

## **Jennifer Lopez F/ LL Cool J**

### **"Doo Wop Freestyle"**

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Aiyo, I know these niggas don't like me  
But I don't like none of ya'll niggas, you know what I'm sayin  
50 cent, 9-9, motherfuckin doo wop  
Volume 3, take it however the fuck you wan' take it  
Faggot ass niggas (50 Cent show these niggas how to rock)

Yo, they done shot that boy down like a dog in the street  
Left him smelly, man fuck that, roll em over take that fellas pellet  
You ain't never heard a motherfucker spit like this  
Not even puff, and that nigga there made crazy hits  
Every few years a nigga come who crazy hot  
I'm the next best thing since Biggie and Pac  
Now I'm sayin this shit slow, so you don't miss it  
Don't be a statistic, my jewels from the district  
Stay with my biscuit, touch mines and get twisted  
Son I'm off the meter, my mind locked on crime  
See I'm tired of all these rappin niggas dyin to shine  
And I'm tired of fiends askin for a dime for nine  
Hearing this next punch line from me, may sound strange  
You sit your 5-dollar ass down, before I make change  
Yo the sale went stale, caught em real bad  
Fresh out the jail, shit is really real  
Niggas is still in jail, and I pray they don't tell  
20-man inditement, my lawyer gotta fight this  
Niggas know, I ain't never pressed for dough  
And niggas know, I don't serve nobody I don't know  
Son said he was from O.T., pay 11 an o.z.  
My man brought em to me, see he ain't really know b  
That it was hot, dude was a cop  
He was just tryin to pop, to put the new beams on his drop  
First I served him o.z.'s, then I served him whole keys  
Now we all co-de's, damn man I O.D.  
You know how it is on the street, niggas is holdin the heat  
Po-Po walking to beat, we burnin l's up in the jeep

Ain't nothing sweet, we used to move so strategic  
It's over I can't believe it, damn it's over  
Fed's ceased the six, the Lex' and the Range Rover  
Now a nigga rollin in a Toyota Corolla  
Used to never get high, now I'm never sober  
380-6 shot glock top load-up  
Keep it in my waist son, I'll put one in your face  
I ain't got nothing to lose, nigga so stay in your place  
Just jumped bail, I ain't been on the run long  
But it feel like a motherfuckin marathon

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