

## DJ Kay Slay f/ Bun B, D-Block, G-Unit, Papoose & Ray J "You Heard of Us"

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[Intro: Sheek Louch] Yeah! Streetsweepers!!! Aiiyyo Kay Slay I've been wantin to say this right! THIS IS THE REMIX! YEAH! [Chorus: Ray J] Yeah I know you heard of us, the murderous, most shady D-Block, Ray J you better watch your lady We pop bottles in the club on the daily And I buss a nigga head if he ever try to play me [Verse One: Sheek Louch] OWWWWWWW!!! Lower the semi the engine is Henny Playin Big Pun on my way from visitin Remy (Hold ya head ma!) Yeah I need juice, sour diesel and dark shades Liquor in my cup, doin 90 on the Palisades Hammer on my waist, act stupid then it's right in your face (WHATTUP!) Sheek crazier than Max B losin his case (IT'S WAVY BABY!!!) One DJ, two turntables, no replay Women love your boy (HELLO!!!) Sheek Cool J [Verse Two: Bully] Rookie on the block a veteran with a glock I ain't Big or Pac Bully got his own lane Yeah I'm with The LOX but Bully got his own brain Two dancers with me like the homey Daddy Kane I like D.O.A. but holla at me T-Pain Yeah I'm big but my shooters the size of Lil' Wayne (Mini!) Keep the fame, I take another zero on it It ain't unless the Ghost, Pinero's on it [Verse Three: Styles P] Dolla bills and good chron', hood don Keys when the LOX there, fuck nigga pop (Pop off!) Knockin Biggie in the new whip, roofless Ain't Cool J, but the play god witta pool stick +In Too Deep+, way too street Talkin peace, save that shit for the Hindu's beef (C'mon, B!) My gun long, from the bed to where the window reach (Leave that alone...) Talk to shit to D-Block nigga and end yo' speech, bitch! [Verse Four: Jadakiss] EH-HEEEEEH!!! Yeah, yo... They all hatin, even the ones gettin money They all Satan and go both ways, they all datin (haha) Shorty wit the doobie in the car waitin (Hold on...) You know the god, I'm M6 and the R8'n 'F' the world, in other words, screw the nation My word play is excruciatin (pain) These niggas is just hallucinatin, and keep tweekin But I'm the trustee, so it's job The Street Sweeper, what! [Verse Five: Tony Yayo] I kill a snake in the grass I'm the mongoose One phone call boy let the goons loose (BOOM!) Then Kay got a hundred round verse I need a hundred on the show I need 50 on a verse Yeah! I got

the riches but a nigga need God in his life for them  
spiritual wishes FUCK BITCHES!!! Look at what they did  
to McNair These rappers lookin like a bunch of ants in a  
Leer Everybody wanna be on every hooper in the hood  
wanna be the boy that dunked on LeBron Like Jordan,  
Xavier, you can have that girl I ain't savin her I'm like  
Rakin nigga, I Move The Crowd R.I.P. To Michael Jackson  
moonwalkin in clouds Yeah the Full ten loud so forget  
that three eighty D-Block and G-Unit we the most  
shady!!! [Verse Six: Bun B] II Trill is in the building!  
Hide ya broad And tuck ya chain, you lyin to lame, we  
goin hard! (Goin hard!) We rollin deep and we known  
to put the pressure down (Down!) You not built for this  
business, don't make me test you clown (Clown!) Pound  
for pound, I'm the best thang spittin Stay throwed, stay  
hittin in the fresh outfit and It's hard to do it like me  
(me) when my Jordans' don't come out 'til Christmas  
and my Nike's is iD (D!) Me a hater? Why be one?  
Please! I tell you what, playa, slap a hater when you see  
one (One!) The streets we run, I don't mean joggin  
Talkin 'bout break bread or get it in the noggin We in  
the house like a recluse And while you drinkin  
Gatorade, we sippin Trill O.G. Juice Get it poppin from  
the get-go, slow it down Like you out of petro 'fore  
them shooters let go [Verse Seven: Papoose] How you  
'gon see me on a E-Dubb track? Your album was a brick  
call it re-up rap You don't got no street knowledge you  
don't build Leg shooter claimin you so real How you  
gonna shoot a nigga in his calf muscle you don't kill  
Your bullets go to the Cavs like Shaquille O'Neal Gotta  
find ways that we all could eat So we move that white  
girl like Dawson's Creek Rappers is unstable so they  
thoughts is weak I'm stable like the places where the  
horses sleep Yeah they got grams but they grams just  
ain't right My grams is like a hammerhead shark, great  
white When I'm bangin at you homey I ain't the leg type  
I'll head tap 'em like a bitch do when the braids tight  
Think you hot cause they log on to your fake site?! I  
wanna see if they can log on to your grave site [Verse  
Eight: Lloyd Banks] Uh, Prada good in 80s', new  
Mercedes, few ladies New York City's baby, got the  
projects goin crazy Pay me everything up front, we got  
the pumper money happy Look at me, my earrings POP  
like Pappy Get at me! I'm chromey, make it shake all by  
my lonely I done bust so many bottles, now the  
wattress want boney Trick on me, her miss cologne me,  
her favorite homey I'm stoney, she'll David Blow-me as  
I get cozy Play the corner like posey, frozey, with a u-zi  
Hennessy and Rosie, can't a single woman hold me  
Guns don't stop bullets, so err'body packin One boy,  
you ain't strapped, you done, won't be long 'fore the

casket come There's ya mourning god, hood hero,  
fallen star Local broad, fallin car, Chronic out the jar To  
my table of the bar, model stay but I'm star Livin god,  
bar for bar, haters stop me, naw! [Chorus: Ray J] Yeah I  
know you heard of us, the murderous, most shady D-  
Block, Ray J you better watch your lady We pop bottles  
in the club on the daily And I buss a nigga head if he  
ever try to play me

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