

## Dyin' 4 Rap

Fredro Starr

[Fredro Starr]

The game is f\*\*ked up, ya niggas got me tired of rap  
Right now I'm not inspired by rap  
Ya niggas ain't Dyin 4 Rap, talkin bout iron for clap  
Ya niggas never fired a gat  
Never took it the streets, and supplied it wit packs  
I had feds in my house, trynna wire my cat  
In the wall, little cameras hidin in cracks  
Niggas talk about drug money, what cats you flip  
On the trains tellin bitches that you crashed ya whip  
You never seen cop killers wit the plastic grips  
Turn beef to some funky closed casket shit  
Blast a fifth, 16 shots, niggas ran 16 blocks  
16 niggas drop, ya niggas never seein the plot  
Never put greens on top, never put fiends on lock  
My elite niggas scream on cops, hustle dope  
Roll up, puff up smoke, parolin decode  
Standin on them corners wit them guns in they coats  
Had them same little muthaf\*\*kas under ya bed  
Gun to ya head, wake up, wanted ya dead  
End of the night, take ya light, I'm gettin ya back  
I'm twistin you back, cuz what ya niggas spittin on tracks'll  
Get you 16 or 8, gun cap, leave it at that  
Cuz ya niggas ain't Dyin 4 Rap

[Chorus 2X]

See, I'm what defines the streets  
The one that bitches dyin to meet  
The one ya thugs tryin to be  
Since I started, I can't count how many sound like me  
But can't none of ya niggas get down like me  
Can't none of ya niggas get down like me  
Can't none of ya niggas get down like me

[Fredro Starr]

Fuck this rap shit, f\*\*k the rhyme of the year  
I'm about to get away wit the crime of the year  
Bought a black dress that's for ya momma to wear  
Got bitch niggas run when the drama appear  
Streets ain't safe, six shots, tear ya face  
Fuck the jake, get caught, clear the case  
My upstate niggas rock razor scars  
Mess hall, smack niggas for they razor bars  
Got bitch niggas can't even play in the yard  
Kiddin ya self, on ya knees, pray to God  
Times is hard, ya don't know what that is  
Growin up, forced to live wit foster kids  
Back in '89 son, we couldn't cross the bridge  
Them niggas might off the six, take off ya wig  
What you know about L.A., flossin wit Big  
Five hundred drop, sunset, gun in my sock  
What you know about New York, runnin wit Pac  
First niggas at The Source Awards, bustin on shots  
Flossin the watch, only get you robbed or popped  
Puttin the box, murder right in front of the cops  
Nigga, we put the Def in Jam, takin you back  
'95, two million throwin they gats

'96, sellin guns and starp, Firestarr  
Ya bitch muthaf\*\*kaz ain't Dyin 4 Rap

[Chorus 2X]