

Intro

Kool G Rap & 38 Spesh

[Intro: 38 Spesh & Kool G Rap]

Hey yo

Yeah, yeah

Hold up, hold up

Yo, Domingo turn that beat up my nigga, nah'm sayin'?

Yeah, yeah, yeah like that

Hell yeah, hell yeah, hell yeah

Ay yo we 'bout to do this shit for NY my nigga

All day everyday baby, you know what it is man

Nah'm sayin? Fuck wrong with these niggas G?

Nah'm mean?

Niggas need reality checks baby, you know?

That's real shit, man

I'm tryna' tell these niggas, man, I'm a son of this shit man

I'm a son of gangsta rap, man, you know what I mean?

I'm a product of this shit, man, know what I'm sayin'?

I feel you young blood

That's real shit, man, see, you know what I mean?

I consider you one of the fathers of this shit man, nah'm mean?

No doubt, baby

Nah'm mean? Man, you always paint them pictures, man

It's time for me to paint my motha fuckin' pictures for these niggas, man

You know what I'm sayin'?

And I see you baby, the world is yours, you know what I mean?

It's a 38 thing poppin' off

Let's go

Nah'm mean? Trust come first

Shout out to the whole trust, nah'm mean?

KGR by my side

Hey yo, my nigga Prem' came through he dropped off some work

My nigga Pete Rock came through, he dropped off some work, nah'm sayin'?

Alchemist came through, he dropped off some work, nah'm mean?

My nigga Showbiz, he came through, he dropped off some work

Biz, what up!

You know we about to throw all this shit in the pot and get to cookin' man, nah'm mean?

Nah'm mean? I said my nigga Prem' right? He came through

Soulful nigga

You know, you know, you know we workin', let's go!

Yeah!

Throw that shit in the pot, man

We about to bring all this shit back, straight drop, man
This time is ours man, lets go!
Aight
Hey yo

[Verse 1: 38 Spesh & Kool G Rap]
Yo, huh, them dealings I was involved in
So-called gangstas gainin' recognition off our shit (That's our shit!)
Huh, had em throwin' up when I parked it
They feelin' nauseous, that's the definition of car sick (Car sick)
Huh, a resemblance of Martin (Yeah), Malcolm (Who?)
Huey and a mixture of Marcus (Wooooo) Garvey
But when I party I'm Mr. Marcus, I roleplay the boss and I fuck the whole office (Uhh)
Now let me tell you somethin' if you didn't know (Young blood)
Every chick that I'm with put it in her throat (Raw)
It's like a DWI when I'm with a hoe
She get privileges revoked 'cause she didn't blow

[Outro: Kool G Rap]
Yo, yo, yo, hold, hold up for a second man
Yo, yo, yo, sl-slow down, baby
Hit the brakes on em, 38
That's all you gotta push on 'em right now, nah'm sayin'?
You tryna' OD 'em, baby, nah'm sayin'?
Easy (Easy, easy, easy, easy)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>