

Jagged Edge F/ Trina, Jermaine Dupri

"Show Discipline"

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[Jadakiss]

Yooooo!!

uh, uh-huh, uh

Yo yo yo yo aiyyo

Never will it stop

Hanguns with double digit shots

I move work on other niggas blocks

Leave out the club wit a another niggas watch

Body that man and let other niggas watch

Only thing worse than a coward, is a coward with power

Gotta kill him in the shower, hour

Beats is knockin, hooks is rare

Earned my spot, nobody aint put me here

Burnt my block, I had a fiend cookin wit beer

Like the Bobby Womack of crack

Might see me in the burgandy thing, or the black on
black

Matter of fact, go get ya chrome

Cause I rather be, broke together than rich alone

Clappin em' down, backin em' down (uh)

Fuck what ever happened before, I'm whats happenin'
now

[Chorus: Nas (Jada)]

Now gangstas live, gangstas die

Grab ya guns, soldiers ride (show discipline nigga!)

Kill ya moms, kill ya pops, kill ya seed

Kill ya girl (Its principle nigga!)

Sell ya crack, sell ya coke

Sell ya E, sell ya smoke (you hustlin nigga!)

Grab ya nine, grab ya pound

Grab ya tec, grab ya pump (you bustin at niggaz!, wha)

[Nas]

We bravehearted, I had bitches tryin to posion me

Niggaz who kilt loyalty

Set me up, vested up my move accordingly

I ducked icepicks and icesticks by cops who rookies

Hard to be righteous, and when life can just stop for
pussy

Niggaz killin over hoes, guns concealed in their clothes
Bodies at funerals, touch them they feel like they froze
Speech, totally calm, holdin dead rappers dome in my
palm
Burnin flag, plus its on the qu'ran, its on the bible
Plus america cause that every car thats drivin
Holdin the homeless sign you focus you know its Nas
then
Prince of the globe, leave no prince of the toast
Played with Ouija boards, burned frankencense wit a
ghost
I've learned, to do good plus a waste of evil
And do what it takes to keep a smile on the face of my
people
I was raised by the apes in this dark creepshow, but yo

[Chorus]

[Jadakiss]

yo yo yo yo yo yo
Think bout when I splatter ya mask(yea)
My niggas is happy, ya momma is sad
If ya niggas is riders, the drama will last
If ya niggas is snitch, been judgin my ass
They said I'm too famous to run
So when I empty out this clip, I'm changin the gun
The realer the beef, the longer the clip
Murder ya mans, I'm gone in the mist
Call this girl after dark so we talked the bitch
We aint care cause the whore wasnt shit
Doll, I aint takin the L or waistin a shell
I bring the heat like I'm satan itself
Fuck if you hard, fuck if you soft, long as you lost
Dick in the dirt, shit in ya drawers
Ill make ya grandmother get on the floor
Tie you up, then beat you to a pulp, say that this is a
war
If'n the four, mackin a pump, actin I dump
Throw you out the window then act like you jump

[Chorus 2x]

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