

Dolly Parton F/ Smokey Robinson**"We in Here"**

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Yeah you know how we do it, Funk Flex, Big Kap, Def
Jam
The Tunnel, Ruff Ryders, Let's go baby

[Chorus]

Ruff Ryders (We in here!)
Ruff Ryders (We stayin here!)
Ruff Ryders (Ain't goin nowhere,
Ain't hidin nowhere, ain't runnin nowhere)

[Drag-On]

Ya'll laughin, when we comin, we checkin the cabinets
Body parts we baggin, we ain't comin for the crack
We come to crack backs and ? over niggaz hair dew
Spit rays, pop off C's and graze niggaz fades
I creep in a Mustang, bust my heat in the rain
Till they get a rust stain
Y'all niggaz heard of me, probably wanna murder me
I'll pull up on ya block and turn your white teeth
burgundy
Let's see some surgery

[EVE]

Watch the first lady as she rides
Rougher than the rest of them bitches
What it take for cats to hush they mouth
This one official
Come on clown prove it's still an issue
Streets is ours, have ya homies weepin cause they miss
you
Thought it was a game when I said the dogs would get
you
Heard you fucked up cause E-V-E bit you
Flex knows what the real is
That's why he deal wit
Ruff Ryders baby droppin bombs nigga feel this

[Chorus]

Ruff Ryders (We in here!)
Ruff Ryders (We stayin here!)
Ruff Ryders (Ain't goin nowhere,

Ain't hidin nowhere, ain't runnin nowhere)

[Jadakiss]

Why ya'll braggin, I'm over here choppin and baggin
And I don't want the drop coupe so I'm choppin the
wagon
Dark navy blue six speed, six air-bags
Even if this shit crash, feel like Six Flags
And ya'll niggaz cant block my shells
When I'm in jail the C.O. don't lock my cell
Before any rap group, we was the L.O.X. crooks
I'll slap a hundred dollars on the whole blocks books
And know the block shook, when I walk by
Niggaz just like you they rather not look
I inspired y'all niggaz to flow
I'ma always get money so I admire ya'll niggas that
blow
Ask ya self who the nicest out right now
Put your ice up lets get on the mic right now
Clown, I'm the top cat where it stops at
Where lightning and thunder at
And y'all niggaz is under that

[Styles]

If you runnin with the P. you gonna get your turn
Tuck my gun while its hot to feel my dick hair burn
Might come through the spot where the shottie and
what
Body to block and hot wanna the Bacardi wit rocks
I aint never drive a bike but I ride on the back
Rob wit a gat, shit I still ride wit my craps
If you wanna go to war we can tally it up
Escalate and venally it up, what?

[Chorus]

Ruff Ryders (We in here!)
Ruff Ryders (We stayin here!)
Ruff Ryders (Ain't goin no where,
Ain't hidin no where, ain't runnin no where)

[Sheek]

If you like Sheek, you hold heat and no one know
Bust yo' gun and leave the body where no one go
I pack some shit for any type of situation
Only time I don't pack heat is on vacation
Ands that's the blow dryer next to the Playstation
I'm big but I use shit to kill you quick
And I don't wrestle unless chicks do bad on my dick
Flex know I bring somethin hot to the spot

[DMX]

What would you rather have the 10 you found or the 5
you earned
Became a man at 6 cause at 5 you learned
Don't take nothin for granted except death
Man of the house cause you the last nigga left
see how it's going dizzy with the shit so we can blast a
rhyme
Hope the Lord got your soul cause your ass is mine
Every time you turn around niggas know that I be right
there
East turned to West coast, cravin for the nightmare
Don't give a fuck about what you sling
Cause you ain't slingin that shit, or bringin that shit
Up the hill, but you still singin that shit
Talkin shit like you know what its like to walk this shit
Get on some stalkin shit
So you know what niggaz rule New York and shit
I'm just thinkin all the business and how to handle ya'll
niggaz
All the families that I got lightin candles for niggaz
Breathin revelence, grandmothers fallen out and need
the sedatives
Mom huggin the casket wishin that she raised a better
kid

[Swizz Beatz]

Y'all niggaz actors
I'll put your face where your muthafuckin back was
Im tired of y'all niggaz actors
Y'all know what y'all gonna get
And y'all niggaz know damn well who y'all fuckin wit
Little slim nigga like me, big gun like this
And my gun bust and gun never miss
I'm the nigga that make ya miss Christmas
When we go to court you know shit dismissed

[Chorus] x4

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