Kylie Minogue F/ Ben Lee "Close Ya Doorz"

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[Roz]

To each his own, I'ma have this known from the door I make niggaz walk like ball four

Y'all score game down the block, for me it's hip-hop around the clock, critical I'm bound to drop (stop) You ain't know I'm nice girl, youse a Wannabe like the Spice Girls, you betta think twice girl I'm untry-able, undeniable

Won't be held liable for givin knots that's untie-able R-O-Z, recognize my name

R-O-Z, recognize my name
Rap G.I. Jane rockin colorful wide frames
Straight from Newark we Brick layers, Na Na slayers
Don't play I coach and pick players
in Da Bricks, get your shit popped locked and stolen
Step back I'm holdin, bitches be rollin
Ghetto style, I'ma stay that ripper
Tryin to get cash out the ass like a stripper

[Tame One]

Dub O, I'm down for whateva, do what I gotta to get the chedda

Fuck takin over cities, we conquered galaxies and better

I was put here to crush CD's and wreck tapes Make a false move, I put this whole fuckin planet in checkmate

Hell with this, we takin over the spot I don't like to, but I will resort to the glock The whole camp is sick, you can't do nuttin but like it It's like when you drown, your ass sink quicker if you fight it

Talkin bout you used to rob niggaz with pump shotties I know you love club music nigga, but you ain't got a jack in your body

You fake ass niggaz, gettin screened like a short pass And if you incorrect, I'ma diamond cut your bastard ass You got mind control over me like Deebo but you ain't my friend

Cause when I'm around you be quiet but when I leave you be talkin again

But we gonna do it how you want cause I'm widdit to brawl with you

Now what if I put your bitch ass in a headlock and fall witchu

Yo niggaz, shut your windows and close ya doorz Comin straight from Da Brick City (2X)

[Young Z]

Yo, here I come

Yo, yeah, yo YEAH (C'mon Z!)

Your bitch said aliens raped her and her four friends But it was all the Outz, we dressed up as Martians When I, crack a brew it's nuttin else I'd rather do Hop out a cab or two to your avenue to battle you Your style get ate like italian steak Then I get Red to sell you achey or a pound of shake Y'all can open up wide and suck this dick None of y'all niggaz can't fuck with Bricks While you scrubbin dishes, we puffin Swishers Fuckin women ends up in the Benz trunk with switches We cop sixty-three nigs One from every spot, blunts be mystery mix We got, spots, all my niggaz stay in Bricks While y'all stash clips in bags of Bar-B-Q potato chips Plus your main honey loved us

[Gov-Matic]

Yo, you pack that little ass gun like Harlem Nights After we brawl and fight, yo bitch I'ma ball tonight At shows we so tight we flow like it's one mic Raw underground, yo Don, tell em what that dough like

Slip her some bom-ba she'll fuck twenty of us

[Diezzel Don]

D. Don, I gets mine, and stay gettin it My thug mind'll brawl with rhymes and stay shittin it Check my shine, iced out platinum like your pendant V.I.P. ghetto nigga, hustlin and spendin Got bitches trickin tryin to get with me Got police, flock niggaz tryin to cop from me How many pouns you want, how many pounds you need?

I cultivate, every block I go and drop seeds nigga I grow trees, niggaz know me, for bein low key That hustler from A.C.

[Gov-Matic]
I'm steady shittin on hoes, Grand Royal like the Green
Eyed Bandit
Jump straight in the Lex offa New Jersey transit
Let my man spit that Don shit
Gov-Matic spit that shit that's toxic, I rock shit
It's that hot shit like Busta Bust got
plus I bust glock, on pussies I trust not
They get blown, burned like minutes on cell phone
Bring the terror to your block like the toughest nigga
from jail home
And you dead gone when my squad come around
We hella illa from Isabella to Downtown

[Chorus]

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