

"Let's take 'em back"

Yeah

'94 shit

Uh, as the preacher takes the pulpit  
Fix your coat, prepare for 40 below spit  
Seven days of Heaven's ways and Hell's hangups  
Chris and Ryan again and we wishing anybody who wasn't wishing us well bankr  
upt

A "L" and whatever else ain't up  
As far as me I'm still caught up in all the gun shit  
Still calling my bullets expendables cause it's hard to believe  
I can fit all of them boys in one clip  
I squeeze off and the streets start trembling  
It's way too many niggas that seen shit, too many witnesses  
Up and down with their visions of what a street nigga is  
I call it the See-Saw Syndrome  
Syndrome maybe you make a mistake, you lose  
And this is for the real hip-hop niggas  
Who will never ever ever ask me am I here to replace Guru

Word, that's what you feel up in this track?  
Let a bitch nigga try to shit on that

Oh what you trying to rap now?

Haha!

Yeah, yo Royce (what up, man)  
We just lamping in the studio  
You know, doing our thing (Okay)  
We bugging out, you know (Right)  
A little test run  
So

So  
I need you to speak with your hands

On the count of three  
Everybody now  
1

"2"

"3"

Go

"Talk to 'em"  
"Who stepped up in this rap game, a sane actin' fool"  
"Me and Preem, both names go together"  
"Lot of niggas fronting like they're ill"

Word

I think it's time to move on to the next one