

# 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 separate  
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 shifts 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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