Reverse

I'll never stop
I don't give a fuck
If it's me against a million billion of y'all, mother fuckers
I will never stop

I bust six out the roof of my Bentley Coup Head shots so mother fuckers can't regroup, can't recoup I'll be damned if you get more points than me Sell more joints than me

Steal your faith, take a puff, inhale my name Smoke on it, shit, choke on it Bitch nigga, I'm ma make a hit nigga Hot mother fucker down to the skit nigga

Game over playa and nigga ya scored low Hit me later young and I'm at the award show Bank account ten digits and it's all 'O's' I floss the most shit, fuck the most hoes

Come on, you can even ask Don Juan It's official now, they all rock Sean John Might have to change my name to strong arm You came to get money man? That shit been long gone, come on

Have much to do with nigga since Nicolas Bond Poppin' and choppin' until the day that I'm gone Shyne poor 'cuz your dream come from one bottle Prominent premier, premium bravo

Watch him explain, ain't nothin' but blood thug crime though Shots in the spinal from my rivals Cross the T's and dot the I's and Pay the judge, drop the top, we'll mess around

Shit, it's the kid rapper's feelin' You cowards don't know? I'd rather be racketeerin' somewhere Bustin' shots in the atmosphere and Not caring, fuckin' the prosecutor at my hearin'

Money laundering, honies wondering Who me? I reply casually Come, what God would be if He was a straight G Tonight, too tight out of a big ditch we ride

Yo, yo, yo, it's your hide Grab the rope and yell rawhide Front line is pussy, call off sides I'm focus but my hand is cross-eyed

I left my gun home, here borrow mine Pop the nine like a judge 'All rise' This gun'll knock plants off tall guys We value-packs, y'all small fries

Yo, I'm from the projects

Diddy

Yo, but on the floor tied Don't matter, we'll take up all size Truly yours doc, then PPP hide, my name is

Since five, I talk jive in church dressed in corduroy ties Now I'm grown up and been married four times Besides, I'm just a sight for soar eyes Brick city, known pop the door wide Stolen Bonneville in New York High

Reversin' the plot Last come, first one to rot, first in the glot If I miss, circlin' the block, servin' the pot And I be the person to watch

If your girl missin' the rock, purse and a watch Hot as it gets, from Hell came outta you debts Buy the cassette, rewind it to death Alota y'all sweat it, you try to forget

How I rock shit from N.Y. to Tibet You got it to bet? That's just how you got into debt You lost when you nodded your neck Through the vest, through the chest that you tried to protect

Take the voice that you try to project, check Darin' you to kid, cat shootin' sperm in you wiz I'm why you smell herb in the crib Man, I'm out for doubtful, shit, I spit a mouthful Indo out-do, intro to outro

I'm the hottest thing spittin', so go warn your clique Them niggas y'all look up to, is on my dick Sauce motherfuckin' born to hit I get so far up in your ass, think I was on some shit

Look, you against me is really nothin' to see Who, when, where, what it's gon' be I don't give a fuck if it's he or she I'm the virgin of hip hop

Nobody fuckin' with me I know your type, you a ride dick nigga Cry sick nigga, lied quick nigga Out of turn speakin', first one leakin'

Always the Suzuki side kick nigga Bitches don't cast stones down, they throw bricks Why I come through and tell 'em to blow dick These nigga's the nicest? No, go fish Sauce, you da best motherfucker, no shit

You're treated and competed, walk away from it undefeated Observe it from over there, okay Ain't it obvious we overheated You talkin' that slick shit

But I jus' know that you meant me But evidently, you don't know I get your ass gone permanently It ain't complex

I'll just bang holes or you're ablin' to ask who next

Do a drive-by on your project, take the traps Come on and get some of our gun craps I'll straighten out the nigga now

When I snap, make your chest cavity collapse When I glide the entire map With the frequent four alarm fire, rap straight up Put weight down, fuck around, you ate up

And nigga when I eat, I mean I lick the whole plate up Look in my eyes, I'm not scared Sucka, you heard what I said If you don't wanna get dead No, it ain't no cure, ice cold in the low, the gorilla The mo' scrilla the more real-la, I live to rule

Don't hold me back, you bet How many nigga's think they fuckin' with mines A nigga, God blessed with such an undeniable shine I hope you know there's nothin' fresher

The manifester apply the pressure Tie you up and gag you in your mouth with a piece of polyester Now fix your fuckin' face up Empty the chest of drawers before I stretch your jaw

Everybody hit the fuckin' floor Only the real mother fuckers belong I hope nigga's don't end the party before we finish the song Bitch nigga

You be the last to come and harass, reflect on the past When I used to pull spine outcho ass Live nigga's go stack money, continue to bill shit Long as I'm in this fucker, I'm determined to kill shit

Zap nigga's like cellular flips and swell up your lips Fuck with so much dick in their ass, it's shrinkin' her hen house Hey yo, before you empty your clip and pull at your trigger Salute the legacy of these thoroughly recognized niggas