Reverse

The Jazzinvaders

I'll never stop
I don't give a fuck
If it's me against a million billion of y'all, mother fuckers
I will never stop
I bust six out the roof of my Bentley Coup
Head shots so mother fuckers can't regroup, can't recoup
I'll be damned if you get more points than me
Sell more joints than me
Steal your faith, take a puff, inhale my name
Smoke on it, shit, choke on it
Bitch nigga, I'm ma make a hit nigga
Hot mother fucker down to the skit nigga
Game over playa and nigga ya scored low
Hit me later young and I'm at the award show
Bank account ten digits and it's all 'O's'
I floss the most shit, fuck the most hoes
Come on, you can even ask Don Juan
It's official now, they all rock Sean John
Might have to change my name to strong arm
You came to get money man?
That shit been long gone, come on
Have much to do with nigga since Nicolas Bond
Poppin' and choppin' until the day that I'm gone
Shyne poor 'cuz your dream come from one bottle
Prominent premier, premium bravo
Watch him explain, ain't nothin' but blood thug crime though
Shots in the spinal from my rivals
Cross the T's and dot the I's and
Pay the judge, drop the top, we'll mess around
Shit, it's the kid rapper's feelin'
You cowards don't know? I'd rather be racketeerin' somewhere
Bustin' shots in the atmosphere and
Not caring, fuckin' the prosecutor at my hearin'
Money laundering, honies wondering
Who me? I reply casually
Come, what God would be if He was a straight G
Tonight, too tight out of a big ditch we ride
Yo, yo, yo, it's your hide
Grab the rope and yell rawhide

Front line is pussy, call off sides
I'm focus but my hand is cross-eyed
I left my gun home, here borrow mine
Pop the nine like a judge 'All rise'
This gun'll knock plants off tall guys
We value-packs, y'all small fries
Yo, I'm from the projects
Yo, but on the floor tied
Don't matter, we'll take up all size
Truly yours doc, then PPP hide, my name is
Since five, I talk jive in church dressed in corduroy ties
Now I'm grown up and been married four times
Besides, I'm just a sight for soar eyes
Brick city, known pop the door wide
Stolen Bonneville in New York High
Reversin' the plot
Last come, first one to rot, first in the glot
If I miss, circlin' the block, servin' the pot
And I be the person to watch
If your girl missin' the rock, purse and a watch
Hot as it gets, from Hell came outta you debts
Buy the cassette, rewind it to death
Alota y'all sweat it, you try to forget
How I rock shit from N.Y. to Tibet
You got it to bet? That's just how you got into debt
You lost when you nodded your neck
Through the vest, through the chest that you tried to protect
Take the voice that you try to project, check
Darin' you to kid, cat shootin' sperm in you wiz
I'm why you smell herb in the crib
Man, I'm out for doubtful, shit, I spit a mouthful
Indo out-do, intro to outro
I'm the hottest thing spittin', so go warn your clique
Them niggas y'all look up to, is on my dick
Sauce motherfuckin' born to hit
I get so far up in your ass, think I was on some shit
Look, you against me is really nothin' to see
Who, when, where, what it's gon' be
I don't give a fuck if it's he or she
I'm the virgin of hip hop
Nobody fuckin' with me
I know your type, you a ride dick nigga
Cry sick nigga, lied quick nigga
Out of turn speakin', first one leakin'
Always the Suzuki side kick nigga

Bitches don't cast stones down, they throw bricks
Why I come through and tell 'em to blow dick
These nigga's the nicest? No, go fish
Sauce, you da best motherfucker, no shit
You're treated and competed, walk away from it undefeated
Observe it from over there, okay
Ain't it obvious we overheated
You talkin' that slick shit
But I jus' know that you meant me
But evidently, you don't know
I get your ass gone permanently
It ain't complex
I'll just bang holes or you're ablin' to ask who next
Do a drive-by on your project, take the traps
Come on and get some of our gun craps
I'll straighten out the nigga now
When I snap, make your chest cavity collapse
When I glide the entire map
With the frequent four alarm fire, rap straight up
Put weight down, fuck around, you ate up
And nigga when I eat, I mean I lick the whole plate up
Look in my eyes, I'm not scared
Sucka, you heard what I said
If you don't wanna get dead
No, it ain't no cure, ice cold in the low, the gorilla
The mo' scrilla the more real-la, I live to rule
Don't hold me back, you bet
How many nigga's think they fuckin' with mines
A nigga, God blessed with such an undeniable shine
I hope you know there's nothin' fresher
The manifester apply the pressure
Tie you up and gag you in your mouth with a piece of polyester
Now fix your fuckin' face up
Empty the chest of drawers before I stretch your jaw
Everybody hit the fuckin' floor
Only the real mother fuckers belong
I hope nigga's don't end the party before we finish the song
Bitch nigga
You be the last to come and harass, reflect on the past
When I used to pull spine outcho ass
Live nigga's go stack money, continue to bill shit
Long as I'm in this fucker, I'm determined to kill shit
Zap nigga's like cellular flips and swell up your lips
Fuck with so much dick in their ass, it's shrinkin' her hen house
Hey yo, before you empty your clip and pull at your trigger

Salute the legacy of these thoroughly recognized niggas

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