

# Remember the Titans

## Audiomachine

[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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