Strapped (Four-4 Mix) ft. Guilty Simpson

Jaylib

Yeah, (uh huh, uh huh) Guilty Simpson
We're bringin' this one home for the [?] (J Dilla!)
Detroit City, there's nothin' like us
(What's goin' down?)
(Real) yo!I sit on the end at the movies and let my feet stick out
Any nigga with a problem get his teeth chipped out
Fuck around and get your fleet picked out
My nina ross is like window defrost when this heat kick out (out!)
Bring your heater when you come to the D
That's why the invitation reads B.Y.O.G
Beyond focus, graduated from the ranks of hopeless
Great shot, my gun scopeless
It's Detroit's turn, sit back and learn
While we kick back and yearn, sip yac and burn
The best weed, you wanna challenge my theory my nigga
Let's bleed, turn the Great Lakes into the Red Seas
I smell the bitch in you niggas from here
I'm in your face so I'm positive you're hearin' me clear (yeah!)
It's all year there will be no fakin'
So you pussy niggas should consider relocationWe barricaded gunmen, armed with artillery
Strapped, livin' the live, this ain't rap, nigga
It's Guilt and Jaylib attackin' ya
Got a [?] full of [?]Shootin' at the game we play, but the way that we play it
Mad to beat it and Jay Dee to spray it
Guilt for the get-away and shakin' the haters
Fuck sayin' your names, makin' 'em famous
[?] for bullyshit, so you don't need them house shoes
Or nothin', just like what peeon niggas amount to
When we bounce through, don't get nervous
You gets no service on some no shoes no shirt shit
Is it serious here? Wait for the verdict
It won't be in your favor the case and the jury is bribed
You can compare it to [?]
I spit it, it burns, you better learn I'm one of the greatest alive
And got somethin' to say? Choke on the balls
Jaylib invade, it's over for y'all (motherfuckers)

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