

Yeah yeah.
On the.. On the.. On the.
On the real, all you crab niggaz know the deal
Finally up in this nigga
Let's pay homage to Illmatic
Let's put the crown where it's at
10 years
Never been done this real by nobody
To my seed, May I lead you into no greed or evil
In the categories of stories I breed my sequel
You know the money, blues, blunts, broken 22's
Monkey see, Monkey do
Shorty sipping sunny dew
Now it's V.S.O.P. in a Phantom, mad smoky
Murder trees, cruisin gat in the stash so it won't poke me
Up in the Trump Plaza, Suite 3010,
don't make no noise cause we dirty
Tell them hoes hurry in
We got the room lit up with perfume, and mad boom
And there's video taping bloomin ass's on the zoomin lens
Rollin on you nondescript niggaz
You're marked for death like
Colombians with bad coke that gyp niggaz
Tilt the dutch, twisted up the uwee if you're skilled enough
In Will we trust, salute the dead the nine mili busts
That verse is 10 years old, 9 years old
Street's Disciple
The Rebirth comin at you this year baby
It's on baby
Yeah
To the hood, may this be the day that we pop them bottles
This is mandatory, what if there's not tomorrow?
You know the murder rate, jealousy, you heard 'em say
He say, she say,
I'm bout cheddar,
he don't deserve to make
Sippin clear liquor with niggaz, that talk sideways
Listenin close, to every word in case they violate
Up in the projects Apartment 5D
Spark a lea' it's bout da reed,
countin everything the block see
We bout to need to take the corners from them cowards
Get it on so y'all can move more coke powder,
by the hour
Hold in case we gotta rip niggaz
Loaded - Teflon coated