

DJ Quik F/ AMG

"Analyze This"

Visit "[Analyze This](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

* the Jay-Z and Tariq verses are from Shaquille O'Neal's "No Love Lost"

what the hell...what the hell...
check check check check it out
what the hell...what the hell...

[Chorus 1 - Lord Tariq]

People know me on these streets player, I ain't new
Lookin at me all funny, while I'm countin my money
Suprise, what I do is already legalized
Analyze what I toss across, ain't no love lost

[Jay-Z]

Fo' sure, everythings for dough now
flow, you gotta pay a little more now
It's platinum, now a days we put the gold down
We stepped it up, y'all don't ever want a showdown
Get wetted up by the sleeve that leave the Bezzle out
Y'all don't like it? Sue me, fuck I'll settle out
Ghetto'd out in the vehicle Bent
These days I mellowed out, see success make a fella
content
Uh-huh, you know, this rap star, Poppy Chulo
Jay-Z, Hugo, of course player you lost player
I know you rappers wanna see me fail
But quick to see a 600SL be twelve
Live wit it, y'all got dough to get get it
I got mine, your little bit of money couldn't stop mine
Your block time, too hot, too many hands in your pie
Seventy thirty, the nigga you work for work for me
Bottom line

[Chorus 2 - Jay-Z]

People know me on these streets and the towns I been
through
Lookin at me, stay focused, I'm givin em straight poker
suprise
What I do is already legalized
Analyze how I floss of course, ain't no love lost

[Lord Tariq]

We be the Bronx to BK'lyn, togethor we about a ton or
better
on the way in, we rhyme related, very underestimated
That's why I'm winnin in this world of sins
Steady grinnin, money boss spendin
Distant from dirty women, Lord, I'm quite influencial
Spiritually and mental, what you into I done been
through
Preachin my words and don't know what you owe
It shows you wanna be me, but won't show it
Ain't nothin changed, but players, the game remains
the same
I had a ten year run, hey I can't complain
Took the next step see, from Coke to Pepsi
From the bx weed, ridin the south beach on jet-ski
Play to survive, you ain't live you just livin
You breathin a good one, but where I'm from, y'all
forbidden
Come around, bad decision, you rather be in prison
aint' no duckin what I'm deliverin won't be forgivin in
Layin there shiverin, half the night
You gotta walk toward the light, everything is aiight
I make sure everything you endure stays tight
Big (*boom*) Lord Tariq, Jay-Z, outta sight

[Chorus 1]

[Nas]

I spend nights on corners, see the crack, cop my first
mac
No longer scared to pump what y'all pump, now I burst
back
It hurts that, don't seem cream can make my purse fat
Without the benefits of a doubt, I hit the hearst black
But curse that, tryin to see Nas was your worst match
Blowin like Tahitii, throw off NYPD
Am I greedy? like I mean EDC me
In a fly Salinii gimme frames in the beanie
I flip my loot twice a week on my most trifest streets
You got no right to eat by the laws of life you keep
Ain't no love lost, none taken, none givin
Stressin how I'm livin it, thinkin when my loot first came
look what I did with it, bought my click glaciers
and pagers, rollin ten deep to Las Vegas
Copped a live croc, chopped it up, hit my block off
wit gators, feedin peoples, from the bridge to
Dequatas
But now, two years five months and 30 days later
I still put out the street flavor

But watch that kid right there, a bulge in his night wear
Awoke me up the ways I used to be in my heist years
Bubble eye small fry loaded four five
just thirstin for some person with shine to just walk by
Now that I can see the 360, now that its me thats jiggy
them cooly heads they wanna stick me, whoa

Visit [DJ Quik F/ AMG](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.