

Sticky Fingaz

"Jackin' For Beats '99"

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Several different beats are used in this song like Ice Cube's "Jacking For Beats"

(Jigga My Nigga Jay Z)

Sticky

What's my muthafuckin' name

Fingaz

And who I'm rollin' wit

All my killas

Uh uh uh Labels better get it right

rappers better gimme that beat fool

clik clik you been robbed now

You didn't know Sticky Fingaz on ya track now

Somebody said you number 1 in the streets

that's why I'm coming for you first jackin' your beat

I took ya beat and rearranged it on some dumb shit

Got robbed on the radio broad day public

The thugs loved it It's not a game

Went solo on that ass but it's still the same

(Holla Holla-Ja Rule)

Beat ROBBA ROBBA

Jackin' rappers beats and make 'em HOTTA HOTTA

Stealin' all ya spins plus ya DOLLAS DOLLAS

Killas if you feel me just FOLLA FOLLA (What, Come on)

Take it to the streets hold ya gats and bust the heat

Even if it's off your plate I gots to eat

I'm on some bullshit for no apparent reason

I want it wit y'all I'm ready to die breathin'

(Hate Me Now-Nas)

It's the rappers I rob

The beats that I take

The labels I snake

For 30 grand help you perform at the wake

Touch ya life and everything I touch I take

Hate me now cuz later gon be too late

I merk you

Everything I spit is controversial

I'm the illest killa they ever signed to Universal

F the Fordham

I'm god son
As soon as they blink bet ya bottom dolla I'ma rob 'em

(How To Rob-50 Cent)

My Sticky Fingaz turn fists across ya jaw
Beat ya ass in real life at the source awards
The real Fifty from Brooklyn god bless he got outed
You just a fake clown who front and rout about it
I got a new deal
For a few mil
Shoot to kill
You fruity like Dru Hill
You spare change you ain't even half a man cuz
Matter of fact you ain't even half the man ya moms was

(Ha-Juvenile)

Oh you thought you was safe, Ha
Though you could escape, Ha
Cuz we label mates, Ha
Oh you thought I wouldn't get yo cake, Ha
You thought that beat from the dirty south wasn't gon
get raped, Ha
And birds wanna have Sticky baby, Ha
Dogs run around stayin' Sticky crazy, Ha
He ain't got no type of sense, Ha
No tellin' what I do
Might even jack my own crew

(Throw Ya Gunz-Onyx)

The original take 'em out bring 'em out dead
Comin' at me wrong kid I put that thing to ya head
Sticky Fingaz going for self call the cops
Don't even talk to me about the Onyx shit you'll get shot

(Play Around-Lil' Cease)

5 o'clock in the morning killas at ya door
Colt 4-4 I'm puttin' chalk on your floor
Find you up the block from ya house dead in the store
Work the beat like pigeons and I'm bucking 'em all
Press ya luck and you'll fall
Neva seen nothing this raw
I'm what the world been waitin' for
Wait no more
This wack shit can't take no more
Should've been banned the streets should've made it a
law

(What Ya Want-Eve)

I'm ready for war
What Ya niggas want (What, What, What, Bring it)
Can't touch

All y'all niggas sweet even rob Swizz Beats
Nowadays producers gettin' 50 g's
jack they beat kid I did my track for free
jerk you for ya pub I ain't payin' a fee
I just loop it up on the MPC

(The Party Is Goin' On Over Here-Busta Rhymes)
Long as you live neva seen nothing this while
Took ya beat and flipped it right in my style
Just payin' back niggas be bitin' my style
And if it's dead in the crowd I put some life in the crowd
God's gift to the underground
Running 'em down
Fucking 'em down
Empires be tumblin' down
The end of the world is comin' around
Throw ya ass in the ground
Nothing to lose
Changing the rules
Playin' for keeps
I'ma shark in the waters it ain't safe in the streets
Sticky Fingaz and I'm jackin' for beats

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