Line Em Up

TDC

Thank you ladies and gentlemen
Hold your applause, yeah, holla
It's bout to go down, shut 'em down
Just Blaze, Freeway, Young Chris, Young Guru
The Roc is definitely building, yeah uh, holla
Yeah, listen, if the rhymes stop dumpin'
And beats stop knockin' then Free still fuckin' with Beans
R U to the G-S, maneuver the ve
Throughout the U.S. with two teks of keys
One start up your whip and the other start up your block
Retarded just like a Carter El Nino come take a sniff
Or take a few of you like the glass zit
Or stick shit in your artery
Hustlin's a part of me, niggas retardin' me
Come at the team wrong it's like a see-saw
They down and we up, the pound heat clowns up
I'm moving and re-up teks, blocks and keep gon'
Hustlers and cocks like a school bus
It make stops and it picks kids up
And they wake up the block really early in the mornin'
Word, niggas want drama? Then line 'em up
Line 'em up, line 'em up, line 'em up, I, I shut em down
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Listen, if the coke stop jumpin' and the block stop poppin'
Then Free still fuckin' with Schi M to the is-ash
Come down with the gat and take your sti-ash and kidnap your keeps
One puff in my face and the other go in your face
Retarded? This is a stick up if you slow then pick up the pace
I came to take everything out your safe
And even snatch all your jewelry
Robbins a part of me, you just oughta be
Singin' the same song when money low
Ain't no parameters, snatch chains even honeys know
Amateurs get state green's and hit with 24 months
From playin' the game long, the eight long
Make pockets short snatch hair and bones weight
They been taking from us for too long it ain't wrong

Line 'em up and I jam 'em all yo
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They want a war with the Roc? Okay
Cases catch 'em and beat 'em like O.J.
I been stretchin' my d's since the O'Jays
Before I met Beans and Free, before Jay
Homie, Pops never was there
So I hustled 24 7 like the cops never was there
Yeah, fuck a box 'cause the metal was there
Fuck the cops 'cause the Fed's was paid
I been settled for years, I'm ahead of my years
Tuck the glock come pedal with K's we can settle it here
We run with this beef, we runnin' his peeps
Like five in the mornin' while they under them sheets
Like five gats drawn, soldiers come out they sleep
Tell me what they gon' tell me when the gun out they reach
Homie, we ain't gotta cheat, y'all ain't stopping Sig
Young Gunner startin' P. Guard from State Property
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