

# Chain Gang

## Goldie Lookin Chain

[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 rehearse 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 cabbage  
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 forgetting, 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]

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