

## Mary J Blige F/ P. Diddy, 50 Cent

### "Bonnie & Clyde Part II"

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[Intro]

Bust your guns, uh, uh, yeah  
Bonnie and Clyde shit  
You hear me? Smell me?  
(That's right, you know?)  
I'mma take this one straight to the top  
And he dare get in the way, we smash, scrape scrape  
It's real like that, you know what I mean?  
Follow, yo, yo, yo  
(Bonnie and Clyde forever y'all)

[Jay-Z] Gun check

[Fox] Check

[Jay-Z] Let's go over the plan

[Fox] I'mma pull up to the joint slow, then hop out the van

[Jay-Z] Nah don't hop out, slide out lookin' like a knockout

Show a little thigh, make this nigga's eyes pop out  
Sieze him with the cleavage

I want you to make this nigga believe he 'bout eat it

[Fox] I can let him see or feel

[Jay-Z] Exactly

[Fox] Two gun totin', I seen dimes stole

[Jay-Z] Ain't nothin' gonna stop me and hon from rollin'

[Fox] Yeah, we done promotin'

[Jay-Z] We come for the coke and

[Fox] All the money in the spot

[Jay-Z] Act funny, get shot

[Fox] Nigga, hands high

[Jay-Z] And I hope none of y'all niggas got plans to die

[Fox] We can't stand goodbyes

[Jay-Z] In history me and this bitch will be like

Five years together, right?

[Fox] Damn, seem like forever

[Jay-Z] We trade shots

[Fox] We spray blocks

[Jay-Z] And we never fail

[Fox] Yeah, but we stay hot

1 - [J] Now would you die for your nigga?  
[F] Yeah I'd die for my nigga  
[J] Would you ride for your nigga?  
[F] I gets lie for my nigga  
[J] Would you live for your nigga?  
[F] Do up big for you nigga  
[J] Would you bid for your nigga?  
[F] Shit, you my nigga

[F] Would you ride for me?  
[J] Rapper robbery  
[F] Would you die for me?  
[J] I hang high from a tree  
[F] They ain't ready for us, nigga  
[J] Obviously  
[F] Sound like Bonnie and Clyde to me

[Foxy]  
I protect you like a vest do  
I'm the lady with a 380 special right next to you  
Glock poppin' out the stock  
And it's two guns, two hun', get down  
I tear this whole shit down  
They ain't know the vault, pull bank jobs  
I banged ya squaw when I aims this rod  
Y'all niggas can't do a thing to this broad  
My bullets hurt the same as y'all's  
I've been taught by the best, extorted the rest  
Wearin' a niggas shit, crossin' my chest  
Life on the line, say prayers under my breath  
But knew I'd be 'aight cuz right there to my left  
(Right)

[Jay-Z]  
Over baby, told you baby  
Big gun right over your left shoulder baby  
Same nigga that taught you how to hold that 80  
From day one 'til we old and crazy  
Let's kill the world

Repeat 1

[Jay-Z]  
Ran up at Chemical  
The bank robbers in our routine is like St. Bernards  
swimmin'  
Everybody hit the floor, guys and women  
Kids rush for the door  
Keep your cry to a limit  
Time check ma, we got about 5 minutes  
Before the authorities rush and the FBI's in it

That teller's up to something, look, his eyes are  
squinted

[Fox] Don't let that button be the reason why you're  
finished

[Jay-Z] Yeah, the sky's the limit 'til we reach B.I.G  
[Fox] Meet Jesus, confess to him all the shit we did  
[Jay-Z] Gotta reverse the six, let's murd' head jerk  
Almost got whiplash  
[Fox] We got a shitload of cash  
Throws it in the stash  
Long as we keep shitin' like this  
Shit, ain't nothin' fuckin' with this  
You my Clyde for life  
I'm your Bonnie like this  
I can see us gettin' rich like this nigga

Repeat 1

Ad lib until fade

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