

Jessica Simpson F/ Lil Bow Wow, JD**"Goin' Be Some Shit *"**

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I think it's time I start feelin bitchy
I've been too nice, too muthafuckin long
Yeah, it's definately time I get nasty
[Goin' be some shit]

Sheek:

Yeah, yo, well if I can't talk less squall finish streets like
the westerns
Ten paces, turn around and squeeze at unfamiliar
faces
First y'all industry niggas shut the fuck up
Swear you know a nigga's shit by readin the Vibe
Well some faggit-ass reporter don, wrote in your life
I stop the presses, don't let this be your last interview
you do
I say it straight, print it straight to avoid this bullet
wound boo
And y'all niggas kill me with that Windy Williams shit
Well see a playa (?), swear a nigga Puff jerkin niggas
money
Something ain't right, them niggas ain't got no whips
Where they rolley's at, but fuck y'all we got more chips
Shit y'all doin nothin, I can buy a (?) for a bitch
Now let me see what else, oh yeah these hoes act like
we married
We ain't engaged, don't be mad if I don't take you
backstage
Yo, if I hit that I hit that, why don't you leave it at that
Instead you try to star sixty-nine my bitches on jacks
That's why you get smacked, cause y'all hoes ain't
never gon' learn
That's why many of these younger brothers don't go on
that turn
As for y'all MC's, whoever write your rhymes
Might as well hold your microphone, thats how I feel if it
ain't your own
But we spit as indivually writ, why you paid sixteen
stars to write your
sixteen balls
Bought like sixteen cars and ain't like none of them
yours

Y'all niggas lucked up and made it through these
doors, shut the fuck up

Chorus:
Shut the fuck up
[Hot damn]
(Goin be some shit)

Sheek:
Yo, yo, yo, ayyo I pump up, get big walk through the
party jig
Hat back, tattoos thats straight to the bar, kid
No weed, healthy as an ox the big man from Lox
You see solo in some spots, no crew just blocks
The freaky one, mom said I was soon to be done
Because I sexed more, and my career's yet to begun
But I can't help that, you bless me with they looks and
pops with the yanks
So now the dimes gimme brain, and spot me faster in
his hand
Sheek baby, my style been rough until Puff showed me
the better things in life
And how to live phat like Biggie, so I present my shit
like that
Half rough half jiggy, this part time college nigga, part
time job
Had to taste the cake one time and decided to rob, and
buy drugs
Caught slippin almost got Sheek plugged, Jack Daniel,
dog
Shorty rushed the buildin with the pump out, he spit
around I'm like, whoa!
I guess it was God that pushed my head down, cause I
ain't know, word yo
And since then neither religious or christian, but I keep
the faith in Him
Plus the desert eagle clan, so if niggas click they know
by now they better
(?), wha

(Chrous)

Sheek:
Yo, ayyo, my whole click been ConAir, everytime we fly
but we don't jack shit
We play it cool when in doubt no cash, platic, gats
plastic
Now thats sweet, unditected, so when I walk through
the scanners it don't beep
I hear fuck Sheek, fuck the Lox, Styles, and Jay, so what
they signed to Bad

Boy

Puff jerkin them anyway, but the difference is if i'm
gettin jerked I'm still

seein noise

Push the big boy toys that fly by like zooms

So I sit and (?) like a bitch, Lox in Cancun

Up in daddios fuckin wild hoes, the groupy chicas

So fuck y'all, we paid y'all (..?..), we train hard
continuously, cause we

smart

I rock you ran up them stairs, we run up charts and
won't stop til one of us

depart

With one through the heart, but even then that won't
stop us

Cause or spirit gon' guide us, till we rich and old, hand
worn down from

arthritis

In the hall of fame, we killed this game in your website
like spiders

Old and gray we're still the same Lox you can't divide
us, wha

(chorus)

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