Reservoir Dogs

Quentin Tarantino

Fuck, shit is real right here
Roc-a-Fella, Lox, takin' the streets over motherfuckers
Don't get it twisted
Yo, aiyyo, aiyyo, aiyyo
Yo shut the fuck up 'fore I blast and banned from T.V. your ass
With no mask, look at the camera like what?
Yeah I did it like them sick white boys the court committed
To the death of me, I'm spaz like I'm on Ecstasy
Drop 100 bars for real like I'm lookin' for a deal
If I ain't hungry, who the fuck is, I'm worse than them African kids
I ain't straight 'til my numbers match the Motorola bid
And walk the streets up in the wild like I don't fuckin' care
If I ain't strapped that means I took 'em off my Nike Airs
Get off mine, y'all talk shit like little children
When I ride mine like bitches when I walk up in the building
'Cause I catch tans in the winter, with wild whores
Jet-skiin', while you keep warm at corner stores
I make it hot, floodin' your block, the best way
Professionally, they'll find poison in your X-ray
As I get roasted lookin' at Biggie posted on my wall
Takin' shots of Louie 'til I fall
Nuttin' to lose, just load the clip up in the groove
And kick rhymes to the poster, 'til I swear big move
My team, you would think was on Thorazine
How we floss and don't give a fuck what it's costing
Yo, yo, pressure bust pipes, it's time to apply it now
Pick out a quiet town and tie it down
Make niggaz lock it down, y'all know where to buy it now
Beanie Mac I supply it now
My squad roll deep, in foreign cars with two seats
Couple of 5's, a 6, a few jeeps
Bag enough coke to last a few weeks
In case niggaz wanna test, vest and a few heats
You really wanna test my name? And test my game?
Until you have me, test my aim?
Y'all niggaz nuts, like testricles
Hit you up in your apartment buildin' vestibule
Perhaps it's best for you, to keep on walkin'
Heat from the noggin', keep on sparkin'

Platinum prezzie, Bezzie, stay sparklin'
Cop off the lot never see me at the auction
Pint of Bacardi darken, when it's hawkin'
Out on the strip, until I reach the margin
Not tryin' to meet the Sergeant, at the precinct
Eatin' cheese sandwiches, down for the weekend
Locked up with dirty white boys and Ricans
Now if I kill you I probably do ten in the box
Come down on appeal then I'm killin' your pops
You feelin' the Lox, nigga why you grillin' the Lox
If this rap shit don't work niggaz still in the spot
You bring it to me, I gotta lose your family
Gangstas don't die, they get chubby, and move to Miami
Shit is deep now dog, but it gets deeper
Fuck it, the weather's nice and the price is much cheaper
I put it on tape, you gon' buy it, I put it in a bag
You gon' try it, y'all niggaz can't deny it
Lot of cats still tryin' to study my last bounce
Tell you what, get a beat tape and a half ounce
They got me where I can't be without my large gat
Teflon long sleeve, and my hardhat
Don't matter if I'm openin' up, or headline
Doin' the speed limit or pushin' red lines
Six months in the county or fed time
I'm a be the 'Kiss nigga, until it's bedtime
Anything I'm on is a classic, any nigga
Ever had beef with, son is a bastard
Anytime I spit, spit acid, L O X
Ruff Ryder you heard? We got the game mastered
I told you the pain was comin'
You wouldn't listen
You tried to play me like a joke?
Now who got the last laugh?
Now take these bullets with you to Hell
You motherfuckers is sick, don't think sauce the shit
So many niggaz on my nuts I thought I lost my dick
Picture me fallin' off, I'm camera shy
Hammers fly, might miss you, but your man'll die
What's the difference? Either way I'm stunnin' your crew
I fuck to win, y'all niggaz comin' to lose
Somethin' to prove? Spit it, we can have a spray off
I lay off wet niggaz and kill em on my day off
Ain't nuttin' for me to bust a trey off
Murder the whole month of April nigga, just to take May off
Run with more Germans than Adolf, you light crews

Now I concentrate on your camp, like Jews
Flow hot like a heatwave bitch
Whips fatter than them shits they beat slaves with
I'm a meal stackin' nigga who pull quick, still packin'
For you Phil Jackson niggaz on that bull
I don't give a fuck who you are, so fuck who you are
I don't care about a pretty bitch, watch or a car
I don't care about your block and whoever you shot
I don't care about your album and whenever it drop
I don't care about your past if I did I woulda asked
I'm too busy lightin' 'dro with a whole lotta hash
Far as this rap shit, I'm ten steps ahead of niggaz
Shootin' backwards, just for practice
Ride or die nigga, hoppin' in your casket
'Bout to go to Hell with you, blow the L with you
Tell the whole world I'm spittin', let em know the shells hit you
I tell niggaz quick, suck dick and get a glock
My name ring bells like Sunday at 12 o'clock
I'm half past 7, bust 6 then 11
You know me, slide my man my joint say reload me
I ruffryde and pop a fella for Roc-a-Fella
Jay, what the fuck, spendin' Mozzarella
I know pop you can't stand us 'cause you cock them hammers
Run in your crib, no prisoners, pop your grandma
Locked in the slammer? Nope, popped up in Atlanta
Crossed up in a drop I popped up the antenna
Whoa, watch your manners when my veins pop like scanners
Like raindrops you hear the thunder when I cock the cannon
Big thang, big chains, ain't shit changed
Get brained in the four dot six range
Shit main, switch lanes
Every town I hit, switch planes, bitch flipped Big Caine
Flow with no cut, you take it in vain to the brain
Motherfuckers is noddin' and throwin' up, you know that
You don't wanna owe that man
He'll hit you, get the picture? Kodak man
Gotta, love for war, I don't floss no more
I just sit on my money 'til I'm above the law
How the fuck you gonna stop us with your measly asses?
We don't stop at the tolls we got E Z passes, nigga
Multiple cars and divas with D-classes
Iceberg sweat with I B on the elastic
Shit, bitch! What the fuck, ya heard me?
Put some more beat on that joint

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