Yeah can you hear me? Yeah There's certain things in life that you can stop and there's certain things in life that can't be stopped Let's go.. "And now.. for your.. Bad Bad Boys.. Starting at guard.." Y'all niggaz still talkin? Oh you got a little name little fame little fortune? What you have is a portion Bout the size of the hats in the back of my Porsche and So you better use caution, knowin I'm the boss and I'm sittin on pyramids, flossin I don't really gotta talk son I can get lost and sit back livin off endorsements I'm a pro, kid Why you actin like you don't really know, kid? Any records I broke it Through the fame and the stardom, makin my mark on Harlem like Poe did I said, here's your eviction notice But you probably already know this I don't mean to be greedy, but turn on your TV or pick up your CD, P.D. This is gruesome Niggaz always grab that mic and salt like they really gon' do some' What's wrong with you son? Oh you got a new gun, do you know how to use one? Then you livin an illusion, livin in a used one while I'm in the Limited, cruisin You ain't really got a crew son You givin them amusement, fuck what your Comic Views meant Youse a smokehead I've been doin this since this Pro-Ked Broke breads with the cokeheads Been down, still I get around like a nigga with broke legs on a moped I said; I'm a "Top Gun" like Gossett Run and get your CD and cass-ette Gossip, lotta niggaz got lip But they ain't got hot yet 'til they got Dep Why niggaz lie like that? Know they ain't fly like that Niggaz get fried like that And you don't wanna die like that Have your momma cryin like that Besides all that, I'm in to get it fryin like that Still on the block and move pies like that Never my life dealt with guys that rap In fact, I leave a nigga with his eyes all sad Swoll up, y'all niggaz better hold up Any nigga that roll up, could get fold up Body get ripped up, and then sewed up Every nigga I fucked with, niggaz is growed up We don't play games, get on the stand, and say names All we do is cock back, and spray planes

Give a fuck if nigga hustle or gangbang

Nigga try to use they muscle and fang fang

Keep frontin, I'ma put a crease in your jaw Might catch me squeezin the four My nigga I go to war And if a nigga want the raw you still gotta come in the store Y'all never had a run-in before, with the likes of an outlaw Predicate assassin, smashin Open shit, rig scope, focus it Give niggaz what they 'posed to get (shit) Oppose the clique, I send five close to six Hoodfellaz, that'll come close your shit Niggaz stay with the frozen wrists Now the smoke colored big Benz with the top broke off Fix your face, we back on the paper chase Never left, so I ain't gotta take your place Fuck the fake bogus niggaz that ain't notice the breadwinner, three-six-five I stay focused nigga

We'll never stop..
We'll never stop..
One of the greatest teams that ever lived..
It's like in our blood..
We gotta be born this way..
Bad Boy baby