

## The Dynasty: Roc La Familia

*Intro*

*Change the Game*

*I Just Wanna Love U*

*Street Is Talking*

*This Can't Be Life*

*Get Your Mind Right Miami*

*Stick 2 the Script*

*You, Me, Him, and Her*

*Giulty Untill Proven Innocent*

*Parking Lot Pimpin*

*Holla*

*1-900-Hustler*

*The R.O.C.*

*Soon You'll Understand*

*Squeeze You'll Understand*

*Squeeze 1<sup>st</sup>*

*Where Have You Been*



### Intro:

[Jay-Z]

It's the Dynasty niggaz... as promised...

The world's most infamous...

Roc-A-Fella Records...

This is Roc La Familia...

It's Young Hova... Beanie Sigel... Memphis Bleek... Amil-lion...

It's the Dynasty niggaz... 2000 to infinity...

This is ghetto to ghetto.. gutter to gutter..

Street corner to street corner.. project to project..

Worldwide... walk with us niggaz...

Hoffa... Dash... it's the Dynasty niggaz

Check it out...

Uhh... walk with me... talk to me... yo..

The theme song to +The Sopranos+

plays in the key of life on my, mental piano

Got a strange way of seein life like

I'm Stevie Wonder with, beads under the doo-rag

Intuition is there even when my vision's impaired, yeah

Knowin I can go, just switchin a spare

On the highway of life, nigga it's sharp in my sight

Oh! Keen senses ever since I was a, teen on the benches

everytime somebody like Enus was mentioned

I would turn green, me, bein in the trenches

Him, livin adventurous not worryin about expenditures

I'm bravin temperatures below zero, no hero  
No father figure, you gotta pardon a nigga  
But I'm starvin my niggaz, and the weight loss in my figure  
is startin to darken my heart, bout to get to my liver  
Watch it my niggaz, I'm tryin to be calm but I'm gon' get richer  
through any means, with that thing that Malcolm palmed in the picture  
Never read the Qu'ran or Islamic scriptures  
Only psalms I read was on the arms of my niggaz  
Tattooed so I carry on like I'm non-religious  
Clap whoever stand between Shawn and figures  
Niggaz, say it's the dawn/Don but I'm superstitious  
Shit is as dark as it's been, nothin is goin as you predicted  
I move with biscuits, stop the harder niggaz actin too suspicious  
This is, food for thought, you do the dishes

**Change The Game:**

[Jay-Z]  
Uhh, uhh, uhh, let's go  
Uhh, bounce, uhh, bounce  
Uhh, bounce, uhh..  
Shit relax your mind, let your conscience be free  
You're now rollin with them thugs from the R-O-C  
Sigel Sigel in the house

[Beanie Sigel]  
Uh-huh, sick bastard  
Get your wig pushed back by the wig push-backer

[Jay-Z]  
Uhh, uhh, Memph Bleek in the house

[Memphis Bleek]  
Still here, never left  
Still bust, more or less, still puff - beatch!

[Jay-Z]  
Uh, uhh, uh-huh-uh-UHH, uhh  
Young Hova in the house.. Jigga! Yeah  
Crist' sipper, six dipper, wrist glitter nigga!  
.. hold up love  
Everytime you see Jigga Man I'm rollin on dubs  
Don't forget about them blades shit choppin it up  
It's the motherfuckin Roc bitch, who hotter than us?  
Jay-Hov, bout to change my name to Jay Peso  
But in the meantime, call me William H. though  
On the platinum Yamaha, got the engine gunnin

Throwin it up like liquor on an empty stomach  
{\*cycle whizzes by\*} Y'all don't hear nuttin?  
Who that, Mac?

[Beanie Sigel]  
Nah dawg, that's M. Bleek comin

[Memphis Bleek]  
Who the FLUCK, want, what?  
Catch Bleek in South Beach out of the reach of the police  
Gat on my lap (yeah) bitch on my back (holla)  
Yak in my pocket, smokin the sticky chocolate (OO-WEE!)  
Holla if you want drama with

[Jay-Z]  
The Dynasty; Amil, Bleek, Jigga and..

[Beanie Sigel]  
Sigel - Desert Eagle dawg, who else but me?  
Roc ears, Roc-Wears, bandannas and white tees  
Me without a gun dawg, unlikely  
You know I keep the heat right under the wifebeat'  
Three-X-T, I'm Lincoln now, you can't see the pound  
Got a little gut so gat sit tucked (fuck)  
I run wild, gun high, L.A. style  
Bang the roscoe to the sunrise, plus I stay dumb high  
Whether block shit or rock shit  
Club shit or drug shit, I pop shit I got shit  
Get Sig' any track I'ma spit the talk to it  
Down South gon' bounce Crips gon' walk to it  
Get a ounce, get a woods, everybody spark to it  
Every dawg, every Blood in the hood, bark to it  
Get the ounce, get the woods, everybody spark to it  
We can smoke in here, put the choke in the air

[singer]  
Don't change the game for these hoes  
who plays the game like we supposed

[Jay-Z]  
Sigel Sigel in the house

[Beanie Sigel]  
Uh-huh, sick bastard  
Get your wig pushed back by the wig push-backer

[singer]  
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Still bust, more or less, still puff - beeach!

[singer]  
Don't change the game for these hoes  
who plays the game like we supposed

[Jay-Z]  
Young Hova in the house.. Jigga!  
Crist' sipper, six dipper, wrist glitter nigga!

I wear more bling to The Source and Soul Train's  
More chains than rings, niggaz won't do a thing  
I bangs the four-four in plain, daylight I'm deranged  
Spray right at your brain; by the way this is Hov'  
One shot Dillinger, one shot killin ya  
It's only one Roc La Familia  
Sigel lock Philly up, Brooklyn is me  
Matter of fact, the East coast fuck took it from me  
Fourth album still Jay still spittin that real shit  
Volume 3 still sold more records than Will Smith  
Can't call this a comeback, I run rap, the fuck is y'all sayin?  
Five million I done that, and I come back, to do it again (uh-huh)  
Ex-sinner, Grammy award winner  
Ballin repeatedly, highlights on Sportscenter  
Please repeat after me - there's only one rule  
I WILL NOT, LOSE!

**I Just Wanna Love You:**

[Intro: Jay-Z]  
Let's go  
Hov!  
Uh huh, Hov'  
You, are, not, ready  
Hov', unstoppable, Dynasty, young Hova

[Break: Pharrell Williams (J.U.I.C.E.)]  
I'm a hustler baby, I'm a hustler

I just want you to know, wanna let you know  
It aint where I been, it aint where I been  
But where I'm bout to go, top of the world!  
Now I just wanna love you, just wanna love you  
But be who I am, you know you love me  
And with all this cash, mo' money, mo' problems  
You'll forget your man  
Now give it to me  
(Gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff  
But don't bullshit me  
C'mon, gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff)

[Jay-Z]  
When the Remi's in the system, ain't no tellin  
Will I fuck 'em will I diss 'em, that's what they be yellin  
I'm a pimp by blood, not relation  
Y'all be chasin, I replace them, huh?  
Drunk off Crist', mami on E  
Can't keep her little model hands off me  
Both in the club, high, singing off key  
"And I wish I never met her at all..."  
It gets better, ordered another round  
It's, about, to go, down  
Got six model chicks, six bottles of Crist'  
Four Belvederes, got weed everywhere  
What do you say, me, you, and your Chloe glasses  
Go somewhere private where we can discuss fashion  
Like, Prada blouse, Gucci bra  
Filth Mart jeans, take that off

[Break: Pharrell Williams (J.U.I.C.E.)]  
Give it to me  
(Gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff  
But don't bullshit me  
C'mon, gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff)  
I said give it to me  
(Gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff  
But don't bullshit me  
Mama, gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff)

[Jay-Z]  
Yeah, save the narrative, you savin it for marriage  
Let's keep it real ma, you savin it for karats  
You wanna see how far I'ma go  
How, much I'ma spend but you already know  
Zip, zero, stingy with dinero

Might buy you Crist', but that about it  
Might light your wrist, but that about it  
Fuck it, I might wife you and buy you nice whips  
Ma, but you really gotta ride nice dick  
Know how to work your hips and your head's priceless  
Profess you love the Hov', and I'll never let you down  
Get you bling like the Neptune sound  
Okay, hot Hov', too hot to hold  
Ladies love me long time like 2Pac's soul  
Only way to roll, Jigga and two ladies  
I'm too cold, Motorola, two way page me, c'mon

[Break: Pharrell Williams (J.U.I.C.E.)]

Give it to me  
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Mama, gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff)  
I'm a hustler baby, uh, Hov'  
I just want you to know, Hov'  
It aint where I been  
But where I'm bout to go, Hov', Hov'  
Now I just wanna love you, young Hova  
But be who I am, know you love me  
And with all this cash, mo' money, mo' problems  
You'll forget your man

[Jay-Z]

Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Same song, I'm back, been around the world  
Ro-mancing girls that dance with girls  
From, Club Cheetah, to Club Amnesia  
The Peanuts in L.A., Bubblin' in Dublin  
Can't deny me, why would you want to  
You need me, why don't you try me  
Baby you want to, believe me, Hov'!

[Break: Pharrell Williams (J.U.I.C.E.)]

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You gotta...  
Give it to me  
Uh, uh huh

**Streets Is Talking:**

[Intro: Jay-Z]  
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Uh huh, Hov'  
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[Break: Pharrell Williams (J.U.I.C.E.)]  
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It aint where I been, it aint where I been  
But where I'm bout to go, top of the world!  
Now I just wanna love you, just wanna love you  
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You gotta...  
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### **Streets Is Talking:**

[Jay-Z]

Is he a Blood, is he Crip?  
Is he that, is he this?  
Did he do it? Y'know, ehh  
Look..

If I shoot you, I'm brainless  
Different toilet, same shit, and I'm sick of explainin this  
I'm waitin on arraignment, my nigga is the plaintiff  
Yeah, I know what you thinkin - fucked up ain't it?  
I shoulda known better, and I planned to  
but dog they be takin me out of my zone like a nigga with a handle  
I sat back and watched it, put the gats back in the closet  
I tried to tie my hands like an Iraqi hostage  
Let niggaz take shots at me, no response  
I just - flip and, pop my collar like the Fonz  
You give a nigga a foot he'll take you one step beyond  
He'll try to play you twice, the third time is the charm

You wanna conversate with the writer of the Qu'ran  
or Old Testament, don't test him then  
I know what y'all thinkin dick, pause  
Your future's my past, I've been here before  
I know when you're schemin, I feel when you plottin  
I got, mental vision, intuition  
I know where you goin I read your mind's navigational system  
Everybody whisperin - pst pst pst ss perspirin

[Chorus]

When the, streets is talkin, niggaz is gossipin  
Bitches all in your shit, what's the cause of it?  
I need to know.. geah geah  
Yeah yeah yeah, yeah..

[Jay-Z]

You see me with a bodyguard that means police is watchin  
And I only use his waist to keep my glock in  
But when shit goes down you know who's doin the poppin  
And if you don't know, guess who's doin the droppin  
S dot again, y'all got him in a bad mood  
Bad move; that's bad news  
How many times have I got to prove?  
How many loved ones have you got to lose  
before you realize that it's probably true?  
Whatever Jigga say, Jigga probably do  
Shit I paid my dues, I made the news  
I came in the door for dolo, blazed the crews  
And the streets say Jigga can't go back home  
You know when I heard that? When I was back home  
I'm comfortable dog, Brooklyn to Rome  
On any Martin Luther, don't part with your future  
Don't ever question if I got the heart to shoot ya  
The answer is simply too dark for the user  
And as a snot-nose they said that he got flows  
But will he be able to drop those before the cops close in?  
'Fore the shots froze him, and he's dead and gone  
from what the block has spoken, my God  
Everybody stressin, who's his baby's moms?  
Who he got pregnant, let me tell you, ahh...

[Chorus]

When the, streets is talkin, niggaz is gossipin  
Bitches all in your shit, what's the cause of it?  
I need to know.. chicka-uh-ah, ah-chk-ah-uh-ah  
Chicka-ch-ah, chk-ah-ah-ah

When the, streets is talkin, niggaz is gossipin  
Bitches all in your shit, what's the cause of it?  
I need to know.. gi-gi-gi, geah yeah uh, yeah yeah uh  
Yeah, yo, yo

[Jay-Z]

I seen my first murder in the hall, if you must know  
I lost my pops when I was eleven mmm twelve years old  
He's probably somewhere where the liquor is takin it's toll  
but I ain't mad at you dad, holla at your lad  
I grew up pushin snowflake to niggaz that was pro-base  
The stress'll take a young nigga, give him a old face  
All I did was smoke joke, think and drink  
Copped 'caine and complained, front row watch game  
I seen niggaz before me, with a chance to write they own script  
slip up and change the story  
I seen young niggaz go out in a blaze of glory  
before reachin puberty, scared a nigga truthfully  
I took trips with so much shit in the whip  
that if the cops pulled us over the dog'd get sick, SNIFF  
Smell me nigga? The real me nigga, minus the rumors  
Holla if you feel me nigga

[Beanie Sigel]

The streets is not only watchin but they talkin now?  
Shit they got me circlin the block before I'm parkin now  
Don't get it twisted, I ain't bitchin, I'm just cautious now  
Sub, under the parka, extra cartridge now  
Hit his click Sig' up you fell at it you're dense  
I get word to the street like Bell Atlantic express  
I feel the vibes and I hear the rumors  
But fuck it, I'm still alive and I'm still in Ju'maa I know 'stafALLAH  
Niggaz wanna press me, put my back to the wall  
But pressure bust pipes I know, I spat it to y'all  
To know me is to love me, you see me, can't be me, hate this  
Fuck you I got guns like Neo in +Matrix+  
Cross the Family, think Mac's sweet like Cairo  
or soft like Play-Doh get knocked off like Fredo - Corleone  
They find you with a hole in your dome  
I roll with niggaz that'll follow you and go to your home  
Thought you ball, but nigga you fall to my defense  
Catch you while you reachin, clip you then I cross you then I'm leavin  
Apply full court pressure  
like four-four ?? get you out of here, pull pressure  
to the trigger, bullets fly in three's  
You forever rest under bullshit, dirt lies and leaves

I do bullshit, dirt, tell lies then leave  
Look in my eyes, realize it's Beans  
Niggaz wanna despise the team; till I play head coach  
and straight up, divide they team  
Trade they man for some pies and a couple of things  
Til the bullet.. ah, motherfuckers!! Yeah..

### **This Can't Be Life:**

[Jay-Z]  
Geah.. whassup?  
Where's all my street niggaz, project niggaz  
Real niggaz, worldwide  
Let's reflect.. e'rybody got a story  
We all ghetto B - here's mine  
Geah

See I was -- born in sewage, born to make bomb music  
Flow tight like I was born Jewish  
Used the streets as a conduit - I kept arms  
38 longs inside my mom's Buick  
At any given moment Shawn could lose it, be on the news  
Iron cuffs - arms through it; or stuffed with embalmin fluid  
Shit, I'm goin through it - mom dukes too  
Tears streamin down her pretty face, she got her palms to it  
My life is gettin too wild  
I need to bring some sort kinda calm to it  
Bout to lose it; voices screamin "Don't do it!"  
It's like '93, '94, bout the year  
that Big and Mag dropped; and "Illmatic" rocked  
outta every rag drop, and the West had it locked  
Everybody doin 'em, I'm still scratchin on the block  
like "Damn; I'ma be a failure"  
Surrounded by thugs, drugs, and drug - paraphenalia  
Cops courts, and their thoughts is to derail us  
Three time felons in shorts with jealous thoughts  
Tryin figure where your mail is, guesstimate the weight you sellin  
So they can send shots straight to your melon; wait!  
It gets worse, baby momma water burst  
Baby came out stillborn, still I gotta move on  
Though my heart still torn, life gone from her womb  
Don't worry, if it was meant to be, it'll be -- soon

[Chorus: Jay-Z]  
This can't be life, this can't be love  
This can't be right, there's gotta be more, this can't be us

This can't be life, this can't be love  
This can't be right, there's gotta be more, this can't be us

[Beanie Sigel]

Chill dog  
Second oldest born, from Michelle Brown my mother  
Hell bound, grew with two sisters and one brother  
Pop wasn't around, so many stories that's another  
I'm thinkin damn; how my older sister gon' make me tougher  
When steel sharpens steel, I'ma keep it real  
I'm tired of tryin to hide my pain behind the syrups and pills  
Dead to the world, stretched out like a corpse for real  
Y'all niggaz thinkin what y'all readin in The Source is real  
What my life like, you lookin at the source, it's real  
What your life like? Mine dog, of course it's real  
Passin judgment, you niggaz second-guessin Beans  
Cause you don't eat swine don't make you Amin  
Dog you know a couple suras, out the Qur'an  
I guess you all on your din and I ain't on mine  
Stop that Akki, 'fore I send shots though your body  
Make 'em feel hell on earth before Allah drop thee  
I feel the line's drawn here, nuttin more can stop me  
Till them feds pick me up, or them boys pop me  
There's only three things that make Mac not act like Beans  
Amatullah Tisha, Po Aldin, Samir Amin  
My seeds dog, gotta teach 'em that before I leave dog  
Shit I know that I'ma see 'em when I leave dog  
I come back in the afterlife  
Like fuck it I done touched hell twice; what's the meanin?

[Chorus]

[Scarface]

Yeah.. uhh..  
Now as I walk into the studio, to do this with Jig'  
I got a phone call from one of my nigs  
Said my homeboy Reek, he just lost one of his kids  
And when I heard that I just broke into tears  
And see in the second hand; you don't really know how this is  
But when it hits that close to home you feel the pain at the crib  
So I called mine, and saddened my wife with the bad news  
Now we both depressed, countin our blessings cause Brad's two  
Prayin for young souls to laugh atlife through the stars  
Lovin your kids just like you was ours  
And I'm hurtin for you dog; but ain't nobody pain is like yours  
I just know that heaven'll open these doors

And ain't no bright side to losin lifel; but you can view it like this  
God's got open hands homey, he in the midst.. of good company  
Who loves all and hates not one  
And one day you gon' be wit your son  
I could've rapped about my hard times on this song  
But heaven knows I woulda been wrong  
I wouldn'ta been right, it wouldn'ta been love  
It wouldn'ta been life, it wouldn'ta been us  
This can't be life

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]  
This can't be life..

### **Get Your Mind Right Miami:**

[Jay-Z]  
Sup ma? You want to roll with us, y'knowwhatI'msayin?  
It's good, it's love, it's all love  
We got cases of Belvedere, we gon' play truth or dare  
We gon' really get to know one another  
All you gotta do is put your hair down, get your mind right  
Knahmean? I'm here for you, yo

Relax yourself, let your conscience be free  
You now rollin with them thugs from the R-O-C  
Ain't no place on the planet that you'd rather be  
but in the blue flame, bitch you're new to the game  
Cross over to the Roc, make yourself hot  
The topic of discussion in every nail shop  
It's a secret society, all we ask is trust  
and within a week, watch your arm freeze up  
Brassiere get right, A to a D cup  
Weave get tight, pedicure your feet up  
Ears get iced, gear get spiced  
From hoodrat to superstar, there's your life  
Fuck with Hova, he can take you out of your hell  
Say bye to Reebok, say hi to Chanel  
Say hi to Gucci, Prada as well  
Take a look in the mirror, be proud of yourself

[Chorus w/ singer]

[J] Get your mind right mami, get your mind right  
You gotta play your part when you're rollin with the R-O-C  
[J] Get your mind right mami, get your mind right  
You gotta know what it takes to be down with a nigga like me

[J] Get your mind right mami, get your mind right  
I need a gangsta girl, who can ride in my passenger seat  
[J] Get your mind right mami, get your mind right  
And I need gangsta girls, for my gangsta family

[Memphis Bleek]

Yo, I'm young Memphis, used to play the apprentice  
Now I'm like the teacher, c'mere, let me teach ya  
how to play them benches, hold this work in your dentures  
How to play it cool when police come to pinch us  
Relax mami, let the Belvy flow  
Inhale the 'dro, exhale it slow  
I could teach you how to roll, teach you bout fly kicks  
Teach you how to keep your nose up out of my shit  
When the beeper goes off, please don't reach  
like you put a ring or spend cheese on Bleek  
Get your mind right baby, goin through mine crazy  
When I'm in the shower, \*69 me crazy  
Track my last call, contact my broad  
with a bitch or two had physical contact in the mall  
You got issues {\*inhales\*} problems you need to iron out  
I will, holla, for now you on time out

[Chorus w/ singer and Snoop]

You gotta play your part when you're rollin with the R-O-C  
[S] C'mon little mama, c'mon  
You gotta know what it takes to be down with a nigga like me  
[J] Get your mind right mami, get your mind right  
[S] C'mon little mama, c'mon  
I need a gangsta girl, who can ride in my passenger seat  
[J] Get your mind right mami, get your mind right  
[S] C'mon baby girl, c'mon  
And I need gangsta girls, for my gangsta family  
[J] Get your mind right mami, get your mind right  
[S] C'mon little mama, c'mon

[Snoop Dogg]

P-I-M-P-ology

I played you and you paid me  
Believe me when I tell you girl I know you a freak  
for fuckin with me, that ain't all you can be  
Just put your mind to it you can go real far  
I know times gettin hard on the boulevard  
They say, pimpin is dead; man, pimpin ain't dead  
These hoes just scared and they blind tryin and dyin to be lead  
But who's to lead 'em? Talk shit to 'em and beat 'em

Get they mind right and feed 'em  
Now I don't need 'em (uh uh) but I can do that there  
Put on a three-piece suit and Shirley Temple my hair  
so I can, feel like a player when I walk in the place  
Got yo' bitch all on my line and now she up in my face  
Is this yo' bitch is that yo' bitch cause if she's not she mine  
She fallin fo' a nigga and I ain't even dropped a line

[Chorus w/ Snoop]  
Get out my limelight bitch and get your mind right  
C'mon little mama, c'mon  
Get your mind right bitch, get your mind right  
C'mon baby girl, c'mon, c'mon

You gotta play your part when you're rollin with the R-O-C  
[J] Get your mind right mami, get your mind right  
You gotta know what it takes to be down with a nigga like me  
[J] Get your mind right ma, get your mind right  
I need a gangsta girl, who can ride in my passenger seat  
[J] Got ta get your mind right baby, get your mind right  
And I need gangsta girls for my gangsta family

[Jay-Z]  
Get your mind right mami, get your mind right  
Get your mind right ma, get your mind right huh?  
Got ta get your mind right baby, get your mind right

### **Stick To the Script:**

[Clue] Yeah.. DJ Clue! A/K/A/, William, M. Holla..  
with William H. Holla

[Jay-Z] The world's most infamous

[Clue] The Holla family nigga

[Jay-Z] Roc-A-Fella Records, c'mon

[Clue] Dynasty! New Jay-Z! Beanie Sigel!  
Stick to the script!

[Jay-Z] We live money over bitches nigga stick to the script

[Clue] Remember where you heard it first.. stupid!

[Jay-Z] Cop, flip, we re-up; get back to the shift

Money over bitches nigga stick to the script

[Clue] D.. J.. CLUE!

[Jay-Z]

YO, they call me William H. (H!) the all-time great (GREAT!)

I fuck the most hoes out of New York State (STATE!)  
I rock my jewels (JEWELS) I'm not a fool (FOOL!)  
In the small of my back I got this big-ass tool (Ha hah!)  
When I'm skatin through the city and I stop and kick it  
Be the most asked question - how I got them digits?  
I say I stay on my grind, never stop for bitches  
Never talk like a mime I gotta watch you snitches  
And I stick to the script, that's my advice so live  
Eat nigga, let it stick to your ribs  
I seen niggaz go from handlin birds to ramblin words  
to the man, seen a Sammy the Bull emerge on the stand  
And it was all good just a week ago  
We lost Todd E., but we still eatin though  
For like a hundred weeks nigga, we gon' run the streets  
til we reach Malik or the date of E's release  
Peep Hova in a Jeep Rover, passin reefer over  
to this freak, breathe mami this is good weed mami  
Three, hymies under the belt, three extra clip  
We aim, we shoot; y'all shoot aim, we stick to the script  
C'mon!

[Chorus: Jay-Z]

Money over bitches nigga stick to the script  
We cop, we flip, we re-up; get back on our shift  
Money over bitches nigga stick to the script  
{\*scratch\* "You can bullshit with rap if you want, muh'fuckers"}

Money over bitches nigga stick to the script  
We cop, we flip, we re-up; get back on our shift  
Money over bitches nigga stick to the script  
{\*scratch\* "You in the streets nigga, make your moves"}

{\*scratch\* "Y'all niggaz truly ain't ready for this dynasty thing"}

[Beanie Sigel]

Geah, uh-huh  
Yeah, money over bitches nigga  
{\*scratch\* "This Philly cat ba.. back at it"}

Stick to the script, yo

Aiyyo they don't call me Mac for nuttin  
I don't give a whore jack, man they all say that Mac be frontin  
But if you can't take a case bitch and take it to the chin  
take the heat, beat your feet bitch, skate in the wind  
Don't snitch, we can blow dough, make it again  
You can be my hoe bitch, I can't make you my friend  
because - friends depend on friends, not Bean Sigel's shit

I don't need you; let welfare feed you  
Mac'll, stick to the script, and stick to the flip  
I got a sick whip game, water stick to the bricks  
I got a sick flip game, order gettin and shit  
I got a strict strip, flip 'caine, get it in shifts  
Bitch, you can't get at me, shit I get at you  
only in the physical, I tell you like Mystikal  
"Shake that ass (yeah) watch yourself  
(Yeah) show me what you workin with but wash yourself"  
Fuck a dirty bitch (yeah) man I roll with a sturdy click  
that'll murder shit, empty clips you never heard a spit  
Slide a bitch what? Slide a bitch shit  
Slide a bitch dick, then I slide out a bitch shit  
Ain't no time to stick around and play step pops  
Shit I'm tryin to get down, cop and upset blocks  
Low price, quick flip, 2-8-K quick  
Shit don't go right, 2 AK's spit - stick to the script nigga

[Chorus]

Money over bitches nigga stick to the script  
We cop, we flip, we re-up; get back on our shift  
Money over bitches nigga stick to the script

..

Money over bitches nigga stick to the script  
We cop, we flip, we re-up; get back on our shift  
Money over bitches nigga stick to the script  
Y'all get knocked, y'all turn bitch  
We get knocked, we never snitch, c'mon

### **You, Me, Him, and Her:**

[Clue] Yeah.. DJ Clue! A/K/A/, William, M. Holla..  
with William H. Holla

[Jay-Z] The world's most infamous

[Clue] The Holla family nigga

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Money over bitches nigga stick to the script

[Clue] D.. J.. CLUE!

[Jay-Z]

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I rock my jewels (JEWELS) I'm not a fool (FOOL!)  
In the small of my back I got this big-ass tool (Ha hah!)  
When I'm skatin through the city and I stop and kick it  
Be the most asked question - how I got them digits?  
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And it was all good just a week ago  
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For like a hundred weeks nigga, we gon' run the streets  
til we reach Malik or the date of E's release  
Peep Hova in a Jeep Rover, passin reefer over  
to this freak, breathe mami this is good weed mami  
Three, hymies under the belt, three extra clip  
We aim, we shoot; y'all shoot aim, we stick to the script  
C'mon!

[Chorus: Jay-Z]

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take the heat, beat your feet bitch, skate in the wind  
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I got a sick flip game, order gettin and shit  
I got a strict strip, flip 'caine, get it in shifts  
Bitch, you can't get at me, shit I get at you  
only in the physical, I tell you like Mystikal  
"Shake that ass (yeah) watch yourself  
(Yeah) show me what you workin with but wash yourself"  
Fuck a dirty bitch (yeah) man I roll with a sturdy click  
that'll murder shit, empty clips you never heard a spit  
Slide a bitch what? Slide a bitch shit  
Slide a bitch dick, then I slide out a bitch shit  
Ain't no time to stick around and play step pops  
Shit I'm tryin to get down, cop and upset blocks  
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[Chorus]

Money over bitches nigga stick to the script  
We cop, we flip, we re-up; get back on our shift  
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..

Money over bitches nigga stick to the script  
We cop, we flip, we re-up; get back on our shift  
Money over bitches nigga stick to the script  
Y'all get knocked, y'all turn bitch  
We get knocked, we never snitch, c'mon

### **Guilty Untill Proven Innocent:**

[Jay-Z]

I thought this was America people!  
Uhh, yeah, guilty until proven innocent huh?  
That's how we workin huh? Okay  
Before me there was many; after me there will be none  
I am the one  
Uh-huh, okay, I see how we playin

Yeah, I get it down - anxiously the public can't wait  
Niggaz had to have it way before it's release date  
Jigga get irate, press get it fucked up  
Took me one point eight but I had to get it straight  
Get the CD, twelve inch vinyl, get the tape  
Jigga give out food for thought dog, get a plate  
I get it down, get it krunk when I get in the state of mind

that what's mine is mine, nobody get to take  
I don't bend, break, fold, scratch, go down  
My mental rolodex see these words? I just don't know  
I know stress, drama, niggaz upsettin my mama  
Arrested, put in the lineup, tryin to put dents in my armor  
But I'm a survivor, plus I'm liver than most  
Out on bail, fifty thou', still ridin with toast  
I ain't tryin to collide with folk,  
but I don't want folk takin Jigga for joke  
I guess you niggaz just woke - good morning!

[Chorus - R. Kelly]

You can't touch me, no you can't touch me  
    Jigga, Kelly, not guilty  
Try to charge me but I'm not guilty  
    I got, all, my mamis  
I've got all of my mamis  
    Tell me, what you, want from me  
Tell me.. what y'all want from me?  
I'm not guilty

[Jay-Z]

I see how you comin at me now, I'm cool

I'm not the snitch I don't go to the cops to get rich  
.. I go to the block and pitch  
I go with the glock and click, I go with the pop I'm sick  
I go with you hard; I ain't gon' stop for shit  
Look in my eyes dog, right in my pupils  
If I'm your rival, why would I have to do you?  
Press try to throw dirt on my name, disturbin my game  
Seemed happy when they heard he was arraigned, glad he's indicted  
Got big money, big lawyers to fight it  
Just like Cochran, cocksuckers you never see me boxed in  
Y'all all knnow it, Jigga's a fighter  
Plus I'm clausterphobic, back on the streets before you know it  
And my word niggaz, I heard you niggaz  
I'm address each and every one of you cocksuckers  
Fuck the white press, the block love us, hip-hop forever  
B.I.G. is here, the soul of Tupac hovers - above us

[Chorus - R. Kelly]

You can't touch me, no you can't touch me  
    Jigga, Kelly, not guilty  
Try to charge me but I'm not guilty  
    I got, all, my mamis

I've got all of my mamis  
    Tell me, what you, want from me  
Tell me.. (I am the one)  
What you want from me? Not guilty

[Jay-Z]  
Uhh, okay, you on my radar, I got you too bitch

Got lame bitches tryin to fuck with my case  
Same lame bitch I bust in her face  
Honey just mad I got her fuckin replaced  
Plus a birthday pass without me even touchin my safe  
But I ain't gon' lie, the head was sick  
But what we need to do, is put that mouth on a betta bitch  
You heart the rhetorhic, Jigga hit me over the head  
with a champagne bottle at the bar, can he buy me a car?  
Naw, how do y'all equate your pain  
Would it all go away if I bought you a Range?  
I got one or two of those, nothin gon' change  
For nothin else, you gotta live with yourself  
Try and lie on Hov' cause I ride on the road  
in what, most would describe as a Rolls  
NO, that's that Continental T  
The only car that fit intercontinental me, not guilty

[Chorus - R. Kelly]  
You can't touch me, no you can't touch me  
    Jigga, Kelly, not guilty  
And you wanna charge me, when I'm not guilty  
    I got, all, my mamis  
(I am the one) I've got all of my mamis  
    Tell me, what you, want from me  
Tell me.. what you want from me?  
Not guilty

[Jay-Z]  
I, am, the, one  
[R] Y'all, cats, can't touch me  
Holla!

[R. Kelly]  
So you can't touch me nigga, you can't touch me  
    Jigga, Kelly, not guilty  
Said Jigga, Kelly, not guilty  
    I got, all, my mamis  
And I got, all my, mamis

Tell me, what you, want from me  
I don't, know why, y'all can't see that  
Y'all, cats, can't touch me  
Y'all, dudes, can't touch me  
Jigga, Kelly, not guilty  
Jigga, Kelly, not guilty  
I got, all, my mamis  
I got, all my, mamis  
Tell me, what you, want from me  
So tell me, what you, want from me  
Y'all, cats, can't touch me  
Y'all, niggaz, can't touch me  
Jigga, Kelly, not guilty  
Jigga, Kelly, not guilty  
I got, all, my mamis  
And I got, all my, mamis  
Tell me, what you, want from me  
So tell me, what you, want from me  
Y'all, cats, can't touch me

Jigga, Kelly, not guilty  
I got, all, my mamis  
Tell me, what you, want from me  
Y'all, cats, can't touch me

### **Parking Lot Pimp:**

[Jay-Z]

Yeh, it's that knock right here  
You fuck around not have the right speakers in your system  
your shit be soundin like this {\*funny sounds\*}

Big thangs, thick chains, ain't shit changed  
Get brain in the four-dot-six Range  
Shit mayn, switch lanes  
Every town I hit you switch lames, bitch flip big 'caine

I givin 'em whiplash when I'm whippin the whip fast  
Which one? Pick one nigga, I got a six stashed  
Continental T's, no tense like I got a thick stab  
Big cigar, old money, when I drop it it's so funny  
Six-four switches, slam doors on 6's  
Big trucks when I wanna fuck and it's time to get ass  
I turn automobiles to hotels on wheels  
I got money for a room it's just the fact that I'm trill  
Bitches love when I cruise up the boulevard  
They have contests to guess which car I'ma pull out the yard

They know I, come for dolo and pull off with a broad  
Spin away, spend a day tryin to pull menage  
Just mackin this gorgeous; sunlight hit the ice it's flawless  
Run lights like I'm the king of New York, I'm lawless  
Bitches, they wanna hang like plaques in the office  
Cause I push black Porsches, Benz's and Jaguars-es  
When the rag's off it, gat on my lap, I'm that cautious  
Never trust grimy-ass New Yorkers  
'Specially when you're sittin on 20's they get nauseous  
Standin in the Azure with white Air Forces

[Chorus: Lil' Mo]

You can catch me in the parkin lot  
Hollerin at bitches, parkin lot pimpin'  
Everyday we be off the chains  
Workin with grain, sittin on them thangs  
Tryin to find out where dem dollars at (dollars at)  
So when I holla at you, holla back (holla back)  
Everyday we be off the chains  
Ain't nuttin different, parkin lot pimpin'

[Beanie Sigel]

Holla at me mami! Sigel..

You can catch Mac in the parkin lot, pimpin crazy  
S-5, Navy 'Cedes, sittin on 80  
That's four dubs, not S-4 dub  
Stash box, push +Hot Wheel+ like +Matchbox+  
Bitches wanna push my world, they flash box  
160, push my wheel, mash cops  
Cause 160 took my wheel to cash drop  
Run 60, you Big Will, match cop  
Lookin through the rearview and Mac was wylin  
New driver, screwdriver, the cracked steering column  
Pushin somethin stolen, blastin, picture me rollin  
Baghdad, couldn't picture me ??  
Now the truth different, Mac come through Coupe roof missin  
I'm the truth til my fuckin roof missin  
Mac stay stuck in the Coupe to school pigeons  
Feathers gettin plucked in the truck from loose chickens, listen

[Chorus]

[Memphis Bleek]

Yo, ayyo I dip dip dive, what can I say?  
I can't fit 'em all inside the Escalade

So I called up, murder to further my parkin lot pimpin  
Told 'em get the Impala so I can start dippin  
Lay back, seat recline, they notice the hand  
Car movin slow, driven by the invisible man  
Everything on the dash, digital and  
I got a fast stashbox don't make me spit at you man  
In the parkin lot, where I spark a lot  
I come to show my new feet, slide off with a few freaks  
Bleek, turn up the beats..  
.. turn up the heat then we burn up the streets, bitch!

[Chorus 2X]

**Hola:**

Uh huh  
Is y'all ready?  
Is y'all ready??

HOOK 2X:

Holla!  
If you real and you know you a G  
Holla!  
Deep in these streets when you pumpin that D  
Holla!  
Be in your hood screamin fuck police  
Holla!  
You keep a gun and you bust for beef

[Verse 1]

Niggas say I'm focused now, they know that's my style  
But dogg, I'm on the block with that coke and a smile  
I still got the crack heads I.D.  
And they know, I collect for the first and fifteenth  
I still take cabs to that capsule spot  
For them 31 illusions and them purple tops  
And the game aint change, niggas is taught different  
I'm raised off one rule, never get caught slippin  
That's why I eat, sleep, shit with my gat  
Bag up, take a piss, fuck a bitch with my gat  
And I done sold it all from crack to marijuana  
You can't deny it, I'm in hoods like Tom Warner  
Beat cop, take away, I keep my shit  
They don't know I deliver off the beeps I get  
And you snitch ass niggas wanna peep my shit  
But I'ma show you how deep into these streets I get

HOOK

[Verse 2]

See what this game made, and \*of age I came\*  
And you up and coming rappers know you young to this game  
\*I went from Marcy to Hollywood, I'm back again\*  
I don't need no applaud, to clap again  
Let alone, no award, from rap to win  
Talk drama, get yourself wrapped up in  
Severe head trauma, get beat with the nine lime-a  
Cut your hand off if you fuckin with my product  
That slayed shit, I'm on the grave shift  
We all know fucked up money don't pay rent  
You short with my ones, you short one thumb  
You can't, come up short where the fuck I'm from  
We got, dues to pay, new tools to spray  
Who's to say, Bleek won't make news today  
You know the ooze'll spray if you refuse to pay  
And I move the yae nigga day by day

HOOK

**1-900-Hustler:**

[Beanie Sigel]

1-900-Hustler, Sigel, holla at your boy  
What's the problem shorty?

[Shorty]

Yeah whattup man  
I'm the only nigga from Brooklyn out here man  
I'm tryin to lock the spot down, holla at me

[Beanie Sigel]

Alright; hold on - Hova, line one

[Jay-Z]

Here's a couple of suggestions of how you could finesse it  
You find a dude in town, you send him a short message  
Say, "Hey, I'm new in town, I don't know my way around  
but I got some soft white that's sure to come back brown  
I get that butter all night  
cause most niggaz don't know a brick from a bike  
They keep buyin hard white  
And if you free tomorrow night we can meet and discuss price  
FYI, I never been robbed in my life"

Or -- you find a chick, shit, you hole up in her crib and  
let her introduce you 'round town like her man  
Shake hands, make friends like it's all innocent  
then -- before they look up you sellin the town cook-up  
Or -- gorilla pimp, come up on that killer shit  
Take a nigga brick, smack him, then you sell it back to them  
Still there Brooklyn?

[Shorty]

Yeah yeah that's gangsta, I think I'ma roll with that one

[Jay-Z]

Make out a check for eight hundred dollars  
Jigga Man, holla {\*click\*, \*dial tone\*}

[Beans] 1-900-Hustler, Sigel, holla at your boy

[Chris] Whassup Sig? This Chris out the Young Guns dog

[Beans] Whattup?

[Chris] I'm ready to smash these niggaz in the rap game

The niggaz takin too long with that advance money and shit

[Beans] Yeah

[Chris] Talkin 'bout chill, chill don't pay the bills

[Beans] Yeah I feel that

[Chris] I know you well connected dog

Let me holla at somebody real

[Beans] Aight look, I got the perfect person for you, hold on  
Bleek, line two

[Memphis Bleek]

Listen shorty, you wanna roll just give me the word

I ain't got time for a sentence all that shit is absurd

You find a strip first, if you don't cook find a bitch first

If you don't hustle find a nigga who pitch first

You new in town, no red and blue in town, there's gangs

Don't get fresh, let 'em know you small change

The strong move quiet, the weak start riots

We know you got a brick but sell 'em twenties til they tired

With no credit, you know you sick with that gotta eat fetish

and other niggaz who gettin it - DEAD IT

Make 'em an offer that they can't refuse

He resists, box him in, til he can't be moved

Here's the rules: chop it, bag it, stash it, stack it

Get in, get out - that's a O.G.'s classic

900-Hustler, you pass it around

Wanna speak to me direct, hit extension trey-pound, I'm out  
{\*click\*, \*dial tone\*}

[Beans] 1-900-Hustler, Sigel, holla at your dog  
What seem to be the problem young boy?  
[MDKHN] Yo whattup, this Murder Def Kill Homicide Nigga  
(??) I got two freaks  
[Beans] Yo watch your fuckin mouth man  
[MDKHN] Fuck you mean watch my mouth nigga?  
Been on hold for about two hours nigga  
[Beans] I don't give a fuck how long you been on the line;  
shut the fuck up! Matter of fact, hold on  
{\*click\*, \*classical type music plays\*}  
[MDKHN] I know this nigga ain't just put.. put me on hold man  
This bullshit-ass elevator music  
[Beans] Free, pick up line five

[Freeway]  
First things first, watch what you say out your mouth  
when you talkin on the phone to hus-tlers  
Never play the house, think drought, keep heat in the couch  
when you sittin in the presence of cus-tomers  
Never hold out, pull out, throw heat and be out  
if a nigga ever think that he touchin-ya  
Lay low, get cake, whip all over the state  
Stash dough, whip yay with, right amount of bake (hoe!)  
Nigga too close went right around his place (yo!)  
You stoppin dough when we clutchin the gats?  
I know you heard "Friend or Foe," this ain't different from that  
Make sure you got your four-four and he can slip if he like  
Young, Jon Benet daughter missin tonight and yo  
until you up stay away from them dykes and whores  
Three smuts, two straights and a dyke  
can pause one-three rumbles two streaks and a pipe for sure  
And if it's tight, then he might come back for more  
Nine and four, everyday back and forth  
Winter to summer, 1-900-Hustler  
Pass the number til you're stackin balls  
Tell you how to weigh shit wet and package more  
I take cash or write the check out to F-R  
two E's, that'll be two G's  
And forget my money I'm comin for all your ki's, nigga  
{\*click\*, \*dial tone\*}

[Beans] 1-900-Hustler, Sigel, holla at your boy dog  
[MDKHN] Yo whattup young, you put me on hold earlier man what happened  
[Beans] Yeah you stupid motherfucker {MDKHN: Watch your mouth man}  
you talkin all reckless on the phone

[Beans] Fuck you think this the,  
Get-Indicted-Hotline or somethin motherfucker?

[MDKHN] Yo, my bad man, my bad  
I know I was talkin reckless earlier about them two chickens  
You get it, you know, two chickens? But listen

[Beans] What?

[MDKHN] Just tell me how to move this shit man  
I'm pushin hardly half a wing back nigga, holla

[Beans] Get a job, holla at Perdue!

{\*click\*, \*dial tone\*}