

[Intro]

Yeah

To all the real hardcore motherfuckers
Soft motherfuckers
With the bitches that don't give a fuck!

[Chorus]

Now who wanna diss to get they reps a little _bigger_
How many bitches wanna fuck this _yellow nigga_
You get your whole crew cut like a scissor
Watch this world shake from the album I deliver

[Verse One]

I threw a Brownstone at Brandy now she's Changing Faces
Standing in my Aaron Hall I'm Blackstreet packin suitcases
Goin back to Indiana, on the Subway
Soul For Real, missjones is my usher in church on Sundays
Clear the runways, cause I'ma make you rappers my examples
Avoiding battling me like I'm Eazy-E's blood samples
It's me and Carey, nah never wrote no rhyme that's ordinary
Won't throw my life away on coke like Darryl Strawberry
Removing you skeletal system playing your ribs like xylophones
I'm nastier, leave you scraped and ashier than Larry Holmes
But ladies I ain't always violent
You could pump pump until the dawn, like Adina Howard
Can't You See, I'm Notorious as Total get
Uptown Girls in bed, like Billy Joel do
Laverne and Shirle, give us any room we'll break it
Remember you was wack remember Ice Cube had a jheri curl
BAMMMMM!!!! Dead on your car horn chump
My beat get messy as abortion on the ninth month
Now who be that, slap, did iiii do that?
Now Whoopi Goldberg goes Steve Urkel
but I'll leave your grill The Color Purple
Give you a Dogg Pound, could even Dru Down
Provoke me album is weak your whole shit sound like karaoke
Conversation, loss of limbs amputation
Head meaning decapitation rough like Craig Mack derm abrasion
Evil tendency, strong like Miles Davis heroin dependency
Fuckin up lives like teenage pregnancy

[Chorus]

[Verse Two]

Them clowns like Will Smith got fast cars and fancy homes
But I'm headstrong, I could even break Puffy Combs
Some kids still doubtin and they girlfriend stalkin keep it real
We'll cross that bridge when we come to that Anita Hill
Now Ever_last_, will never _last_, with no ghetto _pass_
Leave you breathin hard like bitches at lamaze _class_
Niggaz are slippin when they sippin gin and tonic
smokin chronic Jersey niggaz packin more handguns than Harry Connick
My style is welfare, half of you bitches is on it!!
Was born with a halo, when broke, I had to pawn it
I stir up controversy and sell I'm like Sister Souljah
So bring out bum-ass Russell Simmons cuz comedy's over
The Lucci I'm worth is enough to deficit a nation

With media coverage like a hostage situation
(yeah and if you lovin them hoes you betta bounce back)
Tryin to make that bitch your wife she fucked
the whole New Jersey Drive (soundtrack)
High like Stone Temple Pilots, Pearl Jams on tour
Rrrraahhrrra rrrarhraarah I rips it like a chainsaw
Dig deep as truth go ahead and shoot your Karl Kani suit
in shock absorbing tired and I'm wide like a police informant
Pray with one eye open, shootin more Led than Zeppelin
Dysfunctional like the Jackson's, death is my obsession
You comin through with thirty cowards think you causin fear
Rush lookin bust in your boosted Donna Karan gear
Now fuck the po-po, beats down the five-oh
Been there, done that, do it again tomorrow nigga
Sometimes I vibe inside a spot where nobody else knows me
Until I come hot steppin like Ini Kamoze

[Chorus]