My arms are heavy, knees weak, palms are sweaty Niggas want to see me gone already (uh) From this song on to song, you bout to be swept away Yesterday is long gone (uh) I took some time, to redefine my style I, kept my cool, summers behind the clouds (uh) You lames can't put me in the same category as a rookie Nope, my name ain't new Rappers can't push me, as high as I can Push myself, you not inspiring (uh) The stolen spot is open, I chose to not, listen And I don't even know what's hot or we dissing Or who's consistent or who's nice or not Who's on top, or who's wife is sniffing (oh) Or who's melting soon, to be failing All I know is the way, the streets felt bout "Boom"

Regardless, nigga pump yo brakes
Ya car is moving fast, we will lump your face (yeah)
Regardless, me and Cash will come
And take yo ass away far, nigga don't play (uh)
Regardless, the M-I-see
We kicking ass and taking names, you can't ID (uh)
Regardless, me and Tre is coming
Out to play wit you today, it's curfew

D-Elite! we coming wit the lighting and thunder Under the rain, to pump it, you need a jeep! (uh) You need at least some speakers, while ya glued To ya seat, from cruising, while I creep through ya system I'm gon' be heard, as God is my word Delivering the kind of murder, koch don't deserve The real will cop it, every label in the world Look out for me, I will kill yo roster (Yeah, yeah) I will shut this shit down! And on top of that, I could fuck yo bitch now It's hard to believe, that Columbia couldn't market me To do numbers like D-12 at least! I played myself, for radio play I never dance, but the skill it self, is a second chance (yeah) I'm back wit two's by me, start the beef I'm bout to part these streets, like "Bruce Almighty" (uh)