

# Men Of Respect

DJ Kay Slay

Men Of Respect, See us comin through you better respect us (Brooklyn!)  
Papoose, Jimmy (Harlem!) Banks what's good?! (Queens!)  
It's Yayo nigga! Yeah! Yeah!

I got every pair of Jordans, every kind of bitch  
Ridin foreign cars my life is the shit (Come on!)  
My Louis bookbag, is full of them stacks  
Homey I'm in Spain I ain't thinkin about hats  
I say Cassius Clay, you say butter, I say Parkay, I drink Rose'  
I had swag since the third grade  
Havin sex on the beach with a mermaid, draped in that Herme  
In that spur, pullin on that purple  
Cause I like her, and I like her too  
No time to talk bitch get in  
My first time in the booth, I knew I would win  
The first time in the pen it was different than the streets yo  
I seen niggas make movies out of C.O's  
Fuck my P.O. he got a attitude  
But I'm a man of respect what he 'gon do?

For everytime I hear a bitch nigga talk  
It just makes me wanna get more money (More money)  
And everytime I bag a new fly ass broad  
That just makes me wanna get more money (More money)  
And everytime the streets say that I'm that boy  
It just makes me wanna get more money (More money)  
I got the tools that keep you niggas in check  
To me I'm not a fool I'm a man of respect (YEAHHHHH!)

We some men of respect, you a bitch in a dress  
I got these niggas so scared that they swimmin in sweat  
And they don't send us a check, he gettin hit in his chest  
My daughter needs her hair done I gotta get some barretts  
Put the grip on the sket, and graze the skin off his neck  
I keep a 40 like Queens but I don't live in the 'jects  
You ever send us a threat? That you don't live to regret  
You better come with your towels even gorillas get wet  
Ladies lift up your breast, you bang lift up your set  
My gun got a bad bladder take a piss on your vest  
THUG-A THUG-A, THUG-A, THUG-A my click is the best  
Your bars stink, that's why you got shit on your breath  
Niggas clapped tryin to slap me five  
I put 'em on wheelchairs, like Drake on Degrassi High  
They say I don't smile, that's cause I don't play fair bro  
I stay Sirius like satellite radio

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I'm a South Jamaica Queens nigga (YEAH!)  
Boy play me make a scene nigga countin paper clean nigga

Bouncin on that beam nigga, and not that star type  
Where I go, moms go, make it rain at the stop light  
My Coupe makes the cops tight, my auror make the shorties get her wop right  
Drop her off and catch my portal rock flight  
Block life, kingpin, respect the center block ice  
God it must be somethin good, could be seven hot dice  
Locally connected, vocally respected  
International record I'll be leavin any second  
Check it, let me stretch it 'fore your funds exit  
My Method, got your Man Louis V vested  
Excellent, my weed man got me somewhere in the clouds  
Havin daydreams of me sleepin on a hundred pounds  
For any burglary sounds we got a hundred rounds  
AK's when I'm down to the ground and put 'em down

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Now BK stand up (Bed-stuy!)  
I'm in Bed-Stuy big cape rubberband up  
Goons don't play (NO) That'll get ya jammed up  
Gotta watch the jakes, that'll get ya canned up  
You know how we play, hundred grand a truck (Flossin!)  
Them dice games, two grand and up  
The life man, the lights and the cameras  
Parked the Maserati, right in front of Marcy (Yep!)  
To talkin with the homeys when I'm out at Marcus Garvey (Melon)  
And pardon me y'all, I meant chalkin bodies (Goonies!)  
Shout to Lil' Kim do your bid like Frank White  
Then come home and do it BIG like Frank White (Ball on 'em!)  
We buy cars just to race 'em like the Indy's (Speedin!)  
They fly the Spur a buck eighty for the bentley (Wow!)  
A rockstar like the Red Hot Chili Pep's  
They follow my car cause the feds feel we a threat (They takin pictures!)  
Yeah I keep bread with a chilly neck  
Diplomats 'round this bitch they knowin we the realest set (Byrd gang!)  
Yeah we 'gon spoil New York  
Call us the Dipset Knicks the way we ball in New York, motherfuckers!

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(I'm a man of respect yeah!)