

People's Court

DJ Clue

1st verse
Yeah! Ah huh!
Yo yo! I gives a fuck
If you traumed up
Don Perignoned up
Niggas from where
Want what one slip
And get ya cherry balmed up
I got every arm
And my niggas homicide
And deadly come to ya gut B!
Guess ya done blon luck
Fucked wit the wrong one
Shawn Gun harm one
Two fuck y'all won do
Bastards niggas know I blast quick
As if y'all had to ask, shit,
Get ya ass twist
It's the rap's El Nino,
Get ya brain splitted
And I don't like pussy well enough,
To hang wit it, you ain't wit it
Same shit-it
Can't fuck wit the lame wit-itch
Soon as the slang spitted
If you came, you get it
Plain as the game,
Wit the pens witted on cosine,
And the whole nine
Leave you where I find yo ass...
Lost wit no sign,
Y'all so wrong
I'm the last nigga to roll on,
Got the vest on
Wit the pose on
When you guess wrong
I'm a press on, motherfucker!
Chorus- Fuck the Judge
Fuck the Jury
When ya warring wit me
It's peoples court
We hold court in the street
I gives a fuck about the D.A.
When ya see Jay
Betta crawl for yo heat
It's peoples court
We hold court in the street
Ya Heard Me!
Fuck the judge
Fuck the Jury
When ya warring wit me
It's peoples court
We hold court in the street
I gives a shit about ya play disc
Nigga dangerous
Watch ya language wit me
It's peoples court

We hold court in the street.
2nd verse
I gives a shit if it's small claims,
Like stealing ya bitch
Or if it's Supreme Court
Like stealing ya bricks
Look, my guns is all range
More pain, end it ran to
Whether you big money or small change
When I cock it ball guage
My pis-tals never miss trials
Here;s the daterrain
Wit no chance of parole
Bullets coming concurrent
I'm like why nigga
Try Jigga
You must remember
It's like being on trial for your life
Wit a public defender
Let the jury fill the seats up
Ans start the court calendar off
Wit jocket number nine-millimeter
All rise, the honorable Jay-Z presides
Instead of a mallet, I hold a tool
All upjections overruled
Stay deep in ya arguments
Hope you understand it,
Two guns, right over left
That's how I crossexam
Like Tom Cruise
Poppin' wit the Top Gun, you lose
Jigga no lie
And y'all can't handle the truth!
Chorus
3rd verse
No flow sicker
No cell could hold Jigga
Since I drop these
Tripled out, no coke kitchen victors
No contest
In a rhyme fest
I'm best
Under oath, raise my right hand
And I spit it honest
Know ya facts foreal
'fo ya decide to act I'll
When you blow trial
Ain't no coming back on appeal
It's murderone
Bail set at, a half-a-mil
It's murderone
For you raples motherfucker's
Red done, commit hate crimes
Fake rhymes, I hold in contempt
You get state time
For faking like you greater than him
So foulplay, that's ya charges
Pay ya fine at the desk sergant
Say sorry, and take ya property
I be sure to bend it
Flow splendid
No coke defendant
While you niggas hold trial

Wit no motions in it
Three-time felon
Third album
Locking it down for the term
Of Lifetime, Volume 2 nigga,
Court is ajourned!