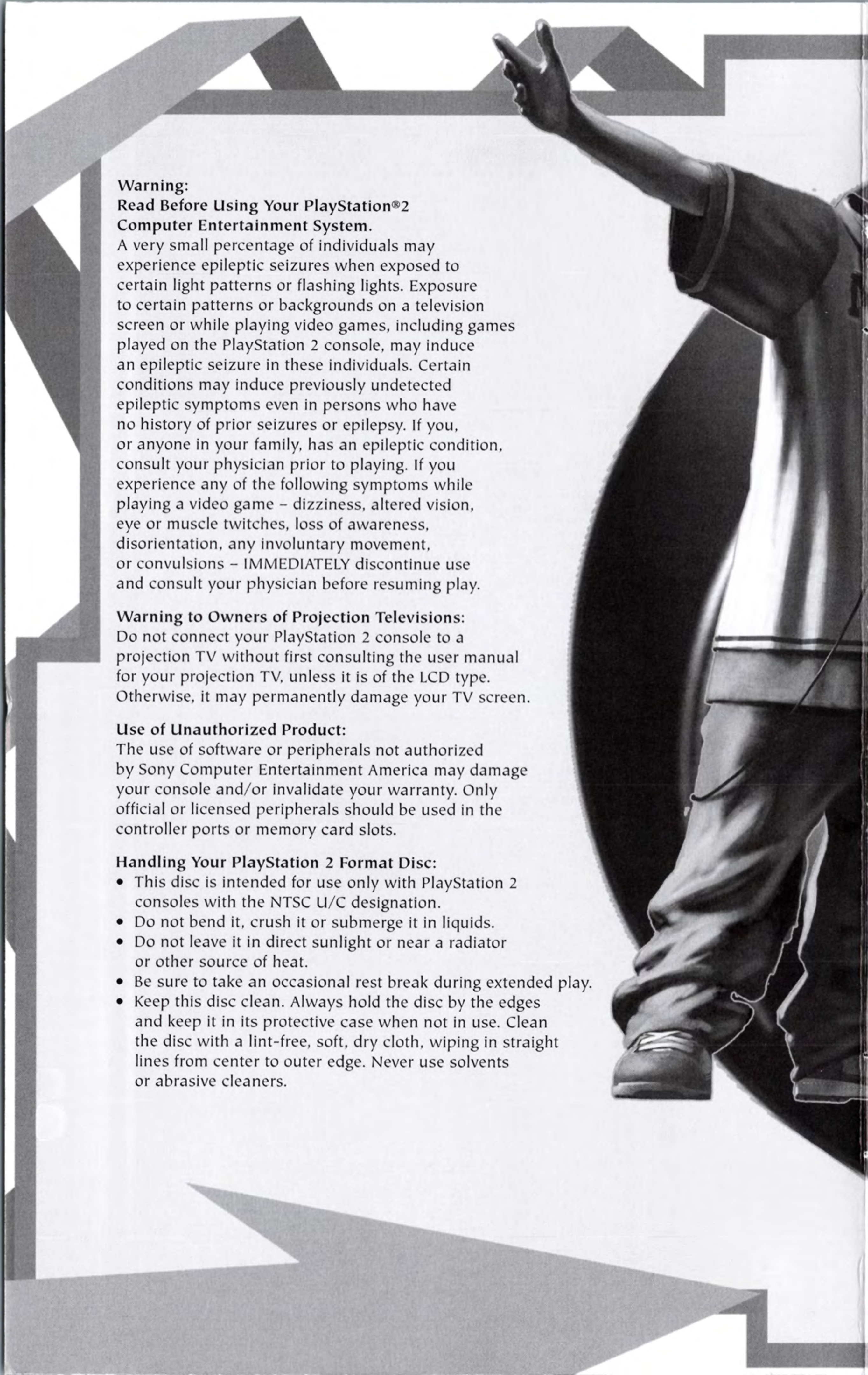


# GET ON DA MIC

TEEN  
T  
CONTENT RATED BY  
ESRB



eidos



**Warning:**

**Read Before Using Your PlayStation®2  
Computer Entertainment System.**

A very small percentage of individuals may experience epileptic seizures when exposed to certain light patterns or flashing lights. Exposure to certain patterns or backgrounds on a television screen or while playing video games, including games played on the PlayStation 2 console, may induce an epileptic seizure in these individuals. Certain conditions may induce previously undetected epileptic symptoms even in persons who have no history of prior seizures or epilepsy. If you, or anyone in your family, has an epileptic condition, consult your physician prior to playing. If you experience any of the following symptoms while playing a video game – dizziness, altered vision, eye or muscle twitches, loss of awareness, disorientation, any involuntary movement, or convulsions – IMMEDIATELY discontinue use and consult your physician before resuming play.

**Warning to Owners of Projection Televisions:**

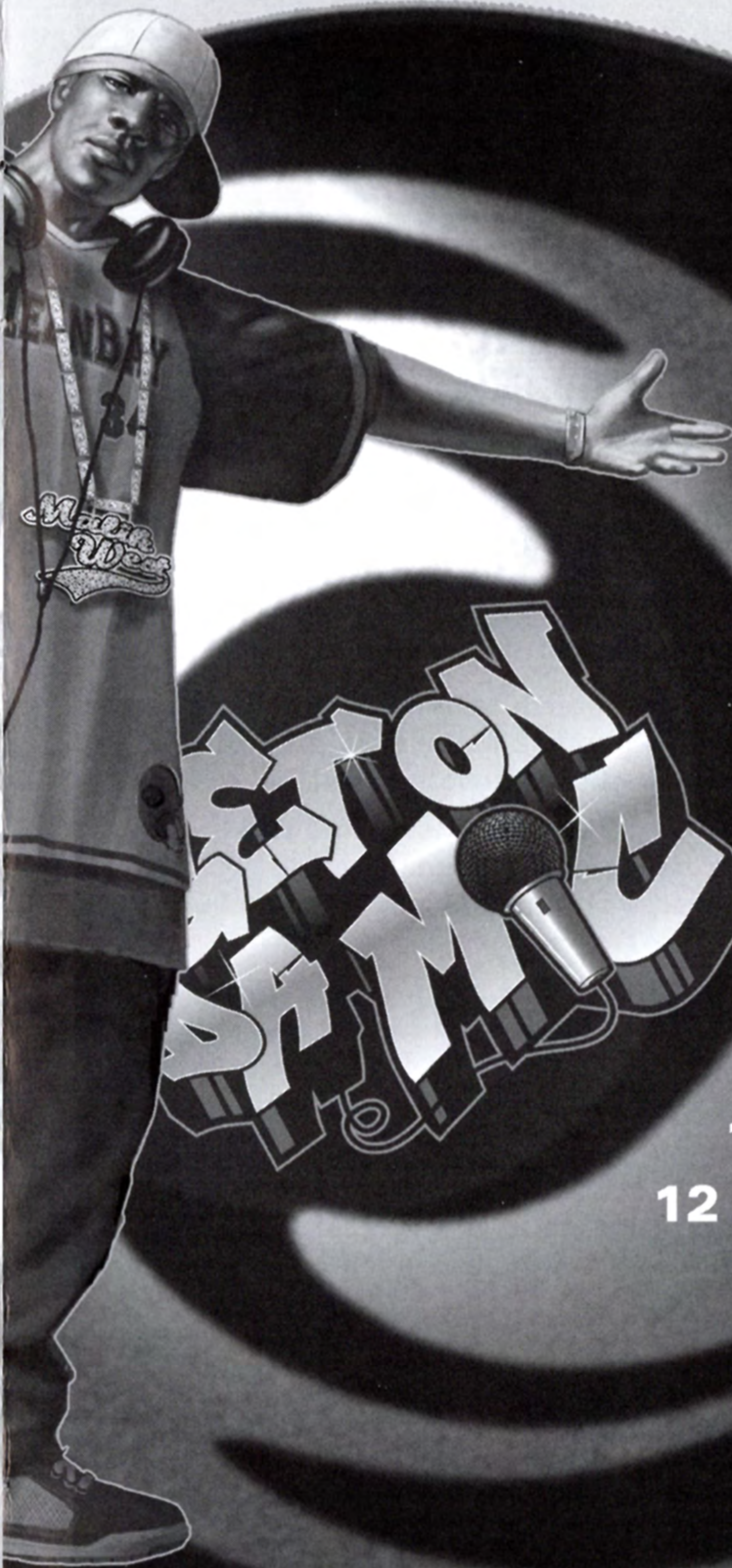
Do not connect your PlayStation 2 console to a projection TV without first consulting the user manual for your projection TV, unless it is of the LCD type. Otherwise, it may permanently damage your TV screen.

**Use of Unauthorized Product:**

The use of software or peripherals not authorized by Sony Computer Entertainment America may damage your console and/or invalidate your warranty. Only official or licensed peripherals should be used in the controller ports or memory card slots.

**Handling Your PlayStation 2 Format Disc:**

- This disc is intended for use only with PlayStation 2 consoles with the NTSC U/C designation.
- Do not bend it, crush it or submerge it in liquids.
- Do not leave it in direct sunlight or near a radiator or other source of heat.
- Be sure to take an occasional rest break during extended play.
- Keep this disc clean. Always hold the disc by the edges and keep it in its protective case when not in use. Clean the disc with a lint-free, soft, dry cloth, wiping in straight lines from center to outer edge. Never use solvents or abrasive cleaners.



**2** gettin' started

**3** game controls

**4** gettin' in the game

**5** modes

**6** play it

**8** characters

**9** spend

**9** levels

**10** songs

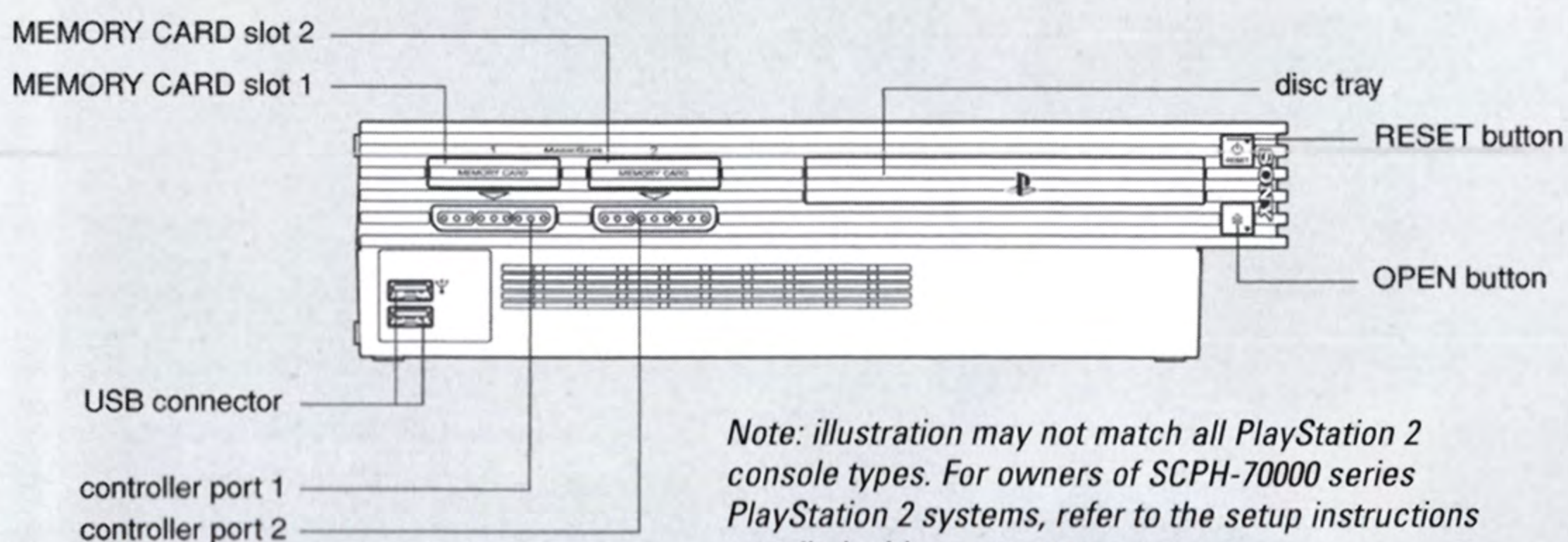
**11** beats

**12** lyrics



Uses Bink Video. Copyright ©1997-2004  
by RAD Game Tools, Inc.

# Gettin' Started



*Note: illustration may not match all PlayStation 2 console types. For owners of SCPH-70000 series PlayStation 2 systems, refer to the setup instructions supplied with your system.*

Set up your PlayStation®2 computer entertainment system according to the instructions in its Instruction Manual. Make sure the MAIN POWER switch (located on the back of the console) is turned ON.

Press the RESET button. When the power indicator lights up, press the OPEN button and the disc tray will open. Place the **GET ON DA MIC** disc on the disc tray with the label side facing up. Press the OPEN button again and the disc tray will close.

Attach game controllers and other peripherals, as appropriate. Follow on-screen instructions and refer to this manual for information on using the software.

## Memory Card (8MB)(for PlayStation®2)

To save game settings and progress, insert a memory card (8MB) (for PlayStation®2) into MEMORY CARD slot 1 of your console.

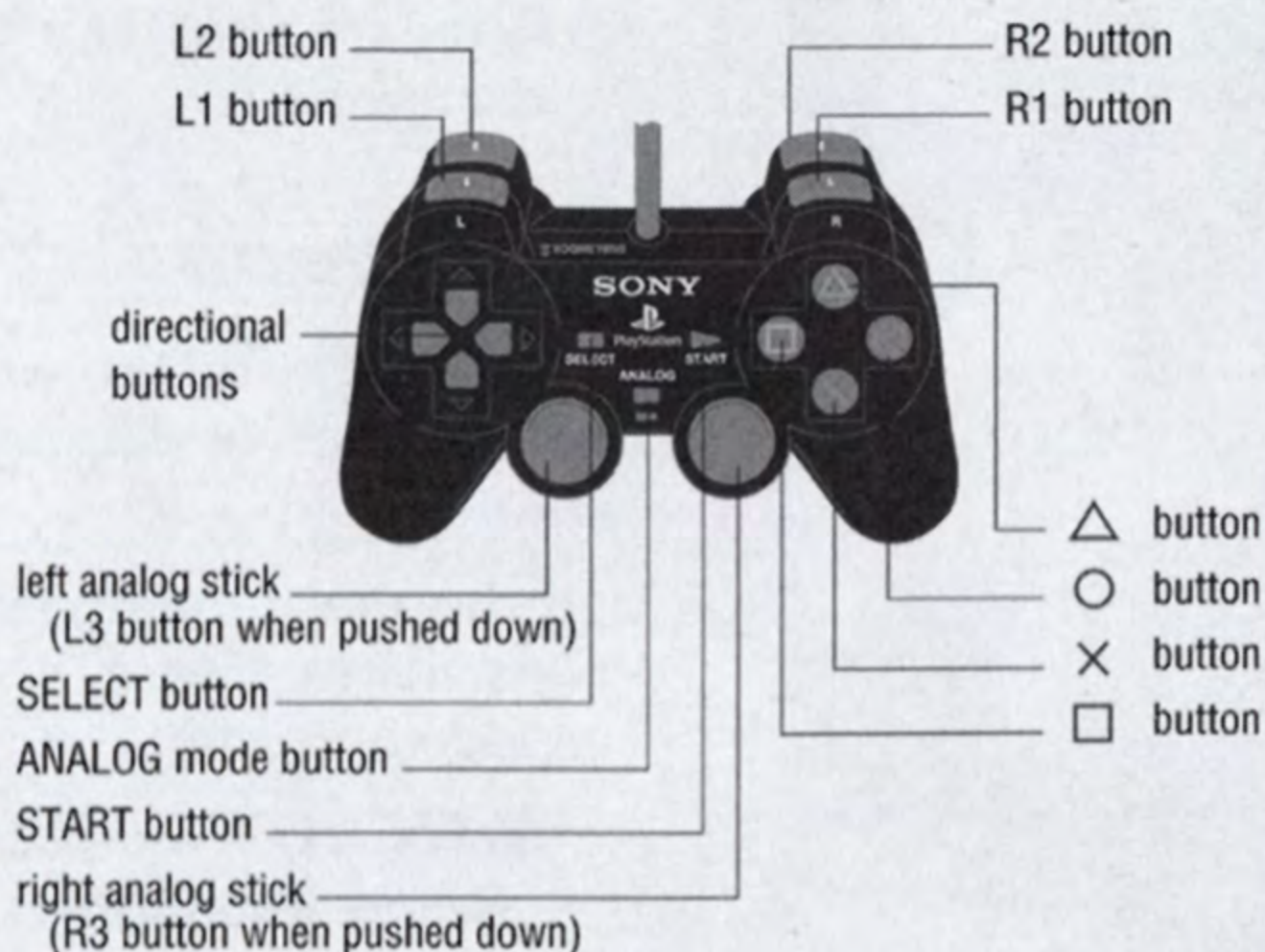
- At least 299KB of free space on the memory card is required to save game data.
- This game supports saving and loading of game data in MEMORY CARD slot 1 only.
- You can load saved game data from the same memory card or any memory card containing previously saved **GET ON DA MIC** games.

# Game Controls

## DUALSHOCK®2 Analog Controller Configurations

**GET ON DA MIC** is a 1-to-4 Player game.

- Connect the DUALSHOCK®2 analog controller to controller port 1 before starting play. The controller is used for menu navigation and in-game volume control.
- Connect a microphone or headset to the either USB port to sing. In multiplayer games, you "pass the mic" as each player takes a turn. For best results, position the mic about an inch away from your mouth.
- This game supports the EyeToy® USB Camera. Put yourself in the picture!



### *menu navigation*

directional buttons	select option
left analog stick	rotate character 360
⊗ button	confirm/proceed
⬆ button	cancel/back
⬜ button	special options, such as spend, etc.

### *in-game controls*


<b>L1</b> / <b>R1</b> buttons	increase/decrease global volume
directional buttons	←/→ open live volume adjuster/cycle options/ leave idle to close ↑/↓ increase/decrease volume
⬆ button	positive crowd reaction in non-scoring modes; increases freestyle score
⊗ button	negative crowd reaction in non-scoring modes; decreases freestyle score
▶ button <small>START</small>	pause/open pause menu

# Gettin' in the Game

## Title Screen

- Appears shortly after you start up the game.

## Main Menu

- Press the  button on the title screen to display the main menu.
- Use the menu navigation controls to select a game mode:



**SINGLE PLAYER** access all single player modes (more: pg. 5)

**MULTIPLAYER** access all multiplayer modes (more: pg. 5)

**TUTORIAL** architect your hip-hop style with no pressure

**EYETOY** start here when playing with the EyeToy® USB Camera to access both single player and multiplayer EyeToy modes

**EXTRAS** view game credits and high scores for different songs, including character name, song, level, difficulty and \$\$

**OPTIONS** configure various game settings (more: pg. 5)

**SAVE/LOAD** you gotta save to keep moving forward (eight save slots per memory card are available; after than you overwrite saved games) and you gotta load to continue saved games

# Modes

## Single Player

**CAREER** build your path from rags to royalty

**EXHIBITION** train your abilities in one venue for the highest scores

**PRACTICE** original karaoke mode where you be the pro

**FREESTYLE** make your own sound on beat tracks or songs



## Multiplayer

**COMPETITION** you're judged and rewarded for your "pro-formance"; tangle with friends for the highest score as you "pass the mic" in turn

**CO-OP** mingle with a friend and combine your talents for the highest score

**PARTY** everyone takes a shot "rapaoke"-style

**FREESTYLE** back-to-back battle; be the hottie with the hottest rhymes; press the controller buttons any time for money and comments from Sway; press  $\Delta$ / $\times$  buttons any time to "thumb" your opinion of the performer



## Options

**MUSIC** tend to the volume of the background music track

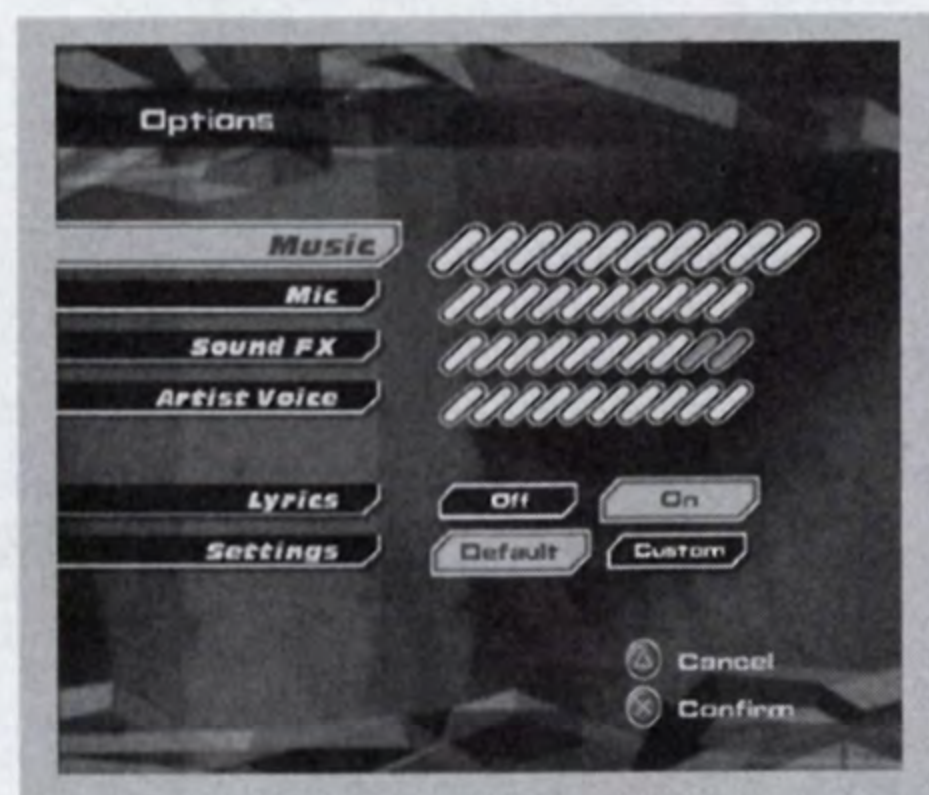
**MIC** adjust the volume of the mic playback through the speakers

**SOUND FX** set the sound effects volume

**ARTIST VOICE** adjust the volume of original lead vocals

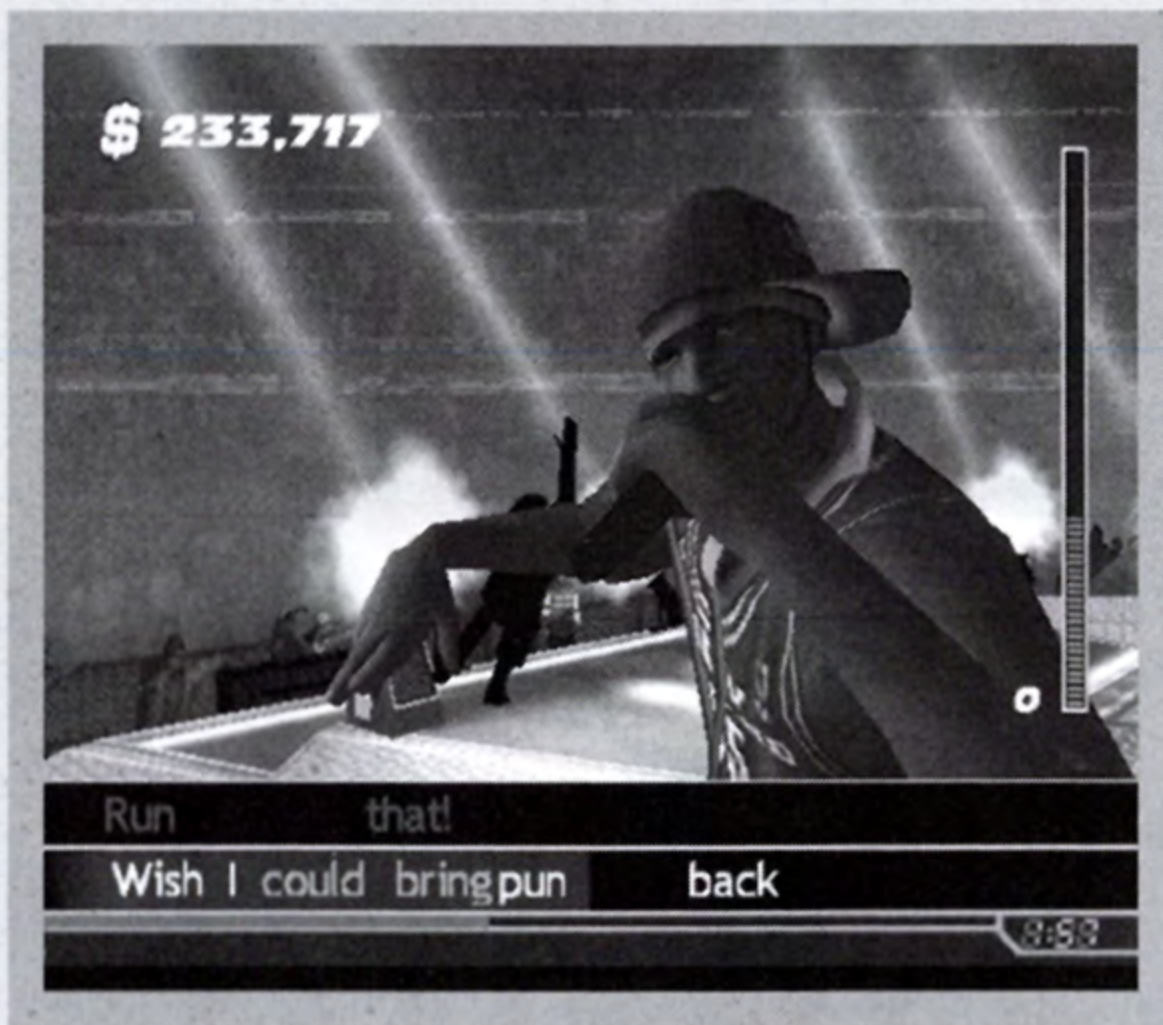
**LYRICS** display the song lyrics, or don't

**SETTINGS** restore the original default settings or retain your custom settings



# Play It

*cash you  
earned*



*rock da  
mic meter*

*lyrics  
lyrical  
flow*

*clock*

As in any decent hip hop event, in **GET ON DA MIC** you are judged by the way you sing. So the more you train, the better you become!

To begin, select a:

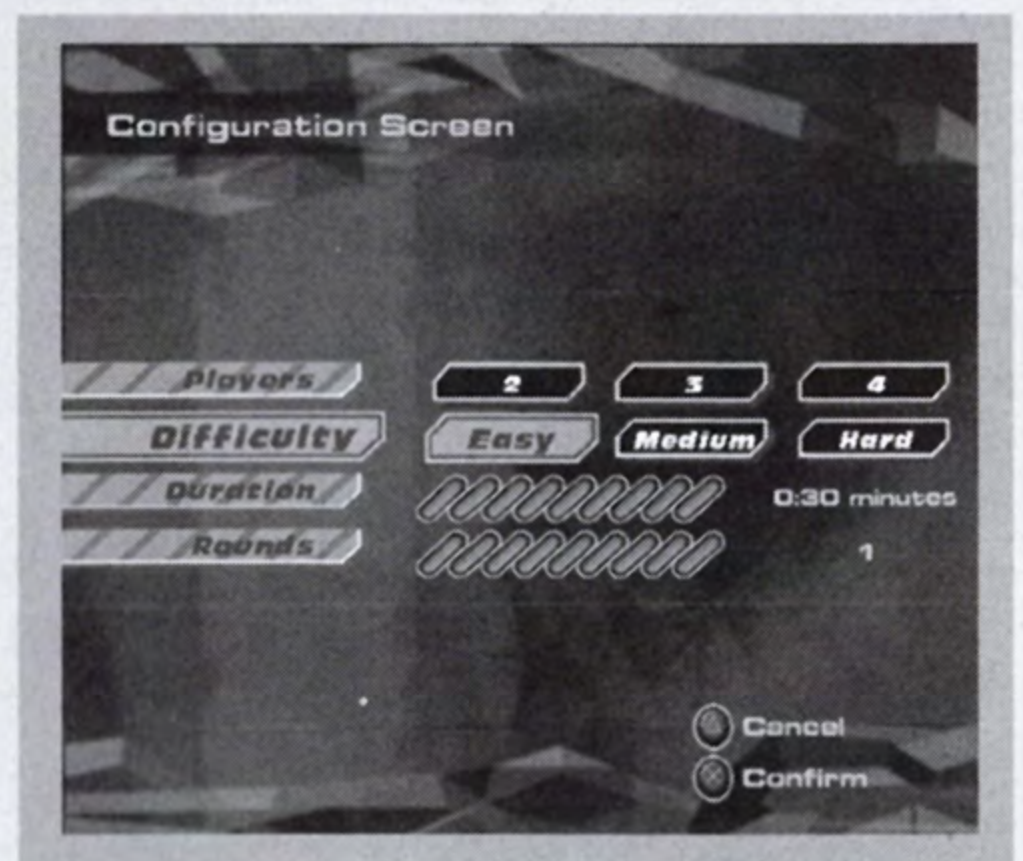
**CONFIGURATION** single player: difficulty; multiplayer: number of players, difficulty, match duration in minutes, number of match rounds; freestyle: duration

**CHARACTER** (more: pg. 8)

**SPEND** (more: pg. 9)

**LEVEL** (more: pg. 9)

**SONG** (more: pg. 10)



## **Cash You Earned**

Your wealth is earned by performing. It increases when you sing and decreases when you spend.



## ***Lyrics***

While you are singing, lyrics scroll across the bottom of the screen (if LYRICS is ON in options mode). You have to sing them by imitating the artist who made them famous. Respecting the beat is high priority. The color of the words evolves with your performance:

**WHITE** you rock   **GREEN** you did good  
**YELLOW** so-so   **RED** very poor

## ***Lyrical Flow***

Every few lyrics, Sway tells you how you're doing, ranging through bad – nice – good – perfect. This directly affects the cash you get. Cash is also linked to your level and accuracy.

## ***Rock Da Mic Meter***

The ROCK DA MIC meter fills up (or down) according to your lyrical performance. It awards you with special bonuses for power performances and initiating on-stage ROCK DA MIC moves.

## ***Clock***

The clock counts down the song duration in minutes/seconds.

## ***Chosen One***

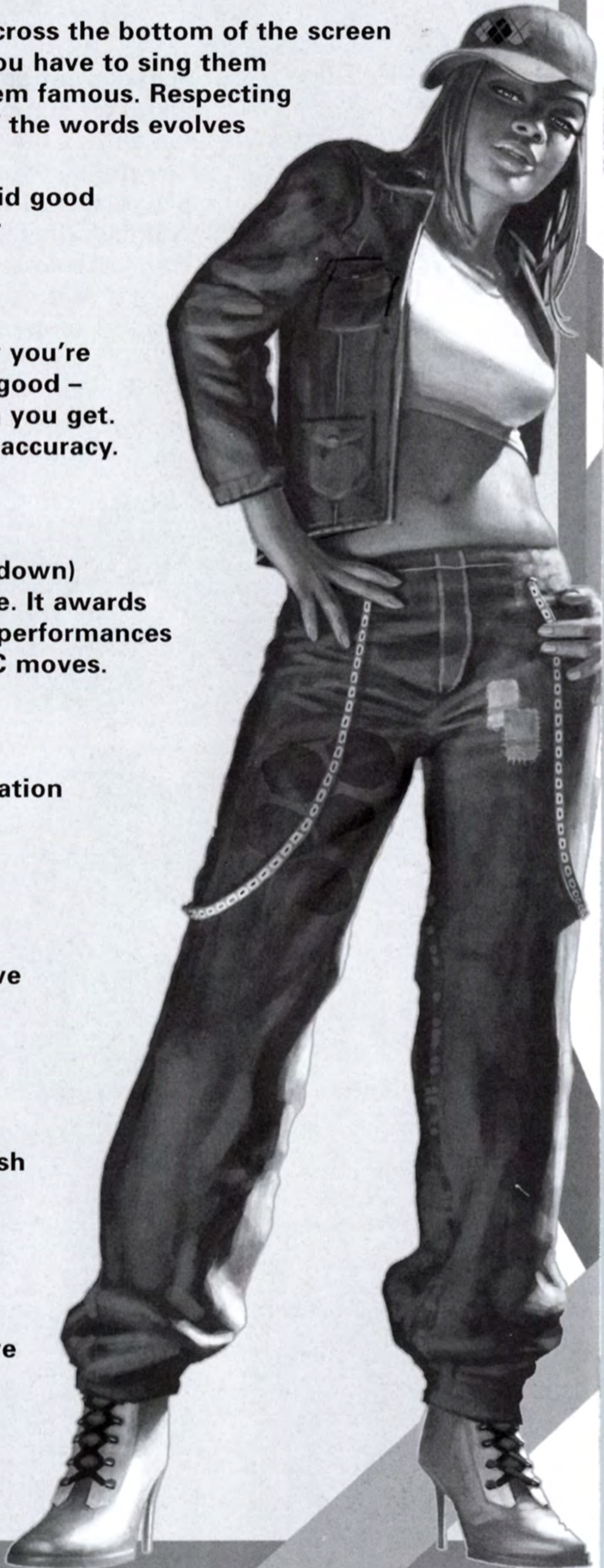
At the end of the song, your success or failure is revealed and you can save your game.

## ***Status***

The status screen summarizes your performance, showing how much cash you earned and the max number of ROCK DA MIC moves you made.

## ***Move On***

Finishing a level means you can move up to the next one.



# Characters

In career mode, the character summary also shows the character's score, progress and career difficulty level.

Do well with these rappers to unlock more dudes and divas.



**BABY T** 19, miami, south

**MALIK WEST** 19, oakland, west

**TRICIA ALLEN** 25, harlem, east


**BIG STACKS** 27, brooklyn, east

**KENIA** 21, atlanta, south

**FLOW-ON** 21, los angeles, west

... and more ....

# Spend

Get cash and you can improve your character with new gear, shine, crib, car, etc. (Press the  button on the character summary screen.) The cost of your purchase is deducted from your total cash.

**HOUSING** studio, house, villa, mansion, castle

**RIDES** lowrider, SUV, sportscar, truck, motorcycle, yacht, helicopter, plane

**JEWELS** rings, earrings, bracelets, belts, necklaces, mics

**CLOTHING** jackets, jeans, shoes, hair, hat, eyes, skin

**ELECTRONICS** sound system, giant screen, home studio, projection room

**LUXURY** art, jacuzzi, swimming pool

**ROCK DA MIC** unique ROCK DA MIC moves



# Levels

To advance from level to level in your career, you must prove that you got what it takes. You are always alerted about the person you have to convince in order to go ahead. Succeed in convincing the main target of your performance to stay in the level, and you win!

**MIRROR** train in your personal sound studio (aka bathroom)

**BLOCK** be a thrilla for the crowd on the corner

**PARTY** sing for people who have high expectations

**CONTEST** shine the brightest on-stage

**MIX TAPE** record for the first time

**FINALS** prove you da best

**SHOWCASE** make sure the right person notices you

**ALBUM** record for real

**LAUNCH PARTY** everybody is in da Club, so don't disappoint

**VIDEO** make music video history!

**WORLD TOUR** no way you'll fail!



# Songs



You can choose from at least eight songs for each level in career mode. (In other modes, you can choose from the entire playlist of 40 tracks from the beginning of play.) The higher you progress, the harder it is to sing these songs correctly.

A song's difficulty is represented by stars: the more stars, the more difficult the song is. In career mode,

difficulty is preset to easy. Once you complete a song, you can sing it again at increasing difficulty levels: easy, medium, then hard. In all other game modes you can play the song at any difficulty level.

**GET BUSY** lyrics: pg. 12

**ANTE UP (REMIX)** lyrics:  
pg. 12

**GET BY** lyrics: pg. 13

**BABY GOT BACK** lyrics: pg. 13

**BEWARE OF THE BOYZ** lyrics:  
pg. 14

**DUDE** lyrics: pg. 14

**MA, I DON'T LOVE HER** lyrics:  
pg. 14

**THE JUMP OFF** lyrics: pg. 15

**POSSE ON BROADWAY** lyrics:  
pg. 15

**HEY MAMA** lyrics: pg. 16

**TIPSY** lyrics: pg. 17

**GET UR FREAK ON** lyrics: pg. 17

**RAPPERS DELIGHT** lyrics: pg. 17

**DON'T BELIEVE THE HYPE** lyrics:  
pg. 18

**WIT DRE DAY** lyrics: pg. 19

**PASS THAT DUTCH** lyrics: pg. 19

**HUMPTY DANCE** lyrics: pg. 19

**CALIFORNIA LOVE RMX** lyrics:  
pg. 20

**BEAUTIFUL** lyrics: pg. 20

**THE NEXT EPISODE** lyrics: pg. 20

**WORK IT** lyrics: pg. 21

**GIN AND JUICE** lyrics: pg. 21

**WHAT DA HOOK GON BE** lyrics:  
pg. 21

**THROUGH THE WIRE** lyrics: pg. 22

**X GON GIVE IT TO YA** lyrics: pg. 22

**RUFF RYDER ANTHEM** lyrics:  
pg. 22

**STILL BALLIN (NITTY REMIX)**  
lyrics: pg. 23

**NAGGIN** lyrics: pg. 23

**DEAR MAMA** lyrics: pg. 24

**PUMP IT UP** lyrics: pg. 24

**PUSH IT** lyrics: pg. 25

**EXPRESS YOURSELF** lyrics: pg. 25

**GAME OVER** lyrics: pg. 25

**NOTHING BUT A G THANG**  
lyrics: pg. 26

**RUBBER BAND MAN** lyrics: pg. 26

**CRANK IT UP** lyrics: pg. 27

**FIX UP** lyrics: pg. 27

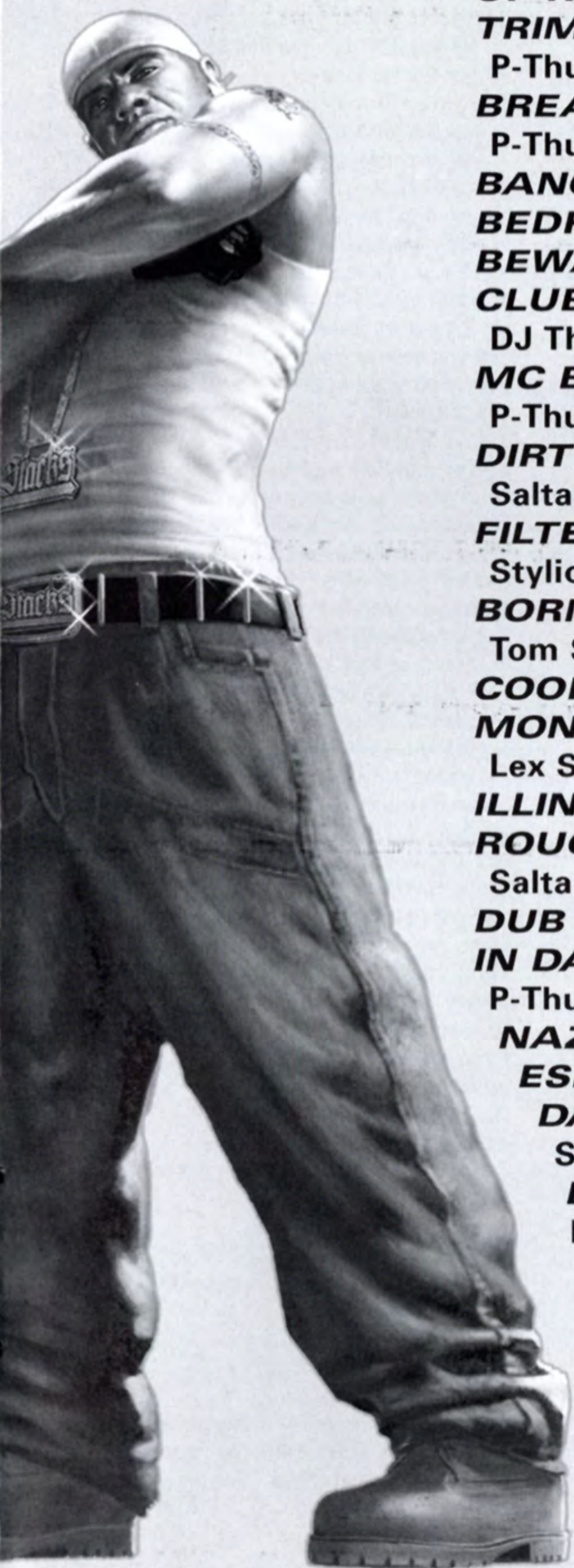
**HYPNOTIZE** lyrics: pg. 28

**JESUS WALKS** lyrics: pg. 28

**WHOA** lyrics: pg. 28

# Beats

In freestyle mode, you can choose from 40 fresh beats to match with your own rhymes, plus the 40 songs. In all, 80 ways to express yourself.



**OH BOY** P-Thugg  
**UP RISING** P-Thugg  
**TRIM THREE**

P-Thugg  
**BREAK FACE**

P-Thugg  
**BANGIN** Tom Salta  
**BEDROCK** Tom Salta  
**BEWARE** Tom Salta

**CLUB TO CLUB**  
DJ Theft

**MC BATTLE**

P-Thugg  
**DIRTY SOUL** Tom Salta

**FILTERED** Lex Stylione

**BORN TA FUNK**  
Tom Salta

**COOLIN** Tom Salta  
**MONEY SHAKER**  
Lex Stylione

**ILLIN** Tom Salta  
**ROUGH RIDER** Tom Salta

**DUB CITY** DJ Theft  
**IN DA HOOD**

P-Thugg  
**NAZTEE** Tom Salta

**ESPAIN** P-Thugg  
**DAWN** Lex Stylione

**DEEPER**  
P-Thugg

**STOP BACK**  
P-Thugg



**AFTER DARK**

P-Thugg  
**RED LIGHT** DJ Theft

**TIMBOISH** P-Thugg

**YOUNGUN** P-Thugg

**R.I.P. IT** DJ Theft

**LET'S GET DIZZY**  
DJ Theft

**STREET GAMES**

P-Thugg  
**BRASS KNUCKLES**

Lex Stylione  
**CUT THAT BEAT**

P-Thugg  
**BACK IN THE**

**DAZE** P-Thugg

**GOTS 2 FUNK**

P-Thugg  
**TUFF** P-Thugg

**ROLLIN OUT**

P-Thugg  
**OLD SCHOOL** Tom Salta

**HEAD STAND**  
P-Thugg

**VINYL KAOS**

P-Thugg  
**FRESH TAG** Lex Stylione

# Lyrics

## GET BUSY

Shake that thing Miss Kana Kana  
Shake that thing Miss Annabella  
Shake that thing yo Donna Donna  
Jodi and Rebecca Woman  
Get busy, just shake that booty  
Non-stop When the beat drop  
Just keep singing it  
Get jiggy Get crunked up Percolate  
Anything you wan fi call it  
Oscillate you hip and don't take pity  
Me want fi see you get live  
Pon the riddim when me ride  
And me lyrics a provide elec-trixity  
Gal nobody can't tell you nuttin'  
No you dohn know ya destiny  
Yo sexy ladies want par with us  
In a de car wit us Them nah war wit us  
In a the club them want flex with us  
To get next with us Them nah vex with us  
From the day me born jah ignite my flame  
Gal a call ma name and it tis me fame  
It's all good girl turn me on  
til da early morn  
Let's get it on, Let's get it on  
til da early morn  
Girl it's all good jus turn me on  
Gal don't sweat it don't get agitate gal  
gwan rotate  
Yo anything you want ya know  
ya must get it  
From you name a mention  
Don't ease the ten-sion gal  
Run the pro-gram jus gwan pet it  
Gal have a good time  
Gal free up unu mind caw  
Nobody can dis you man don't let it  
Gal you a the number one gal  
Wave your hand make them see you  
wedding band  
Yo yo sexy ladies want par with us  
In a de car wit us Them nah war wit us  
In a the club them want flex with us  
To get next with us Them nah vex with us  
From the day me born jah ignite my flame  
Gal a call ma name and it tis me fame  
It's all good girl turn me on  
Til da early morn Let's get it on  
Let's get it on til da early morn  
Girl it's all good jus turn me on  
Gal don't sweat it don't get agitate  
Gal gwan rotate Yo anything you want  
Ya know ya must get it  
From you name a mention  
Don't ease the ten-sion gal  
Run the pro-gram jus gwan pet it  
Gal have a good time  
Gal free up unu mind caw  
Nobody can dis you man don't let it  
Gal you a the number one gal  
Wave your hand  
Make them see you wedding band  
Yo Yo sexy ladies want par with us  
In a de car wit us Them nah war wit us  
In a the club them want flex with us  
To get next with us Them nah vex with us  
From the day me born jah ignite my flame  
Gal a call ma name and it tis me fame  
It's all good girl turn me on  
Til da early morn  
Let's get it on

Let's get it on til da early morn  
Girl it's all good jus turn me on yo  
Shake that thing Miss Kana Kana  
Shake that thing Yo Annabella  
Shake that thing Miss Donna Donna  
Yo Miss Jodi an di one name Rebecca yo  
Shake that thing Yo Joanna  
Shake that thing Yo Annabella  
Shake that thing Miss Kanna Kanna  
Yo aye Wan me dussa  
Yo no sexy ladies want par with us  
In a de car wit us Them nah war wit us  
In a the club them want flex with us  
To get next with us Them nah vex with us  
From the day me born jah ignite my flame  
Gal a call ma name and it tis me fame  
It's all good girl turn me on  
Til da early morn, Let's get it on  
Let's get it on til da early morn  
Girl it's all good jus turn me on  
Yo sexy ladies want par with us  
In a de car wit us Them nah war wit us  
In a the club them want flex with us  
To get next with us Them nah vex with us  
From the day me born jah ignite my flame  
Gal a call ma name and it tis me fame  
It's all good girl turn me on  
Til da early morn Let's get it on  
Let's get it on til da early morn  
Girl it's all good jus turn me on

## ANTE UP

Busta Rhymes now,  
M. O. P. now  
Whatya want now? Whatya want now?  
Whatya want now? Whatya want now?  
Whatya want now? Whatya want now?  
want want want want want want  
b#### Cut that fool  
They wanna act stupid gun butt that fool  
When I cock that tool,  
n#### run yo' d### jewels  
'fore we f### around and lay you up  
In your own blood pool, n####  
Hunt yo down n####  
Run yo a## down  
Unleash the hounds to dem  
n##### gun your a## down  
Stop it you frontin' like this  
was a thing of the past  
With tattoos over the scars  
a n##### left on your a##  
My n##### think lopsided  
buts they get cross eyed-ed  
In the subways they rob trains  
running along side it  
See motherf##### we don't play  
for that s###  
And if you want your s### back  
you had to pay for that s###  
You little costume n#####,  
Romper room n#####  
Get you in the night or early  
in the afternoon n#####  
We takin' your whole s###  
while we pass through  
Even the shirt off your back  
n#### run that too  
I catch you backstage,  
give me the keys to the Escalade  
You think you cute h#?

Take off them Gucci shades  
I get my dogs to do you dirty,  
they all seven-thirty  
Rock a ski-mask,  
whether it's June or February  
I take your show money  
take your 'dro money  
Yo yap that fool, cause  
I don't know money!  
For my peeps that hate slow money;  
I put them in the industry so they can  
Come and take all your money  
Wish I could bring Pun back  
B#### Run that!  
B#### Run that!  
B#### Run that!  
So keep actin' like you don't know  
where the funds at  
And I'm a show y'all motherf#####  
where the guns at  
Yo yap that b#### She try to spaz out  
then smack that b####  
H# you don't be rhymin,  
you still memorizin'  
Remi want them g##### diamonds  
Yap that fool, kidnap that fool  
It's the perfect timin'  
You see da man shinin'  
Get up off them g##### diamonds  
yap that fool  
Kidnap that fool, get him,  
get him, hit him, hit him  
Yeah boom, yeah boom, yap that fool  
I f### Hip-hop, Rip pockets snatch jewels  
What? My whole family nuts  
Run yo' stash house, tie granny up  
Make you strip butt naked young buck  
Got struck with the gun butt  
For trying to tuck the neckless  
I'm young hungry armed and reckless  
On the streets with a death wish  
Don't hide when you see me,  
I'm on the guest list  
Show no mercy, B K n##### thirsty thirsty  
We bang hollows, you  
misrepresentin' the game  
Motherf##### you lame  
and your chain hollow  
Flash yer tack yap your chain  
Smash the lens in your specs  
Listen: it's li'l fame right? With that  
Brownsville mentality to Shanghai  
I'm firin' out a copper top city  
with a whole empire  
A clip full of blue tips  
and a hand full of FIYAAHHHHH!  
Eat deep dirt n#### It's berk I put in  
Work until it hurt n####  
Easy out the trunk punk fo I  
Leave your a## leakin' I'm a bang till the  
Springs in this thang start squeakin.  
Die c##### boom bap  
Yap that fool, kidnap that fool  
It's the perfect timin'  
You see da man shinin'  
Go and get them g##### diamonds  
Yap that fool, kidnap that fool, get him,  
get him, hit him, hit him

### GET BY

Yeah, my Lord. Yeah  
We sell c#### to our own  
out the back of our homes  
We smell the musk at the dusk  
in the c#### of the dawn  
We go through Episodes Two  
like Attack of the Clones  
Work 'til we break our back  
And you hear the c#### of the bone  
To get by...just to get by  
Just to get by, just to get by  
We commute to computers  
Spirits stay mute while you eagles  
spread rumors  
We survivalists, turned to consumers  
To get by...just to get by  
Just to get by, just to get by  
Ask him why some people got  
to live in a trailer,  
Cuss like a sailor I paint a picture with  
the pen like Norman Mailer  
Me and Willa raised three daughters all  
by herself, with no help  
I think about the struggle  
and I find the strength in myself  
These words, melt in my mouth  
They hot, like a jail cell in the South  
Before my n#### Carl bailed me out  
To get by...just to get by  
Just to get by, just to get by  
We do or die like Bed-Stuy  
Through the red sky  
the window of the red eye  
Let the lead fly, some G. Rap s###  
Livin' to Let Die  
This morning, I woke up  
Feeling brand new, I jumped up  
Feeling my highs, and my lows  
In my soul, and my goals  
Just to stop smokin, to stop drinkin'  
I've been thinking, I got my reasons  
Just to get by, just to get by  
Just to get by, just to get by  
Just to get by, just to get by  
Just to get by, just to get by  
Just to get by, just to get by  
Just to get by,  
Ba ba ba, ba ba ba ba,  
Ba ba ba ba, ba ba ba ba,  
Ba ba ba ba  
Just to get, just to get  
Just to get  
We keeping it gangster say fo shizzle,  
Fo sheezy and stayin' crunk  
It's easy to pull a breezy,  
Smoke trees, and we stay drunk  
Yo, I activism attackin' the system,  
The blacks and latins in prison  
Numbers have risen they victim black  
in the vision  
S### and all they got is rappin' to listen to  
I let them know we missin' you,  
The love is unconditional  
Even when the condition is critical,  
When the livin' is miserable  
Your position is pivotal,  
I ain't b#####'n you  
Now, why would I lie?  
Just to get by? Just to get by, we get fly  
The TV got us reachin' for stars  
But not the ones between  
Venus and Mars,  
The ones that be readin for parts  
Some people get breast enhancements  
and p#### enlargers

Saturday sinners Sunday morning  
at the feet of the Father  
They need somethin' to rely on,  
we get high on all types of drug  
When, all you really need is love  
To get by...just to get by  
Just to get by, just to get by  
Our parents sing like John Lennon,  
Imagine all the people watch  
We rock like Paul McCartney from now  
Until the last Beatle drop  
This morning, I woke up feeling  
brand new  
I jumped up feeling my highs,  
and my lows  
In my soul, and my goals  
Just to stop smoking, and stop drinking  
I've been thinking I've got my reasons  
Just to get by, just to get by  
Just to get by, just to get by  
Yah Ye Ye Yo Yo  
Some people cry, and some people try  
Just to get by, for a piece of the pie  
You love to eat and get high  
We deceive when we lie,  
And we keepin' it fly Yah Ye Ye Yo Yo  
When the people decide,  
to keep a disguise  
Can't see they eyes, see the evil inside  
But there's people you find  
Strong or feeble in mind,  
I stay readin the signs  
Yah Ye Ye Yo Yo  
Some people cry, some people try  
Just to get by, for a piece of the pie  
You love to eat and get high  
We deceive when we lie,  
and we keepin it fly  
Yah Ye Ye Yo Yo  
When, the people decide,  
to keep a disguise  
Can't see they eyes, see the evil inside  
But there's people you find  
Strong or feeble in mind,  
I stay readin the signs  
Yah Ye Ye Yo Yo

### BABY GOT BACK

I like big butts and I cannot lie  
You other brothers can't deny  
That when a girl walks in with an  
Itty bitty waist and a round thing  
In your face, you get sprung.  
Wanna pull up front cuz you  
Notice that butt was stuffed  
Deep in the jeans she's wearing,  
I'm hooked and I can't stop staring.  
Oh baby, I wanna get wit ya,  
And take yo' pictcha.  
My home boys tried to warn me,  
But with that butt you got makes,  
Ooo, rumple smooth skin.  
You say you wanna get in my Benz,  
Well use me, use me, cuz you ain't  
That average groupie.  
I've seen them dancin',  
To hell wit romancin'.  
She's sweat... wet...  
Got it goin' like a turbo Vette.  
I'm tired of magazines, sayin'  
Flat butts are the thing  
Take the average black man  
and ask him that  
She gotta pack much back.  
So fellas fellas has your girlfriend  
Got the butt well shake it,

Shake it shake that healthy butt,  
Baby got back  
Baby got back  
I like 'em round and big,  
And when I'm throwin' a gig  
I just can't help myself,  
I'm actin' like a animal,  
Now here's my scandal,  
I wanna get you home, and uh, double up,  
uh-uh. I ain't talkin' bout Playboy,  
Cause silicone parts are made for toys,  
I want 'em real thick and juicy,  
So find that juicy double,  
Mix-A-Lot's in trouble,  
Beggin' for a piece of that bubble.  
So I'm lookin at rock videos, watching  
These bimbos walkin' like h###.  
You can have them bimbos,  
I'll keep my women like Flo Jo.  
A word to the thick soul sistas  
I wanna get wit ya I won't cuss or hit ya  
But I gotta be straight when I say  
I wanna till the break of dawn,  
Baby got it goin' on.  
A lot of simp's won't like this song,  
Cuz them punks like to hit it and quit it,  
But I'd rather stay and play,  
Cuz I'm long and strong,  
And I'm down to get the friction on,  
So ladies ladies  
if you wanna roll my Mercedes?  
Then turn around, stick it out.  
Even white boys got to shout,  
Baby got back  
Baby got back  
Yeah baby...  
When it comes to females,  
Cosmo ain't got  
Nothing to do with my selection.  
Thirty Six Twenty Four Thirty Six  
Huh uh, only if she's five three.  
So your girlfriend rolls a Honda,  
Playin' work out tapes by Fonda,  
But Fonda ain't got a motor  
in the back of her Honda,  
My Anaconda don't want none  
Unless you got buns hun.  
You can do side bends or sit ups,  
But please don't lose that butt,  
Some brothers wanna play that hard role,  
And tell you that the butt needs ta go.  
So they toss it, and leave it,  
and I pull up quick to retrieve it.  
So Cosmo says you're fat, well  
I ain't down wit that,  
Cuz your waist is small  
And your curves are kickin',  
And I'm thinkin' 'bout stickin',  
To the beanpole dames in the magazines,  
You ain't it, Miss Thang,  
give me a sista I can't resist her,  
Red beans and rice didn't miss her,  
Some knucklehead tried to diss,  
Cuz his girls were on my list,  
He had game but he chose to hit 'em,  
And pulled up quick to get wit 'em,  
So ladies if the butt is round,  
And you want a triple X throw down,  
Dial one nine hundred MIXALOT,  
And kick them nasty thoughts  
Baby got back Baby got back  
Little in the middle but she got much back  
Little in the middle but she got much back  
Little in the middle but she got much back  
Little in the middle but she got much back

### BEWARE OF THE BOYZ

Uh Huh It's the Roc in the building  
Calib, Ramel, Farrell in the house Owww!  
Yes, live from the United States  
Brooklyn New York it's your boy,  
Young Whoo!  
The Neptunes is in the house Yes Yes Yes  
As soon as the beat drop  
We got the streets locked  
Over seas got Panjabi MC and the Roc  
I came to see the mummies in the spot  
On the count of three drop  
your body like it's hot  
One young two you want to  
Three young h#### a snake charmer  
Move your body like a snake mama  
Make me wanna put the snake on ya  
I'm on my 8th summer still hot young's  
the 8th wonder  
All I do is get bread yeah I take wonder  
I take one of ya chics straight from under  
ya arm pit The black Brad Pitt  
I mack till 6 in the A M  
All day I'm P. I. M. P.  
I am simply attached to tha track  
like SMPTE  
It's sinfully good young Hov  
infinitely hood  
R O C and we don't stop  
Punjabi M. C. and ya don't stop n####  
N. Y. C. and we don't stop  
It's the Roc It's the Roc  
R O C and we don't stop  
Punjabi M. C. and we don't stop  
It's your boy Jay Z  
and we don't stop n####  
R O C and we won't stop.  
Huh yes uh yo  
Bounce Bounce Bounce  
Bounce Bounce  
Uh Uh Uh Uh  
Yes, Ma I aight got to tell ya,  
But it's your boy Hov  
From the U S you just laid down slow  
Catch your boy mingling England  
Mettling in Netherlands  
Checkin' in daily under aliases  
We rebellious we back home  
Screaming leave Iraq alone  
With all my soldiers in the field  
I will wish you safe return  
But only love kills war  
When will they learn  
It's international  
Hov, been havin' a flow  
Before bin Laden got Manhattan to blow,  
Before Ronald Reagan  
got Manhattan to blow.  
Before I was cabinet,  
then back and forth bro  
We had it all day poppi in the hallway  
Cop one off for Osama to give you more  
Yay yeah but that's another storay  
But for now mommy turn it around  
And let the boy play Jay Jay  
R O C and we don't stop  
Punjabi M. C. and ya don't stop n####  
N. Y. C. and we don't stop.  
It's the Roc. It's the Roc.  
R O C and we don't stop  
Punjabi M. C. and we don't stop  
It's your boy Jay Z  
and we don't stop n####  
R O C and we won't stop. Huh yes huh  
Bounce Bounce Bounce  
Bounce Bounce Yes

### DUDE

You want a proper fix, call me,  
You want to get your kicks, call me  
You want your G's fixed, call me,  
Mi have the remix, call me  
From di odda day  
It's like a play some bwoy a play  
Mi hear di girls callin  
Mi hear di girls bawlin  
Mi hear di girls cryin out  
She seh Beanie...  
I want a dude with the wickedest slam,  
I need a one, two, three hour man  
I want a dude who will tie me to the fan  
A thug that can handle his biz like a man  
I want a dude with the wickedest slam,  
I want a one, two, three hour man  
I want a dude who will do me in his van  
A thug that can handle his biz like a man  
If yuh love mi calla at mi one time  
Holla at mi if yuh waan  
di wickedest wine  
I know it been awhile but baby neva mind  
Cause tonight tonight  
mi yakin' out di whole nine Yo!  
Satisfaction a every girl dream  
Mi love fi put it on make dem  
wiggle and scream  
Well, mi get a call from sexy Maxine  
She left a message pon mi answering  
machine she seh Beanie...  
I want a dude with the wickedest slam,  
I need a one, two, three hour man  
I want a dude who will tie me to the fan  
A thug that can handle his biz like a man  
I want a dude with the wickedest slam,  
I want a one, two, three hour man  
I want a dude who will do me in his van  
A thug that can handle his biz like a man  
She waan a man fi put har inna trance  
A man who know fi tun har round  
and mek she belly dance  
Rude bwoy lovin' wid a little romance  
She waan to get wild  
but she neva had a chance  
When, she seh she neva had it so deep  
So right now I'm di man  
she definitely want to keep  
Har ex bwoyfriend use to come  
and drop asleep  
Dat's when mi pager start beep  
She seh Beanie...  
I want a dude with the wickedest slam,  
I need a one, two, three hour man  
I want a dude who will tie me to the fan  
A thug that can handle his biz like a man  
I want a dude with the wickedest slam,  
I want a one, two, three hour man  
I want a dude who will do me in his van  
A thug that can handle his biz like a man  
Heard what she preferred,  
she waan a man weh mek  
she fly like bird  
She waan a real man  
she don't waan a nerd  
She waan tah give very good  
mark mi word  
I'm not a perv but mi mek she serve,  
She waan di rockula weh until it curve  
Har ex boyfriend ain't got di nerve  
Have her a wait and she nah get served,  
So she seh...  
I want a dude with the wickedest slam,  
I need a one, two, three hour man  
I want a dude who will tie me to the fan  
A thug that can handle his biz like a man

I want a dude with the wickedest slam,  
I want a one, two, three hour man  
I want a dude who will do me in his van  
A thug that can handle his biz like a man  
If yuh love mi calla at mi one time  
Holla at mi if yuh waan  
di wickedest wine  
I know it been awhile but baby neva mind  
Cause tonight, tonight  
mi yakin' out di whole nine Yo!  
Satisfaction a every girl dream  
Mi love fi put it on when dem  
wiggle and scream  
Well, mi get a call from sexy Maxine  
She left a message pon mi  
answering machine  
I want a dude with the wickedest slam,  
I need a one, two, three hour man  
I want a dude who will tie me to the fan  
A thug that can handle his biz like a man  
I want a dude with the wickedest slam,  
I want a one, two, three hour man  
I want a dude who will do me in his van  
A thug that can handle his biz like a man

### MA, I DON'T LOVE HER

When we met I was talkin' that game  
Parkin' that thang  
Since then between us  
A lot of things changed  
Now it's like the world  
Got a whole different name  
I can't stop chics from sayin' my name  
Most of it's lies,  
If not, don't be surprised  
You knew I was ballin' when I met you  
But really, I started layin'  
Low just to net you  
I'm raw as hell yet can't  
Deny that you special  
These girls can't either  
Winter, his and her Vivas  
Summer, his and her Louie sneakers  
You don't think that bother people?  
Guess again you even need to  
Check your friends.  
Sayin' that I cheat,  
Right, maybe with my heat  
Got a pearl handled chrome thing  
That I call Sweets  
I greet wit her, creep wit her,  
Even eat wit her  
Late nights under my sheets,  
Yeah I sleep with her, But that's it  
Ma, I don't love her  
Don't listen to her words  
She tryin' to split us as lovebirds  
But that's not it  
Now you see me buyin' her  
whips and s###  
You see me send her on trips and s###  
If the answer's no don't forget  
I don't know  
If I don't know I don't know,  
Let's not go that road  
I don't know who she is,  
Don't care who told  
Look stop flippin',  
No need to explode  
I seen the number in the pager,  
I don't know that code  
In the streets too much?  
C'mon, that's absurd  
Gettin' no complaints when  
I be flippin' them birds  
Your girls just talk 'bout



This, that, and the third  
Believe half what you see  
None of what you heard  
You askin' me who's her  
I'm askin' who's mink fur  
With that rock on her hand  
Makin' their eyes blurred  
Could that be you plus  
Who cop every gem  
Who spend like I spend,  
Then act like it then  
Got the dream home  
And we settled in it  
Our lives too perfect  
That's why they meddle in it.  
Now, just chalk it up as just  
Part of the game  
You know who I'm about,  
Who got part of my name?  
Look Ma, I don't love her  
Don't listen to her words  
She tryin' to split us as lovebirds  
But that's not it  
Now you see me buyin' her  
whips and s###  
You see me send her on trips and s###  
If the answer's no don't forget  
I don't know Sho' you right  
Well at least tonight  
Yea that's right  
Yep and tonight's the night  
Sho' you right  
Well at least tonight  
Yea that's right  
Yep and tonight's the night  
I'm not most men  
My heart truer than theirs  
Of course your girls hate,  
Our whips newer than theirs  
We hardly fight, arguments  
Way fewer than theirs  
Even down to the ice,  
Look, bluer than theirs  
What they gon tell us  
About us, huh?  
What they gone talk 'bout  
Without us, Huh?  
The envy got 'em speakin' loosely  
Tell 'em walk in your shoes  
But first let 'em know they Gucci  
Even if I did twist her  
I promise I didn't kiss her  
Won't s### touchy feely  
Grudge on the floor  
Like mister did the silly  
No respect shown  
My homies laugh while  
She talk dirty on the speaker phone  
Now don't you start I spared your heart  
If you ain't see it I didn't do it  
Ain't I played my part?  
Bricks chics whips chips,  
That just go with the grind  
What else do you want from me,  
To say it, fine  
Ma, I don't love her  
Don't listen to her words  
She tryin' to split us as lovebirds  
But that's not it  
Now you see me buyin' her  
whips and s###  
You see me send her on trips and s###  
If the answer's no don't forget  
I don't know Sho' you right  
Well at least tonight  
Yea that's right

Yep and tonight's the night  
Sho' you right Well at least tonight  
Yea that's right  
Yep and tonight's the night  
Unh Cut me out That's not it

#### THE JUMP OFF

Eh yo Tim man,  
This the jump off right here man,  
I been gone for a minute now  
I'm back at the jump off.  
Goons in the club in case  
something jumps off.  
I'm back up for the high for the pump off.  
In the graveyard is  
where you gets dumped off  
All we wanna do is party.  
And buy everybody at the bar Bacardi.  
Black barbie dressed in Bogari.  
I'm tryna leave in somebody's Ferrari.  
Spread love that's what a real mob do.  
Keep it gangsta look out for her people.  
I'm the wicked b#### of the east  
Ya betta keep the peace  
or out come the beast.  
We the best still was room for  
improvement.  
Our presence is felt like a Black Panther  
movement.  
7 Quarter to 8s back to back widdem.  
Sittin' on chrome 7 times platinum.  
This is for my peeps  
With the Bentleys the Hummers the Benz  
Escalades 23 inch rims  
Jumpin' out the Jaguar wit the Timbs  
Keep it real and live good  
East coast West coast worldwide  
All my playas in the hood stay fly  
And if you ballin' let me hear you say  
Right, right  
It's Lil' Kim and Timbaland  
n#### s### ya drawers.  
Special delivery to you and yours.  
I rep the b##### he rep the boys,  
If you rep yo hood then make some noise!  
I got my eye on the guy  
in the Woolrich coat.  
Don't he know queen bee?  
Got the ill Deep T#####.  
Let me show you what I'm all about.  
How I make a Sprite can disappear  
in my m#####.  
Shake up the dice throw down ya ice,  
Bet it all playa f### the price.  
Money ain't a thing throw it out like rice,  
Been around the world  
pop the same thing twice.  
Rub on my t### Squeeze on my a##,  
Gimme some step on the gas  
Pop the cork and roll up the hatch  
You know what we about  
s##, drugs, and cash  
This is for my peeps  
With the Bentleys the Hummers the Benz  
Escalades 23 inch rims  
Jumpin' out the Jaguar wit the Timbs  
Keep it real and live good  
East coast West coast worldwide  
All my playas in the hood stay fly  
And if you ballin' let me hear you say  
Right, right  
And to the world of the Playboy  
pin up girl.  
Butt naked dressed in nothin' but pearls.  
You wanna meet me  
cause you know I'm freaky,

And you wanna eat me  
cause you say I'm sexy,  
Got a man in Japan and a dude in Tahiti.  
Believe me sweetie  
I got enough to feed the needy,  
No need to be greedy  
I got mad friends that's pretty.  
Chicks by the layers all different flavas.  
MAFI-O-SO that's how this thing go,  
Now everybody come get wit the lingo.  
Shake ya body body move ya body body  
On the dance floor  
don't hurt no body body  
I'm the one that put the range in the rover  
When I'm steppin' out the ring, it's over.  
Comin' through in the Brooklyn mid-gear  
We gon do this jus like  
big poppa was here.  
This is for my peeps  
with the Bentleys the Hummers the Benz  
Escalades 23 inch rims  
Jumpin' out the Jaguar wit the Timbs  
Keep it real and live good  
East coast West coast worldwide  
All my playas in the hood stay fly  
And if you ballin' let me hear you say  
Right, right

#### POSSE ON BROADWAY

My Posse's on Broadway  
My Posse's on Broadway  
Me and Kid Sensation  
at the home away from home  
In the black Benz limo  
and tha cellular phone  
I'm callin up my posse  
it's time to get rippin  
I'm freakin for each sunroof  
to keep you suckas trippin  
Everybody's lookin  
if ya jealous turn around  
The A M G kit keeps us  
closa to the ground  
We're gettin good grip  
from the 50 series tires  
The Alpine's bumpin  
but I need the volume higher  
Cuz the 8 0 8 kick drum  
make the girlies get dumb  
We're rollin Rainier  
and the jealous wanna get some  
Every time we do this sucka  
M C's wanna battle  
I'm the man they love to hate  
the J. R. Ewing of Seattle  
Picked up the posse  
on Twenty Third and Jackson  
Headin for the strip  
yes we're lookin for some action  
The limos kinda crowded  
the whole car was leanin back  
Maharaji's watchin TV  
with two girlies on his lap  
On Martin Luther King  
the set looks kinda dead  
We need a new street  
so posse move ahead  
We all look kinda swass  
the crew you can't forget  
The Mix-a-Lot posse  
cold rippin up the set  
My posse's on Broadway  
My posse's on Broadway  
Posse up  
My posse's on Broadway  
My posse's on Broadway

Ahhhh rollin in my posse  
was gettin kinda bored  
There's not anotha posse  
with more points scored  
We don't walk around like criminals  
or flex like big gorillas  
My homeboy Kid Sensation  
is a teenage lady killa  
Maharaji's on the def side  
dancin like a freak  
The girlies see his booty  
and their knees get weak  
Larry is the white guy  
people think he's funny  
A real estate investa  
who makes a lot a money  
Clockin lots a dollars we all got gold  
Cruisin in this Benz  
and I ain't got no place to go  
Wheelin 23rd we saw nuthin but thugs  
The girlies was too skinny  
from smokin all them drugs  
Cus the rock man got em  
and the butts just drop  
The freaks look depressed  
because the Benz won't stop  
At 23rd and Union the driver broke left  
Kevin shouted Broadway  
it's time to get def  
My girl blew me a kiss  
she said I was the best  
She's lookin mighty freaky  
in a black silk dress  
The cloza that we get the crazier I feel  
My posse's on Broadway  
it's time to get ill  
My posse's on Broadway  
My posse's on Broadway  
Posse up  
Cruisin Broadway  
and my wheels spin slow  
Rollin with your posse  
is the only way to go  
The girlies by the college  
was lookin for a ride  
We tried to pick em up  
but we had no room inside  
We put em in the trunk  
we put em on the hood  
Some sat up with the driver  
they made him feel good  
The posse's gettin bigger  
there's much too many freaks  
My muffler is draggin  
my suspension's gettin weak  
Now the freaks are gettin hungry  
and Mix A Lot's treatin  
We stopped at Taco Bell  
for some Mexican eatin  
But Taco Bell was closed  
the girls was on my tip  
They said go back the other way  
we'll stop and eat at D###'s  
D###'s is the place  
were the cool hang out  
The swass like to play  
and the rich flaunt clout  
Posse to the burger  
stand so big we walk in twos  
We're gettin dirty looks  
from those other sucka crews  
Kid Sensation dropped a 20  
and didn't even miss it  
skeezer from another crew  
she picked it up and kissed it  
Her boyfriend's illin

he went to slap her face  
My homeboy P. L. D.  
cold sprayed the boy with mace  
Cus I never liked a punk  
who beat up on his girl  
If you don't have game  
then let her leave your world  
We took the girl with us  
With him she rode the bus  
She gave the boy the finger  
and the sucka starts to cuss  
Boy I got a def posse  
you got a bunch a dudes  
You're broke cold crying  
about the rock man blues  
Ya beat up on your girl  
and now you're all upset  
She's with the Mix-A-Lot posse  
on the Broadway set  
My posse's on Broadway  
My posse's on Broadway  
My posse's on Broadway  
My posse's on Broadway  
My posse's on Broadway  
My posse's on Broadway

#### HEY MAMA

Hey mama, this that s###  
that make you groove, mama  
get on the floor  
and move your booty mama  
we the blast masters  
blastin' up the jamma  
Cutie cutie,  
make sure you move your booty  
Shake that thing  
we are the city of sin, and  
Hey shorty, I know you wanna party,  
and the way your body look  
it make me really feel nauuughty  
Cutie cutie,  
make sure you move your booty  
Shake that thing  
we are the city of sin, and  
Hey shorty, I know you wanna party  
and the way your body look  
it make me really feel nauuughty  
I got a naughty naughty style and a  
naughty naughty crew  
But everything I do,  
I do just for you I'm a little bit of Ol,  
and a bigger bit of Nu  
The true n#####  
know that the Peas come thru  
We never cease, we never die,  
no we never decease  
We multiply  
like we mathamaticice and then  
drop bombs like we in the middle east  
The bomb bombas,  
the base move dramas  
Naw y'all know,  
who we are y'all know,  
We the stars  
Steady rockin' on y'all's boulevards  
And, lookin' hot without bodyguards  
I do what I can Not for you ill I am  
And still I stand, with still mic in hand  
So come on mama,  
dance to the drumma  
Hey mama, this that s###  
that make you groove, mama  
Get on the floor  
and move your booty mama  
We the blast mastas  
blastin' up the jamma

so shake your bambama,  
come on now mama  
this that s###  
that make you groove, mama  
Get on the floor  
and move your booty mama  
We the blast mastas  
blastin' up the jamma  
Yo we the big town stumpas,  
and big sound pumpas  
The beat bump bumps  
all in your trunk trunkas  
The girlies in the club  
got the plump lump lumpas  
And when I'm makin' love,  
yeah my hip hump humps  
It never quits  
no need to carry 9 millimeter clips  
Don't wanna squeeze triggers,  
just wanna squeeze t###  
Lova lova, cause we the show stoppas  
And the chief rockas,  
number one chief rockas  
Naw y'all know, who we are  
y'all know, we the stars  
steady rockin' all a y'all's boulevards  
How we rockin' it girl?  
Without bodyguards  
She be, Fergie, from the crew B.E.P.  
come and take heed,  
as we take the lead  
So come on papa,  
dance with the drumma  
Hey mama, this that s###  
that make you groove, mama  
get on the floor  
and move your booty mama  
we the blast mastas  
blastin' up the jamma  
Cutie cutie,  
make sure you move your booty  
Shake that thing  
we are the city of sin, and  
Hey shorty, I know you wanna party,  
and the way your body look  
it make me really feel nauuughty  
But the race is not, for the swift  
but for who can hinge over it  
And tippa irie and the Black Eyed Peas  
Will be thhhheerre  
Til infiniti, til infiniti,  
Til infiniti, til infiniti, til infiniti  
Nosa dima shock, nosa dima ting  
everytime you sit there  
I hear, bling bling  
O what a ting, hear blacka sing  
grin\_\_\_\_\_ding,  
And win\_\_\_\_\_ding and the madda  
demma moving in perfect timing  
demma dance and dance  
to the dancehall riddim  
and we're really too nice, it finga lickin'  
like rice and peas and chicken stuffing  
Hey mama, this that s###  
that make you groove, mama  
get on the floor  
and move your booty mama  
we the blast mastas  
blastin' up the jamma  
so shake your bambama,  
come on now mama this that s###  
that make you groove, mama  
get on the floor  
and move your booty mama  
we the blast mastas  
blastin' up the jamma

### TIPSY

Yeeah, yeeah, yeeah, yo, 2 step with me  
2 step. 1, here comes  
the 2 to the 3 to the 4,  
everybody drunk out on the dance floor,  
babygirl a## jiggle like she want more,  
like she a groupie  
and I ain't even on tour,  
maybe cause she heard  
that I rhyme hardcore,  
or maybe cause she heard  
that I ride out the stores,  
bottom of the 9th  
in the series gotta score,  
if not I gotta move on to the next floor,  
here comes the 3 to the 2 to the 1,  
homeboy trippin  
he don't know I got a gun,  
when it comes to pop  
man we do this for fun,  
you ain't got one sticka you betta run,  
now I'm in the back gettin  
ooh from my hunz,  
while she goin down  
I'm breakin down what I done,  
she smokin my stuff  
sayin she ain't havin fun,  
chick give it back  
now you don't get none.  
Now everybody in the club gettin tipsy,  
Now everybody in the club gettin tipsy,  
Now everybody in the club gettin tipsy,  
Now everybody in the club gettin tipsy,  
2, here comes the 3 to the 4 to the 5,  
now I'm lookin' at shorty  
right in the eyes,  
couple seconds passed  
now I'm lookin at her thighs,  
while she tellin me  
how much she hate her guy,  
said she got a kid  
but she got her tubes tied,  
if you 21 girl that's alright,  
wonder if a shake comin with them fries,  
if so baby can I get em super sized,  
here comes the 4 to the 3 to the 2,  
she started feelin on my johnson  
right out the blue,  
girl you super thick  
so I'm thinkin that's kool,  
but instead of one like five I need two,  
her eyes got big when she glanced  
at my jewels,  
expression on her face  
like she ain't got a clue,  
and she told me she don't  
run with a crew,  
You know how I do  
but I guess why I gotta do.  
Now everybody in the club gettin tipsy,  
Now everybody in the club gettin tipsy,  
Now everybody in the club gettin tipsy,  
Now everybody in the club gettin tipsy.  
3, here comes the 4 to the 5 to the 6,  
self explanatory I ain't gotta say I'm rich,  
this single man ain't tryin get hitched,  
n#### waste it on me man son of a,  
brushed it all off  
now I'm back to gettin lit,  
grisa orange juice  
man this some good ish,  
homeboy trippin  
cause I'm starin at his chick,  
now he on the sideline  
starin at my clique,  
here comes the 5 to the 4 to the 3,

hands in the air if you cats drunk as me,  
club on the set kwon cut out them trees,  
Dude I don't care I'm a p. i. m. p.  
Now everybody in the club gettin tipsy,  
Now everybody in the club gettin tipsy,  
Now everybody in the club gettin tipsy,  
Now everybody in the club gettin tipsy.

### GET UR FREAK ON

Missy be puttin' it down  
I'm the hottest 'round  
I told y'all mother  
Y'all can't stop me now  
Listen to me now  
I'm lasting twenty rounds  
And if you want me  
then come on get me now  
Is you with me now?  
The biggie biggie bounce  
I know you dig the way I switch my style  
People sing around  
Now people gather 'round  
Now people jump around  
People you know  
Me and Timbaland been hot  
since twenty years ago  
What the dealio?  
Now what the drilly, yo  
If you wanna battle me then  
let me know  
gotta feel it son  
Let me throw you some  
People here I come  
Now sweat me when I'm done  
We got the radio shook like we got a gun  
Hush your mouth  
Silence when I spit it out, in your face  
Open your mouth, give you a taste  
ain't no stoppin' me Copywritten, so  
don't copy me  
Y'all do it, sloppily  
And y'all can't come close to me  
I know you feel me now  
I know you hear me loud  
I scream it loud and proud  
Missy gon' blow it down  
People gon play me now,  
in and out of town  
Cause I'm the best around  
with the crazy style

### RAPPERS DELIGHT

I said a hip hop the hippie the hippie  
to the hip hip hop, you don't stop the  
rock it to the bang bang boogie  
say up jumped the boogie  
to the rhythm of the boogie, the beat  
now what you hear is not a test  
I'm rappin' to the beat  
and me, the groove, and my friends  
are gonna try to move your feet  
see I am wonder mike  
and I like to say hello  
to the black, to the white, the red,  
and the brown, the purple and yellow  
but first I gotta bang bang the boogie  
to the boogie say  
up jump the boogie to the bang bang  
boogie let's rock,  
you don't stop rock the riddle that will  
make your body rock  
well so far you've heard my voice  
and I brought two friends along  
and next on the mike is my man Hank  
come on, Hank, sing that song  
check it out, I'm the c-a-s-an-the-o-v-a

and the rest is f-l-y  
ya see I go by the code  
of the doctor of the mix  
and these reasons I'll tell ya why  
ya see I'm six foot one and I'm tons of fun  
and I dress to a t  
ya see I got more clothes  
than Muhammad Ali  
and I dress so viciously  
I got bodyguards, I got two big cars  
and I definitely ain't the wackv  
I got a lincoln continental  
and a sunroof cadillac  
see after school, I take a dip in the pool  
which is really on the wall  
I got a color T.V. so I can see  
the Knicks play basketball  
hear me talkin 'bout checkbooks,  
credit cards more money  
than a sucker could ever spend  
but I wouldn't give a sucker  
or a bum from the rucker  
not a dime til I made it again  
everybody go hotel motel  
whatcha gonna do today?  
I'm gonna get a fly girl  
gonna get some spankin'  
drive off in a def O J  
everybody go, hotel motel holiday inn  
say if your girl starts actin' up  
then you take her friend  
Oh Master Gee, am I mellow  
it's on you so what you gonna do  
well it's on n n on n on n on n on  
the beat don't stop  
until the break of dawn  
I said m-a-s, t-e-r, a G with a double E  
I go by the unforgettable name  
of the man they call Master Gee well  
my name is known all over the world  
by all the foxy ladies and the pretty girls  
I'm goin' down in history  
as the baddest rapper  
there ever could be  
now I'm feelin' the highs  
and ya feelin' the lows  
the beat starts gettin' into your toes  
ya start poppin' ya fingers  
and stompin' your feet  
and movin' your body  
while you're sittin' in your seat  
and d### ya start doin' the freak  
I said d###, right outta your seat  
then ya throw your hands high in the air  
ya rockin' to the rhythm,  
shake your derriere  
ya rockin' to the beat without a care  
with the sureshot M.C.'s.  
for the affair  
now, I'm not as tall as the rest  
of the gang but I rap to the beat  
just the same  
I got a little face  
and a pair of brown eyes  
all I'm here to do ladies is hypnotize  
singin' on n n on n on n on n on  
the beat don't stop  
until the break of dawn  
it goes on n n on n on n on n on  
like a hot buttered a pop da pop da pop  
dibbie dibbie pop da pop pop  
ya don't dare stop come alive y'all  
gimme what ya got  
I guess by now you can  
take a hunch and find that I am the baby  
of the bunch 'but that's okay

I still keep in stride  
cause all I'm here to do is  
wobble your behind  
singin' on n n on n on n on  
the beat don't stop  
until the break of dawn  
singin' on n n on n on n on  
rock rock y'all  
throw it on the floor  
Hit it I say  
a can of beer that's sweeter than honey  
like a millionaire that has no money  
like a rainy day that is not wet  
like a gamblin' fiend that does not bet  
like Dracula without his fangs  
like the boogie to the boogie  
without the boogie bang  
like collard greens that don't taste good  
like a tree that's not made out of wood  
like goin' up and not comin' down  
it's just like the beat  
without the sound no sound  
to the beat beat, ya do the freak  
everybody just rock and dance to the beat  
have you ever went over  
a friend's house to eat  
and the food just ain't no good?  
I mean the macaroni's soggy  
the peas are mushed  
and the chicken tastes like wood  
so you try to play it off  
like you think you can by sayin'  
that you're full  
and then your friend says  
momma he's just being polite  
he ain't finished uh uh that's bull  
so your heart starts a pumpin'  
and you think up a lie  
and you say that you already ate  
and your friend says man  
there's plenty of food  
so you pile some more on your plate  
while the stinky food's steamin'  
your mind starts to dreamin'  
of the moment it's time to leave  
and then you look at your plate  
and your chicken's slowly rottin'  
into something that looks like cheese  
oh so you say that's it  
I gotta leave this place  
I don't care what these people think  
I'm just sittin here makin' myself  
nauseous with this ugly food that stinks  
so you bust out the door  
while it's still closed  
still sick from the food you ate  
and then you run to the store  
for some quick relief  
from a bottle of kapectate  
and then you call your friend  
two weeks later  
to see how he has been  
he says I understand about the food  
baby bubbah but we're still friends  
with a hip hop a hippie a hippie  
to the hippity hip hop  
you don't stop rockin' to  
the bang bang boogie say  
up jump the boogie  
to the rhythm of the boogie the beat  
I said Hank can ya rock  
can ya rock to the rhythm  
that just don't stop  
can ya hip me to the shoobie  
doo I said come on make the  
make the people move

## **DON'T BELIEVE THE HYPE**

Back  
Caught you lookin' for the same thing  
It's a new thing check out this I bring  
Uh oh the roll below the level cause  
I'm livin' low next to the bass, c'mon  
Turn up the radio  
They claim that I'm a criminal  
By now I wonder how  
Some people never know  
The enemy could be their friend, guardian  
I'm not a hooligan I rock the party and  
Clear all the madness, I'm not a racist  
Preach to teach all  
cause some they never had this  
Number one, not born to run  
about the gun...  
I wasn't licensed to have one  
The minute they see me, fear me  
I'm the epitome a public enemy  
Used, abused without clues  
I refused to blow a fuse  
They even had it on the news  
Don't believe the hype  
Don't believe the hype  
Don't believe the hype  
Don't believe the hype  
Yes Was the start of my last jam  
So here it is again, another def jam  
But since I gave you all a little something  
That I knew you lacked  
They still consider me a new jack  
All the critics you can hang 'em  
I'll hold the rope  
But they hope to the pope  
And pray it ain't d###  
The follower of Farrakhan  
Don't tell me that you understand  
Until you hear the man  
The book of the new school rap game  
Writers treat me like Coltrane, insane  
Yes to them, but to me I'm a different kind  
We're brothers of the same mind, unblind  
Caught in the middle and not surrenderin'  
I don't rhyme for the sake of riddlin'  
Some claim that I'm a smuggler  
Some say I never heard of ya  
A rap burglar, false media  
We don't need it do we?  
It's fake that's what it be to ya, dig me?  
Yo terminator X step up on the stand  
and show these people  
what time it is boy  
Don't believe the hype  
Don't believe the hype  
Don't believe the hype  
Don't believe the hype  
Don't believe the hype  
Don't believe the hype  
Don't believe the hype  
Don't believe the hype  
Don't believe the hype  
Don't believe the hype  
Don't believe the hype  
It's a sequel As an equal,  
Can I get this through to you  
My 98s boomin' with a trunk of funk  
All the jealous punks can't stop the dunk  
Comin' from the school of hard knocks  
Some perpetrate, they drink clorox  
Attack the black,  
because I know they lack exact  
The cold facts, and still they try to xerox  
The leader of the new school, uncool  
Never played the fool, just made the rules  
Remember there's a need to get alarmed,  
again I said I was a time bomb  
In the daytime radio's scared of me

cause I'm mad, plus I'm the enemy  
They can't c'mon  
and play me in the primetime  
cause I know the time,  
plus I'm getting' mine  
I get on the mix late in the night,  
they know I'm livin' right,  
So here go the mike, psych  
Before I let it go, don't rush my show  
You try to reach and grab  
and get elbowed  
Word to herb, yo if you can't swing this  
learn the words, you might sing this  
Just a little bit of the taste  
of the bass for you  
As you get up and dance at the L Q  
When some deny it, defy it  
I swing bolos  
and then they clear the lane I go solo  
The meaning of all of that  
The media is the whack  
As you believe it's true,  
it blows me through the roof  
Suckers, liars get me a shovel  
Some writers I know are damn devils  
For them I say don't believe the hype  
Yo chuck, they must be on the pipe, right?  
Their pens and pads I'll snatch  
cause I've had it  
I'm not an addict fiendin' for static  
I'll see their tape recorder and grab it  
No, you can't have it back silly rabbit  
I'm going to my media assassin  
Harry Allen, I gotta ask him  
Yo Harry, you're a writer,  
are we that type?  
Don't believe  
Don't believe the hype  
Don't believe  
Don't believe the hype  
I got flavor and all those things you know  
Yeah boy, part two bum rush the show  
Yo griff, get the green black and red and  
Gold down countdown to Armageddon  
Eighty-eight you wait the S-ONES will  
put the left in effect and I still will  
rock the hard jams treat it like a seminar  
Reach the bourgeois,  
and rock the boulevard  
Some say I'm negative  
But they're not positive  
What I got to give...  
The media says this red black and green  
don't believe that hype  
They gotta be beamin' that pipe  
you know what I'm sayin  
yo them megas gotta be goin' up to  
see captain kirk like the jerk and  
they outta work lemme tell y'all a little  
something man a lot of people in daytime  
radio scared of us cause they too ignorant  
to understand the lyrics and the  
truth we pumpin' into their clogged up  
brain cells that they spoutin' up into  
them wooden skulls they call caps you  
know what I'm sayin' but the S-ones will  
straighten it out quick fast in a hurry  
don't worry flavor vision ain't blurry  
Yo terminator X  
Don't believe the hype  
Don't believe the hype  
Don't believe the hype  
Don't believe the hype  
Don't believe the hype  
Don't believe the hype

### WIT DRE DAY

Ha, yeah, Hell yeah, ha  
know what I'm sayin' Yeah  
Mista busta, where ya at?  
Can't scrap a lick,  
so I know ya got your gat  
You stay on hard,  
from gankin' your road dogs  
The hood you threw up with,  
hommies you grew up with  
Don't even respect your a##  
That's why it's time for the doctor,  
to check your a##, fool  
Used to be my homey, used to be my ace  
Now I wanna slap the taste out ya mouth  
N#### bow down to the Row  
Gankin' me,  
now I'm gankin' you, little h##  
Oh, don't think I forgot, let you slide  
Let me ride, just another homicide  
Yeah it's me so I'm a talk on  
Stompin' on the 'eazy'est streets  
that you can walk on  
So strap on your Compton hat, your locs  
And watch your back  
cause you might get smoked, loc  
And pass the bud, and stay low-key B.G.  
cause you lost all your homey's love  
Now call it what you want to  
You tripped wit me,  
now it's a must that I trip wit you  
Bow wow wow yippy yo yippy yay  
Doggy dogg's definitely in the house  
Bow wow wow yippy yo yippy yay  
Death Row's definitely in the house  
Bow wow wow yippy yo yippy yay  
The sounds of a dog bring me  
to another day  
Play, with my bone with ya timmy  
It seems like you're good for makin jokes  
about your jimmy  
But here's a jimmy joke about your mama  
that you might not like  
I heard she was a 'frisco d###  
But on the rizeal,  
I'm talkin' about you and me  
Toe to toe, tim M U T  
Your bark was loud,  
but your bite wasn't vicious  
And them rhymes you were kickin'  
Were quite bootylicious  
You get with doggy dogg oh is he crazy?  
With ya mama and your daddy  
hollin' ba-bay  
So what that let you know  
That if you step to dre fool you're  
Stepping to Death Row  
And I ain't even slangin' them thangs  
I'm hollin' one-eight-seven  
with my gat in you mouth, fool  
Now understand this  
my hommie Dre can't be touched  
Luke's bendin over Luke's gettin stuck,  
busta Musta, thought I was sleazy  
Or thought I was a mark  
cause I used to hang with eazy  
Animosity, made ya speak  
but ya spoke Ay yo dre, whattup,  
break him off some thing Loc  
If it ain't another h# that I gots ta get with  
Gap teeth in ya mouth  
so my gat's gots to fit  
With my sac on ya tonsils  
While ya on stage rappin' at your  
wacka## concerts  
And I'm a snatch your a##

from the back side  
To show you how Death Row  
pull off that who-ride  
Now you might not understand me  
Cause I'm a rob you in compton  
and blast you in miami  
Then we gone creep to south central  
On a street knowledge mission,  
as I steps in the temple  
Spot him, got him, as I pulls out my strap  
Got my chrome to the side  
of his white sox hat  
You tryin to check my homey,  
you best check yoself  
Cause when you diss dre  
you dissed yourself Hell Yeah

### PASS THAT DUTCH

Misdemeanor on the floor,  
pretty boy here I come  
Pumps in the bunk  
make you wanna hurt something  
I can take your man  
I don't have to s## 'em  
Hang 'em out the window  
call me Michael Jackson  
I'm a pain in your rectum,  
I am that y'all slept on  
Heavy hitter, rhyme spitter,  
call me Re-Run  
Hey hey hey, I'm what's happ'nin  
Now to get my drink  
Shake ya a## till it stink  
Mr. Mos' on the beat  
Put it down for the streets  
Come on pass the dutch baby!  
Shake shake shake ya stuff baby!  
Pop that, pop that, jiggle that fat  
Don't stop, get it till ya clothes get wet  
Number one drums go bump, bump, bump  
This beat here will make you hoomp,  
boomp, jump  
If you's a fat one, put your clothes back on  
Before you start putting pot holes  
in my lawn  
Oh my God, show 'em I'm large  
Shove my beat up,  
attack like my name was Saddam  
I am the bomb from New York to Milan  
and I can write a song sicker  
than Jeffrey Dahm'  
Don't touch my car alarm  
Break in my car  
you will hear Viper Armed  
I've been a superstar  
since Daddy Kane was raw  
I'm live on stage,  
c'mon and give me some applause  
Thank you! Oh thank you,  
you all are so wonderful!  
Come on pass the dutch baby!  
Shake shake shake ya stuff baby!  
Pop that, pop that, jiggle that fat  
Don't stop, get it till ya clothes get wet  
Listen up, you have five seconds  
to catch your breath  
Five four three two one  
Pop that, pop that, make that money  
Just keep it going,  
like the Energizer Bunny  
Shake that, shake that, move it all around  
Spank that, yank that, dutch back now  
Freak him, freak her, whatever ya choice  
Didn't come to judge,  
I came to get ya moist  
Scream now my voice is lost

Can I get a ride on the white horse?  
Come on pass the dutch baby!  
Shake shake shake ya stuff baby!  
Pop that, pop that, jiggle that fat  
Don't stop, get it till ya clothes get wet  
Pop that  
Pass tha dutch baby!  
Jiggle that fat

### HUMPTY DANCE

All right! Stop whatcha doin'  
'cause I'm about to ruin  
the image and the style that ya used to.  
I look funny but yo  
I'm makin' money see so yo world  
I hope you're ready for me  
now gather round, I'm the new fool  
in town and my sound's laid  
down by the Underground  
I drink up all the Hennessy  
ya got on ya shelf  
so just let me introduce myself,  
my name is Humpty  
pronounced with a Umpty  
yo ladies oh how I like to hump thee.  
And all the rappers in the top ten  
please allow me to bump thee  
I'm stepping tall y'all  
and just like Humpty Dumpty  
you're gonna fall  
when the stereo's pump me  
I like to rhyme I like my beats funky  
I'm spunky I like my oatmeal lumpy  
I'm sick wit dis  
straight gangsta mack  
but sometimes I get ridiculous  
I'll eat up all crackers  
and your licorice  
hey yo fat girl, c'mere  
are ya ticklish? Yeah I called ya fat,  
look at me I'm skinny,  
it never stopped me from getting busy  
I'm a freak I like the girls with  
the boom  
I once got busy in a burger king bathroom  
I'm crazy Allow me to amaze thee  
they say I'm ugly but it just don't faze me  
I'm still gettin' into girls' pants  
and I even got my own dance  
C'mon Do the Humpty Hump,  
come on do the Humpty Hump  
Yeah Do the Humpty Hump,  
just watch me do the Humpty Hump  
Yeah Do ya know what I'm doin',  
I'm doin the Humpty Hump y'all  
Do the Humpty Hump,  
just watch me do the Humpty Hump  
People say Yo Humpty  
you're really funny lookin'  
That's alright 'cause I get things cookin'  
ya stare ya glare  
ya constantly try to compare me  
but ya can't get near me  
I give 'em more see on the floor, B,  
all the girls they adore me  
Oh yes, ladies, I'm really bein' sincere  
'cause in a 6# my humpty nose  
will tickle ya r###  
My nose is big, uh-uh I'm not ashamed  
Big like a pickle I'm still gettin' paid  
I get laid by the ladies you know  
I'm in charge  
both how I'm livin' plus my nose is large  
I get stupid I shoot an arrow like cupid  
I use a word that don't mean nothing like  
looptid I sang on Dowhatchalike

and if ya missed it I'm the one that said  
 Just grab 'em in the biscuits  
 Also told ya that I like to bite.  
 Well, yeah, I guess it's obvious  
 I also like to write.  
 All ya had to do was give  
 Humpty a chance  
 And now I'm gonna do my dance  
 Sexy baby C'mon and do the Humpty  
 Hump, Everybody  
 come on and do the Humpty Hump  
 Yeah Do ya know what we're doin',  
 We're doin' the Humpty Humps y'all  
 Yeah Do the Humpty Hump,  
 Just watch me do the Humpty Hump  
 Oh, yeah, that's the break, y'all  
 Let me hear a little bit of that bass groove  
 here Errr-errrr-errr-eh Errr-errrr-errr-eh  
 Oh, Yeah!  
 Now that I told ya a little bit about myself  
 let me tell ya a little bit about this dance  
 It's real easy to do, check it out  
 First I limp to the side  
 like my leg was broken.  
 Shakin' and Twitchin'  
 kinda like I was smokin'  
 crazy wack funky. People say ya  
 look like M. C. Hammer on c####  
 Humpty, That's alright  
 'cause my body's in motion.  
 It's supposed to look like a fit or  
 convulsion  
 Anyone can play this game  
 This is my dance, y'all,  
 Humpty Hump's my name  
 No two people will do it the same  
 Ya got it down  
 when ya appear to be in pain  
 Humpin', funkin', jumpin',  
 jig around, shakin' ya rump,  
 And when the dude a chump pump  
 points a finger like a stump  
 tell him step off, I'm doin' the Hump.  
 Everybody Do the Humpty Hump  
 Do the Humpty Hump  
 Sexy Baby Do the Humpty Hump,  
 Just watch me do the Humpty Hump  
 C'mon Do ya know what we're doin',  
 We're doin' the Humpty Hump  
 Do the Humpty Hump,  
 just watch me do the Humpty Hump  
 Black people, do the Humpty Hump,  
 just keep on doin' the hump  
 White people, do the Humpty Hump,  
 Just watch me do the Humpty Hump.  
 Puerto Ricans, do the Humpty Hump,  
 just keep on doin' the Hump  
 Samoans do the Humpty Hump,  
 do do the Humpty Hump  
 Ah Yeah Let's get stoopid!  
 Do the Humpty Hump,  
 Do the Humpty Hump  
 Do the Humpty Hump,  
 everybody do the Humpty Hump  
 Do the Humpty Hump,  
 come on and do the Humpty Hump  
 Do ya know what we're doin'  
 We're doin' the Humpty Hump y'all  
 Oh, yeah, come on break it down  
 Once again, the Underground is in  
 The house  
 I'd like to send a shout out  
 to the whole wide world,  
 Keep on doin' the Humpty Dance,  
 And to the ladies, peace  
 and humptiness forever

### CALIFORNIA LOVE

Now let me welcome everybody  
 to the wild, wild west  
 A state that's untouchable like Elliot Ness  
 The track hits ya eardrum  
 like a slug to ya chest  
 Pack a vest for your Jimmy  
 in the city of s##  
 We in that sunshine state  
 with a bomb a## h### beat  
 The state where ya never find  
 a dance floor empty  
 And pimps be on a mission  
 for them greens  
 Lean mean money makin' machines  
 servin' fiends  
 I been in the game  
 for ten years makin' rap tunes  
 Ever since honeys was wearin' Sassoon  
 Now it's '95 and they clock me  
 and watch me  
 Diamonds shinin' lookin' like  
 I robbed Liberace  
 'sall good, from Diego to tha Bay  
 Your city is tha bomb  
 if your city makin' pay  
 Throw up a finger if ya feel the same way  
 Dre puttin' it down for Californi a  
 West coast That's right  
 Yeah Yeah now make it shake  
 C'mon Shake it Cali 'sright uh  
 Out on bail fresh outta jail,  
 California dreamin'  
 Soon as I stepped on the scene,  
 I'm hearin hoochies screamin'  
 Fiendin' for money and alcohol  
 The life of a west side playa where  
 cowards die and the strong ball  
 Only in Cali where we riot not rally  
 To live and die In L.A. we wearin'  
 Chucks not Ballies  
 Dressed in locs and khaki suits  
 and ride is what we do  
 Flossin but have caution  
 we collide with other crews  
 Famous because we program world wide  
 Let 'em recognize from Long Beach to  
 Rose 'craz  
 Bumpin' and grindin' like a slow jam,  
 It's west side  
 So you know the Row won't bow  
 down to no man  
 Say what you say  
 But give me that bomb beat from Dre  
 Let me serenade the streets of L.A.  
 From Oakland to Sactown  
 The Bay Area and back down  
 Cali is where they put they mack down  
 Give me love! South Central  
 Uh that's right  
 Yeah yeah now make it shake  
 ughh ughh yeah  
 Shake it Cali Shake it Cali  
 West coast Ughh Yeah Ughh Uh,  
 Long Beach in tha house, uh yeah  
 Oaktown, Oakland definitely  
 in tha house ha ha  
 Frisco, Frisco  
 hey, you know L.A. up in this  
 Pasadena, where you at?  
 Yeah, Inglewood, Inglewood  
 always up to no good  
 Even Hollywood tryin' to get a piece baby  
 Sacramento, Sacramento where ya at?  
 Uh yeah Throw it up y'all, throw it up,  
 Throw it up I can't see ya

### BEAUTIFUL

I know you gon' lose it,  
 this new Snoop s###  
 Come on baby boo, you gotsta get into it  
 Don't fool wit the playa  
 with the cool whip  
 Yeah-yeah, you know I'm always on that  
 cool s###  
 Walk to it, do it how you do it  
 Have a glass, lemme put you in the mood  
 and, Li'l cutie lookin' like a student  
 Long hair, wit'cha big fat booty  
 Back in the days you was the girl  
 I went to school wit  
 Had to tell your moms and sister to cool it  
 The girl wanna do it, I just might do it  
 Here to walk wit some pimp pimp clue  
 wit' Mommy don't worry, I won't abuse it  
 Hurry up and finish  
 so we can watch Clueless  
 I laugh at these n#####  
 when they ask who do this  
 But everybody know who girl that you is  
 When I see my baby boo,  
 s###, I get foolish  
 Smack a n##### that tries to pursue it  
 Homeboy, she taken, just move it  
 I asked you nicely,  
 don't make the Dogg lose it  
 We just blow 'dro  
 and keep the flow movin'  
 In a six fo, me and baby boo cruisin'  
 Body rag interior blue, and  
 Have them hydraulics  
 squeakin' when we screwin'  
 Now she's yellin', hollin' out Snoop, and  
 Hootin', hollerin'; hollerin', hootin'  
 Black and beautiful,  
 you the one I'm choosin'  
 Hair long and black and curly  
 like you're Cuban  
 Keep groovin', that's what we doin'  
 And we gon' be together  
 until your moms move in...  
 Snoop Dogg Clothing,  
 that's what I'm groomed in  
 You got my pictures on the wall  
 in your room-in  
 Girls be complainin' you keep me boomin'  
 But girls like that wanna listen  
 to Pat Boone You's a college girl,  
 but that don't stop you from doin'  
 Come and see the Dogg  
 in a hood near you-in  
 You don't ask why I roll wit a crew, and  
 Twist up my fingers  
 and wear dark blue-in  
 On the eastside, that's the crew I choose  
 Nothin' I do is new to you  
 I smack up the world if they rude to you  
 'Cause baby girl you so beautiful

### THE NEXT EPISODE

It's the motherf##### D-O-double-G  
 Snoop Dogg!  
 You know I'm mobbin' with the D. R. E.  
 What what what what  
 Blaze it up, blaze it up,  
 Top Dogg, bite em all,  
 N### burn that s### up  
 D-P-G-C my n#### turn that s### up  
 C-P-T, L-B-C, yeah we hooked it back up  
 And when they bang this in the club baby  
 you got to get up  
 Thug n##### drug dealers  
 yeah they givin' it up

Lowlife, yo' life, boy we livin' it up  
 Takin chances while we dancin' in the  
 party fo' sho'  
 Slip my h# a forty-fo' and she got in the  
 back do'  
 B##### lookin' at me strange but you  
 know I don't care  
 Step up in this motherf#####  
 Just a-swangin' my hair  
 B#### quit talkin', cripp walk if you down  
 with the set  
 Take a bullet with some d### and take  
 this d### from this jet  
 Out of town, put it down  
 for the Father of Rap  
 And if yo' a## get c####ed,  
 b#### shut yo' trap  
 Come back, get back,  
 that's the part of success  
 If you believe in the X  
 you'll be reliev'in your stress  
 It's the motherf##### D.R.E.  
 Dr. Dre Motherf#####  
 You know I'm mobbin'  
 with the D-O-double-G  
 Straight off the ##### streets of C-P-T  
 King of the beats you ride 'em in your  
 Fleet or Coupe DeVille rollin on dubs  
 How you feel whoop-whoop  
 n#### what?  
 Dre and Snoop chronic'ed  
 out in the 'llac with  
 Doc in the back, sippin' on 'gnac  
 Clip in the strap, dippin' through hoods  
 Compton, Long Beach, Inglewood!  
 South Central Out to the Westside  
 It's California Love, This California bud  
 got a n#### gang of pub  
 I'm on one, I might bail up  
 in the Century Club  
 With my jeans on, and my team strong  
 Get my drink on, and my smoke on  
 Then go home with, somethin' to poke on  
 Loc it's on for the two-triple-oh  
 Comin' real, it's the next episode...  
 Hold up, heyyyyyyyyy  
 For my n##### who be thinkin' we soft  
 We don't Playyyyyy  
 We gon' rock it til the wheels fall off  
 Hold up heyyyyyyyyy  
 For my n##### who be actin' too bold  
 Take a seeeeaaat  
 Hope you ready for the next episode  
 Heeeeeyyyyyy

#### WORK IT

This is a Missy Elliott  
 one time exclusive  
 Is it worth it, let me work it  
 I put my thang down, flip it and reverse it  
 If you got a big let me search ya  
 To find out how hard I gotta work ya  
 I'd like to get to know ya,  
 so I can show ya  
 Put a hurtin on ya, like I told ya  
 Gimme all your numbers  
 so I can phone ya  
 Your girl acting stank than call me over  
 Not on the bed, lay me on your sofa  
 Call before you come,  
 I need to shave my cha-cha  
 You do or you don't  
 or you will or won'tcha  
 Go downtown and eat it like a vul-cha  
 See my hips, big hips don'tcha  
 See my butt and my lips don'tcha

Lost a few pounds in my waist for ya  
 This the kinda beat that go wa-ta-ta  
 Ra-ta-ta-ta, ta-ta-ta-ta-ta  
 S## me so good I say blah-blah-blah  
 Work it! I need a glass of wat-ah  
 Boy oh boy it's good to know ya  
 Is it worth it, let me work it  
 I put my thang down, flip it and reverse it  
 If you got a big let me search ya  
 To find out how hard I gotta work ya  
 If you're a fly gal, get your nails done,  
 get a pedicure, get your hair did  
 Boy lift it up, let's make a toast-ah  
 Let's get drunk, it's gon bring us clos-ah  
 Don't I look like a Halle Berry post-ah?  
 See the Belvedere playin tricks on ya  
 Girlfriend wanna be like me nev-ah  
 You won't find a chick that's even bett-ah  
 I make it hot as Las Vegas weath-ah  
 Listen up close while I take you  
 backwards  
 I'm not a prostitute  
 but I can give you what ya want  
 I love your braids and  
 your mouth full of fonts  
 Love the way my butt go  
 ba-bump ba-bump bump  
 Keep your eyes on my  
 ba-bump ba-bump bump  
 And think you can handle this  
 ga-dunk ga-dunk dunk  
 Take my thong off and my tail go boom  
 Cut the lights off so you see what I can do  
 Is it worth it, let me work it  
 I put my thang down, flip it and reverse it  
 If you got a big let me search ya  
 To find out how hard I gotta work ya  
 Boys, boys, all type of boys  
 Black, white, Puerto Rican, Chinese boys  
 Wan tan taya taya tang-a-tang,  
 Wan tan tang taya taya tang  
 Girls, girls, get that cash  
 If it's 9 to 5 or shakin ya  
 Ain't no shame ladies, do your thang  
 Just make sure you ahead of the game  
 You know Mrs. Fields Supa Dupa But  
 Prince couldn't get me change my name  
 pa pa Kunta Kinte, enslave a game, no sir  
 Picture Black Say'n, Oh yessa massa  
 Got a Lamborgini so I drive faster  
 Just to make you hata's  
 even freakin madder  
 Admit I'm the s### anyone wanna battle  
 when I drop this record here you won't  
 even matter  
 Why you act dumb like ughhh, duh  
 So you act dumb like ughhh, duh  
 And the drummer boy  
 go pa-rum pa-pum pum  
 Give ya some some some of this Cinnabon  
 Is it worth it, let me work it  
 I put my thang down, flip it and reverse it  
 If you got a big let me search ya  
 To find out how hard I gotta work ya  
 To my fellas I like the way you work that  
 To my ladies,  
 Woo! You sure know how to work that

#### GIN AND JUICE

With so much drama in the L-B-C  
 It's kinda hard bein' Snoop D-O-double-G  
 But I, somehow, some way  
 Keep comin' up with funky a## hits  
 like every single day  
 May I, kick a little something for the  
 G's and, make a few ends as I breeze,

through Two in the mornin' and the party's  
 still jumpin' cause my momma ain't home  
 I got some freaks in the living room  
 gettin' it on and,  
 they ain't leavin til six in the mornin'  
 So what you wanna do? I got a pocket full  
 of rubbers and my homeboys do too.  
 So turn off the lights and close the doors  
 But (but what)  
 So we gonna smoke a ounce to this  
 G's up, freeze up,  
 for a second now bounce to this.  
 Laid back. Laid back.  
 Now, that, I got me some Seagram's gin  
 everybody got they cups,  
 but they ain't chipped in  
 Now this types of thing  
 happens all the time  
 You got to get yours but fool  
 I gotta get mine everything is  
 fine when you listenin'to the D-O-G  
 I got the cultivating music  
 that be captivating he who listens,  
 to the words that I speak as I take me a  
 drink to the middle of the street and get  
 mackin' to this trick named Sadie  
 She used to be my homeboy's lady,  
 eighty degrees, when I tell that trick  
 please Raise up off these N-U-T's,  
 cause you gets none of these At ease,  
 as I mob with the Dogg Pound,  
 feel the breeze I'm just  
 Laid back Laid back  
 Later on that day My homey Dr. Dre  
 came through with a gang of Tanqueray  
 And a fat a## J, of some bubonic  
 E-T that made me choke  
 This ain't no joke I had to back up off it  
 and sit my cup down Tanqueray and E-T,  
 yeah I'm tore down now but it ain't no  
 stoppin, I'm still poppin'  
 Dre got some trick from the city of  
 Compton to serve me,  
 not with a cherry on top  
 Cause when I get through,  
 I've got to hit the d### stop  
 Don't get upset girl, that's just how it goes  
 I don't love you h###,  
 I'm out the do', when I'll be  
 Laid back Laid back Laid back Laid back

#### WHAT DA HOOK GON BE

Ha ha, yo, yo, yo, yo  
 You never met a n#### like me  
 huh uh, uh, Yo yo,  
 Have you ever seen a little dude  
 Who be doing what I do?  
 Now what goes up, must come down  
 But we ain't comin down,  
 it be them same ol' clowns  
 Aiming your pound pretendin' they proud  
 But when you leave town they go round  
 they runnin they mouth  
 They something like a hater man,  
 talking bad about a playa  
 as if I'm not gon see ya later man  
 You constant frontin  
 until you confronted on  
 If you don't like what's  
 goin 'zon gwan to another song  
 Cause I keep a hater guilty  
 My cars and my money are alike man,  
 both 'em filthy  
 From skimpy and empty to fuel on full  
 See I be high when my car go Bulls  
 Obey no rules to school yous fools

School boy's err'y where,  
 we're Young Dude news  
 St. Louis like Louis D. Miles  
 and Larry Hughes  
 And the Young Dude done paid  
 young dudes' dues dude  
 See I don't need no f##### hook  
 on this beat  
 All I need, is the track in the background  
 My headphones loud,  
 keep the b#### goin 'round and I'ma rip  
 See I don't need no f##### hook  
 on this beat  
 All I need, is the track in the background  
 My headphones loud,  
 keep the b#### goin 'round and I'ma rip  
 Got my first car when I turned sixteen  
 Only drove it home outta Town Limosines  
 Plus we was broke wit a deal  
 but nobody could tell  
 So we did what we had to do  
 for Country Grammar to sell  
 Ha ha, I steal my own melodies  
 Plus I like my Booties  
 and my B#### like a capital letter B  
 That's how it is, how it better be  
 I preferably rather have  
 two or three girls in the bed wit me  
 Close your errs ma you ain't heard nuh'in  
 I always pay ma let a brotha hold suh'in  
 I'm basically coming from nuh'in to suh'in  
 When I say nuh'in meaning  
 pocket full of lint and buh'ins  
 Used to be creative on Halloween  
 Stop a hotter teen went from nada  
 to a lot of things  
 See I don't need no f##### hook  
 on this beat  
 All I need, is the track in the background  
 My headphones loud,  
 keep the b#### goin 'round and I'ma rip  
 See I don't need no f##### hook  
 on this beat  
 All I need, is the track in the background  
 My headphones loud,  
 keep the b#### goin 'round and I'ma  
 People always saying man it must be nice  
 No hi no nuh'in not a simple house life  
 Understand the money's good  
 but I'm still from the hood  
 So don't be askin for no inch  
 and be expectin the foot  
 Unless you want a foot  
 I know a few crooks that can place you  
 where you need to be put  
 And it might not cost me playa  
 Got a Benz pepper interiah,  
 paint salty playa And we all push it,  
 but me I push it real good  
 Brains blown out, chromed out,  
 wheel real wood  
 Catch me on your local derry O'  
 in the studio doing vocals derry  
 I'm the same dude that came through  
 wit my crew  
 Let the girls do me while you do you  
 All I need is J D beat to be bangin  
 I'ma come up wit these verses  
 that I'm usually slangin  
 I be ripping man  
 See I don't need no f##### hook  
 on this beat  
 All I need, is the track in the background  
 My headphones loud,  
 keep the b#### goin 'round and I'ma rip  
 See I don't need no f##### hook

on this beat  
 All I need, is the track in the background  
 My headphones loud,  
 keep the b#### goin 'round and I'ma rip  
 See I don't need no f##### hook  
 on this beat  
 All I need, is the track in the background  
 My headphones loud,  
 keep the b#### goin 'round and I'ma rip  
 See I don't need no f##### hook  
 on this beat  
 All I need, is the track in the background  
 My headphones loud,  
 keep the b#### goin 'round and I'ma

#### THROUGH THE WIRE

I drink a boost for breakfast,  
 a ensure for dizzert  
 Somebody order pancakes  
 I just sip the sizzurp  
 That right there could drive  
 a sane man bizzerk  
 Not to worry Mr. H  
 to the izzles back to wizzerk  
 How do you console my mom  
 or give her light support  
 Telling her son's on life support  
 And just imagine how my girl feel  
 On the plane scared as hell  
 that her guy look like Emitt Till  
 She was with me before the deal  
 she been trying to be mine  
 She a delta so she been  
 throwing that Dynasty signs  
 No use me tryn to be lie'n  
 I been tryn to be signed  
 Tryin to be a millionaire  
 How I use two lifelines  
 In the same hospital where  
 Biggie Smalls died  
 the doctor said I had blood clots  
 But I ain't Jamaican man  
 Story on M T V and  
 I ain't trying to make a band  
 I swear this right here,  
 history in the making man  
 What if somebody from the Chi'  
 that was ill got a deal  
 on the hottest rap label around  
 But he wasn't talking bout coke and birds  
 it was more like spoken word  
 'cept he's really puttin it down  
 And he explained the story 'bout how  
 blacks came from glory  
 and what we need to do in the game  
 Good dude, Bad night,  
 Right place, Wrong time  
 In the blink of a eye  
 his whole life changed  
 If you could feel how my face felt  
 you would know how Mase felt  
 Thank God I ain't too cool for the safe belt  
 I swear to God driver two wanna sue  
 I got a lawyer for the case to keep what's  
 in my safe safe  
 My dawgs couldn't tell if I  
 I look like Tom Cruise on Vanilla Sky,  
 it was televised  
 It's been an accident like GEICO  
 They thought I was burnt up like Pepsi  
 did Michael  
 I must gotta angel  
 cause look how death missed his a##  
 Unbreakable, would you thought they  
 called me Mr. Glass  
 Look back on my life like the ghost

a Christmas past  
 Toys R Us where I used to spend that  
 Christmas cash and I still won't grow up,  
 I'm a grown a## kid Swear I should be  
 locked up for stupid s### that I did  
 But I'm a champion,  
 so I turned tragedy to triumph  
 Make music that's fire,  
 spit my soul through the wire

#### X GON GIVE IT TO YA

Uh, yeah, yeah  
 Uh, Don't get it twisted  
 This rap s###, is mine it's not,  
 a game what you heard  
 It's what you hearin it's what you hearin  
 it's what you hearin it's what you hearin  
 X gonna give it to ya  
 wait for you to get it on your own  
 X gon deliver to ya  
 Knock knock, open up the door, it's real  
 Wit the non stop, pop pop, stainless steel  
 Go hard gettin busy wit it  
 But I got such a good heart  
 That I'll make the motherf#####  
 wonder if he did it  
 Damn right and I'll do it again  
 Cuz I am right so I gots to win  
 Break bread with the enemy  
 No matter how many cats  
 I break bread wit  
 I break who you sendin me  
 You motherf##### never wanted nothin  
 But your life saved,  
 that's for the light day  
 I'm gettin down, down  
 Make it say freeze  
 But won't be the one endin up  
 on his knees  
 Please, if the only thing you cats  
 did was came out to play  
 Stay out my way Mutha  
 Ain't never gave nothin to me  
 Everytime I turn around  
 Cats got they hands out wantin  
 something from me  
 I ain't got it so you can't get it  
 Let's leave it at that cuz I ain't wit it  
 Hit it wit full strength I'm a jail n####  
 So I face the world like it's earl  
 in the bullpen  
 You against me, me against you  
 Whatever, whenever  
 What the f### you gonna do?  
 I'm a wolf in sheep clothing  
 Only n#### that you know who can chill  
 Come back and get the streets open  
 I've been doing this for nineteen years  
 Wanna fight me?  
 fight these tears  
 I put in work and it's all for the kids  
 But these cats done forgot what work is  
 They don't know who we be Lookin!  
 but they don't know who they see  
 Hey yo where my... at?  
 I know I got them down in the game  
 Give em love and they give it back  
 Talk too much for too long  
 Don't give up you're too strong  
 A dog to wild wild hunters  
 Shoutout to that done it  
 And it ain't even about the dough  
 It's about gettin down  
 for what you stand for yo



## RUFF RYDER ANTHEM

Somethin New  
Snitches wanna try, snitches wanna lie  
Then snitches wonder why,  
snitches wanna die  
All I know is pain all I feel is rain  
How can I maintain,  
with maddness on my brain  
I resort to violence,  
my killaz move in silence  
Like you don't know what our style is  
New York killaz the wildest  
My dogz is wit it  
You want it? come and get it  
Took it then we split it  
You damn right we did it  
What the f you gon' do  
When we run up on you  
Messin wit the wrong crew  
Don't know what we goin thru  
I'ma have ta show  
How easily we blow  
When you find out there's some mo'  
That's runnin with yo  
Nothin we can't handle  
Break it up and dismantle  
Light it up like a candle  
Just cause I can't stand you  
Put my s### on tapes  
Like you bussin grapes  
Think you hold in weight?  
Then you haven't met the apes  
Is y'all people crazy?  
I'll bust you and be swazy  
Stop actin like a baby,  
Mind your business lady  
Nosy people get it too,  
when you see me spit at you  
You know I'm tryin ta get rid of you  
Yeah I know it's pitiful  
That's how killaz get down  
Watch why killaz spit round  
Make y'all suckas kiss ground  
Just for talkin s### clown  
Oh you think it's funny  
Then you don't know me money  
It's about to get ugly  
Whatever dog I'm hungry  
I guess you know what that means  
Come up off that green  
Five n##### on ravine  
Don't make it a murder scene  
Give a dog a bone  
Leave a dog alone  
Let a dog roam and  
he'll find his way home  
Home of the brave, my home is a cage  
And yo I'm a slave  
til my home is the grave  
I'm a pull paper, it's all about the paper  
Chickens talkin paper,  
and now they wanna r### us  
Look what you done started  
Asked for it, you got it  
Had it, should have shot it  
Now you're dearly departed  
Get at me dog, did I rip s###  
With this one here I flip s###  
N##### know when I kick s###  
It's gon' be some slick s###  
What was that look for  
When I walked in the door  
Oh you thought you was raw  
Boom! not anymore!  
Cause now you on the floor  
Wishin you never saw

Me walk through that door, with that 4 4  
Now it's time for bed  
Two more to the head, got the floor red  
Yeah that n##### dead  
Another unsolved mystery,  
It's goin down in history  
N##### ain't never did s### to me  
B#### a## n##### can't get to me  
Gots to make a move, got a point to prove  
Got a make em grove, got em all like ooh  
So to the next time,  
you hear this dog rhyme  
Try to keep your mind,  
on gettin aaaaa and crime  
Talk is cheap muthaf####!

## STILL BALLIN (NITTY REMIX)

Straight motherf##### ballin'  
Part two, still ballin' Westside  
Now ever since a n#### was a seed  
Only thing promised to me  
was the penitentiary, still ballin'  
Ridin' on these n##### cause they lame  
In a six-one Chevy, still heavy in this  
game, can you feel me?  
Blame it on my momma I'm a thug n####  
Up befo' the sun rise,  
quicker than the drug dealers  
Tell me if it's on, n#### then  
we first to bomb  
Bust on these b####-made n#####  
hit 'em up, WESTSIDE  
Ain't nobody love me as a broke n####  
Finger on the trigger  
Lord forgive me if I smoke n#####  
I love my females strapped,  
no f##### from the back  
I get my currency in stacks,  
California's where I'm at right?  
Passed by while these n#####  
wonder why  
I got shot but didn't die,  
let 'em see who's next to try  
Did I cry, hell nah, n#### tear I shed  
for all my homies in the pen,  
many peers dead  
N##### still ballin' 'til the day I die  
You can bring your crew but we remain  
true motherf#####  
Still ballin, n##### wonder why  
You can bring your crew  
but we remain true motherf#####  
kneel and pray I hope the Lord understand  
When he's gone, devolve,  
I become a dangerous man  
Ain't crazy, deranged, I'm sayin  
But when these kids go to spray 'em  
boy I don't be playin'  
With clientele, any rhyme sells  
Question is, will you f###-n#####  
ride for real, huh?  
B#### n##### this is G rated  
Plus your homeboy won't make it,  
street game Fugazi  
I'm elevated to the top of this s###  
Done f##### around and put me and 2Pac  
on this b####  
And you can tell 'em THUG LIFE  
was the reason for this  
And I ride for any n####  
who believe in the s###  
I'm still ballin' 'til the day I die  
You can bring your crew  
but we remain true motherf#####  
Still ballin', n##### wonder why  
You can bring your crew

but we remain true motherf#####  
Everybody wanna see us dead  
Two murdered on the front page,  
shot to death, bullets to the head  
N##### holla out my name  
and it's similar to r###  
Motherf##### know I'm comin',  
so they runnin' to they graves, watch  
Swoop down with my n#### from the  
Pound  
Cause Trick don't give a f###,  
where you coward n##### now, blast  
Keep pumpin, ain't worried bout nuttin'  
Busters thought we was frontin',  
so reload and keep dumpin'  
'til the day I die  
You can bring your crew  
but we remain true motherf#####  
Still ballin', n##### wonder why  
You can bring your crew  
but we remain true motherf#####  
Still ballin' 'til the day I die  
You can bring your crew  
but we remain true motherf#####  
Still ballin', n##### wonder why  
You can bring your crew  
but we remain true motherf#####  
Still ballin' 'Til the day I die  
THUG LIFE! motherf##### still ballin'

## NAGGIN

Every now and then you get mad  
Sometimes I make you sad  
Make you want to say kiss my pants  
Tired of listening at your naggin'  
This for them fellas who be messin round  
with them women and you  
get your heart caught up in the mix  
Cause you love to just to touch  
what's up her dress  
and never paid attention  
Cause you didn't think the girl  
would start trippin'  
Shorty flip the script  
Start saying all type of stuff out of her lips  
Let me tell you what I can't stand  
When a woman play the role of a man  
Talkin' to a fella like you got to  
hold his hand  
Treat ya like a sped  
Like ya lack to understand  
I know you know I ain't gone go  
for the jaw jacking all the time  
Talkin' to me out of line broad  
You done lost your mind  
You gone mess round  
and get me some time  
Every now and then you get mad  
Sometimes I make you sad  
Make you want to say kiss my pants  
Tired of listenin' at your naggin'  
A li'l more grip and a li'l less lip  
before I pack my bag on you girl and dip  
At the point of no return  
and you made it that way  
by the stuff that you say  
in and out everyday  
Hope you paying attention  
'cause I gots to mention  
Dissin' me in front of your friends  
Tryin' to get a li'l laugh in crow c#### in  
N##### wanna woop ya a##  
then Hide behind your fake little grin  
with your fake little friend  
Use to them fake little men  
Really ain't no man but you like how he

pretend  
 I'm a keep sippin' my Hen  
 and smoking my herbs  
 I'm a going to need a lot of grill  
 with your naggin' girl  
 The way you talk is absurd  
 Gettin' on my nerves  
 All in my ear about to make me  
 hit the curve  
 Every now and then you get mad (haa?)  
 Sometimes I make you sad (haa?)  
 Make you want to say kiss my pant (haa?)  
 Tired of listenin' at your naggin'  
 One day I got shot by Cupid  
 This was when this relationship  
 went stupid  
 We would be talking on the phone  
 too long  
 But anyways you never at home  
 you always gone  
 Tellin' me you out with your friends  
 But I found out later on you  
 with your other men  
 You ain't in it for the dividend  
 Say you cut it, cut it  
 you ain't gettin' nothin'  
 That's a shame to end it like this  
 now I ain't got no love for you trick  
 shoo fly don't bother me  
 Will I get back with her, probably  
 Then I thought about it, I won't  
 Do I really want you, I don't  
 The headache I really don't want  
 I'ma leave her alone  
 'Cause I can do better on my own  
 That's why she gone Whaa  
 Every now and then you get mad  
 Sometimes I make you sad  
 Make you want to say kiss my pants  
 Tired of listenin' at your naggin'

#### DEAR MAMA

When I was young,  
 me and my mama had beef  
 17 years old kicked out on the streets  
 though back at the time,  
 I never thought I'd see her face  
 ain't a woman alive  
 that can take my momma's place  
 suspended from school,  
 scared to go home  
 I was a fool with the big boys  
 breaking all the rules  
 shed tears with my baby sister  
 over the years we was poorer  
 than the other little kids  
 and even though we had different daddies  
 the same drama when things went wrong  
 we blamed mama  
 I reminisced on the stress I caused,  
 it was hell  
 huggin' on my mama from a jail cell  
 and who'd think in elementary,  
 heeeey I'd see the penitentiary  
 One day  
 running from the Police, that's right  
 Momma catch me put a whoopin'  
 to my backside  
 and even as a c#### fiend mama,  
 ya always was a black queen mama  
 I finally understand for a woman  
 it ain't easy trying to raise a man  
 you always was committed,  
 a poor single mother on welfare,  
 tell me how you did it  
 there's no way I can pay you back

but the plan is to show you that I  
 understand.  
 you are appreciated  
 Dear Mama you are appreciated  
 Now ain't nobody tell us it was fair  
 no love for my daddy,  
 cause the coward wasn't there  
 he passed away and I didn't cry  
 cause my anger,  
 wouldn't let me feel for a stranger  
 they say I'm wrong and I'm heartless  
 but all along I was looking  
 for a father he was gone  
 I hung around with the thugs and even  
 though they sold drugs  
 they showed a young brother love  
 I moved out and started really hangin'  
 I needed money of my own  
 so I started slangin'  
 and I ain't guilty cause,  
 even though I sell rocks It feels good,  
 putting money in your mailbox  
 I love paying rent when the rent's due  
 I hope you got the diamond necklace  
 that I sent to you  
 cause when I was low,  
 you was there for me  
 you never left me alone,  
 because you cared for me  
 and I can see you coming home  
 after work late  
 you in the kitchen  
 trying to fix us a hot plate  
 you just working  
 with the scraps you was given  
 and mama made miracles every  
 Thanksgiving  
 but now the road got rough, you're alone  
 trying to raise two bad kids on your own  
 and there's no way I can pay you back  
 but my plan is to show you that  
 I understand  
 you are appreciated  
 And dear Mama You are appreciated  
 Pour out some liquor and I reminisce  
 cause through the drama,  
 I can always depend on my mama  
 and when it seems that I'm hopeless  
 you say the words that can get me  
 back in focus  
 when I was sick as a little kid  
 to keep me happy there's no limit  
 to the things you did  
 and all my childhood memories  
 are full of all the sweet things  
 you did for me  
 and even though I act craaaazy  
 I got to thank the Lord  
 that you maaaade me  
 There are no words  
 that can express how I feel  
 You never kept a secret,  
 always stayed real  
 and I appreciate how you raised me  
 and all that extra love that you gave me  
 I wish I could take the pain away  
 If you can make it through the night,  
 there's a brighter day  
 everything'll be alright if you hold on  
 it's a struggle everyday ya gotta roll on  
 and there's no way I can pay you back  
 but my plan is to show you that I  
 understand  
 you are appreciated  
 Dear Mama You are appreciated  
 Dear Mama Dear Mama

#### PUMP IT UP

Look, pump it up if you came  
 to get it krunk  
 With a dame and s### that's drunk  
 You came to get it on,  
 more than 5 0's in your bank  
 Then get it on, roll up like that stank  
 And get it on, slank that fitted on  
 Came to get it on  
 Hold up she wanna work that twork that  
 Then again let me hurt that murk that  
 Til you gotta hurt back  
 Can't spit it out, boo you gotta slurp that  
 Can't cuddle after we done,  
 it wasn't worth that  
 Joey I'm responsible  
 for bringin Jersey back  
 She at the bar stylin' throwing it up  
 She drink a little hypno, throwing it up  
 But I'm only dealing with freaks  
 that wanna cut  
 Ma if you agree I want a nut  
 Camcorder, get it played late night  
 on B E T Uncut Uh  
 do your thing let me do my thang  
 do your thing let me do my thang  
 move that thing, mommy move that thing  
 move that thing, mommy move that thing  
 do your thing let me do my thang  
 pump pump pump pump it up!  
 I see some haters grilling  
 I see some ladies chilling  
 I seen that girlie I been plottin to get  
 See can hop in the whip And we can  
 pump pump pump pump it up!  
 OK we was leaving we was done  
 Then she said can my people's come  
 Here we go I see it don't stop  
 They wanna ride in something  
 where the rims don't stop  
 Look baby you fine,  
 but your girlfriend's not  
 And then she wanna hold out  
 getting cute on the phone  
 I ain't gotta be bothered,  
 be cute on your own  
 My jump off doesn't run off  
 at the mouth so much  
 My jump off never ask  
 why I go out so much  
 My jump off never has me  
 going out of my way  
 And she don't want nothing  
 on Valentines Day  
 My jump off don't argue or get rebellious  
 And she don't mind hanging out  
 wit da fellas  
 My jump off's not insecure or jealous  
 Uh Uh Uh  
 do your thing let me do my thang  
 do your thing let me do my thang  
 move that thing, mommy move that thing  
 move that thing, mommy move that thing  
 do your thing let me do my thang  
 pump pump pump pump it up!  
 Y'all dudes keep talking  
 bout your ice and all the shine to it  
 That's alright go cross-world find cubic  
 Ma wanna fall in love like I'm cupid  
 Telling me she don't give brain  
 like I'm stupid  
 You can do anything  
 if you put your mind to it  
 Get it Think about it  
 the game is bad playa Ain't it bad playa  
 Don't worry Joey'll change it back playa

Might of heard me spittin wit  
Cain and Fab playa  
I got my set boards to bring it back playa  
Bang and clap playa  
Front man no longer playin the back playa  
Plain as that playa  
8 0 8's pumpin bang the track playa  
Want my 2nd wind change the rap playa  
Jump off one man gang I'm back playa  
Look, Want you want bump  
double click pump  
Ride, ride swamp dump off homie jump off  
All these haters on my (huh)  
won't jump off  
When all the streets need is  
J J J Jump off J J J Jump  
J J J Jump off mm, mm, mm  
do your thing let me do my thang  
do your thing let me do my thang  
move that thing, mami move that thing  
move that thing, mami move that thing  
do your thing let me do my thang  
pump pump pump pump it up!  
do your thing let me do my thang  
do your thing let me do my thang  
move that thing, mami move that thing  
move that thing, mami move that thing  
do your thing let me do my thang  
pump pump pump pump it up!

#### **PUSH IT**

Oooh, baby, baby Baby, baby  
Oooh, baby, baby B-Baby, baby Hay!  
Pick Up on This  
Pick Up on This  
Salt and Pepa's here,  
and we're in effect  
want you to push it, babe  
Coolin' by day then at night  
working up a sweat  
C'mon girls, let's go show  
the guys that we know  
How to become number one  
in a hot party show  
Now push it push it good  
push it real good push it good  
p-push it real good  
How! Ow! Push it good!  
Oooh, baby, baby Baby, baby  
Oooh, baby, baby B-Baby, baby  
Yo, yo, yo, yo, baby-pop  
Yeah, you come here, gimme a kiss  
Better make it fast or else  
I'm gonna get pissed  
Can't you hear the music pumpin' hard  
like I wish you would?  
Now push it Push it good  
P-Push it real good  
Pick up on this!  
Huh Pick up on this!  
Uh Uh Uh Pick up on this!  
Boy, you really got me going  
You got me so  
I don't know what I'm doing  
Boy, you really got me going  
You got me so  
I don't know what I'm doing

#### **EXPRESS YOURSELF**

I'm expressin' with my full capabilities  
And now I'm livin' in correctional  
facilities  
Cause some don't agree  
with how I do this.  
I get straight, meditate like a Buddhist  
I'm droppin' flava, my behavior is

hereditary,  
But my technique is very necessary.  
Blame it on Ice Cube...  
Because he said it gets funky  
When you got a subject and a predicate  
Add it on a D### beat  
And it'll make you think.  
Some suckaz just tickle me pink  
To my stomach.  
'Cause they don't flow like this one.  
You know what?  
I won't hesitate to dis one  
Or two before I'm through.  
So don't try to sing this!  
Some drop science  
while I'm droppin' English.  
Even if Yella makes it a-cappella  
I still express, yo,  
I don't smoke weed or sess.  
Cause it's known to give a brother  
brain damage.  
And brain damage on the mic don't  
manage Nothin'  
But makin' a sucker and you equal.  
Don't be another sequel...  
Ice Cube is not for the pop chart  
So where should a brother like you start  
Expressin' yourself  
my boy'll show you how Yo dre  
Drop English right about now  
Now, gettin' back to the PG.  
That's program, and it's easy.  
Dre is back. Newjacks, are made hollow,  
Expressin' ain't their subject  
Because they like to follow  
The words, the style, the trend,  
The records I spin.  
Again and again and again  
Yo, you on the other end.  
Watch a brother playin' D###  
rhymes with no help.  
There's no fessin' and guessin'  
While I'm expressin myself.  
It's crazy to see people be  
What society wants them to be.  
But not me!  
Ruthless... Is the way to go  
They know. Others say rhymes that fail  
To be original. Or they kill  
where the hip hop starts,  
Forget about the ghetto  
And rap for the pop charts.  
So some musicians cuss at home  
But scared to use profanity  
When up on the microphone.  
Yeah, they want reality.  
But you won't hear none.  
They'd rather exaggerate, a little fiction.  
Some say no to drugs and take a stand,  
But after the show they go lookin'  
for the D### man.  
Or they ban my group from the radio.  
Hear N W A and say, "Hell no!"  
But you know it ain't all about wealth.  
As long as you make a note to...  
A lyricist yo Dre is a name for  
To make somethin' D###  
on a record That's what he came for  
Kickin' reality overstanding some  
But it's important that you keep it  
in mind to  
From the heart.  
Cause if you wanna start to move  
up the chart  
Then expression is a big part of it.  
You ain't efficient when you flow

You ain't swift, movin' like a tortoise.  
Full of rigor mortis.  
There's a little bit more to show  
I got rhymes in my mind,  
imbedded like an embryo.  
Or a lesson all of 'em expression  
And if you start fessin' I got a  
Smith and Wesson For you.  
I might ignore your record  
Because it has no bottom.  
I get loose in the summer.  
When in spring and autumn.  
It's Dre on the mic, gettin' physical.  
Doin' the job N W A is the lynch mob!  
Yes, I'm macabre?  
But you know you need this.  
And the knowledge is growin'  
Just like a fetus, or a tumor.  
But here's the rumor:  
Dre is in the neighborhood  
And he's up to no good.  
When I start expressin' myself,  
Yella, slam it! Cause if I stay funky  
like this I'm doin' damage.  
Or I'm a be too hyped,  
And need a straight jacket.  
I got knowledge and  
other suckers lack it.  
So, when you see Dre,  
a DJ on the mic,  
Ask what it's like.  
It's like we gettin' hype tonight.  
Cause if I strike  
it ain't for your good health.  
But I won't strike if you just...

#### **GAME OVER**

Ah, Ah s###, y'all messed up  
and let me in this trick  
I'm just your average hood cat  
with dreams of gettin' rich  
My crib big like a football field  
You might mess around and think  
I signed a football deal  
I take 15 minutes to drop a track  
I take half a minute to load my  
I make 'em bounce all across the globe  
I'm a pimp, I got your girl  
takin' off her clothes  
A franchise like the Houston Rocket  
Every eight months is when  
I usually drop it  
I got the streets on lock,  
I like my beats with knock  
You know my heat stay cocked, playa  
Look, I'm a Lucky Night drinker  
and you a red-winer  
You just an opening act,  
but I'm the headliner  
I'm 'bout to ship 3 mill off top  
You got your deal off your man,  
I got my deal off props  
I'm connected like dub and Mach-10  
with ice cubes on my watch  
And dubs on the black Benz  
I'm gettin' paid 'cause I do all the work  
It's rainy days if we don't move  
all our work, we go berserk  
I'm on the block fam,  
in the cream drop Lam  
Mostly y'all cats with deals,  
y'all ain't hot man  
I'm 'bout to do it again,  
you 'bout to lose it again  
It's show and tell motherf####,  
I'm prove it again. Game over,

'cause s### about to change over  
It's 'bout time  
'cause hip-hop need a make over  
Most producers want to charge too much  
But around my way that's how  
you get beat up  
You might think we all beats and rhymes  
But way before this rap music  
the streets was mine  
I got that hot s###,  
that "Thug Life" 'Pac s###  
That get fly s###, that B. I. G.  
"Ready to Die" s###

### **NOTHING BUT A G THANG**

One, two, three and to the fo'  
Snoop Doggy Dogg  
and Dr. Dre is at the do'  
Ready to make an entrance,  
so back on up  
Before I have to pull the scrap out the cut  
Gimme the microphone first,  
so I can bust like a bubble  
Compton and Long Beach together,  
now you know you in trouble  
ain't nothin' but a G thang, baaaaabay!  
Two loced out G's goin craaaaazay!  
Death Row is the label that paaaaays me!  
Unfadable, so please don't try to fade this  
But, uh, back to the lecture at hand  
Perfection is perfected,  
so I'm let 'em understand  
From a young G's perspective  
And before me dig out a trick  
I have ta' find a contraceptive  
You never know she could be  
earnin' her man,  
and Learnin' her man,  
and at the same time burnin' her man  
Now you what she burnin'  
I'm gon chill for a minute  
ain't no lovin' good enough  
to get burned while I'm up in it  
And that's realer than real deal Holyfield  
And now you h##### and h###  
know how I feel  
Well if it's good enough to  
get broke off a proper chunk  
I'll take a small piece of  
some of that funky stuff  
It's like this and like that and  
like this and uh  
It's like that and like this  
and like that and uh  
It's like this and like that and  
like this and uh  
Dre creep to the mic like a phantom  
Well I'm peepin', and I'm creepin',  
and I'm creepin'  
But I damn near got capped,  
'cause my beeper kept beepin'  
Now it's time for me to make my  
impression felt  
So sit back, relax, and strap on  
your seat belt  
You never been on a ride like this befo'  
With a producer that could rap and  
control the maestro  
At the same time with the D### rhyme  
that I kick. You know, and I know,  
I flow some ol funky s###  
To add to my collection, the selection  
Symbolizes D###,  
take a toke but don't choke  
If ya' do, ya' have no clue a' what me  
and my homey

Snoop Dogg came to do  
It's like this and like that and  
like this and uh  
It's like that and like this and  
like that and uh  
It's like this, and  
we ain't got no love for those  
So jus' chill, 'til the next episode  
Fallin' back on that a##  
with a hellified gangsta' lean  
Gettin' funky on the mic  
like a' old batch o' collard greens  
It's the capital S, oh yes,  
I'm fresh N double O P D O  
double G Y D O double G ya' see  
Showin' much flex when it's time  
to wreck a mic  
Pimpin h### and cockin' a grip  
like my name was Dolomite  
Yeah, and you don't quit  
I think they in the mood  
for another one of them G hits So Dre.  
We gotta give 'em what dey want  
We gotta break 'em off somethin'  
And it's gotta be bumpin'  
It's where it's takes place, so  
C'mon ask your attention  
Mobbin' with the dog pound  
Droppin' the funky tracks  
make the suckas jus' mumble  
When I'm on the mic,  
it's like a cookie, they all crumble  
Try to get close, and you're bound  
ta' get smacked  
My little homey Snoop Doggy Dogg  
has got my back  
Never let me slip, 'cause if I slip,  
then I'm slippin'  
But if I got my Nina,  
then you know I'm straight trippin'  
And I'm a continue to put the rap down,  
put the mac down  
And if you women wanna trip,  
I have ta' put the smack down  
Yeah, and ya' don't stop I told you I'm just  
like a clock when I tick and I tock  
But I'm never off, always on  
'til the break dawn C O M P T O N,  
and the city they call Long Beach  
Puttin' the strength together.  
Like my homey D O C,  
no one can do it better  
Like this, that and like this and uh  
It's like that and like this  
and like that and uh  
It's like this,  
and we ain't got no love for those  
So jus' chill, 'til the next episode.

### **RUBBER BAND MAN**

Rubber band man Wild as the Taliban  
Nine in my right  
fo-ty five in my other hand.  
Call me trouble man  
always in trouble man  
worth a couple hundred grand,  
chevy's all colors man  
Rubber band man like a one man band  
treat these ##### like the Apollo  
and I'm the sandman.  
Tote a hundred grand  
canon in the waist band  
Looking fo a sweet lick?  
Well this is the wrong place man.  
Seven time felon,  
what I care about a case man?

I'm campaignin to bury the hate,  
so say ya grace  
Ay, I don't talk behind a n####  
back I say it in his face.  
I'm a thoroughbred n####.  
I don't fake I don't hate.  
Check my resume.  
My record's impeccable  
Any where in the A n####  
TIP is highly respectable.  
And in M I A n####  
tryin' keep it professional  
Cause all these tongue rastling.  
fellas have me snappin' em silly,  
From the bottom of tha' Duval,  
Cakalacky to New York  
and everybody showin' me love  
that's one to you all.  
Yeah, fo all my Florida n#####,  
my Cakalacky n##### my LA n#####,  
and my New York n##### in Queens  
Rubber band man Wild as the Taliban  
Nine in my right  
fo-ty five in my other hand.  
Call me trouble man  
always in trouble man  
worth a couple hundred grand,  
chevy's all colors man  
Rubber band man Wild as the Taliban  
Nine in my right  
fo-ty five in my other hand.  
Call me trouble man  
always in trouble man  
worth a couple hundred grand,  
chevy's all colors man  
Call me trouble man  
Stayed in some trouble man  
Some ##### still hatin' on shorties  
but they some suckas man.  
Got a couple fans that love to do  
nothing other than  
lick, suck, show no 'spect  
but still I love 'em man.  
Dig it, li'l pimpin' got the mind  
and the muscle  
Stay down on his grind  
Put the crown on the hustle  
Ay, I could show ya how to juggle  
anything and make it double.  
Weed, blow, real estate,  
liquor store wit no trouble.  
Young cats is playin' today.  
Marvin Gaye of my time.  
Trying stay alive.  
Livin' how I say in my rhymes.  
My cousin used to tell me  
take this s### a day at a time.  
and tell me Friday died,  
Sunday win a day in the ground.  
I still smile cuz somehow  
I know he seeing me now and  
so I'm doing all my shows  
just like he in the crowd.  
Ay, throw ya lightas up  
for my cousin Toot, Aaliyah,  
Left Eye on Jam Master Jay  
Rubber band man Wild as the Taliban  
Nine in my right  
fo-ty five in my other hand.  
Call me trouble man  
always in trouble man  
worth a couple hundred grand,  
chevy's all colors man  
Rubber band man Wild as the Taliban  
Nine in my right  
fo-ty five in my other hand.

Call me trouble man  
 always in trouble man  
 worth a couple hundred grand,  
 chevy's all colors man  
 Grand hustle man  
 Mo hustles than hustle man.  
 But why the rubber band?  
 It representin' the struggle man.  
 My folk gon trap til they come up  
 wit another plan  
 Stacking crumble bread  
 to get they self off they mama land.  
 Gangstas who been servin  
 since you was doing the runnin man.  
 Went down, did 10 back round  
 and rich again.  
 That's why I'm young  
 wit the soul of a old man  
 I'm shell shocked, get shot  
 and slow ya roll man.  
 Still ride around with the Glock  
 on patrol man. nah  
 I ain't robbing, I'm just lookin  
 for that dro man.  
 For my n##### slangin blow, pimpin h###  
 Rollin vogues, twenty fo's  
 Let these other n##### know.  
 Rubber band man Wild as the Taliban  
 Nine in my right  
 fo-ty five in my other hand.  
 Call me trouble man  
 always in trouble man  
 worth a couple hundred grand,  
 chevy's all colors man  
 Rubber band man Wild as the Taliban  
 Nine in my right  
 fo-ty five in my other hand.  
 Call me trouble man  
 always in trouble man  
 worth a couple hundred grand,  
 chevy's all colors man

#### CRANK IT UP

We Ride With V-12's Ay S U V's  
 Crank It Up, Crank It Up  
 Drank It Up, Girl let me spank it up  
 We Ride With V-12's Ay S U V's  
 Crank It Up, Crank It Up,  
 Drank It Up, Girl let me  
 We got uhh Big Cadillac  
 With yo miss in the back  
 Keeper watch your mouth  
 While I pack em' a stack  
 She gimme ya riches  
 While you yap bout yo gold  
 It's on my cars  
 That miss bought me a boat  
 See she bought me a car  
 And it's lookin' like yours  
 Only difference is pimpin,  
 I got wood on the door  
 I got wood on my wheel  
 And I'm bustin' my steel  
 I flipped your baby momma  
 Boy How does it feel?  
 We Ride With V-12's Ay S U V's  
 Crank It Up, Crank It Up  
 Drank It Up, Girl let me spank it up  
 We Ride With V-12's Ay S U V's  
 Crank It Up, Crank It Up,  
 Drank It Up, Girl let me spank it up  
 Yall talk s### while we still winning  
 She's on my d###  
 cuz my rims kept spinnin'  
 Then I bust up the block  
 The system that knocks

I keep touchin your misses,  
 While yall keep bitin' the pot  
 Showin them the middle finger  
 Throw a rock in his crib  
 Man I'm ready for war,  
 If any my n##### get killed  
 We Ride With V-12's Ay S U V's  
 Crank It Up, Crank It Up  
 Drank It Up, Girl let me spank it up  
 We Ride With V-12's Ay S U V's  
 Crank It Up, Crank It Up,  
 Drank It Up, Girl let me spank it  
 If ya ride around town in his truck  
 Put the keys in the air crank it up  
 If ya ride around town in his truck  
 Put his keys in the air crank it up  
 And if that boy got wood on the wheel  
 Grip that m##### tell me how it feel  
 And if that boy got wood on the wheel  
 Grip that m##### tell me how it feel  
 Now Crank It Up, Crank It Up  
 Now Crank It Up, Now Crank It Up  
 Crank It Up JEAH!

#### FIX UP

Fix up look sharp  
 Don't make me paint a b####  
 Something get dark  
 Hear the bang, see the spark  
 Duck down, lay down just  
 Fix up look sharp  
 Don't make me paint a b####  
 Something get dark  
 Hear the bang, see the spark  
 Duck down, lay down just  
 a ha a ha a ha ha yeah  
 Dizzee Rascal! rolling deep  
 I've heard the gossip from the street  
 to the slammer,  
 They're tryin to see if Dizzee  
 stays true to his grammar,  
 Being a celebrity don't mean s### to me,  
 The glitz and glamour, hit em with the  
 Blinks and Gamma  
 Because they're talking 'bout rushing  
 Talk behind my back  
 but to my face they say nothin',  
 Stand up in the Parks,  
 keep a firm, steady stance,  
 Keep the beanies touchin,  
 keep the beanies hot flushin,  
 Flushin M. C.'s down the loo,  
 If you don't believe me bring your posse,  
 bring your crew,  
 Feel free to hate cos  
 I ain't tryin-a be your mate,  
 Be serious you wouldn't last an hour  
 in my shoes  
 It's an Air-Force-One,  
 Trainers by the truck load,  
 trainers by the ton,  
 Don't feel dazed when I catch you  
 by your jays,  
 Chump, better act like Forrest Gump,  
 best to run!  
 Fix up look sharp  
 Don't make me paint a  
 Something get dark  
 Hear the bang, see the spark  
 Duck down, lay down just  
 Fix up look sharp  
 Don't make me paint a  
 Something get dark  
 Hear the bang, see the spark  
 Duck down, lay down just oiiiiiii  
 sweet as an nut mate sweet as an nut

Hey Look I stay sweet as a nut,  
 sweet like Tropicana,  
 When I hammer hits your head  
 splits like banana  
 You're not ready for this girl,  
 You better send your best boys,  
 cos this is Captain Rascal!  
 More destructive and troublesome  
 than ever,  
 I'll probably be doing this,  
 probably forever,  
 Fellas wanna stop me  
 don't probably come together,  
 It's probable they'll stop me,  
 probably never,  
 Topman, Topman, hard topa topa,  
 Come to me, front, that ain't true,  
 I'm a copper,  
 I'm old school like Happy Shopper,  
 I fight old school, bring your bat  
 and your chopper,  
 And your First Aid Kit,  
 and some antiseptic,  
 this could get hectic,  
 I'm a done accept it,  
 you got a bright future,  
 Don't let my gun affect it!  
 Fix up look sharp  
 Don't make me paint a  
 Something get dark  
 Hear the bang, see the spark  
 Duck down, lay down just  
 Fix up look sharp  
 Don't make me paint a  
 Something get dark  
 Hear the bang, see the spark  
 Duck down, lay down just Fix up!

#### HYPNOTIZE

Ungh, uh, ungh, uh uhh, c'mon  
 Hah, sicka than your average Poppa  
 twist cabbage off instinct n#####  
 don't think s### stink pink gators,  
 my Detroit playa's  
 Timbs for my hooligans in Brooklyn  
 Dead right, if they head right,  
 Biggie their Air Nike  
 Poppa been smooth since  
 days of Underroos  
 Never lose, never choose to,  
 bruise crews who do something to us,  
 talk go through us  
 Girls walk to us, wanna do us, s### us  
 Who us? Yeah, Poppa and Puff  
 Close like Starsky and Hutch,  
 stick the clutch  
 Dare I squeeze three at your cherry M-3  
 Bang every M C easily, busily recently  
 n##### frontin ain't sayin nuttin  
 So I just speak my piece, keep my peace  
 Cubans with the Jesus peace,  
 with my peeps  
 Packin, askin who want it,  
 You got it n### flaunt it  
 That Brooklyn b#####, we on it  
 Uhh uh-huh ungh hit me  
 Uh-huh ha I put h###  
 In N Y on to D K N Y  
 Miami, D.C. prefer Versace  
 All Philly h###, don Moschino  
 Every cutie wit a booty bought a Coogi  
 Now who's the real dookie,  
 meanin who's really the s###  
 Them n##### ride d####,  
 Frank White push the six  
 on the Lexus, LX, four and a half

Bullet proof glass tints if I want some a##  
 Gon' blast squeeze first ask questions last  
 That's how most of these so-called  
 gangsters pass  
 At last, a n#### rappin bout B####s  
 and broads  
 T### and bras, menage-a-trois,  
 s## in expensive cars  
 I still leave you on the pavement  
 Condo paid for, no car payment  
 At my arraignment, note for the plaintiff  
 Your daughter's tied up  
 in a Brooklyn basement  
 Face it, not guilty, that's how I stay filthy  
 Richer than Richie,  
 till you n##### come and get me  
 uhh uh-huh ungh, hit me uh-huh Ha  
 I can fill ya wit real millionaire s###  
 Escargot, my car go, one sixty, swiftly  
 Wreck it buy a new one  
 Your crew run run run, your crew run run  
 I know you sick of this,  
 name brand n####  
 wit flows girls  
 say he's sweet like licorice  
 So get with this n####, it's easy  
 Girlfriend here's a pen, call me round ten  
 Come through, have s## on rugs that's  
 Persian Come up to your job, hit you  
 While you workin for certain,  
 poppa freakin, not speakin  
 Leave that a## leakin, like rapper demo  
 Tell them h##, take they clothes off slowly  
 Hit em wit the force like Obe,  
 d### black like Toby  
 watch me roam like Romey,  
 lucky they don't owe me  
 Where the safe show me, homey..  
 uh uh-huh ungh  
 Hyp-no-tize  
 uh-huh hah uh uh-huh ungh  
 Hyp-no-tize  
 uh-huh Hah

### JESUS WALKS

God show me the way because the Devil  
 trying to break me down  
 You know what the Midwest is?  
 Young and Restless  
 Where restless n#####  
 might snatch your necklace  
 And next these n#####  
 might jack your Lexus  
 Somebody tell these n#####  
 who Kanye West is  
 I walk through the valley  
 of the shadow of death is  
 Top floor the view alone  
 will leave you breathless  
 Try to catch it. It's kind a hard  
 Getting choked by the detectives yeah  
 yeah now check the method  
 They be asking us questions,  
 harass and arrest us  
 Saying "we eat pieces of s###  
 like you for breakfast"  
 Huh? Yall eat pieces of s###?  
 What's the basis?  
 We ain't going nowhere  
 but got suits and cases  
 A trunk full of coke rental car from Avis  
 My momma used to say  
 only Jesus can save us  
 Well momma I know I act a fool  
 But I'll be gone til November  
 I got packs to move

I Hope God show me the way because  
 the Devil trying to break me down  
 The only thing that I pray is that me feet  
 don't fail me now  
 And I don't think there is nothin I can do  
 now to right my wrongs  
 I want to talk to God but I'm afraid 'cause  
 we ain't 'spoke in so long  
 God show me the way because the Devil  
 trying to break me down  
 The only thing that I pray is that me feet  
 don't fail me now  
 And I don't think there is nothin I can do  
 now to right my wrongs  
 I want to talk to God but I'm afraid 'cause  
 we ain't 'spoke in so long  
 Yeah To the hustlers, killers, murderers,  
 drug dealers even the strippers  
 To the victims of Welfare  
 for we living in hell here hell yeah  
 Now hear thee hear thee want to see  
 Thee more clearly  
 I know he hear me  
 when my feet get weary  
 Cuz we're the almost nearly extinct  
 We rappers is role models  
 we rap we don't think  
 I ain't here to argue  
 about his facial features  
 Or here to convert atheists into believers  
 I'm just trying to say  
 the way school need teachers  
 The way Kathie Lee needed Regis  
 that's the way I need Jesus  
 So here go my single dog radio needs this  
 They say you can rap about anything  
 except for Jesus  
 That means guns, s##, lies, video tape  
 But if I talk about God my record won't  
 get played Huh?  
 Well let this take away from my spins  
 Which will probably take away  
 from my ends  
 Then I hope this take away from my sins  
 And bring the day that I'm dreamin 'bout  
 Next time I'm in the club everybody  
 screaming out  
 God show me the way because the devil  
 trying to break me down  
 The only thing that I pray is that my feet  
 don't fail me now  
 And I don't think there is nothin I can do  
 now to right my wrongs  
 I want to talk to God but I'm afraid 'cause  
 we ain't spoke in so long.

### WHOA

I had this bad chick uptown, she was  
 Had me messed up in the head I mean  
 Bought the chick diamonds and pearls,  
 I mean  
 Should've seen the ice  
 shining on her wrist  
 Now money ain't a problem,  
 see my dough is like  
 Pulled out my bankroll on y'all dudes like  
 Floss da blue shrimp from two-tenth like  
 Money wanna be my blue prints, I'm like  
 Had to hit the brakes on y'all brothers like  
 Brothers getting bagged on my block like  
 Coming home within a half an hour like  
 Frontin' like they had the man power like  
 More or less, more or so  
 I'll rip ya torso  
 I live the fast life,  
 come through in the porsche slow like

My peoples like dough,  
 like dro Nitro, mic flows,  
 nice clothes like  
 Each playin with like  
 Now I'm doc strange in da Range like  
 Hundred miles an hour,  
 switching lanes like  
 Plus I'm getting brain from this chick like  
 seven mil brotha ain't s### like  
 See him floss b##### and chicks like  
 '99 jag benz coupe like  
 Keep them g's nines on ya blocks like  
 Grenade through ya window money like  
 Brothers see me do this sonny like  
 Brothers put me through this sonny like  
 So I'm a go toe to toe,  
 blow for blow like  
 And rip ya torso  
 I live the fast life,  
 come through in the porsche slow like  
 My peoples like dough,  
 nice dro Nitro, mic flows,  
 nice clothes like  
 We bag it, then flip it like  
 Cars we jack it then strip it like  
 Fully equip it front to back like  
 Spitting on fiends that come  
 for c#### like  
 Asking for shorts now baby that's  
 Half a this quart, now baby that's  
 Flow so properly you'll see I'm  
 Ain't no stopping me, I'm deep like  
 Joints be popping b, we creep like  
 Hear my name in these streets like  
 Must I pound the concrete like  
 Till his rich a## has defeat like  
 Ya man ain't  
 The judge ain't  
 C-E-O's ain't  
 P O's ain't  
 Play y'all self I get the g i joe  
 d##, k ryders ain't  
 I'll rip ya torso  
 I live the fast life,  
 come through in the porsche slow like  
 My peoples like dough,  
 nice dro Nitro, mic flows,  
 nice clothes like  
 Brothas getting money in V A is  
 Honey's looking right in A T L is  
 Brothas laying low in shytown is  
 Chicks shaking paper in L A is  
 Brothers stacking dough in D C is  
 P R D R hold me down like  
 Ballers in Detroit hold me down like  
 Brothers getting money in New Orleans  
 Boston and Jersey, my peoples is  
 Florida peoples, Philly n##### is  
 Tampa and Texas, Cleveland is  
 Memphis and Lil Rock, my brothas is  
 My New York people hold me down like  
 My Panama peeps hold me down like  
 Pampaya hold me down like  
 My man dice raw hold me down like  
 The whole bad boy hold me down like  
 N C S C hold me down like  
 My man Buck Wild hold me down like  
 Alumni dog hold me down like  
 My man P D hold me down like  
 The whole J M hold me down like  
 Whole east side hold me down like  
 My man P I hold me down like

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