If you get in the way, I want to clean up brigade Beat up your face
No surrender, me no run away
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Beat up your face
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Last time I checked, I wasn't soft on these streets Bled and fought, win, lose, or draw on these streets Rob a seven fifty, got taught on these streets Open shopping, hotels Serve raw on these streets Jumps feel tough and the shot gun pop one Wanted me a mouth-piece but Bow Wow's got one Eatin' when they sleepin' Feedin' my aggression Ease when they be, watch them freeze under pressure Lyrically inclined I post and represent Shit no, sick flow Throw some medicine X-Macmilicon Young, black militant Cash on the stash god damn, magnificent

Might as well sag my pants everywhere I go You know I'mma show my ass everywhere I go I say, might as well sag my pants everywhere I go You know I'mma show my ass everywhere I go

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2002, close case

I shot him in the face (no surrender, me no run away)
I couldn't get at the nigga, so I made it my point to get at his bitch
Check me out, look
Up in sovereign when I saw you dancin'
Approach her from behind like do ya damn ting
She tellin' me she feelin my Jamaican accent
So I walked up by the leavy trying to break her back-in

She pullin' on my dreads she call me Mr. Lova I'm send me love to Shabba Ranks, she call me Mr. Lova She pullin' on my dreads she call me Mr. Lova I'm send me love to Shabba Ranks, she call me Mr. Lova

We're all going on a summer holiday Hustle in the drow, we can run the holiday We're all going on a summer holiday Hustle in the drow, tryna run the holiday

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