That Nigga

Inspectah Deck

Four wheelers, pop the hatchet, blast that hitter
Honey times, money hurry, snap that picture
I wanna see the walls come down, if ya'll bout it
For New York, I cover the sport, like Marv Albert
One, two, when I exhale, the one-two
Lock it down, similar to Denzel in John Q
Fire the semi, with no ice, no Bentley
I'm just low fitty, throwin' limes in the Remy
There's so many fraud, how could you call that real?
I supply fire that'll forge the steel
Can't ignore the real, yeah ya forced the deal - With who?
With that nigga, that kid, you're sure to feel
Big money, big guns, big cars and all
Rock tally on the floor, at the Monster's Ball
From the 718 to the 310
Underdawgz, U.D,'s, the unsung heroes
They see me in the streets they be like - That's that nigga
Rebel I.N.S., ya'll know - That's that nigga
Girls of the world be sayin' - That's that nigga
All across the board they goin' - That's that nigga
Girls of the world say - That's that nigga
All across the board they goin' - That's that nigga
They see him in the streets they be like - That's that nigga
Rebel I.N.S., ya'll know - That's that niggaThe Movement, follow my lead, clock my speed
Number one with a bullet, that's cocked to squeeze
He's artist of the year, who can touch me son?
Like Jimmy Casta, trust me, I've just begun
And I won't stop, hoggin' the lane, droppin' my game
My dogs be, rockin' them chains, poppin' the same
In the distance, hawkin' my style, talkin' loud
Non-believers wonder how I'm talk of the town
Hate Me Now, like Puffy and Nas, I uprise
Never thought big guns would survive, but surprise
Now what nigga? Only drugs sell quicker
Been chained in the dungeons of rap and held prisoner
You'll find me, cruisin' the Ave., tool in the stash
My tomb blast you in the smash, movin' the mass
I'm comin' like the taxman for all their business
I'm bound by my honor, so ya'll bear witness
They see me in the streets they be like - That's that nigga
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Rebel I.N.S., ya'll know - That's that niggaA Titan like Steve McNair, be prepared
For the Top Gun, smokin' like weed in the air
Please beware, the Underdawgz roam in the yard
Postin' hard, approachin' get you closer to God
This is real life money, not a scene from a movie
U.D.'s tighter than the jeans on a hoochie
The groupies crowd the six-point-oh
If it's like that now, wait til this joint blow
Tell the world, the prophet has come, problem for some
The masses, holla for son, hot as the sun
That keep your eyes open don't you get caught sleepin'
Your boy get you bouncin' like a six four leanin'They see me in the streets they be like - That's that nigga
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