

Regulate

DJ Kay Slay

We gon' come up on and get it
Please don't make us have to regulate
Please don't make us have to regulate
Get it, get it, get it

I ain't thinking bout them bitches
On the road to the riches
And I'm focused on my mission
I'm a ridah with ambition
I don't talk, I just listen that's the reason why I'm different
Always yes for my niggas ain't no maybe or no if and
Niggas know that I let it go I ain't with the riffing
I got dope if you shooting I got powder if you sniffing
Mix the sour with the piff and, you a coward if you snitching
Couple hours you'll be missing, this is our tradition
I got bars I got hooks, be with stars be with crooks
I buy watches and cars and I read a lot of books
I could sell damn near anything I never did a jux
And it's born alone die alone I was never shook, nah
Work and play is something that I seperate
And when its cash time, I ain't never late
Hah, that's cause I'm tryna be forever straight
Come to the hood check out how I regulate

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Murder through the stereo, representing the bricks
Called my name in the game years ago, rappers dead in the mix
Bet it all that I knock my target down, infrared on the hit
Competition laying with chalk around, getting bread on the flip
Shot from the bottom got off everywhere, gutta stamp from the rip
Make me a zombie out the product, another sample to sniff
Chasing these shots with a vanilla box, couple grams for the zip
Money showers by the block still rubber bands for the splits
Took my glory where the shorties ride, 57s, 45s
We don't let your story slide, same corner that [?] died
Bucket in my humble start, changed over to foreign drives
Born to rise, killing 'em, artists gon' have to draw me five
Authentic is all we buy, fakers sneaking hate in
Probably walking by, stop holding your problems and we could all collide
This in me I was forced to shine
Dope as all these niggas coming all combined
Multi-millions they should ever auction mine

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Ask about ya boy Yaowa
Flow been more than flawless
In the hood of florists moving all that flower
Sweet chicken off sour, pots boiling ice fluffing that powder
Go in their Johnson & Johnson come out Dwayne Johnson in a half hour
I chop it up watching Power
Rap money that accountant life, street money still amounting right
I don't take losses for real, you hide in them Hills and my shooters on mountain bikes
Me and new niggas don't sound alike, I don't make all of that trap shit
This is trap shit, only time you hear 808's when we come through to clap shit
Mwah, kiss of death lames disconnect if you disrespect
Boy I'll hit the ref, hit the ref?
Yea foul play when I lift the tech
But I void drama and get the check
Fuck baby mammas and twist her neck
When you spit correct they spit correct
Favor for favor this shits the best
Boy please this is Ortiz they endorse me way across seas
From 4C on Fourth Street to the Four Seasons in the North East
To Australia with the Aussies, everything real I demonstrate
Get the record straight all my records straight
This irregular how I regulate

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