

Liberty

"To All My Niggas"

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[Intro]

I love niggas! I love niggas!
Cause niggas are me!
And I should only love that 'presents me
I love to see niggas go through changes (Whoooo!!)
I love to see niggas shoot through shit (Did it again)
And to all niggas that do it I love

[B.I.G.]

To all my Brooklyn (Niggas!)
To all my Uptown (You niggas understand?!)
To all my Bronx (It's war nigga)
To all my Queensbridge (I'll blow you away)

[Verse One: Notorious B.I.G.]

Back up chump, you know Biggie Smalls grips it quick
And kicks it quick, you know how black niggas get
With the hoods fatigues with the boots with trees
Smokin weed, flippin ki's, makin crazy G's
Hittin' buckshots at niggas that open spots
On the avenue, take my loot, and I'm baggin you
Pimpin hoes that drive Volvo's and Rodeos
Flash the Roll, make her wet, in her pantyhose
Damn, a nigga style is unorthodox
Grip the glock, when I walk down the crowded blocks
Just in case a nigga wanna act out
I just black out, and blow they motherfuckin back out
That's real

[Chorus: 50 Cent - repeat 2X]

We the realest nigga
50 Cent and B.I.G. my nigga
Don't try to act like you don't feel a nigga
Biggie yo nigga, 50 yo nigga
Squeeze the trigga' leave a nigga fa' sho!

[Verse Two: Notorious B.I.G.]

When we smoke spliffs, we pack four-fifths
Just in case dread wanna riff
He get a free lift to the cemetary, rough very
Not your ordinary, we watch you get buried

That's a real nigga for ya
Get mad do a quarter flip the script, and rip your
lawyer
Spit at the D.A. cause fuck what she say
She don't give a fuck about your ass anyway
Up North found first stop Watertown
Of fist-skill, where the hand skills are real ill
You'll be a super Hoover doo-doo stain remover
Ha hahhh, yo Chief, pass the Buddha

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: 50 Cent]

When I was young my M.O. was to go hand-to-hand
And even my P.O. she called me the Ginger Bread Man
I catch a new case, and tell her ass "catch me if you
can"
Don't let your people fill you up wit octane I'm not
playing
Get gassed up to get blast up
Real B.I.G. style watch the kid break it down
Check it, thou shalt not fuck wit North C. Papa
50 Cent, I'll break yo ass off propa'
There's no place like home, New York - New York
I run this city, I don't dance around like Diddy
Niggas is giddy, till they act smack silly
Or spray wit the Mack Milly, they don't want drama
really
Pussy niggas get hard lip syncing my lyrics like Milly
Vanilly
Even the hood they feel me {*gun cocked*} hah! I'm
on fire!
Niggas out in Philly they feel me, they bump my shit
Every bootlegger you know, bump my shit, bitch!

[Chorus]

The Invasion! (Invasion yeah)
Green Lantern! the infiltration, we comin'! (yeah)

[Bridge: Eminem]

I got 50 Cent, I got G-Unit
D-Tweezy in this bitch, wit Obie Trice!
So watch what you say, 'fore you call our name
Cause you say one more thing and it won't be nice!

[Verse Four: Eminem]

Whoa, here we go, I shoulda known
I was bound to get pulled into some bullshit
Sooner or later you little haters
Are too jealous of us to love us

You hate it G-Unit made it and Obie's coming
D-Tweezy's coming you're sick to your stomach
50 percent of it's 50 cent
The other 50 percent of it's who's color of skin it is
But if you even considerin' taking our label down
You better find our building and fly a fucking plane into
it
But I ain't trying to get too intricate into it
I'm just trying to you give you a little hint for your own
benefit
Cause then it's gonna get to the point
Where it escalates to some other shit
Then I'm a flip, then I'm a get to
"Stomping in my Air Force Ones"
But you won't be able to tell
If it's two pairs or it's one
It's just gonna feel like so many feet kicking you
You'd think Nike just made these into cleats in this shoe
I don't know what it is or what it could be
But I get a woody when these pussies try to push me
Thinking they gonna put me in a position to pickle me
Y'all tickle me pink
I think I'd just rather have Pink tickle me
Hickory dickory dock, tickety tock tickety
A little bit of the diggedy doc diggedy
Mixed with a little bit of the {*Eminem vocal scratch*}
Wit a pinch of Biggie
Look at me, I'm just the bomb diggedy

[Chorus: Eminem]

We the realest label
Don't try to act like you don't feel our label
Cause we gon' fuck around and kill your label
Obie, D-Tweezy, G-Unit, 50, Shady records
We the label fa' sho!

We the realest label
Don't try to act like you don't feel our label
Cause we gon' fuck around and steal your paper
Obie, D-Tweezy, G-Unit, 50, Shady records
We gon' kill your label fa' sho!

[Eminem]

Shady in the place to be see
And I got what it takes to +Roc The Mic+ right!
Still watch what you say to me punk
Cause I'm off probation in less than six months {*gun
cocked*}

[Outro]

Haha, Shady Records

Still Aftermath, and don't think we don't
Hear you motherfuckers talkin'!
Cause we do and we see y'all
We just gon' sit back for a minute
While I see what the FUCK y'all do

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