

# Swizz Beatz, Swizz N 4 Beatz

(feat. Shyne, Styles (The Lox))

[Swizz Beatz]

Ruff Ryders, 1-2, 1-2  
G.E.T.T.O. Stories, Swizz Beatz  
Makin' it happen  
Listen to what the fuck I got to say

I'm from the hood  
I love the hood  
I rep the hood, lived in the hood  
Started on the grind, started with a 9  
Motherfucker, I had to earn mine  
Nigga, a lot of niggas hatin', a lot of niggas watchin'  
A lot of niggas plottin', a lot of hearts stoppin'  
Uh, believe that, I'm bangin' with the beats  
I bang with the streets, I'm bangin' with the heat  
S - to the double - I - to the double - Z  
Niggas look at me - want no trouble B  
I'm just mindin' my business  
Makin' money, stackin' chips, just mindin' my business  
You can catch me in the 3-60 or, Odena, blowin' down the Pasadena  
The rebel appeal, go 'head, appeal, that bitch will squeal  
That's when that hoe's dyin', cause if I'm in court it's guaranteed I'm lyin'  
Fuckers, I had to get my business right  
Had to get my money right, had to get my label right  
You can hate all you want, I'm here forever  
Swizz Beatz part whatever, I'm here forever, bitch

[Shyne]

Swizz, Po  
Step out gangsta nigga  
Lay down

What you know 'bout rollin' out?  
Big Tec, big vest, hollow tips all up in that kid neck  
Po live it up, yellow stones lit it up  
Long John Silver's tell, it's the kid, nigga what?  
Some of y'all rap niggas is girls  
Hold my dick, gappin' and flappin'  
Fuckin' cartoons  
These niggas guns don't go off until they say, "Lights, camera, action!"  
Yo Swizz, tell them niggas, "Eat a dick"  
Gun up in your face bitch, that way we don't miss  
Unload the shit, then reload the shit  
And straight to the airport and unload some bricks  
No lie, you niggas see me comin' down the streets  
You'd think I was flyin', 12 cylinders  
Brooklyn is mine nigga, move over  
Yeah I'm talkin' to you - fuckin' dick blower

[Sung with female]

For all of y'all keepin' y'all in health  
Just to see you wild and enjoy yourself  
Cause it's cool when you fuckin' with a nigga like me  
Cool when you ridin' with a nigga like me

[Female Singing]

To all my Marla Mable bitches just (shine)  
To all my niggas keep it gully just (shine)  
To all the ghettos in America (shine)  
I'ma keep it gangsta till I die nigga (shine)

[Styles: The LOX]

Ya really ain't beefin'  
Ya wanna talk to God? Then my 9 is the phone line to reach Him  
I thought about it hard and long  
And came up with the answer to myself that God is wrong  
Cause if y'all that the best you can do  
To fuck with Paniro, then after these bars, I'm gone  
I'm harder than a year in the box  
My head is to pop without a Ox on a murderous block  
And they never {EDITED} for years, what?  
Cause if it 44 cells, I feel like its hell  
Been 22 niggas goin' off of the tear  
Time Magazine, P should get the "Boss of the Year"  
Tinted Magazine, you could get the "Corpse of the Year"  
Bout to kidnap the rappers, knock out they eyes  
So nobody gotta watch when I floss of the year  
And if you heard P spittin', then it's all for the ears, what?  
Motherfucka