

# Takeover

## Eskaubei

R.O.C, we runnin' this rap shit  
Memphis Bleek, we runnin' this rap shit  
B. Mac, we runnin' this rap shit  
Freeway, we run this rap shit  
O and Sparks, we runnin' this rap shit  
Chris and Neef, we runnin' this rap shit  
The takeover, the break's over nigga  
God MC, me, Jay-Hova  
Hey lil' soldier you ain't ready for war  
R.O.C too strong for y'all  
It's like bringin' a knife to a gunfight, pen to a test  
Your chest in the line of fire with ya thin ass vest  
You bringin' them Boyz II Men, how them boys gon' win?  
This is grown man B.I., get you rolled in the triage  
Beatch, your reach ain't long enough, dunny  
Your peeps ain't strong enough, fucker  
Roc-A-Fella is the army, better yet the navy  
Niggaz'll kidnap your babies, spit at your lady  
We bring knife to fistfight, kill your drama  
Uh, we kill you motherfuckin' ants with a sledgehammer  
Don't let me do it to you dunny 'cause I overdo it  
So you won't confuse it with just rap music  
R.O.C., we runnin' this rap shit  
M-Easy, we runnin' this rap shit  
The Broad Street Bully, we runnin' this rap shit  
Get zipped up in plastic when it happens that's it  
Freeway, we runnin' this rap shit  
O and Sparks, we runnin' this rap shit  
Chris and Neef, we runnin' this rap shit  
"Watch out! We run New York"  
I don't care if you Mobb Deep, I hold triggers to crews  
You little fuck, I've got money stacks bigger than you  
When I was pushin' weight, back in eighty-eight  
You was a ballerina, I got your pictures I seen ya  
Then you dropped "Shook Ones," switch your demeanor  
Well, we don't believe you, you need more people  
Roc-A-Fella, students of the game, we passed the classes  
'Cause nobody could read you dudes like we do  
Don't let 'em gas you like Jigga is ass and won't clap you

Trust me on this one, I'll detach you  
Mind from spirit, body from soul  
They'll have to hold a mass, put your body in a hole  
No, you're not on my level get your brakes tweaked  
I sold what ya whole album sold in my first week  
You guys don't want it with Hov'  
Ask Nas, he don't want it with Hov', no!  
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Freeway, we runnin' this rap shit  
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Watch out! We run New York"  
I know you missin' all the fame  
But along with celebrity comes 'bout  
Seventy shots to your brain, nigga, you are lame  
Youse the fag model for Karl Kani-Esco ads  
Went from, Nasty Nas to Esco's trash  
Had a spark when you started but now you're just garbage  
Fell from top ten to not mentioned at all  
To your bodyguard's "Oochie Wally" verse better than yours  
Matter fact you had the worst flow on the whole fuckin' song  
But I know, the sun don't shine, then son don't shine  
That's why your lame  
Career come to an end, there's only so long fake thugs can pretend  
Nigga, you ain't live it you witnessed it from your folks pad  
You scribbled in your notepad and created your life  
I showed you your first tec on tour with Large Professor  
Then I heard your album bout your tec on your dresser  
So yeah I sampled your voice, you was usin' it wrong  
You made it a hot line, I made it a hot song  
And you ain't get a corn nigga you was gettin' fucked then  
I know who I paid God, Serchlite Publishing  
Use your brain, you said you been in this ten  
I've been in it five, smarten up Nas  
Four albums in ten years nigga? I could divide  
That's one every let's say two, two of them shits was due  
One was nah, the other was "Illmatic"  
That's a one hot album every ten year average  
And that's so lame, nigga switch up your flow  
Your shit is garbage, but you try and kick knowledge?  
You niggaz gon' learn to respect the king  
Don't be the next contestant on that Summer Jam screen

Because you know who, did you know what? With you know who

But just keep that between me and you for now

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Watch out! We run New York"

A wise man told me don't argue with fools

'Cause people from a distance can't tell who is who

So stop with that childish shit, nigga I'm grown

Please leave it alone, don't throw rocks at the throne

Do not bark up that tree, that tree will fall on you

I don't know why your advisers ain't forewarn you

Please, not Jay, he's, not for play

I don't slack a minute, all that thug rappin' and gimmicks

I will end it, all that yappin' be finished

You are not deep, you made your bed now sleep

Don't make me expose to them folks that don't know you

Nigga I know you well, all the stolen jewels

Twinkletoes you breakin' my heart

You can't fuck with me, go play somewhere, I'm busy

And all you other cats throwin' shots at Jigga

You only get half a bar, fuck y'all niggaz

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