

Salute Me

Swizz Beatz

Remix

Now, niggas salute me, bitches salute me
The block salute me, the hood salute me
You should salute me, they should salute me
So fuck who you are, I'm the motherfuckin' general

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Yo Esco's illin', Swizz Beatz illin'
What more can we say? Stop grillin'
'Fore you get hit up, shot up good
We'll murk you in your hood

I'm El Patreno, Nas the God, you lose your life
Whether on the corner or clubs, I'm shootin' dice
Break my cipa, I'll make it at you, slice you
Knife you, stab you, shank you, splat ya

Too many rappers is jealous, who be gassin' the fellows
Bunch of actors who never sold a crack in the ghetto
Went from Nas to The Esco, back to nasty
Clappin' that black heat
None of y'all are matchin' my level, I'm the general

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Nowadays, I'm on some mack shit
But I used to be loyal to tax, cracks
The nigga that would soil in your jacks
Feed 'em with trays the size of light bulbs
Coke so bright, it shine like white gold

And the hoes like Joe way before this rap shit
Before the Versace floors and the Rolls to match it
Joe's a bastard, I sell pussy for cheap
Make my bitch walk the strip with no shoes on her feet

Don't front for me, you kids is not ballin'
If you is then why is your wiz on my dick like I'm Jordan?
Ties swollen for no man with bold plans
Sick of this rap shit, why? Listen to 'Slow Jams'

I'm a grown man, the talk of the strip
Niggas think I'm Kev Childs that way I boss the fifth
Dogs, you's a bitch, I'm here to bring you a muzzle

Saying I'm peepin', I'ma bring you a muzzle
Get the point, general

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It's Cassidy, I get rock like a boat when you go fishin'
Ayo, listen, I'm the general like Tso Shim Shin
I'm so sick, you can tell by the expression on my face
That I'll get in that ass like preparation H

The weapon on the waist and I spray guns off
'Cause if it's beef, I'ma be on top of it like A-1 sauce
Pause, now who the truth? Me, who quick to shoot? Me
My four-fifth got kick like Bruce Lee

See, I'm a true G, hotter than soup be
Raw like sushi, you gotta salute me
You dudes see, I'll put in an order for you
I'll let the water boil, cook a quarter to the oil

I had it for sell but y'all fagots would tell
Go to jail and start singin' like Patti LaBelle
I ain't gon' back in a cell, you rat and you did
Fuck a vest, put a bulletproof hat on your head

When I'm clappin' the lead, I'll murder a nigga
And if he say he not the feds, then I'm servin' the nigga
I'm thirsty for the change, playin' games ain't a issue now
A bitch would give you AIDS nowadays if she kiss you now

I got that coke and that haze on my gristle now
We goin' to war, you gonna need more than a pistol now
They throwin' missiles 'round, you still tryin' to get a nine?
Uh, it's the last days, end of time

The terrorists jackin' planes, sendin' bombs to the Pentagon
They off the hook like intercoms
We just had a bad wintertime
So you know they gonna start to rob
And steal for a mil' when it's dinnertime

You still spendin' time focusin' on dumb shit
On the block smokin' but you broken on some bum shit
What the hell? You might as well put a suit and tie on
Jump in a casket and get ya die on