Chain Gang

Brother John Sellers

[Jadakiss]
Yeah, what the fuck?
[Sheek]
Lox baby
Sheek Louch, Jadakiss, Styles too
Blackrob, what the fuck, all up in this mother fucker
[Jadakiss]
Bad boy
Stay back nigga
[Sheek]
Ay yo, you want 15 G's thats stuffed in my pocket?
Nigga stop it, that bullshit you talking go reherse that at Rockets
Puff lye I pay dues, that nigga with a tattoo
The thin Ha (Yonkers slang), these motherfuckers gonna watch the Little Rascals
When I say I bust my shit, believe it all the way
And the summer times where the Chochas show where one in her leg
If you could walk still, every block in Yonkers be hot still
With miners that will bust you down faster than cops kill
Niggas still front and step to you, falsley accused
that they just shot and you can still be the judge boo
I die for my 354 niggas, with the young stoned niggas
Lox are my heart, cold niggas
Sheek give it to you, like a bitch with a disease
that got AIDS on her lips and wish and hope you bleed
So if you want it, Fuck It!
In the Benz I'll be there, you gonna rot like
a dead Luco (spanish slang) under the stairs
[Black Rob]
Yeah yo, I swing that ass through the E-R, now I'm out the D-R
heared in New York, y'all was looking for the Hee Haw
Lads is sweatin' us, we are four of the baddest
I'm the one that go stick you for all the cabage
The icon, doing this shit since Stride-on
Perpitrating ass niggas like you, I keep my eye on
I rake em, roll em, like smoke from Peter Ross
Then I hold em, stole em, work hard to be the boss
My fashion is Kumb-a-i, or else I'm attackin'
Dukes frontin acting like they toughest then napkins

Spittin', them bullshit crimes I stay hittin'
not forgeting, the bullshit crimes and ass whippings
The whole 9, I dont waste time, I brace mines from the waistlines
Niggas is scared to face mine
See I'm a criminal, so after this interview
I'ma bend a few, Fuck It! Could we sin a few?

I put one into you, I promise to God
It's about time y'all niggas pay homage to Rob
[Styles]
You can catch me on the low with a Calico bitch,
I got flow while she's bagging her shit
Comin' thru in a '98 wagon, lavender shit
imagine the shit, used to be like packing the clip
Cop in the truck the S-C cockin' to dump
You can find me with my enemy coppin' his blunt
When I'm finished niggas ask which block do I want
My pockets is lumped, find me on a yacht with a blunt
What you know about daimonds, nigga knockin' the pump
While on my spare time I learned to market Heron
I'm gettin' valuble, celebrate with stuff off the Malibu
Science is the game and it's all mathematical
Pearl white Porche, licence plate "radical"
It's real when the fedaral-ies in Cali get mad at you
forget that, Lox from the block want the shit back
And I was in the first place, feeling the hit backs
[Jadakiss]
Let me get back like Jada, more 'rabs than 3-ey-doe
get the potatoe and clap at niggas in brod day-do
You know the flow, where it come from and where it go
or where it's gonna be at, that's where we at
I touch you if you think I'm jiggy with the Puff,
move and still sellin' forty-thousand a week so Fuck You!
Three niggas you dont want none of make your insides
Feel like the summer you gettin' Dumber & Dumber
While we get smarter and smarter, makin' shit harder and harder
Til this rap games like the Carter
I'm Nino, Styles is raw steemed from casinos
And Sheek is the boss of the Hennisey gambino
We talking millions, you talking C-notes
you used to stash dope in a sea coach, couldn't play sweet though
You know the Kiss, on the low in the mist
Blowin' roach and sipping Red Ally and Moe with a bitch
When my niggas'll flip, see how cute you look,
In the box with the suit on like you used to look

Hard body with a purple faced future look
Future crook, the same nigga who's boots I took
Juliani aint a motherfuckin' joke
You got mad niggas broke, alot of niggas gettin' that coke
When they bring it to the lab is it sold to the slab
First felony, you still gettin' four and a half
[End]

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/