

Inessa F/ Dante Thomas**"Swizz N 4 Beatz"**

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[Swizz Beatz]

Ruff Ryders, 1-2, 1-2

G.E.T.T.O. Stories, Swizz Beatz

Makin' it happen

Listen to what the fuck I got to say

I'm from the hood

I love the hood

I rep the hood, lived in the hood

Started on the grind, started with a 9

Motherfucker, I had to earn mine

Nigga, a lot of niggas hatin', a lot of niggas watchin'

A lot of niggas plottin', a lot of hearts stoppin'

Uh, believe that, I'm bangin' with the beats

I bang with the streets, I'm bangin' with the heat

S - to the double - I - to the double - Z

Niggas look at me - want no trouble B

I'm just mindin' my business

Makin' money, stackin' chips, just mindin' my business

You can catch me in the 3-60 or, Odena, blowin' down
the Pasadena

The rebel appeal, go 'head, appeal, that bitch will
squeal

That's when that hoe's dyin', cause if I'm in court it's
guaranteed I'm lyin'

Fuckers, I had to get my business right

Had to get my money right, had to get my label right

You can hate all you want, I'm here forever

Swizz Beatz part whatever, I'm here forever, bitch

[Shyne]

Swizz, Po

Step out gangsta nigga

Lay down

What you know 'bout rollin' out?

Big Tec, big vest, hollow tips all up in that kid neck

Po live it up, yellow stones lit it up

Long John Silver's tell, it's the kid, nigga what?

Some of y'all rap niggas is girls

Hold my dick, gappin' and flappin'

Fuckin' cartoons

These niggas guns don't go off until they say, "Lights,
camera, action!"

Yo Swizz, tell them niggas, "Eat a dick"

Gun up in your face bitch, that way we don't miss

Unload the shit, then reload the shit

And straight to the airport and unload some bricks

No lie, you niggas see me comin' down the streets

You'd think I was flyin', 12 cylinders

Brooklyn is mine nigga, move over

Yeah I'm talkin' to you - fuckin' dick blower

(Sung with female)

For all of y'all keepin' y'all in health

Just to see you wild and enjoy yourself

Cause it's cool when you fuckin' with a nigga like me

Cool when you ridin' with a nigga like me

(Female Singing)

To all my Marla Mable bitches just (shine)

To all my niggas keep it gully just (shine)

To all the ghettos in America (shine)

I'ma keep it gangsta till I die nigga (shine)

[Styles - The LOX]

Ya really ain't beefin'

Ya wanna talk to God? Then my 9 is the phone line to
reach Him

I thought about it hard and long

And came up with the answer to myself that God is
wrong

Cause if y'all that the best you can do

To fuck with Paniro, then after these bars, I'm gone

I'm harder than a year in the box

My head is to pop without a Ox on a murderous block

And they never {EDITED} for years, what?

Cause if it 44 cells, I feel like its hell

Been 22 niggas goin' off of the tear

Time Magazine, P should get the "Boss of the Year"

Tinted Magazine, you could get the "Corpse of the
Year"

Bout to kidnap the rappers, knock out they eyes

So nobody gotta watch when I floss of the year

And if you heard P spittin', then it's all for the ears,
what?

Motherfucka

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