

## Die Paldauer

### "My Niggas"

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Yeah

Uhhh

[Foxy]

It's time for everybody

To get they muthafuckin' minds right

Cause it's about to go down

Straight like that

Oooh

Uhhh

Kid Capri

Ill Na Na

And the muthafuckin' L-O-X

That's right

Chorus (Styles)

>From the top of New York, where they be poppin' they  
corks

>From the bottom of the slums, where they be poppin'  
they guns

Niggas that rock whips and get plenty of one's

But niggas goin' hand and hand, are havin' to run

The niggas that had cake and got sent up state

For the mother who lost the child and had to settle for  
weight

For those who up out the ghetto, but don't know how to  
skate

Guess you gotta live the life that has fallen to fate

[Sheek]

Aye yo, aye yo

Our shit contagious, so ya'll niggas try to quarantine us

Ya'll niggas shook up, and all that like Orange Juice is

My gun American, but my niggas got foreign enemies

Six cars between us, laced out

Half my money from the drug route, ya know how that  
goes

We into heavy metal plugs, and slum shit for the nose

Is Sheek Lucion, he better ball with a groupie on

My python, gettin' sex

In hotels with connect the rooms  
Fill letter walk through on his ex  
Jadakiss and Styles walk a pound up through a storm  
Room service, bring 'em champagne with five matts on  
>From most hated, to heavy rotated, forget it  
Next stop is movies, ya'll check it when Blockbuster get  
it  
Cheap-skates, sweatin' off pre-release dates  
For Money, Power & Respect, on platnuim out the gates  
>From Rusell Simmons to Puff, Lox and DMX copped it  
Big time, we probably shoot this joint up on tropics  
When we eat fish like whiteies  
And bitches have all nighties  
Suckin' dick, me I'm on some jail shit  
Standing up, jerkin' off, while these hoes see these  
doubles click

Chorus (Styles)

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[Foxy Brown]

Uhh, uhh  
Bet I salute all chicks that be gettin' them chips  
Throw it up, for my bitches, that be poppin' that Crist'  
Specially to the one's, who be ridin' that dick  
And if the pussy bangin', hope it cop to a stick  
And all my thorough chicks, who cried and lied for  
these cats  
Out of twon, on a hound for these cats, ehh  
Shit got dick, let 'em ground for these cats  
And the crocodile Prada, satsh the pund for these cats  
Me and my bitches got down for these cats  
Paid our dues, for 62's, taped to the top  
Seen the truth through the lie, but the bullshit is fine  
Like a trooper, I put that one the life that I ride  
Guilty charges, straight copped out the 3-5  
Now fucking my crew, suffer and die  
Maximum 25, baby fuck if I fry  
It's a ditry game, when it come to slingin' them thangs

Bail like a hundred-thou, but the us is more change  
Shit, i used to trick that from jewels and the rings, huh

Chorus (Styles)

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[Styles]

Fred one, for niggas that be bustin' they gun

Till the death, what'd you expect for a couple of one's

Fred two, for niggas that ain't ever had shit

Messed up, locked down, go on and grab shit

Fred three, for niggas on lock without a key

That ain't never comin' home, but you know how it be

Livin' to die, but niggas ain't willin' to die

If you bust up in the air, you ain't killin' the sky

Feelin' the high, nigga is you willin' to lie

You a crumb and you dumb, you ain't stealin' the pie

I leave a bloody mess, nigga bigger then me, cut his  
neck

Lox brothers, ya'll niggas is cock-suckers

Yellow belly cowards, I want Money and the Power

Assassin, you think it's a joke, you'll die laughing

Hoppin' out the plane, and only bring the captain

Start of a legacy, a hard broke down and start beggin'  
me

Dog I'm a whole different pedigree

Take me to the limit, I'm layin' in the cut

While you playin' in the scrimmage

Meet you at the final

Lyrically, I'm spiritually, drunkier then a winow

Posion, house full of rhyme

Bring your boys in

Tell 'em take it easy, have a seat on the couch

I'm the govenor, ya'll bitch niggas is crowds

Take orders, we need passports at the border

Transport the water, sheerest corner

Fell sick to be hit, but we wasn't the cure

Make your ear-drums pop, probably lick drop

Eyes slinch up, leaves hit the foor by the time he spits

up  
Nobody gets up

Muthafuckas  
L-O-X muthafucka  
L-O-X, try this shit

Chorus (with ad-libs)

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