

Faith Evans F/ Puff Daddy**"Outro"**

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(*gun cocked back*)

[Eminem]

Nah, we ain't done (*echo*)

I love bein hated, it great

It let's me know that I made it

I wouldn't have it no other way

I wouldn't trade it for the world

Only let's me know that I'm loved

by so many other motherfuckers that ain't you

And is bomb, as you keep fuckin with us, we keep
fuckin you up

And keep pullin the rug from up under you

And what's even more fucked up, is we enjoy what
were doin

so much there ain't nothin that we love more than

+Pullin Your Skirts Up+

And exposin you hoes so much, people are startin to
wonder

what's up with them fuckin one dough a man under
rules

Do on to others as you will have done under you

So who the fuck you motherfuckers gonna run to

When someone runs up with a mask and puts a gun to
you (*gun cocks*)

You gonna ask yourself, how come your mans
didn't enter that last round that he had in Curtis
Jackson's ass while he had the chance

You keep askin us to keep it on wax but we can't

This is past any rationalization

We have captured national media attention

Conversation is senseless, you can sense the tension
start buildin

soon as we enter the '106th & Park' building

Someone's gonna get killed and I swear to God

if someone so much as even touches one of my people
I'll put a million on his head

And you ain't got the funds to match or counteract it

But I'd rather rap than get into this gangsta shit

And it ain't because I'm a bitch

It's because I ain't a bitch, I don't endanger people that

I'm with
I'm a general, I ain't Bush, I don't send my soldiers to
war
If I ain't there in the middle of the shit with 'em, so
when I do get 'em
Orders to storm your headquarters, you'll be fuckin
with a ..

[Swiftly McVay]

Fuckin with a piece keeper, see you a nigga that greet
this lyrical meat cleaver
That'll eat ya, niggaz wanna keep speakin, like it ain't
even that deep
I got heat that'll sweep a nigga street (*explosion*)
See I wouldn't fuck with me neither, only heaven can
help ya
I'll be searchin for you longer than the "Legend of
Zelda"
Without a failure, there's gonna be hell to tell the
captain that a basset hound couldn't even smell ya
body, when I hide ya, I be on that mob shit
You another Hoffa, under the Renaissance bitch
You get bombed like Lebanon (*explosion*) with my
own tactic
I snatch your head like one of Saddam's wigs

[Obie Trice]

Motherfucker, I'll handle you
We can have it out on any Avenue
A +Average Man+ flipped into an animal
Shoot out your mandibles
Cannons and ammunition, reload with precision
Nigga know the mechanicals
Break a pistol down, you should see them handles
The street taught the child, no read up manuals
Pushin crack vows, young Nino Brown
Chasin green is the dream, when your young and
brown
Bound to be a problem child, look what I'm involved in
now
A 'Dozen Dirty' niggaz and they all get down
Dissolve any problem that enlarge with ours
When revolvers we said "all men get out" (*gunshot*)
(Eminem: c'mon)

[Kuniva]

While your punchin and tacklin punks
I'm handlin chumps, packin a pump
that's longer than the elephant trunk (*gun cocks*)
On the streets I'm a beast, I feast upon the weak
So speak beef, I'll shot you and scream "increase the

peace"

A monster, pistol packin pushin niggaz off they Hondas
Stomp ya, get it crackin, yankin bitches for they ganja
Sneaky as fuck, I don't think mama beat me enough
When she was sleep and stuff, I was stealin the keys to
the truck

Shut the fuck up, before you end up dead in the dump
truck

Or in the streets takin a nap, bleedin and lumped up
+Who Want What+ like M. Bleek, with this heat if you
ten deep

Then fuck it, it will be ten sleepin (*gunshots*)

[Proof]

Don't muscle with my a land ski

Don't tustle with my hand speed

Clutch your burner, bust it and watch your man bleed

We ferocious, toast no holsters

Approach us, throw heat straight from the shoulders

(c'mon, *gunshot*)

We the soldiers, y'all the youngsters (ha)

Youngsters lungs puncture, dead in a dumpster

(*gunshot*)

Upstairs the Munster, hand full of drama

You scared of the drama, bomber the monster (*gun
cocks*, boof)

I'm back nigga (Proof), I reappear

Shoot like (*gunshot*), you ain't seein clear

Blackness, carcass covered with cat fish

We murkers with no purpose other than practice (bitch)

[Bizarre]

There's three things I hate: liars, fakes and cheaters

Alcoholics, sluts and fuckin wife beaters

A gat that describes my life (damn)

I don't even know who song this is (scratched - *Obie
Trice*)

Bitch, Bizarre don't give a fuck about no hip hop

At my release party in a pink tank top and Reeboks
(*laughing*)

This Ja Rule beef I ain't gettin in

I'll need an R & B singer to sing at my wedding

I turn your face into a fuckin meat patty

I'll fuck your mommy and go fishin with your granny

I'll +Shit on You+, I'll pee on R. Kelly too

This is Bizarre, see you "Devil's Night 2"

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