

Yeah, Yeah... Check it...

All ya'll niggas better jet 'cause I'm a giant
Rap supplying, nigga that's raw like a Lion
I come from Brooklyn, land of robbers and Steelers
And drug dealers, that's more truck than eighteen wheelers
And last week this nigga named Ben, this drug Chief
From Brownsville that got stuck up and now it's beef
Cause words out, that it was Shaquan from Cypress Hills
Who came off, with two hundred thou in small bills
But he forgot a Cardinal rule of the street
You do dirt, you keep your mouth shut, or feel the heat
Stupid! The very next day he bought a Benz
And came back 'round the way waving to his friends
His brand new 420 was milked like a Cow-
Boy, screaming, "How ya'll like me now?"
But you know how niggas is, they see and they Hawk
They get jealous when you pop shit, and then they talk
And Ben got hoes on the streets as well
One of Ben Gal's overheard this kid Latrell
And he was saying, that he was down with Shaquan
And if he didn't get a green Jaguar, then it was on
He was mad, cause his man, was living larger
And he was still driving 'round his mom's dodge Charger
With no rims and beat up timbs, he played us
Sayin he'd hold the dough, the feds could Raidas
And in two weeks, everybody'd get they cut
When Ben found out it was them he said "what?"
He got on the phone and called his little gun Packers
Cause they dressed like Black Panthers and drive geo trackers
And Broncos, with big ass tires and dark tint
And they all carried dessert Eagles, that's how it went

It's sunday night and my team just lost
Plus the Dolphins got blown out by Randy Moss
And the Vikings, I'm inside the food spot on new lots
Gettin some chicken, that's spicy hot
With french fries, "Give me the combo, number 3"
I hear [*car horn*] I look outside and who I see?
I see Shaquan, pushing his Benz, it's pearl white
With white leather, he four deep, and looking tight
In his new whip, he's with these cats I've never seen
I can tell, they ain't no Saints, they lookin' mean
He pulls up, in front of this weed spot, disguised
And jumps out, drinking his Colt 45
In a tall can, he go the the door and start breakin'
On Red, who run the spot, this old Jamaican
Like forty-nine or fifty years old, he's making ends
And Shaquan be fuckin with, one of Red's Kins
Named Keisha, but anyway, they arguing
These three jeeps roll pass fast in unison
They make u-turns, and I'm like "Yo, not being rude
But word up, hurry the fuck up with my food"
But it's too late, the first jeep, the one in the lead
Rams the back of the benz at full speed
And all I could do is whistle
And watch bullets fly through the windshield like Patriot missles

The other two jeeps, jet black as Falcons pull up screeching
But Shaquan ain't reaching
Four or five cats jump out, holding heat
And check on the niggas dead up in the back seat
Red the Jamaican thows his hands in the air
He like, "Bloodclot... what's all of this Buccaneer?"
But niggas ain't care if he was down with them or not
Wrong place, wrong time, and they both got shot (gun blast)
Thirty minutes later, police is everywhere
The murder scene is way to grizzly for me to Bear
So for players, better peep this song
When you on top, feeling yourself, its Not For Long [*echo to fade*]

Yeah... to all my beats and rhymes niggas... yeah... M.A... J-Love