Reservoir Dogs

Jay-Z

Fuck, shit is real right here
Roc-a-Fella, Lox, takin' the streets over motherfuckers
Don't get it twisted

Yo, aiyyo, aiyyo, aiyyoYo shut the fuck up 'fore I blast and banned from T.V. your ass

With no mask, look at the camera like what?

Yeah I did it like them sick white boys the court committed

To the death of me, I'm spaz like I'm on Ecstasy

Drop 100 bars for real like I'm lookin' for a deal

If I ain't hungry, who the fuck is, I'm worse than them African kids

I ain't straight 'til my numbers match the Motorola bid

And walk the streets up in the wild like I don't fuckin' care

If I ain't strapped that means I took 'em off my Nike Airs

Get off mine, y'all talk shit like little childrenWhen I ride mine like bitches when I walk up in the building

'Cause I catch tans in the winter, with wild whores

Jet-skiin', while you keep warm at corner stores

I make it hot, floodin' your block, the best way

Professionally, they'll find poison in your X-ray

As I get roasted lookin' at Biggie posted on my wall

Takin' shots of Louie 'til I fall

Nuttin' to lose, just load the clip up in the groove

And kick rhymes to the poster, 'til I swear big move

My team, you would think was on Thorazine

How we floss and don't give a fuck what it's costing Yo, yo, pressure bust pipes, it's time to apply it now

Pick out a quiet town and tie it down

Make niggaz lock it down, y'all know where to buy it now

Beanie Mac I supply it now

My squad roll deep, in foreign cars with two seats

Couple of 5's, a 6, a few jeeps

Bag enough coke to last a few weeks

In case niggaz wanna test, vest and a few heats

You really wanna test my name? And test my game?

Until you have me, test my aim?

Y'all niggaz nuts, like testriclesHit you up in your apartment buildin' vestibule

Perhaps it's best for you, to keep on walkin'

Heat from the noggin', keep on sparkin'

Platinum prezzie, Bezzie, stay sparklin'

Cop off the lot never see me at the auction

Pint of Bacardi darken, when it's hawkin'

Out on the strip, until I reach the margin

Not tryin' to meet the Sergeant, at the precinct

Eatin' cheese sandwiches, down for the weekend

Locked up with dirty white boys and RicansNow if I kill you I probably do ten in the box

Come down on appeal then I'm killin' your pops

You feelin' the Lox, nigga why you grillin' the Lox

If this rap shit don't work niggaz still in the spot

You bring it to me, I gotta lose your family

Gangstas don't die, they get chubby, and move to Miami

Shit is deep now dog, but it gets deeper

Fuck it, the weather's nice and the price is much cheaper

I put it on tape, you gon' buy it, I put it in a bag

You gon' try it, y'all niggaz can't deny itLot of cats still tryin' to study my last bounce

Tell you what, get a beat tape and a half ounce

They got me where I can't be without my large gat

Teflon long sleeve, and my hardhat

Don't matter if I'm openin' up, or headline

Doin' the speed limit or pushin' red lines

Six months in the county or fed time

I'm a be the 'Kiss nigga, until it's bedtimeAnything I'm on is a classic, any nigga

Ever had beef with, son is a bastard

Anytime I spit, spit acid, L O X

Ruff Ryder you heard? We got the game mastered

I told you the pain was comin'

You wouldn't listen

You tried to play me like a joke?

Now who got the last laugh?

Now take these bullets with you to HellYou motherfuckers is sick, don't think sauce the shit

So many niggaz on my nuts I thought I lost my dick

Picture me fallin' off, I'm camera shy

Hammers fly, might miss you, but your man'll die

What's the difference? Either way I'm stunnin' your crew

I fuck to win, y'all niggaz comin' to lose

Somethin' to prove? Spit it, we can have a spray off

I lay off wet niggaz and kill em on my day offAin't nuttin' for me to bust a trey off

Murder the whole month of April nigga, just to take May off

Run with more Germans than Adolf, you light crews

Now I concentrate on your camp, like Jews

Flow hot like a heatwave bitch

Whips fatter than them shits they beat slaves with

I'm a meal stackin' nigga who pull quick, still packin'

For you Phil Jackson niggaz on that bullI don't give a fuck who you are, so fuck who you are

I don't care about a pretty bitch, watch or a car

I don't care about your block and whoever you shot

I don't care about your album and whenever it drop

I don't care about your past if I did I woulda asked

I'm too busy lightin' 'dro with a whole lotta hash Far as this rap shit, I'm ten steps ahead of niggaz

Shootin' backwards, just for practiceRide or die nigga, hoppin' in your casket

'Bout to go to Hell with you, blow the L with you

Tell the whole world I'm spittin', let em know the shells hit you

I tell niggaz quick, suck dick and get a glock

My name ring bells like Sunday at 12 o'clock

I'm half past 7, bust 6 then 11

You know me, slide my man my joint say reload me

I ruffryde and pop a fella for Roc-a-Fella

Jay, what the fuck, spendin' MozzarellaI know pop you can't stand us 'cause you cock them hammers

Run in your crib, no prisoners, pop your grandma

Locked in the slammer? Nope, popped up in Atlanta

Crossed up in a drop I popped up the antenna

Whoa, watch your manners when my veins pop like scanners

Like raindrops you hear the thunder when I cock the cannon

Big thang, big chains, ain't shit changed

Get brained in the four dot six range

Shit main, switch lanes

Every town I hit, switch planes, bitch flipped Big Caine

Flow with no cut, you take it in vain to the brainMotherfuckers is noddin' and throwin' up, you know that

You don't wanna owe that man

He'll hit you, get the picture? Kodak man

Gotta, love for war, I don't floss no more

I just sit on my money 'til I'm above the law

How the fuck you gonna stop us with your measly asses?

We don't stop at the tolls we got E Z passes, nigga

Multiple cars and divas with D-classes

Iceberg sweat with I B on the elasticShit, bitch! What the fuck, ya heard me?

Put some more beat on that joint

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