

Stick 2 The Script (Feat. Beanie Sigel)

Jay-Z

Yeah, DJ Clue! AKA William, M. Holla with William H. Holla
The world's most infamous
The Holla family nigga, Roc-A-Fella Records, c'mon
Dynasty, New Jay-Z, Beanie Sigel, stick to the script We live money over bitches nigga stick to the script
Remember where you heard it first stupid
Cop, flip, we re-up, get back to the shift
Money over bitches nigga stick to the script, DJ ClueYo, they call me William H., H, the all-time great, great
I fuck the most hoes out of New York State, state
I rock my jewels, jewels I'm not a fool, fool
In the small of my back I got this big-ass tool When I'm skatin' through the city and I stop and kick it
Be the most asked question, how I got them digits?
I say I stay on my grind, never stop for bitches
Never talk like a mom, I gotta watch you snitches
And I stick to the script, that's my advice so life
Eat nigga, let it stick to your ribs
I seen niggaz go from handlin' birds to ramblin' words
To the man, seen a Sammy the Bull emerge on the stand And it was all good just a week ago
We lost Todd E., but we still eatin' though
For like a hundred weeks nigga, we gon' run the streets
'Til we reach Malik or the date of E's release Peep Hova in a Jeep Rover, passin' reefer over
To this freak, breathe mami this is good weed mami
Three, hymies under the belt, three extra clip
We aim, we shoot, y'all shoot aim, we stick to the script, c'mon Money over bitches nigga stick to the script
We cop, we flip, we re-up, get back on our shift
Money over bitches nigga stick to the script
You can bullshit with rap if you want, muh'fuckers
Money over bitches nigga stick to the script
We cop, we flip, we re-up, get back on our shift
Money over bitches nigga stick to the script
You in the streets nigga, make your moves Y'all niggaz truly ain't ready for this dynasty thing
Yeah, money over bitches nigga
This Philly cat ba, back at it
Stick to the script, yo Aiyyo, they don't call me Mac for nuttin'
I don't give a whore jack, man they all say that Mac be frontin'
But if you can't take a case bitch and take it to the chin
Take the heat, beat your feet bitch, skate in the wind Don't snitch, we can blow dough, make it again
You can be my hoe bitch, I can't make you my friend
Because friends depend on friends, not Bean Sigel's shit
I don't need you, let welfare feed you Mac'll, stick to the script, and stick to the flip

I got a sick whip game, water stick to the bricks
I got a sick flip game, order gettin' and shit
I got a strict strip, flip 'caine, get it in shifts Bitch, you can't get at me, shit I get at you
Only in the physical, I tell you like Mystikal
Shake that ass, yeah, watch yourself
Yeah, show me what you workin' with but wash yourself Fuck a dirty bitch, yeah, man I roll with a sturdy click
That'll murder shit, empty clips you never heard a spit
Slide a bitch what? Slide a bitch shit
Slide a bitch dick, then I slide out a bitch shit Ain't no time to stick around and play step pops
Shit I'm tryin' to get down, cop and upset blocks
Low price, quick flip, 2-8-K quick
Shit don't go right, 2 AK's spit, stick to the script nigga Money over bitches nigga stick to the script
We cop, we flip, we re-up, get back on our shift
Money over bitches nigga stick to the script Money over bitches nigga stick to the script
We cop, we flip, we re-up, get back on our shift
Money over bitches nigga stick to the script
Y'all get knocked, y'all turn bitch, we get knocked, we never snitch
C'mon
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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