Scenario 2000 (jigga My Nigga Remix)

Eve

[Swizz Beatz](mmm, mmmm)
See y'all don't understand us you know
Ruff Ryders is a family
Ruff Ryders... Ruff Ryders... Ruff Ryders
Lets go... Swizz Beatz
[DMX]This is the darkest shit, sparkest shit
Hittin wit the hardest Shit, 'cause before we started shit
Wit kidz I knew my friendz all turned against me
Said fuck it, bought me a dog ever since me and my dog has been like this
He got my back I got his, schemin on mad niggaz
Dats how we do bidz
It's about time to start another, robbin spree
Cause yo, my way is highway, robbery, chump
When I was up North, Sing-Sing I was sendin niggaz home in a coffin
Livin like a orphan, you bad nigga?
I'll be back to see if you'll be still here
You know my style I'll put yo fucking man, in a wheelchair
He'll never walk again, on the strength of me
Dats how I left him G, scared to death of me
Cannot run, hit wit the hot one
From the shotgun, cats was close, wondered how we got done
[Eve]Yo yo, E-V-E
My dogz believe in me
Petty thugz hide yo cake, never teasin me
I show love to, all my bitches hustlin one'z, tussle wit thieves
Makin moves, second to none, I locked it, uh
Made a sudden move you got bit
Flooded wit the double R, real street shit
Da blond hair bandit, you got gunz, hand it
Turn my face when I bust a cannon
'cause I don't wear sunblock
Ask Drag if the fire is hot
shit pop shellz, fall three feet, roll over and stop
We warn niggaz that we coming then we hold up the block
scorn niggaz like their mothers then we wet up their socks
red dye, escaping on the red eye ,sea shores then hide out
buy out bars till we see fall
Believe in this game, we beat y'all, you got money?
Keep y'alls, for us be tearin tryin to hide, then our fire

Beat y'alls
[JadaKiss]
And you can come see me if you tryin to make a gram tonight
Cause I can get it for you raw, gray, tan or white
Fuck rap yo, I'd rather be plannin a flight
Somewhere hot on a wave runner, tanning wit dykes
Blowin the haze, while all of em givin me brains
One at a time, y'all start from the front of the line
everybody wanna contact me and get wit me
but still end up being mad 'cause i charge fifty
and as for you suka, you can keep those rapz
and Screw your awardz, my son can't eat those plaques
I never was shit but some things i never forget
like if you spend three your guaranteed to make back six
Drove the Benz off the lot and just dusted her off
Tints, rims, stashed, tick the governer off
Even the cats that be hatin still be lovin the dogs
Cause they know that the double R's comin for war
Wha
[Styles]
If you ain't ready to die, then why should you live?
'cause when I start bustin the guns , you hidin the kids
And the Pieer's still ridin on clips, survivin wit bricks
We beefin on the 4th you got to die on the 5th
Like I wasnt hustlin dope or robbin the blocks
Starvin or not, carvin the cheek, palmin the glock
I figure which nigga could I watch wit a watch
I like to knock off my crack then I pull off a heist
Put it together, double it twice,this shit is my life
Catch me wit a 45, hot pair of Nikes
And three red dice, like, give me the bank or gimmie yo face
Gimmie a shank It's Holiday ugh
the hoopties in the front but the truckers a mile away
niggaz wanna ride tomorrow when they prolly die today
cause the P'll hollow the guns
Holla at sons if you feel a nigga holla back
then you swallow the ones
[Sheek](uh, uh, uh)
Y'all dem bust in them crowd niggaz and hit whoever
When you should aim for them niggaz that took yo leather
They right there, but you scared that they gon bust
Cause they crazy, but them crazy niggaz bleed like us
See I'm one shot thru the heart like Cupid
Y'all niggaz might be crazy, but y'all not stupid
its 99 im killings you women and kids

fuck scar-face watch me, im more action to see
than dem motherfuckers that yall see on T.V.
and fuck what you heard this how sheek get down
comes wit guns, shit im rhyming wit one on me now
you never know what clown goin ta walk into the studio
talking shit and its gonna be more than the amster blow
I pour gas on your skin and watch your shit detatch
lit and book of matches now thats when you have met your match
and the worst thing for you is to have a gun when im thursty
ill turn niggaz more holy man, than Eddie Murphy
i got more bricks than that city do with jersey
Yo i got call cops niggaz, I got autops niggaz, that'll bust you and slide
And some ol 6-drop niggaz
Revolver Pop niggaz, easy Ox niggaz
Get knocked, say we smoked detox niggaz
Drug program, hit the streetz we cop 56 mo gramz
Y'all niggaz ain't messin wit scrams
And that's
[Drag-On](come on, come on, come on,)
Boy, whats the difference between fire and water?
You whether drown or die off torture, cause yo skins of ya
And watch ya burn off fat, dog I'm off the thermostat
Could put a comb to my mouth and give yo bitch a perm wit that
Keep shellz in the envelopes 'cause I'll mail out bullets
More blood that a riot on a jailhouse footage
Buck 40, buy the extra 20 wit the semi, when it hit you
You gon do a 360 pretty swiftly
when i burn you to a crisp you ganna be cruncher than chips
wit mah hand all up in da bag munchin on tha shit
bit by bit clip by clip and every block by block
is brick on brick I got knots on knots
Cause I got things that'll pop yo top
And double R spot yo block wit 16 shots and watch y'all drop
And ain't nobody gettin up, (un)less they in the wheelchair
Sittin up or spittin up, either way I don't give a fuck

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/