's shrinkin' her hen house

Hey yo, before you empty your clip and pull at your trigger

Salute the legacy of these throroughly recognized niggas

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