Takeover

(hÉ™d) p.e.

R.O.C, we runnin' this rap shit
Memphis Bleek, we runnin' this rap shit
B. Mac, we runnin' this rap shit
Freeway, we run this rap shit
O and Sparks, we runnin' this rap shit
Chris and Neef, we runnin' this rap shit
The takeover, the break's over nigga
God MC, me, Jay-Hova
Hey lil' soldier you ain't ready for war
R.O.C too strong for y'all
It's like bringin' a knife to a gunfight, pen to a test
Your chest in the line of fire with ya thin ass vest
You bringin' them Boyz II Men, how them boys gon' win?
This is grown man B.I., get you rolled in the triage
Beatch, your reach ain't long enough, dunny
Your peeps ain't strong enough, fucker
Roc-A-Fella is the army, better yet the navy
Niggaz'll kidnap your babies, spit at your lady
We bring knife to fistfight, kill your drama
Uh, we kill you motherfuckin' ants with a sledgehammer
Don't let me do it to you dunny 'cause I overdo it
So you won't confuse it with just rap music
R.O.C., we runnin' this rap shit
M-Easy, we runnin' this rap shit
The Broad Street Bully, we runnin' this rap shit
Get zipped up in plastic when it happens that's it
Freeway, we runnin' this rap shit
O and Sparks, we runnin' this rap shit
Chris and Neef, we runnin' this rap shit
"Watch out! We run New York"
I don't care if you Mobb Deep, I hold triggers to crews
You little fuck, I've got money stacks bigger than you
When I was pushin' weight, back in eighty-eight
You was a ballerina, I got your pictures I seen ya
Then you dropped "Shook Ones," switch your demeanor
Well, we don't believe you, you need more people
Roc-A-Fella, students of the game, we passed the classes
'Cause nobody could read you dudes like we do
Don't let 'em gas you like Jigga is ass and won't clap you

Trust me on this one, I'll detach you
Mind from spirit, body from soul
They'll have to hold a mass, put your body in a hole
No, you're not on my level get your brakes tweaked
I sold what ya whole album sold in my first week
You guys don't want it with Hov'
Ask Nas, he don't want it with Hov', no!
R.O.C., we runnin' this rap shit
B. Sigel, we runnin' this rap shit
M-Easy, we runnin' this rap shit
Get zipped up in plastic when it happens that's it
O and Sparks, we runnin' this rap shit
Freeway, we runnin' this rap shit
Chris and Neef, we runnin' this rap shit
Watch out! We run New York"
I know you missin' all the fame
But along with celebrity comes 'bout
Seventy shots to your brain, nigga, you are lame
Youse the fag model for Karl Kani-Esco ads
Went from, Nasty Nas to Esco's trash
Had a spark when you started but now you're just garbage
Fell from top ten to not mentioned at all
To your bodyguard's "Oochie Wally" verse better than yours
Matter fact you had the worst flow on the whole fuckin' song
But I know, the sun don't shine, then son don't shine
That's why your lame
Career come to an end, there's only so long fake thugs can pretend
Nigga, you ain't live it you witnessed it from your folks pad
You scribbled in your notepad and created your life
I showed you your first tec on tour with Large Professor
Then I heard your album bout your tec on your dresser
So yeah I sampled your voice, you was usin' it wrong
You made it a hot line, I made it a hot song
And you ain't get a corn nigga you was gettin' fucked then
I know who I paid God, Serchlite Publishing
Use your brain, you said you been in this ten
I've been in it five, smarten up Nas
Four albums in ten years nigga? I could divide
That's one every let's say two, two of them shits was due
One was nah, the other was "Illmatic"
That's a one hot album every ten year average
And that's so lame, nigga switch up your flow
Your shit is garbage, but you try and kick knowledge?
You niggaz gon' learn to respect the king
Don't be the next contestant on that Summer Jam screen

Because you know who, did you know what? With you know who
But just keep that between me and you for now
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Watch out! We run New York"
A wise man told me don't argue with fools
'Cause people from a distance can't tell who is who
So stop with that childish shit, nigga I'm grown
Please leave it alone, don't throw rocks at the throne
Do not bark up that tree, that tree will fall on you
I don't know why your advisers ain't forewarn you
Please, not Jay, he's, not for play
I don't slack a minute, all that thug rappin' and gimmicks
I will end it, all that yappin' be finished
You are not deep, you made your bed now sleep
Don't make me expose to them folks that don't know you
Nigga I know you well, all the stolen jewels
Twinkletoes you breakin' my heart
You can't fuck with me, go play somewhere, I'm busy
And all you other cats throwin' shots at Jigga
You only get half a bar, fuck y'all niggaz

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