I hold it down
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Aight, Staten Island, what up? Yeah, Long Island, what up? Come on Jazzy Jeff, y'all

Philly, what's good?
Haha, New Jersey
Yo, I just had a Philly Cheese Steak
That shit was good as a muthafucka, baby

Yo, yo, who do it till the death?

Let the magnificent Jeff go do it to the rest

You see the difference, assumin' we a threat

Y'all just impotent, ain't no use of screwin' with the best, naw

I wrote a 16 and throw it in a tech Shootin' game at these fools now for foolin' with a vet, yeah It's Mr. Mef really, who did you expect? Another shit talkin? MC with booty on the breath, naw

Let's smoke somethin', let your dude hold somethin'
And this dudes coke runnin' till the blue coats comin' yes
Cruise still stuntin', radio still frontin'
And the stuff they still bumpin' got me numb, I feel nothin', Jeff

So I'ma get it like I spit it

Get my glass, you can fill it to the rim with the realest and

I'm talkin' back when Biggie Smalls was the illest

And the boys from Cypress Hill said ?How I Could Just Kill A Man?

Already knowin' how we go, let's get at your people I'm flowin', these streets know I hold it down And put it down with The G Code, Jeff, just let the beat go I'm reppin' the East Coast, so hold it now

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Until my nuts get room enough to breath I'ma break down the leaf, my brotha, crush the weed Not Puff Daddy, no boy, I puff the trees In a room full of crackers, I might cut the cheese

They called me Mr. I got what you need And a bag of sour dezz, you ain't gotta pluck the seeds, naw So hit the peddle, I'll bring you up to speed Nearly smashed up to Beamer, no more cognac for me

See, I'm in my backyard still cleanin'
All the fiends still fiendin', better deal with the demons and
I'm just bein' rash, I'm like what's the meanin'

'Cause as far as MCin' I ain't likin' what I'm seein', man

Nah, so M E F's on some other shit Feel it like that first piece of pussy, fell in love with it Y'all know what up with it, if I got my brother Get money, clothes, hoes, 24?s on the mothership

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