

Wrote: 2008
Song: Eyez On Da Prize
Album: N Da Studio

V1
Itz all da time,i gotta go hard,
if i wanna be known,
taken out,all u whack M.Ceez,
once i get,n my zone....
So everyday,i getz high as hell,
tune'n in,on my skanna,
haven visionz,of running da game,
like im Tony Montana....
Workn on some,of da dopest shyt,
i be puttn,on albumz,
like da rulez,2 my game u playn,
once my tapez,n hoodz klowning....
Being recognized,by undacovaz,
everytime,im at partyz,
treatn me like,a celebrity,
dat dey know,got warrantz.....
Not even worried,about no chix,
wantn 2 be,my main gurl,
kuz i be loven,so many chixx,
everyweek,im on tour.....
Being cautious,of record labelz,
failn 2 see,im a hustla,
in keepn all,of my royaltyz,
befo i pull,da pistola....
Wantn 2 make me,a million buxx,
befo a hustla,retire,
going out,as a undisputed,
heavy weight,holdn titlez.....
Bailn on stage,wit a hang over,
befo i start,gettn drunk,
n everyweek,after doing showz,
im leaven crowdz,awestruck.....

V2
Recordn a gang,of bumpn trax,
i gotta keep,n mothballz,
waitn until,da time is right,
befo i dust,u foolz off....
Neva slippn,kuz party bouncerz,
let me n,wit my weapon,
datz obvious,like stop signz,
u steppn n,my direction....
Holdn meetingz,inside of kourt,
bekuz i stay,lawyerd up,
incase of foolz,wanna play wit me,
about my millionz,of buxx....
Not ever wearn,no fake gold jewelz
n da hood,stakkn paper,
sportn a chain,datz heavier
dan a boat ship,anchor....
Fanz be haven,dey sharpies out,
befo my jet,even land,
wantn me,2 autograph postaz,
sayn dey my numba 1 fan....
Hugged up,wit celebrityz,
people think,i be screwn,
n dey really,just customerz,
loven my dope ass musik.....
From da ghettoz,of San Diego,
as i bail,thru da streetz,
not being able,2 think of noone,
dat can fade me,like bleach.....
Ditchn femalez,dat wanna akt,
like dey in-love,wit my kash,
lettn dem go,befo femalez,
get emotionally attached....

V3
Gettn arrested,all n da newz,
befo im out,kountn dukatz,
seeing my album,been out 4 monthz
n im still,da hot topik....
Hearn alot,of whak ass rappaz,
try 2 say,dat dey ill,
have no idea,who style dey biten,
until dey chix,disappear....
Wit a hustla,datz gettn mail,
befo u changen,yo tune,
findn out,im a coporate raider,
given u sukaz,da bluez....
Hittn up foolz,outside of partyz,
when dey all,lookn scared,
2 enter my set,like hauntedhousez
kuz dey know,2 beware....
4 my hommyz,datz alwayz lookn,
4 some sukaz,2 gank,
n deze lyrix,u hear me drop,
be taken over,yo bank....
Haven 2 flee,from da geto byrd,
gettn stoppd,by onetime,
wantn me 2 walk,yellow linez,
tryna say,i look fryed....
Befo i jump,n da studio,
2 finish up,on some traxx,
haven chix sing,2 a playa tipsy,
befo im bangn,on waxx.....
Workn 4eva,on albumz droppn,
every year,4 da summer,
alwayz spotted,on billboardchartz
dat stayz numba 1 forever....

Chorus:

Gettn my propz,from everybody,
wantn 2 know,what i got,
n after buyn,my mixtapez bumpn,
fanz be lookn,all shocked....
2 see a gee,not get no grammyz,
going off,on da mic,
n everyday, tryna make my millz,
keepn my eyez on da prize....



Wrote: 2013
Song: Swagga Jakkaz
Album: Kaddyz, Penthousez, & Yachtz

V1
From da jewelry, i sport n klubz,
2 da jayz, on my feet,
im trippn out, how everybody,
wanna be like, S. Dee.....
Thinkn dey lived, a ghetto life,
comen out, wit mixtapez,
rappn about, how dey selln dope,
maken my poketz, inflate.....
From break-dancen, at house partyz,
2 everynite, hittn fensez,
im n yo hood, mo'dan grafitti,
gettn up, on som buildingz.....
Laughn at foolz, who come around,
wearn Tommy Hillfigga,
thinkn bekuz, dey from da hood,
dey can call, a gee nigga....
N we started, dis ganksta shyt,
dat u foolz, tryna copy,
on zerox machinez, 2 make up flierz,
so u roll, 2 our partyz.....
Pissn off, all my adversariez,
wit my numerous stylez,
dat intrigue, all deze whak M.Ceez,
about me driven crowdz wild.....
Everyday, going off on beatz,
befo i fill, my canteen,
showing dudez, how 2 walk dis way,
like im RUN DMC. ...
Poorn out dranx, 4 my hommyz gone,
befo i floss, on u lamez,
now everybody, up n da party,
wanna be, from my gang.....

V2
We undisputed, world championz,
kuz we da best, n da game,
being targetd, by authoritiez,
tryna learn, all our slang....
Laughn at sell-outz, talkn down,
on us blax, like Bill Cosby,
failn 2 see, our blakk culture,
liftn up, everybody....
On da mic, on som conscious shyt,
as i give, my opinion,
not 2 trust, da government,
wantn a gee, thrown in prison,...
Spendn a thousand, on som jeanz,
everyweek, at da mall,
buyn a belt, by Luis Vutton,
so my Gucci, dont fall....
When im running, from undacovaz,
tryna pop me, wit green,
crackn da sidewalk, like som eggz,
bekuz im n, da game deep....
Watchn out, 4 da geto byrd,
think im moven, dem quarterz,
dat have celebrity femalez Twerkn,
aktn raunchy, as dey wanna....
Comen out, wit so many albumz,
im given sukaz, da Bluez,
borrown Lucille, from B.B. King,
when u dead, on da news....
4 tryna gank, how i Rock-n-Roll,
everynite, on da mic,
kuz everywhere, around da world,
u got foolz, tryna bite.....

V3
If it wasnt, 4 Hip-Hop,
alot of foolz, would be lame,
not overstandn, my ghetto slang,
everytime, i spit game.....
Wantn 2 akt, like dey is down,
wit us blaxx, n da struggle,
but guarantee, dey disappear,
telln da pigz, dat im trouble....
Being first, n my class 2 skool u,
when im slangn u saxx,
2 hear me spittn, Poetik shyt,
while we listen, 2 Jazz....
Trippn out, off u imitatorz,
tryna say, i aint fly,
bailn n klubz, n my new high-topz,
when u wanna, be like Mike....
Bustn on micz, thinkn dey hood,
workn as pigz, n da system,
wantn us geez, 2 believe dey ballaz
freakn gorgeous ass-women....
Tryna copy, my ghetto wayz,
kuz i believe, krime payz,
is why anybody, i think will rat,
layn dead, n a grave.....
Once dey see me, pikk up da mic,
dey steppn bakk, like Whoa!,
2 decipher, my ghetto flowz,
taken out, all yo domez....
Not being liked, by uncle tomz,
pointn out, my pantz saggn,
now everywhere, u look n see,
dey jumpn on, da band waggon....

Chorus:
Swagga jakkaz, can brag & boast,
about dey dooper, dan crack,
n style biterz, im taken out,
kuz im da coldest, n rap....
Hearn da laws, wanna ban Hip-Hop,
dat started out, n da bronx,
when dey see me, pikk up da mic,
im tryna make, Planetz Rokk.....

