

## Joey Mc Intyre

### "State Your Name"

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(D-Elite.. state your naaaame, gangsta!)

[Tre' Little]

C'mon, Tre' Little don status, hold my dick  
Say ya label push the date back, now that's what you  
get  
I came in this game like it's more than rap (c'mon)  
Dog, I'm tryin to destroy the salary cap  
The Source is happy we came six covers, it's covered  
That'll last about May, June, well into the summer  
Why talk about different colors for various Coupes  
Shit green, fart blue, ooh clever you  
Help me ma, I'll take a shot at any one of y'all's  
Got mami droppin drawers before the first phone call  
We some gangstas, study the "Ten Crack  
Commandments"  
Stay +Big+, and worship "Hail Mary", that's how we live  
Lay low good guys, catch you with a hook I  
know why you lie, ya crew ain't quite like mine  
Spit it like ooh my, these labels like ooh my

(State your naaaame, gangsta!)

[Cha Cha]

It's the C-H-A, say it with me niggaz  
Cha Cha Cha, y'all Cha Cha Cha  
You cannot lie or deny these niggaz ain't rah-rah  
Put the barrel on the bridge of your nose and turn you  
cock-eyed  
Steppin to us not wise, told you how to get live  
Go in depth best with the finger next to the index  
Such threats expect five guys, five tecs  
Make they gats all sing in unison like a quintet  
They don't say whodi, son, dunn, or young'n  
You can owe 'em and say hi and they greet you like  
"Hey guy"  
Whattup though Nickel, Jah, Tre', X, and Cut Throat  
My brethrens all veterans all throwin up sevens  
When we rock hits to the sky throw 'em up to the  
heavens  
Us and crews clash no more, we built the Rapport

Me and Royce here to restore what we were buildin  
before  
So add a million sold or more is when I get at you  
whores, uh-huh

(State your naaaame, gangsta!)

[Cut Throat]

Cut Throat, the livin threat street shit the blueprint  
The guideline rappers sideline until they buy mine  
Them little guns y'all blow, I stay on the low (uhh)  
Rap like this and work the scale like so (uhh)  
Take it to the gutter, we could duke or shoot it out  
Switchblades pump gauge, whatever you about  
Burn you to ya hood, we could bang for the work  
For the buildings or the blocks do the thang to the dirt  
I'm a FUCK-in fool, crews DUCK and move  
Stay in a FUCKED up mood, one FUCKED up dude  
When it's hot I, breathe in the heat, don't even sleep  
I, be knee-deep in the beats that made me  
a certified gangsta specialize in duct tape  
Let you know how many fo'-five slugs your gut take  
Show your favorite thug how to be a thug, top that  
nigga  
Turn your favorite drug into another drug, cop that  
nigga

(State your naaaame, gangsta!)

[Jah 5'9"]

Jah da 5'9" speak and shake rhyme great, history's  
made  
The street gangsta city flow race against time  
Never sign for cash, my hustle's the shit {\*whoosh\*}  
You feel the breeze push past, you get a grip  
Millennium game, earth tone keep it in range  
Close to the grave I rock, fake niggaz shouldn't doubt  
us  
Surrounded by crooks, full clips and fine weed  
Choice clothes, on my Bossi, and fine hoes  
Long nights, bust those in small cris'  
Niggaz playin themselves for thinkin we rhyme alike  
How would you fight me, I'm like ten families strong  
Manipulation by song, relate to it niggaz  
Henny on the rocks toast to the real, in God we trust  
Calm gladiator, song navigator  
Them whole blocks got a story to tell  
All of a sudden seasons change, you're welcome

(State your naaaame, gangsta!)

[Billy Nix]

Billy Nix, black man is here, listen close  
Spittin, just to niggaz, X address the niggaz  
Most niggaz don't see right, see light like it's darkness  
No guns in sight, no might for the heartless  
We run ya mics, you write like you're retarded  
No offense but your flow's slow and dense  
I know my niggaz hearin the D, ya smellin this  
You spoke that which you wrote while broke yellin rich  
Didn't know, you shoulda spoke while broke sayin poor  
Then Biggie up, "Kick in the Door," play it some more  
This is the evolution of emceein, who dissin us?  
Gettin Rah, stick up nigga, hand me ya listeners  
Get a job we here, D-Elite, touch it  
Matter fact, niggaz is wack, Wall Street fuck it  
X government agent remember yo' name, remember  
yo' game  
You niggaz won't be spittin the same, motherfucker

(State your naaaame, gangsta!)

My God!

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