

# G Building

## RJD2

I'm back and I'm stuck up in this bitch, who dat?  
Me bitch, who dat? The Brooklyn thug, what the fuck you see bitch?  
I'm known for regulatin' this game, fuck a critic  
'Cuz when I'm spittin' I'm a split your shit, when I aim  
Yo, you try to get a name but ain't provin' a thang I'm still doin' my thang, go head, bells they still ring  
Now who the lame that wan' tango with Lil Fame  
Step in the ring and I'll break yo' ass up like mills lane  
How you like me now? That Kool Moe P, shit, nigga, put it down  
Yo, I need a silencer gat, shit too loud when that bitch start to holla Nigga, do child, made the church people on  
your block wanna move out  
I bump off and I dump off, and a nigga cool out, why?  
'Cuz when we in the place with the guns in our waist  
We don't say put your hands up, niggas, stand up  
You gotta get it, 'cuz you now listen, dump off your body 'Til your whole family die fishin' the street mayor,  
ghetto street playa  
Hit your hooker with this heavy dick meat playa ass cheek flare  
Fuck the fame, I agree fuck the fame but I got four words for ya  
Don't fuck with Fame 'cuz I'm a machine gun, Kelley, clappa dude  
Write my name across your belly, yap a dude ain't no escapin' These streets I'm raised in, it's so amazin', we  
still blazin'  
Ain't no savin' yo' ass from hell raisin', they be strippin'  
Your cantelope off the pavement wit yo' wig split in half  
And your chest caved in, so walk on the green, I'm a cut yo' ass down  
If you walk in between, so listen up and hear me boy  
I'm the American, slash, pretty boy First Fam, ridiculous violators try to get with us, we quick to bust  
Them false dudes can't get wit us, hoes grillin' 'cuz we too tough  
Too real, too raw, too rough, first Fam, ridiculous fools try to move  
But them fools can't get wit us 'cuz we holdin', blastin', lowlin'  
Blastin', strollin', trashin', rollin', mashin' I done figured it out, what's that? They don't want us to shine, true  
You lost your mind if you thought I tossed my iron, I still got it  
For when I'm facin' situations like this, you dissin', I'm hittin'  
Listen, is it me or the industry to understand, I'm a whole different  
Breed of man, Bill Danze, Brownsville, Bronx and I'm servin' double And single shots on the rocks, nigga,  
what? Who gon' tame me?  
I'm a back block nigga and can't nobody change me  
You can look at me strangely keep yappin' at your dogs  
If I go up in your mouth, don't blame me, first family trainee  
Take what's mine, '99 is my time to shine, that's that Take it easy, fuck that, I'm ready yo I refuse to dilute  
jewels

For you fools on this radio, fizzy wo', suckas never played us  
They can't fade us, they hate us, they anus  
In fact when you touch 'em face to face, they stay in they place  
They know, I'm slayed up from the right side  
left five in one fist  
Shut up, shut up, now you wanna show love  
You hear the soft music in the background it's your brain on slugs  
Now, it's a dirty job but somebody gotta do it  
So I crept up, stepped up, got to it fire  
First Fam, ridiculous violators try to get with us, we quick to bust  
Them false dudes can't get wit us, hoes grillin' 'cuz we too tough  
Too real, too raw, too rough, first Fam, ridiculous fools try to move  
But them fools can't get wit us 'cuz we holdin', blastin', lowlin'  
Blastin', strollin', trashin', rollin', mashin'

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