

Jennifer Lopez F/ LL Cool J

"Da Repercussions"

Visit "[Da Repercussions](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Talking]

Uh huh, Uh huh, five, five, one....., it's real shit nigga

[Chorus]

You niggaz say somethin' slick, you'll get SLAPPED for that

You niggaz schemin' on some jewels, you'll get CLAPPED for that

If y'all niggaz want war, I got the MACK for that
Run up with some work, and get your head TRACKED for that

[Verse 1]

Nigga if a nickel bag sold in the park, I want in on it (uh huh)

The bullshit I'm in right now nigga, I've been on it (yeah)

If I don't eat, nobody eat, code of the street

No surrender, no retreat, my niggaz rollin' with heat (woo)

You'll know my stees, I spark trees, under palm trees
Feel a breeze, and fees, in expanded keys (uh)

Cop it straight from the bay, tap dance on the yay
Your people make a G day, you ain't rich, you just ok
I take the stand under oath and lie

Before I snitch on my clique, I'll fry

Or watch time go by

Niggaz want to steal slabs, and dib or dab

In the posse, who steals from the hands that feed 'em,
deserve to die

[Chorus] - 2X

[Verse 2]

You gettin' money nigga (yeah), you dined out (yeah)
Well 50 Cent is the hottest shit out this (yeah)

You bust your gun nigga (yeah), you on the run nigga (yeah)

You treat a grown man, like he ya son (nigga)

Yo, I ain't the first parolee, to catch his nigga for his rolee

And after being on the street, less than a week (uh huh)
Look, niggaz who know me, know I'm up to no good
Man my fan base is spreading like HIV in the hood
Why smack a nigga silly, when I can squeeze the nilly
(squeeze that shit)
A slug'll split a niggaz ass, worst than the philly
I stay with the heater, cut the D with Bonita
My wifey kept acting up, so I had to leave her (woo)
It hurted when I left, but I knew I didn't need her
If it wasn't for my seed, I wouldn't even hafta see her
She tried to front like she don't need me, she miss me,
believe me
It's that soap opera shit, the bitch watch too much TV

[Chorus] - 2X

[Verse 3]

Aight you niggaz tryin' to do too much (STOP FRONTIN')
Them little bit of chips you got son, (AIN'T NOTHIN')
I seen you with your whip outside son (YOU STUNTIN')
You spent your last on that (YOU AIN'T HOLDIN'
NOTHIN')
Rap niggaz, they actin' like they ready to flip
When I let off a clip, it ain't a part of the script
Its like tradition, rap niggaz, dyin' they whips (dyin'
they whips)
So I spent a little chips, to bulletproof my shit
(bulletproof my shit)
You a 6 coupe nigga, but you years behind (years
behind)
Nigga yours a 92, mine's a 99 (mine's a 99)
Your not in my league, the ghetto taught me tools to
succeed
Shall up a seed, I'll write it down so you can read
If you've been listening, I know you like loving what I
said
If not you dumb fuck, I just run over your head

[Chorus] - 2X

[*Singing throughout the entire song, and by itself until
fade*]

Visit [Jennifer Lopez F/ LL Cool J](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.