

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