

Inspectah Deck f/ Cappadonna, Fes Taylor

"Brothaz Respect"

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['Juice' sample] Yup, you got the juice now, man [Intro: Cappadonna (Raekwon sample)] Niggas respect mine (brothers respect mine, brothers respect mien) Respect mine (brothers respect mine) [Cappadonna] Yo, I be, out here, in these streets While you be, in the bed, under the sheets I grind hard, regardless, I'm gon' eat I don't care how many niggas you roll with or how deep Cuz I say one word, now you fast asleep I rebutte rappers, that spread poison I come in the meet for him, speak words that make born You in my brainstorm, I sting men that do the innocent wrong Your sentiments, you imagining vain things Neglecting me, but I reign king, savagy and wankstas Is not a part of my main stream, they plain jeans I'm King Original, Tao Wu Tazine Solomon darts, vocabulary Nazarines Come with a sharp sword, I'm justified by all means, back up from my altar Falsehood niggas become falser I came back, and stepped out of the sourcer Respect mines, make me an offer Or face the 36 Chambers of Torture "Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, brothers respect mine" - Raekwon sample scratched up [Inspectah Deck] The General, Rebel the great, I'm on money like the president face Next felony's a federal case New blood, you can never relate True blood, you can never debate, not in nueve tres I spit like a deagle with the speed low Hustle hard, gamble on the game like Pete Rose Respect mine, steppin' with the G code Make a nigga move like cops through the peephole Manifesto, light it like a techno club Outside and don't expect no love Rolling like a west coast thug til the wheels fall off And I be damned if you step on cuz Brohters respect vets, son is a vet Henny rap, feel it up on your chest Green eyes try and smuggle my rep, so upset but you love it to death Get it in, shits, nothing to Deck, he set "Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, brothers respect mine" - Raekwon sample scratched up [Fes Taylor] For respect, I empty shots out of this tech Catch homey at the light, drag him out of his Lex' On the edge like Q on the ledge, you got the Juice now I took a pledge to the streets, since it was goosed down Police move foul, I can move the crowd Freestyle or bang bang, any rapper shoot him

down Pull the ruger out, from the Hill to the Harbor
Bloomingdale Road, Goonberg, stupid clout Old school
money, get it from my grandad So I use a nigga face
like I punch a sandbag Ran fats when the van passed
My pants sag, scuffs on my Air Max, blood on my man's
rag Got the homey loc'ing, I'm still Wolfpacking
Looking like Kobe open, just passing Two 4, numbers I
rep So my hunger for this bread probably hustle to
death, yeah "Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, brothers respect
mine" - Raekwon sample scratched up

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