

Ja Rule F/ Ashanti, Charli Baltimore, Vita "Gunz Still Hot"

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ah,yo 2000
Grand Imperial
New and improved
Show and prove

[Verse 1]

Yo,the underground rap veteran here to bring you
Cats the medicine to stop all the shit you've been
peddlin
Ain't nothin' better when your pockets is phat
Niggas get up in the game and start changing they
stacks
Without gats I can run in your spot
And take everything you got
Without bustin' a shot
Nothin' but the hotness
Nigga we got this
Your same old style is now soundin' monotonous
Close caption hold cats that's ready for action
I wouldn't give y'all the satisfaction
(Yo better get your crack or so
Cause I can light to your ass when the track is old
nigga)
I switch tones like I switch colognes
And keep it bangin hard to your stereo headphones
It's Dick Swanson for the niggas that still ridin' the
Johnson
hate cats harder than Zack Bronson
I'm from the coast where they cary the toast
And puttin clothes to your hair spittin' lyrics instead
Never in arrears ?? the cash
you being pushed out the block still coming in last
I let it blast so you niggas can feel
Fuck shady cats actin' like they cuttin' some deals
I tell you cats this I be swingin the fish
You know the beats still bang and the lyrics is crisp
Ey yo

[Chorus] 2X

We spit it
You cats better get with it

Nothin' but cash man we stay fresh minted
If niggas is laid out then Rasco did it
Find me at the spot with the gunz still hot

I came to expose these mediocre flows
Niggas who talk trash on weak ass shows
Niggas that ride dicks of weak ass clicks
Niggas that get smashed for being in the mix
I stand alone you clone your shit
You ponder recash that don't even know shit
Puttin' you out there to make 'em cash
Blame yourself when your career don't last
Outta your class vast amidst four tips with blue prints
Of books with some raw ass hooks
Never ran with crooks, I use my brain
Dissin' the rowl instead of dissin' cocaine
Tryin' to explain, your click ain't sick
I'm ready to smack y'all with forty five licks
Right to the teeth i spit heat to the street for real
Still lookin' for the cash and a deal
Who's fault is that? It sounds like yours
Nothin' but rhymes that come straight from the pause
Settle the score but don't spit in our clothes
I'm fittin' somewhere between the highs and the lows
Blowing back to those that shattered that glass
You know it's for real cause your sister sold by the
glass
I tell you cats this I be swingin the fish
You know the beats still bang and the lyrics is crisp
Ey yo

[Chorus] 2X

Ey check this
I ain't even begin I still blow a niggas plan turn water to
sand
Every blade is plain I rain on a niggas parade
throwin' grenades at his fresh cut dane
Every joint is made on rhymes from the spot
You fuckin' with us you better bring all you got
Ras came to rock for real mc's
And fuck keepin' it real, I need those G's
One hundred degrees I burn outta turn so learn
Don't but here when you got no concern
Niggas get smacked for doin' shit like that
I verbally blast and pull his whole wig back
Straight from the CA we ain't no kids
You better rethink that and raise that bid
You know what it is rush the bus like us
Living this plush plush the trust is a must
Ready to crush these young cats to the map

And how do I get mines to sound so phat
We take time I scrutinise every line
You spendin' my cash you better find every dime
One more time I spit lyrics like these
The soul by the glass rock shows overseas
I tell you cats this I be swingin the fish
You know the beats still bang and the lyrics is crisp
Ey yo

[Chorus] 2X

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