

It's Damu love, Dipset till we ride  
As long as you and I keep it movin' like a ol' key or  
Maybe a OZ or duckin' the police or  
Killa general, Capo killin' them O.G's and

You may see May bandana'd down wit Juelz and two girl up in Camden To  
wn

When the fans around  
Mail groupies, get a missile from the cannon round  
And I'm old school like Kangoo  
Tool erupt too, number 1 stunna, scout bunna up in bamboo  
Back to the U.K. where Dame was over  
S.A.S. been bunnin' like a waste disposer  
And the boy street credible, we silly wit' rhymes  
Wit' a voice that compare the dude to Biggie and Shyne  
If I rap about it now, then I'd get it later  
Flip a couple O's, you damn right I'll save it up  
I'll show you how to do this man  
(This is Roc-A-Fella for life)

This cru love, Roc-A-Fella til we die  
As long as you and I keep it movin' like a drive-by  
We can stack dough sky high  
Niggaz can't touch what they can't feel  
Real recognize real  
(2x)

Ay yo we true 5's, this is true life  
So it's only right that I give my cru love  
You wanna disrespect, you can get a few slugs  
Twist ya neck, wit the Tech, lick you with that new snub  
Think I'm playin' around, I'm sprayin' around  
The K or the pound, when it's gon' stay in ya crown  
This war scrap, get ya jaw cracked, stay on the ground  
The.4 clap, like a doormat, I'm laying you down  
Who want, trouble with me, frontin' like you bubblin' keys  
5, you ain't even doublin' cheese  
Since I got my face cut tryna tussle with thieves  
I let my bullets wanna bubba like the WB  
So get 9-11 I aint talkin bout them Porsches  
Since you get wit the bosses, shit is makin' me nauseous  
So I'm a harmless thug when I ride through  
Had that nigga throwin' up Blood like Piru  
Try, try who, you'll get hit bad  
Leave ya white tee same color as my Dip flag  
Eastside, Woo Woo