Oh, oh, oh,

Yeah! Is the Raekwon Unstoppable shit, nigga! Come on, man! Sing that shit! I went to jail of a heart crap They made a mil of a hard rap I'm trying to feel what's beyond that (let's go!) So I put my faith all in God's ... I was lost, couldn't find me So how the fuck I end up in Ferraries? Just a young nigga in ... Now champagne spilling my Versacies, yeah Buzzing up these alcoholic leverages Passed out, barely know what day is Running, but the pain coming quicker That's why I put my life in the hands of these strippers. Think a devil in disguise, yeah Swear I looked the devil in his eyes I walked through hell to survive Then I found Heaven right between her thighs Tell these niggas I'm a rider In a court room, drunk, finger to your honor Started from the bottom at the bottom with piranhas Now it's sunset, strip salad like a ... Handcuff to a cell for all worries I bailed out, no respect, the world touring Fast cars, party hard, the same living Wake up in hotels with strange women, yeah!

Act like tomorrow won't come
Heavy on these streets like I weight ten tones
... this money for the paper I run
I can tell these niggas ain't on me on!
Homie, you can bat dat!
Yeah, yeah, homie you can bat dat!
You can bat me on!
Yeah, homie you can bat dat!

I brought killers to my dinner table Them boys did it to the dealers' table Hard to breathe when them killers face you Staring... tell me who you pray to? Caught up in a moment, hope I see tomorrow Till it's over, till that waitress bring us twenty bottles Trying to tell these kids, find a dream to follow! Don't follow me, I'm caught up in Caucasian models! Swimming in these bitches all for television ... with elevators in 'em! Coming from the ghetto, that's a hella way of living Bitches see the light, diamonds hell of dripping! Caught up in that life, I'm trying to make better choices Back street sweeping, in the back of the Rolls Royces Nightmares, waking and screaming, I'm hearing voices It's a long way back in the jet with all my voices.

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You can bat me on!
Yeah, homie you can bat dat!

Bro, bro, what's going? Yo, yo, what up? Your god is our body Flying through the hood in Maseraties and large bodies Moving through the town, involve... gangstas and God got me One man can take down the fam copy. Cisco on my glass, learn how to hustle, I can rustle In front of the children throwing cash Maino ain't like that. He can't flex it... he dyslexic What he did, new fly crib, new bang boat, New ratchet, new whip, new flip, new bitch, new kid Low kicks to the three bricks pinching... You sneaky fly niggas see the digs. Yeah, we're all best, went up Battle when the creature brings your casualties up... Don't get stopped!

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Homie, you can bat dat!
Yeah, yeah, homie you can bat dat!
You can bat me on!
Yeah, homie you can bat dat!
Take care of your,
I'mma take care of mine, nigga!