

Jessica Simpson F/ Lil Bow Wow, JD

"Recognize"

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Ruff Ruff Ruff Ruff Ruff Ruff Ruff Ruff
Huh...Ruff Ryders (Ryde or Die (overlap))
Don't get it twisted ya'll (yea yea yea (overlap))
Ruff Ryders..(..ta fuck i'm talking about right here)
Recognize, Recognize, Recognize (Ruff Ryders)
Don't get it twisted ya'll (yea yea yea (overlap))
Recognize, Recognize, Recognize (Ruff Ryders)
Don't get it twisted ya'll (yea yea yea (overlap))

(Jadakiss)

Now I know you couldn't wait to hear 'Kiss over Premier
Kill you on tape then, watch it over a beer
cause you ain't nothing but a movie with expensive
footage
That's the reason they gon' leave you with expensive
bullets
Ain't none of y'all better than LOX
Have all of y'all dressed up in a suit, dead in a box
Me and my niggas get Redd-er than Foxx
And I don't care if I love you, I still want head of the
drop
Niggas runnin' round talkin' that Y-2-K shit
Crackheads'll still gon' want that gray shit
that's why I'ma always cop the yag quick
so I suggest all of y'all stay on Jay dick
Too hard for MTV, not black enough for BET, just let me
be
Give me all my royalty money, and let me greed
and I'ma have hoes for six, and hash for three

Chorus

Recognize, Recognize, Recognize (Ruff Ryders)
Don't get it twisted y'all
Recognize, Recognize, Recognize (Ruff Ryders)
L to the O to the X (fade)
Recognize, Recognize, Recognize (Ruff Ryders)
Don't get it twisted y'all
Recognize, Recognize, Recognize (Ruff Ryders)
L O X niggas (fade)
Don't get it twisted y'all

(Sheek Luchion)

Ayo I give it to you point blank, in your mom's place
So like +Point Break+ with a mask on with president's
face
clear my space, when big sheek crash the boards
Y'all aint just mark niggas, y'all Hallmark niggas
With all that soft ass writin might as well be in cards
You gon' gamble with your life, when I launch these
torpedos
that'll shoot the crack out your ass at Foxwood Casinos
Just me and my gambino's drunk as fuck
with a time parking lot DVD in a trunk
I been drunk most my life, don't ask me why
Through ninth grade, I ain't go to high school
I went to school high
And I don't care what y'all got, that shit don't excite me
I'm black and deadly and my burner just like me
and I'm quick to stick one of y'all on tour
with the Sheraton, see what yours can be mine
without, inheritin, give up your chains
and them little diamonds in your ear
Is it worth your family cryin and the doctor yellin
"clear"?

Chorus

(Styles Pinero)

If I knew heaven had a ghetto that was sweeter than
here
You know P would pack his bag and just leave next year
but I got a son to raise
So I'ma stay in this hell and I gotta gun to blaze
If you play with the L dot O dot X dot at the end
we the niggas that's gon' leave, with the pot at the end
Never too young to die or too old to live
? to bust your gun, go home and mold your kid
I'm ashamed I sell crack but I'ma ryde for the moment
Know the consequence I'ma die with +The Omen+
Two is better than one, there's three of The LOX
Ki in a pot, key in the drop, key to the top
father, son, and holy ghost of rap
3 in a 1 seein a gun and usin' it dog
Dope in a six, coke in a five, weed in a four
Ice is for my niggas, but the heat is for y'all

Chorus (loop recognize/fade)

