Remember the Titans

Theme

[Fabolous:]
These niggas losing their minds
you find that theres no reward
they say they already home
it's really clear they abroad
they sound like they boxed in
it's not just where they record
there's a cost to be the boss they can't clearly afford
swear to the Lord, these guns like the audience
you put on a show, my 40 clearly applauds
sittin' fifth row, I might appear to be bored
plotting on a Kanye, but screaming where's my award
ballin out of control, never won an ESPY
bout to buy a black ghost and call that shit SP
flow outta this World, I'm coming for my Moon man
you niggas slide back like that walkin on the moon dance
no glitter gleam, handgun with a beam
have some boys follow you, street fam, twitter team
like you could fuck with me
oh did it seem, Dr King and Def Jam aint the only ones with a dream
I'm a grown ass man, this kid a teen
you're a spoof of me like if hip hop did a scream
Audi coupe looking good so I went and copped it
got that TT poppin' like a trending topic
my ride is matt black
my pride is that jack
it might get ya dog shot, even a cat smacked
anyway though, styles don't apply to me
Jeff Goldblum couldn't be more fly than me
shorty say right after the suck fuck proof
you hit it on the head girl, duck duck goose
you shoulda got the message that I chuck up deuce
break em off and leave it
you seen my fucked up tooth
it's fucka bitch, there's more fish in the aquarium
I rarely hear no, like when niggas ask you to marry them
there's no lights in the place you buy your jewelry from
funeral fab, I'm just here to bury them

[Joe Budden:]
Reporting live from the beacon
booth tired from the beatin
had foreplay all day
prepin' the beatin' the mic for a threesome
with my vocal's bi-coastal, speakin til their eyes totaled
Mr wi-fi, out a franchise go to
magic, standby local's
watch the track bust once I show my dick size to the pro-tools
I teach you how to have models screaming get behind me
e-pills and maybach's aint gon matter if your tip is tiny
nevermind me, we could get knee deep in the beef
seek me with the heat but you'll need more to keep me on a leash
here's a cc for the peeps that wanna see me in the streets
invest in Rockports and be easy on your feet
give a few hammers, a few semi's and a few snubs to a few crips,
couple vampire's and true bloods
gambling in casino's, have a hundred handing me my c-notes
the modern day gambino
I'm careful every step I take
you the nigga walk up in a shootout with some pepperspray
that'd be the last mistake you ever make
me I chop his head off from a rooftop
and race it downstairs just to see if I can catch his fade
like groceries when I'm shooting at fags
make sure the breads separated and put the fruits in a bag
withstand the hatred
dudes is falling off doing all they can to save it
but everybodys run stops ask Brandon Jacobs
what y'all call swag to me is all faggotry
fours want blatt at me that'd equal more casualties
Abort the strategy
or get attacked with that Duracell they put in your back
now thats assault and battery
you can keep the bitching to yourself
there's beams on every burner
these lasers, a petition wouldn't help!
what good is having shooters if they the type that miss?
where I'm from, better be careful when you drive that whip
Niggas put they life at risk for pies that flip
in my town Ben Affleck wouldnt try that shit
And if he did he'd get turned around burnt down
tell 'em new jacks it'll be a while fore they eligible to earn the crown

[Lloyd Banks:]

Acid out the baggie
this is more than dope
flawless flow
fucking off a sign every horoscope to wore my robes
strappin up the corner cold, critical
unquestioned, my opponents know
I shoot like capono, watch me own the show
chromatose, toasted, getting money while I roam the coast
stones and boats, mansions, homes, and hopes
I deserve 'em both, overdose
time to earn my votes, watch me turn the volts
voltage through a hater, this electric chair, danger
yeah, I see ya
now make way fore it turn to diarrhea
hear a microphone will give you 3 of everything I wear yeah
models by the pair, swear, bottles, private Lear, steer
style thats outta here, rare, thousands by the chair, square
sleep with me, you came here, war with me is scary
get beat silly tryna lamp here, better bring your theory heat
I got a drop damp here, niggas try me barely
No one breathes, I need an ants ear, precious necessary
got my mind on the cheddar kill my haters together
bury em in abundance and starve there family's stomach's
paper come in my thumbage, brand new fifties and hundreds
On point, just like the drum is
I'm warning them baby mothers
got the hunger of a broke rapper
kill you while I'm rollin up then smoke after
catch you at your show, snatch ya, empty out the dough faster
Bentley off the scene, magnum Mo splasher, four packer
southside nigga spittin coke at ya!

[Royce Da 5'9":]
This is for the fronters and the naysayers
I'm about to scare away the drummers and the bass players
they say I'm out of my league on this one
so when I get done I want you to cut your fuckin ears off, Twitpic 'em!
Lord, I want you to leave this vicinity
you gon be around here bout long as Justin Bieber's virginity
this is Jesus identity, mixed with weed
Hennessey, kennedy, king
mixed with a kill or be killed, killer regime
ill as you seen, switch
Y'all write all that hard shit then you fall right off, it's horrible
my oracle is all I offer, so before I borrow

you won't be here tomorrow flow
sorry, I will probably Adios my body with somebody toast
this shit just practice
sickest rapping Baptist
kill your pastor, steal your chapstick
after that make you kiss a cactus
then, take your hoe, make the hoe give the whole clique fellatio
everyone, that wasn't the whole entourage on HBO
Then after that, I tell her, I can't do much with you, shawty!
I just found out I could fly to Dubai and hire buffy the body!
dont call us if the bitches ain't flawless
if they are then we can hang like Aretha Franklin bra-less
the drunk me can box like the sober you
the sober me be more nervous than Waka Flocka in the voting booth
we beef like being deep and dumping K's
you beef like Lady Gaga and her stylist
y'all get together to look good in front of a bunch of gays
my feng shui is a pump in the desert
you'll come up shorter than an Asian jumping out of a trunk in the desert
while my wolfpack looks for strippers and cocaine
niggas snitching, it's a shame
we call em male tattlers
fiends touching they noses more than URL battlers
it's hard to spit saliva when you spit fire
so I'll just pour sugar in your gas tank
put a banana in your tailpipe
ah ha, so the car can fit the driver

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