

# Dat Be Dem

Fredro Starr

We them killas that you read about  
Playin wit them toys, and pullin heaters out  
Keep talkin shit and we gon air it out  
Takin other people money is what we all about

Aiyo, I roll wit the Gods and them, the stars and them  
Hundred thousand dollar dollar cars and them  
Firestar move deep like the mob and them  
America mafia dot com and them  
(Yo, dat be dem)  
The wild life, livin it up  
You get clapped for ya dough, instead of givin it up  
(Yo, dat be dem)  
Late nights, I-95  
Coke in the rye, flashlights searchin the side  
(Yo, dat be dem)  
Shots howl, rollin wit kings  
Thirty ninth street, B.D.'s bringin me greed  
(Yo, dat be dem)  
Goin uptown, coppin a war  
Real shit, Dominicans wit they glocks at the door  
Word up

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Aiyo, the deans we don't f\*\*ks wit them, or rocks wit them  
Before I get locked, I'mma bust shots at them  
Broke bitches never trustin them, or lustin them  
Pushin the back pocks so I can bust in them  
(But, dat be dem)  
After-party, sexin wit chicks  
Ex-out in the mornin, still f\*\*kin the bitch  
(But, dat be dem)  
Dice games 4,5,6  
Well it's a drought, niggas holdin bout 4/5 bricks  
(But, dat be dem)  
The bartender hold me a gat  
Gettin bottle after bottle, gettin sent to the back  
(But, dat be dem)  
Riker's Island, H.T.M  
On the visit niggas, bringin weed taped to they  
Timbs  
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Wild life, killa Queens, ya runs wit them  
My dirty Brooklyn niggas, get one's wit them  
Ferrari drop behind the Rover, that's my dunns and them  
Rob who? what my niggas keep guns on them  
(Dat be dem) X-5, GBM  
Signal lights in the mirror, bitches next to them  
(Dat be dem)  
Glassware, cookin up drugs  
In the club lost, lookin for love  
(Dat be dem)  
A hundred fans, chasin them down  
Bitch niggas in the projects, hatin 'em now  
(Dat be dem)  
Takin holes, a coke and ya grow  
Buyin clothes, just to open they nose and open they codes

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