

[Intro: Jim Jones]

R.I.P Big

We some niggaz that's gonna make you proud of this game

Smell me? (Jones, Capo)

Cash Money (Santana)

Dipset (Lil Weezy)

Let's Ride

Cause real g's know the feeling (It's Murda)

It's hard body, no remorse for the killing (Watch It)

Cause real g's know the feeling (It's Murda)

It's hard body, no remorse for the killing (Weezy)

[Verse 1: Lil Wayne]

Mad trees and bitches in dungarees

The city under seas, kitchen 100 degrees

I love that summer breeze, I'll stand in it until it freeze

I'm from another breed, them sss, southern g's

I sip phemetrazine, I lean, I stand tall

I'm mean, I'm mad raw, I'm coming like fastball

Stee-ri-ke, Yup, so get it right

Nigga, one of my sniplets'll end your whole life

You ain't nothing but a riblet to a nigga with a knife

In a fork, I'm a pig myself, I eat schwork

So be smart and play your own part

If you don't love yourself, I'll make you see your own heart

And we don't like the narcs, stay away from the cell

Hey, I'ma shoot it out if I'm facing the ail

Yea, so tell your girl to come and make me rich

Weezy Baby nigga, 9 to 5, 10 to 6

[Chorus: Juelz Santana]

All night, I can't sleep, I toss and turn

Got my hand on my pistol, when will these motherfuckers learn?

(Watch it) I ain't going out without a fight

I'm with whatever and I ain't going out without a fight

I'm with whatever and I ain't going out without a fight

I'm with whatever, It'd be your life before my life

At night, I can't sleep, I toss and turn

Got my hand on my pistol, when will these motherfuckers learn?

[Verse 2: Juelz Santana]

It's showdown time, throwdown time

Same d-off, four pound time

Clack Clack, go get yours, I'll go get mine

Check it man, I'm wit whatever

Goodness gracious the paper

Where the cash at? Where the stash at?

I'll blow that ass back for fronting on a nigga like me

You got nothing on a nigga like me, you'll see

I'm on the grind from sun up to sun down

If I'm lying, may lightning come down and strike me right now

I'll turn a dollar to a twenty to a fifty to a hundred

Keep it coming til I'm full on my stomach

I'm stuck in my ways, I'm stuck puffing my hase

Hand on my pistol, front of it sprays

I'm stuck living the life of a ghetto nigga

Trying to get rid of the life, alright?

[Chorus]