

**Jay-Z F/ Eminem****"If You See Me"**

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[Kurupt] & Trigga

[Trigga?]

Yeah, yeh what the deal dog

[Where you from?]

BK, NYC, reppin' wid the DPG

Yeah what the dealy

Yo, yo, yo, yo, LAFC

Everything else cool, the Wu-Tang is the best

Dogg Pound's the best

Verse 1: Trigga

Mic accurate, trade darts TL

Slight tint DL, quick flash

Smooth as a baby's ass,

Lyrical addicts, murder mics like a savage

And MO30, bullet proof tuxedos

Transactions, C-notes for the kilos

'Bout our money, killa bees love the honey

Puttin' a sting, on warriors in the ring

Get mashed out initiation face slashed out

Block dropper, drama action like I won an Oscar

Eye on me, feds spy on me

It's them cops in the choppers that play the roof

Ready to snipe, stay bulletproof

Ease up on the over proof

Level head the liable and leave ya for dead

Fill fulla lead

Incidents, classified accidents

No evidence, po-po innocent crime pays

I guess it's the American ways

Far from slaves,

Yet behind bars and cage

Fair exchange clicked ya bow wid ya 12-guage

Verse 2: Baby S

It's time for me to do this shit for all my years hurtin'

See these other niggas bustin' raps that ain't workin'

I'm jerkin' the game, heavyweight pocket exchange

Touch my niggas that's broke and hope them niggas  
do the same  
Pause, squeeze ya balls wid no draws  
Down for the cause and hoes takin' off they draws  
Y'all, niggas, ain't knowin' the half  
Everywhere I go feel like I'm runnin' from crash  
My intention to smash fast plex on elevators  
Sacked a hell a haters crime raider on the fader  
I'm major now, women hit me on my pager  
While I'm puffin' on the bombay,  
The vietnam way... pimpin' in a calm way  
And rule one, never let a bitch know where your baby  
mom's stay

Hook:

Now if you see me creepin' thorough SC  
Just walk on by, nigga, just walk on by  
Before you fuck up my high  
Before you fuck up my high  
Before you fuck up my high

If you see me in the NYC  
Just walk on by, nigga, just walk on by  
Before you fuck up my high  
Before you fuck up my high  
Before you fuck up my high

Verse 3: Short Khop

Got the session on lockdown  
Make way for the cocked pound  
Best to give it all you got now fool  
For this new era, new order, new terror, new torture  
Run up and extort ya  
Abort ya missions,  
Escort physicians to the spot you and I met rep for  
combat  
Where the bomb at, chop up on that  
Niggas I been there and done that  
Catch a contact  
By drainin', try trainin'  
Holla when you've perfected ya aimin'  
Ready for a taming  
And catch me at the spot wid this clown gashed up  
Ya found me in his wife face down mashed up  
No stoppin' this, I'm most poppinest  
Anything to the left of monotonous  
Mister Khopadopalous,  
Blockin' this hold ya down tech potent  
Any nigga second guessin' keep his face opened

#### Verse 4: Kurupt

Check it out, got games, crackle  
Clash of the titans up against the crackin'  
Come to fuck you up, stuck you up  
Niggas bust, niggas lookin' like Kurupt  
What the fuck you want?  
All at you motherfucking small fry small guy  
Motherfuckin' small cat, beat wid pipes poles and bats  
Blast wid a small gat  
Run, and bust till his lungs collapse  
And hit the corner pocket  
But first strip his pockets  
He shouldn'ta got caught in the mixture  
See I'm the type of nigga to pull out the paintbrush  
And the board and the paper and paint a picture  
You shootin' and got shot  
We shoot ya, Drex Luthor  
?Then pull pens to report to zoopers?  
I'm a 6-4 rap, 44 mag calicos and mass,  
Double bags caught cash  
Wid cash on cash dub sacks new blocks  
Baby S, El Drex, Kurupt, Trigga and Short Khop

#### Hook:

When you see me wid the DPG  
Just walk on by, nigga, just walk on by  
Before you fuck up my high  
Before you fuck up my high  
Before you fuck up my high

And if you see me in the ING  
Just walk on by, nigga, just walk on by  
Before you fuck up my high  
Before you fuck up my high  
Before you fuck up my high  
Before you fuck up my high

#### Verse 5: El-Drex

Yo, yo, verbal seizures  
Coming from the black Johnny Fever  
You bought your heater turn like Tina when Ike beat her  
We kidnapped ya girl and ain't feed her she's a heavy  
bleeder,  
At this point you realise that you ain't really need her  
Cats that get it betta stand on they pivot  
Life is rigid from the business and pleasure, when you  
miss it

Oh well forget it wipe my pinkie ring when you kissed it  
Couldn't keep ya distance, so things was done  
deliberate  
A G-thing, this cost cash is not a free thing  
When we sing that's when they bring the jealousy thing  
But that alerts me, the low and dirty wanna hurt me  
They equal to the numbers on Robert Paris jersey  
Blood thirsty ten O.Gs in black derbys  
We throw things, I got a arm like Testa Verdy  
It's Drex Andretti the live lyrical compulsive  
Betta contact ya physician for over dosage  
You lost ya focus, realise what you get  
A little bit of good shit  
And alot of bullshit,  
Now you wounded,  
So you got exactly what you earned  
You gon' fool wid the Drex it's like a tax return

Hook:

When I'm in the 2-F-I-V-E  
Just walk on by, just walk on by  
Before you fuck up my high  
Before you fuck up my high  
Before you fuck up my high  
Before you fuck up my high

If you see me in the NYC  
Just walk on by, nigga, just walk on by  
Before you fuck up my high  
Before you fuck up my high  
Before you fuck up my high  
Before you fuck up my high  
Before you fuck up my high  
Fuck up my high

[Alot of mixed up talkin' & shoutin']

All I wanna say,  
FUCK THESE NIGGAS MAN!  
Yo, first of all,  
After all this is over,  
We still all go to sleep,  
And we still wake up in the morning,  
So give thanks to God,  
Cause he loves us  
For real, for real

