

20 Bag Shorty

Jay-z

JAY-Z:

no more reasonable doubt im provin to be da illest MC somthing wrong wit ya
motor skills cause yall aint movin me im who u see musically when u want it
done hot payin u to meanzlest infratillity stop i paint pictures beatufully but
niggaz is near sighted dont worry about plageris it'll take em years to bite it
which the greatest fears i dont write it it just appears outta no where like da
information contain by the phycic like it or not i pay dues and expect to be
paid back why da fuck should i freestyle im gettin paid to rap i slang a track
laid back almost till its a sin tell ya god somebody's doin a good job
impersonatin him J-Hova spittin game from da range rover what da fuck is yall
doin in da third lane get over slow ya rode up i got it sewed up like a tella
relatively easy like jerry hella cream is cherry vanilla got chicks in da telli
belly up soundin like mayhelia tryna tell yall yall know da style burn da town
down and change the locale im doin da same shit except its legit

CHORUS:X2

got a twenty cart shorty better play dat shit you owe me twenty baby better pay
dat shit got twenty bag son better blaze dat shit they said i wasn't seeing
twenty but i made dat shit

GOTTI:

pimp gotti get da dues in them double down like them kids wit tips who tops
down bricks who get money quick see me representin bomb city on da bill block
and mic before they get a mill i sold pills all night the illest outta life got
my mind on fate cause even im tour nigga still aint safe i keep a tre eight on
my left smoke a L for stress countin dirt bag lex i be da X like malcom puff
for now dunn east side represent wit tons of guns u keep it real where u from
cause where u at might put da dagger in yo back its like livin wit yo homey dat

be on crack and fat my niggas know my styles phat like hoes in da L Darodo my
mine toatin fuck em duck em any thing but da main gun i dont trust em

CHORUS:X2

???:

move wit da nigga huh frum man chilla burge shit word shit i slurge big
scrilla observe when you work spit bird shit killah not to be purterb with herb
shit deala can make me feel yall foreal ya tock ticking bust a rapper bust a
cap hustler stop flinching you fresh off the corner calling dog shit brog shit
soon as you feel that sog shit you be like oh shit broke niggas resort the
glass looking opposite the track ass whooping opposite the black class hooker
the fat ass fooker triple your cash criple your stash pass shooker the past
aint never the last to teach lessons my peeps fucking up in the streets keep

guessing my brew dont becomming a preach i be blessing lotta kids commmin out
da wrong way like sea sections know da bro gone flow even if it cross shorts
fuck weed cop coke cause da shit cost more but niggas say i floss to much but
when i take it off and such they say i lost my touch those bitches like the
money i wear what its funny how they stare dumb bunnies with they cunnin little
glare shorty let me see the tail if its really that shittin she hit me with a
felion a young pair kitten my boy hit that shit now every body splittin even
holdin snow balls and i aint talkin bout mittens what i talkin bout mittens
foreal snowballs
CHORUS:X2

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