

Apéndice 1.

Para llevar a cabo nuestra investigación no solo tuvimos la necesidad de procesar los datos en su versión oral, sino que nos apoyamos en las letras de los raps para poder explotarlos y procesarlos textualmente. En esta sección aportamos las letras de todas las canciones que formaron parte de este proyecto. Debemos señalar que estos temas fueron modificados posteriormente para adaptarlos a las necesidades del estudio. Es decir, los títulos, las anotaciones técnicas, las partes cantadas por autores que no se correspondía con los patrones buscados, etc. fueron eliminados para preservar la autenticidad de los hablantes y no contaminar los resultados.

1. Raperos europeoamericanos.

1.1. Beastie Boys.

Artist: Beastie Boys

Album: Licensed to Ill

Song: Brass Monkey

(chorus) Brass Monkey - that funky Monkey
Brass Monkey - junkie
That funky Monkey

Got this dance that's more than real
Drink Brass Monkey - here's how you feel
Put your left leg down - your right leg up
Tilt your head back - let's finish the cup
M.C.A. with the bottle - D. rocks the can
Adrock gets nice with Charlie Chan
We're offered Moet - we don't mind Chivas
Wherever we go with bring the Monkey with us
Adrock drinks three - Mike D. is D.
Double R. foots the bill most definitely
I drink Brass Monkey and I rock well
I got a Castle in Brooklyn - that's where I dwell

(repeat chorus)

Cause I drink it anytime - and anyplace
When it's time to get ill - I pour it on my face
Monkey tastes Def when you pour it on ice
Come on y'all it's time to get nice
Coolin' by the lockers getting kind of funky
Me and the crew - we're drinking Brass Monkey
This girl walked by - she gave me the eye
I reached in the locker - grabbed the Spanish Fly
I put it with the Monkey - mixed it in the cup
Went over to the girl, "Yo baby, what's up?"
I offered her a sip - the girl she gave me lip

It did begin the stuff wore in and now she's on my tip

(repeat chorus)

Step up to the bar - put the girl down
She takes a big gulp and slaps it around
Take a sip - you can do it - you get right to it
We had a case in the place and we went right through it
You got a dry Martini - thinking you're cool
I'll take your place at the bar - I smack you off your stool
I'll down a '40 dog" in a single gulp
And if you got beef you'll get beat to a pulp
Monkey and parties and reelin' and rockin'
Def, def - girls, girls - all y'all jockin'
The song and dance keeping you in a trance
If you don't buy my record I got my advance
I drink it - I think it - I see it - I be it
I love Brass Monkey but I won't give D. it
We got the bottle - you got the cup
Come on everybody let's get ffffff

(repeat chorus)

Artist: Beastie Boys
Album: Licensed to Ill
Song: Girls

Girls - all I really want is girls
And in the morning it's girls
Cause in the evening it's girls

I like the way that they walk
And it's chill to hear them talk
And I can always make them smile
From White Castle to the Nile

Back in the day
There was this girl around the way
She liked by home-piece M.C.A.
He said he would not give her play
I asked him, "Please?" - he said, "You may."
Her pants were tight and that's ok
If she would dance - I would D.J.
We took a walk down to the bay

I hope she'll say, "Hey me and you should hit the hay!"
I asked her out - she said, "No way!"
So I broke North with no delay
I heard she moved real far away
That was two years ago this May
I seen her just the other day

Jockin' Mike D. to my dismay

Girls - to do the dishes
Girls - to clean up my room
Girls - to do the laundry
Girls - and in the bathroom
Girls - that's all I really want is girls
Two at a time - I want girls
With new wave hairdos - I want girls
I ought to whip out my - girls, girls, girls, girls, girls!

Artist: Beastie Boys

Album: Licensed to Ill

Song: Hold it Now - Hit it!

Now I chill real ill when I start to chill
When I fill my pockets with a knot of dollar bills
Sipping pints of ale out the window sill
When I get my fill I'm chilly chill
Now I just got home because I'm out on bail
What's the time? - it's time to buy ale
Peter eater - parking meter all of the time
If I run out of ale - it's Thunderbird wine
Miller drinking - chicken eating - dress so fly
I got friends in high places that are keeping me high
Dow with Mike D. and it ain't no hassle
Got the ladies of the eighties from here to White Castle

(chorus) Hold it now - hit it!

M.C. - Adam Yauch in the place to be
And all the girls are on me cause I'm down with Mike D.
I'm down with Mike D. and it ain't no baloney
For real, not phony - "O.E." and Rice-a-Roni
I come out at night 'cause I sleep all day
And I'm the King Adrock and he's M.C.A.
Well I'm cruising, I'm bruising - I'm never ever losing
I'm in my car - I'm going far and dust is what I'm using
Around the way is where I'm from
And I'm from Manhattan and I'm not a bum
Because you're pud-slapping, ball-flapping - got that juice
My name's Mike D. and I can do that Jerry Lewis

(repeat chorus)

Hip-hop, body rockin' - doing the do
Beer drinking, breath stinking, sniffing glue
Belly flipping, always illing, busting caps
My name's Mike D. and I write my own snaps
I'm a peep-show seeking on the forty-deuce
I'm a killer at large and I'm on the loose

Pistol packing, Monkey drinking, no money bum
I come from Brooklyn 'cause that's where I'm from
Cheap-skate, perpetrating - money hungry jerk
Everyday I drink a "O.E." and I don't go to work
You drippy nose knuckle-head - you're we behind the ears
You like men - and we like beer.

(repeat chorus)

King of the Ave. with the Def female
You're rhyming and stealin' with the freshest ale
Cooling at the crib watching my TV
Ed Norton - Ted Knight - and Mr. Ed
Pump it up homeboy - just don't stop
Chef Boy-ar-dee cooling on the pot
I take no slack cause I got the knack
And I'm never dusting out cause I torch that crack
The King Adrock - that is my name
And you're drinking Moet - we got the champagne
A quarter dropping - going shopping buying wigs
Surgeon general cut professor - D.J. Thigs
(repeat chorus)

Artist: Beastie Boys

Album: Licensed to Ill

Song: No Sleep Til Brooklyn

(chorus) No sleep 'til - Brooklyn

Foot on the pedal - never ever false metal
Engine running hotter than a boiling kettle
My job's ain't a job - it's a damn good time
City to city - I'm running my rhymes
On location - touring around the nation
Beastie Boys always on vacation
Itchy trigger finger but a stable turntable
I do what I do best because I'm illing and able
Ain't no faking - your money I'm taking
Going coast to coast - watching all the girlies shaking
While you're at the job working nine to five
The Beastie Boys at the Garden - cold kickin' it live

(bridge) No sleep 'til -

Another place - another train
Another bottle in the brain
Another girl - another fight
Another drive all night
Our manager's crazy - he always smokes dust
He's got his own room at the back of the bus
Tour around the world - you rock around the clock

Plane to hotel - girls on the jock
We're thrashing hotels like it's going out of style
Getting paid along the way cause it's worth your while
Four on the floor - Adrock's out the door
M.C.A.'s in the back because he's skeezin' with a whore
We got a safe in the trunk with money in a stack
With dice in the front and Brooklyn's in the back

(repeat bridge)

(repeat chorus)

Ain't seen the light since we started this band
M.C.A. - get on the mic my man
Born and bred Brooklyn - U.S.A.
They all me Adam Yauch - but I'm M.C.A.
Like a lemon to a lime - a lime to a lemon
I sip the def ale with all the fly women
Got limos, arena, TV shows
Autograph pictures and classy hos
Step off homes - get out of my way
Taxing little girlies form here to L.A.
Waking up but I get to sleep
Cause I'll be rocking this party eight days a week
(repeat chorus)

Artist: Beastie Boys

Album: Licensed to Ill

Song: Paul Revere

How here's a little story - I've got to tell
About three bad brothers - you know so well
It started way back in history
With Adrock, M.C.A., and me - Mike D.
Been had a little horsy named Paul Revere
Just me and my horsy and a quart of beer
Riding across the land - kicking up sand
Sheriff's posse on my tail cause I'm in demand
One lonely Beastie I be
All by myself - without nobody
The sun is beating down on my baseball hat
The air is gettin' hot - the beer is getting flat
Lookin' for a girl - I ran into a guy
His name is M.C.A., I said, "Howdy" - he said, "Hi"

He told a little story - that sounded well rehearsed
Four days on the run and that he's dying of thirst
The brew was in my hand - and he was on my tip
His voice was hoarse, his throat was dry - he asked me for a sip
He said, "Can I get some?"
I said, "You can't get none!"

Had a chance to run
He pulled out his shotgun
He was quick on the draw - I thought I'd be dead
He put the gun to my head and this is what he said,

"Now my name is M.C.A. - I've got a license to kill
I think you know what time it is - it's time to get ill
Now what do we have here - an outlaw and his beer
I run this land, you understand - I make myself clear."
We stepped into the wind - he had a gun, I had a grin
You think this story's over but it's ready to begin

"Now I got the gun - you got the brew
You got two choices of what you can do
It's not a tough decision as you can see
I can blow you away or you can ride with me" I said, I'll ride with you if
you can get me to the border
The sheriff's after me for what I did to his daughter
I did it like this - I did it like that
I did it with a whiffleball bat
So I'm on the run - the cop's got my gun
And right about now - it's time to have some fun
The King Adrock - that is my name
And I know the fly spot where they got the champagne."
We rode for six hours the we hit the spot
The beat was a bumping and the girlies was hot
This dude was staring like he knows who we are
We took the empty spot next to him at the bar
M.C.A. said, "Yo, you know this kid?"
I said, "I didn't." - but I know he did
The kid said, "Get ready cause this ain't funny
My name's Mike D. and I'm about to get money."
Pulled out the jammy - aimed it at the sky
He yelled, "Stick 'em up!" - and let two fly
Hands went up and people hit the floor
He wasted two kids that ran for the door
"I'm Mike D. and I get respect
Your cash and your jewelry is what I expect"
M.C.A. was with it and he's my ace
So I grabbed the piano player and I punched him in the face
The piano player's out - the music stopped
His boy had beef - and he got dropped
Mike D. grabbed the money - M.C.A. snatched the gold
I grabbed two girlies and a beer that's cold.

Artist: Beastie Boys
Album: Licensed to Ill
Song: Posse in Effect

Yes, yes, y'all - you don't stop
You keep it on - and shockin' the place

Well I'm M.C.A. - I got nothing to prove
Pay attention - my intention is to bust a move
I drink quarts and cans and bottles and sixes
Between the turntables keep the vodka and the mixes
I'm Mike D. - I got the deuces wild
A list of girlies numbers that I've dialed
I do the Smurf, the Popeye, and the Jerry Lewis
I like Bullwinkle but I don't like Moose
I'm schoolin' in the boys' room - coolin' by the locker
All the girls in class know that I'm the cool rocker
Punk in the hall - man I should of oughtta hit him
Had the fresh rhymes and the kid cold bite 'em
Smokin' in the boys room is what I do best
While you were at a party - your girlfriend fessed
I keep a pistol in my pocket so you better be cautious
Fly around the world - but it makes me nauseous
Mike D.'s day off everyday of the week
I got to the party - and I did the freak
I got a girl in the Castle and one in the pagoda
You know I got rhymes like Abe Vigoda
I'm a Def Manhattan killer - a rhyme driller
A mike in my hand and a mouth full of Miller
I got a hat not a visor - I drink Budweiser
The turntables - up on the drum riser
The needle's in the groove and the vinyl's on the platter
I know that I'm fly man there's no need to flatter
I travel around the globe - it's keeping girlies dizzy
My name's Mike D. - now watch me get busy y'all

You're a fake wearin' sucker whose gold got rusted
Cheaper than a hot do with no mustard
You tried to steal my fresh and you got cold busted
Because your crew's all soft and I'm disgusted
I'm from downtown the city of Manhattan
I got a lotta girlies and not one's catin'
My posse's in effect and we're doin' the do
And we got more rhymes than your damn crew
Caught you poppin' that weak and you must of been dusted
Stuck you head in the toilet and stone cold flushed it
Word.

Artist: Beastie Boys
Album: Licensed to Ill
Song: Rhymin' and Stealin'

Rhymin' And Stealin'

Because mutiny on the bounty's what we're all about
I'm gonna board your ship and turn it on out
No soft sucker with a parrot on his shoulder
'Cause I'm bad gettin' bolder - cold getting colder

Terrorizing suckers on the seven seas
And if you've got beef - you'll get capped in the knees
We got sixteen men on a dead man's chest
And I shot those suckers and I'll shoot the rest

(chorus) Most illingest b-boy - I got that feeling
Cause I am most ill and I'm rhymin' and stealin'

Snatching gold chains - vicking pieces of eight
I got your money and your honey and the fly name plate
We got wenches on the benches - and bitties with titties
Housing all girlies from city to city
One for all and all for one
Taking out M.C.'s with a big shotgun
All for one and one for all
Because the Beastie Boys have gone A.W.O.L.
Friggin' in the riggin' and cuttin' your throat

Big biting suckers getting thrown in the moat
We got maidens and wenches - man they're on the ace
Captain Bly is gonna die when we break his face

(repeat chorus)

Ali Baba and the forty thieves

Torching and crakin' and rhymin' and stealin'
Robbin' and raping - busting two in the ceiling
I'm wheeling' - I'm dealin' - I'm drinking, not thinking
Never cower, never shower - and I'm always stinking
Yo ho ho and a pint of Brass Monkey
And when my girlie shakes her hips - she sure gets funky
Skirt chasing, free basing - killing every village
We drink and rob and rhyme and pillage

(repeat chorus)

I've been drinking my rum - a Def son of a gun
I fought the law and I cold won
Black Beard's weak - Moby Dick's on the tick
'Cause I pull out my jammy and squeeze off six
My pistol is loaded - I shot Betty Crocker
Deliver Colonel Sanders down to Davey Jones' locker
Rhymin' and stealin' in a drunken state
And I'll be rockin' my rhymes all the way to Hell's gate
(repeat chorus)

Artist: Beastie Boys
Album: Licensed to Ill
Song: She's Crafty

Well this girl came up to me - she says she's new in town
But the crew been said they seen her around
I thought they were right but I didn't wanna know
The girlie was Def and she wanted to go
I think her name is Lucy but they all call Loose
I think I thought I seen her on eighth and forty-deuce
The next think she said, "My place or yours?
Let's kick some bass behind closed doors!"
We got into the cab - the cab driver said
He recognized my girlie from the back of her head
He said a little something about tip to base
So I made him stop the cab to get out of the place
I shouldn't have looked back man I'll always regret it
Something's going on and I'll probably never get it
She was crying like a baby - stupid dumb
It's just too bad that girl's a bum

(chorus) She's crafty - she's gets around
She's crafty - she's always down
She's crafty - she's got a gripe
She's crafty - and she's just my type
She's crafty

I spent my last dollar to buy a Sabrett
When I seen this girl I could never forget
Now I like nothing better than a pretty girl smile
And I haven't seen a smile that pretty in a while
The girl came up to me she said she loved the show
Asked her to come home and she couldn't say, "No!"
We got the crib - there's Adam and D.
We didn't say a word - they just stared at me
I said, "I don't know her just met her tonight."
And Adrock started hiding everything in sight
D. pulled me over said, "Hid your gold,
The girl is crafty like ice is cold!"
The girl is crafty - she knows all the moves
I started playing records - she knew all the grooves
He thought she was a thief - and D. was right
But I just figured she'd spend the night
When I woke up late in the afternoon
She had taken all the things from inside his room
I found myself sleeping in the middle of the floor
She had taken the bed and the chest of drawers
The mirror, the TV, the guitar cord
My remote control and my old skateboard
She robbed us blind - she took all we owned
And the boys blamed me for bringing her home
(repeat chorus)

Artist: Beastie Boys
Album: Licensed to Ill

Song: Slow and Low

(chorus) Let it flow - let yourself go
Slow and low - that is the tempo

It's never old school - all brand new
So everybody catch - the bugaloo flu
Not like a fever - not like a cold
The beats are clear - the rhymes are bold
So don't see a doctor or see a nurse
Just listen to the music - first things first
First of all - get off the wall
It's time to party so have a ball
Because we slowed it on down - so get the hell up
Like a volcano I'll erupt
We got determination - bass and highs
White Castle fries only come in one size
What you see is what you get
And you ain't seen - nothing yet

(repeat chorus)

I do not sing - but I make a Def song
You could live your whole life - and I hope you live long
On the Gong Show we won't get gonged
We're the Beastie Boys - not Cheech and Chong
Strong as an ox - fresh out the box
The crowd is so live - they're coming in flocks
And when we go on - the crowd goes off
It's all hard rock - there's nothing soft

(repeat chorus)

We don't only rock the house but we'll house we rock
We don't stroll but we roll straight to the top
M.C.A., Adrock, Mike D. makes three
And we can do it like this in the place to be
When I'm recorded - you'll be rewarded
I know my song is Def 'cause you all applauded
Not P.C.P. or L.S.D. - just me Mike D. in the place to be
This is not free - you must pay a fee
Cash on delivery like a C.O.D.

(repeat chorus)

The beat is slow in order to dance
I wanna hear I dos and no I can't
First you move your legs - and then your arms
It's not fast and nervous - this dance is calm
It's truly stable and you ought to be able
To dance to the record when it's on the turntable
(repeat chorus)

Artist: Beastie Boys

Album: Licensed to Ill

Song: Slow Ride

They got a committee to get me off the block
'Cause I say my rhymes loud and I say 'em nonstop
Because being bad news is what we're all about
We went to White Castle and we got thrown out
I got my boy Mike D. - I got the King Adrock I got the jammy with the ammo
inside my sock
I shot homeboy but the bullet was a dud
So I reached in the Miller cooler - grabbed a cool Bud
Slow riding, gun hidin' on the go
I'm fly like an eagle and I drink Old Crow
I'm the king of the classroom - coolin' in the back
My teacher had beef so I gave her a smack
She chased me out of class 0 she was strapped with a ruler
Went to the bathroom - rolled myself a wooler
With bottle in hand at the microphone stand
A. yo homeboy - what you drinkin' man

I got money - I got juice
I got to the party and I got loose
I got rhythm - I got rhymes
I got the girlies with the Def behinds
I got ill - I got busted
I got dust and I got dusted
I got gold - I got funky
I got the new dance - they call the Brass Monkey

Because I'm hard hittin' - always biten - cool as hell
I got trees on my mirror so my car won't smell
Sittin' around the house - gettin' high and watchin' tube
Eating Colonel's chicken - drinkin' Heineken brew
I'm a gangster, I'm a prankster - I'm the king of the Ave.
I'm hated, confrontated for the juice that I have
All the fly ladies are making a fuss
But I can't pay attention - 'cause I'm on that dust

Artist: Beastie Boys
Album: Licensed to Ill
Song: The New Style

And on the cool check in
Center stage on the mic
And we're puttin' it on wax
It's the new style

Four and three and two and one (What up!)
And when I'm on the mic - the suckers run (Word!)
Down with Adrock and Mike D. and you ain't
And I got more juice than Picasso got paint
Got rhymes that are rough and rhymes that are slick

I'm not surprised you're on my dick
B-E-A-S-T-I-E, what up Mike D.
Ah yeah, that's me
I got franks and pork and beans
Always bust the new routines
I get it - I got it, I know it's good
The rhymes I write - you wish you would I'm never in training - my voice is
not straining
People always biting and I'm sick of complaining
So I went into the locker room during classes
Bust into your locker and I smashed your glasses
You're from Secausus - I'm from Manhattan
You're jealous of me because your girlfriend is cattin'

(bridge) There it is - kick it!!!

Father to many - married to none
And in case you're unaware I carry a gun
Stepped into the party - the place was over packed
Saw the kid that dissed my homey and shot him in the back
I had to get a beeper 'cause my phone is tapped
You better keep your mouth shut 'cause I'm fully strapped
I got money in the bank - I can still get high
That's why your girlfriend thinks that I'm so fly
I've got money and juice - twin sisters in my bed
Their father had envy so I shot him in the head
If I played guitar I'd be Jimmy Page
The girlie's I like are underage (Check it!)
Girls with boyfriends are the kind I like
I'll steal your honey like I stole your bike
Your father - he's jealous 'cause I'm making that green
I've got the girlie's numbers from the places I been

(repeat bridge)

You wanna know why - because I'm
October 31st - that is my date of birth
I got to the party and I did the Smurf
Taxing all females from coast to coast
And when I get my fill I'm chilly most
We rag-tag girlies back at the hotel
And then we all switch places when I ring the bell
I chill at White Castle 'cause it's the best
But I'm fly at Fat Burger when I way out west
K-I-N-G-A-D whammy
All the fly ladies are on my jammy
Went to the prom - wore the fly blue rental
Got six girlies in my Lincoln Continental
Met this girl at the party and she started to flirt
I told her some rhymes and she pulled up her skirt
Spent some bank - I got a high powered jumbo

Rolled up a wooly and I watched Colombo

Let me clear my throat - Kick it over here baby pop
And let all the fly skimmies, feel the beat...drop

Coolin' on the corner on a hot summer day
Just me, my posse and M.C.A.
A lot of beer - a lot of girls - and a lot of cursing
Twenty-two automatic on my person
Got my hand in my pocket and my finger's on the trigger
My posse's gettin' big - and my posse's gettin' bigger
Some voices got treble - some voices got bass
We got the kind of voices that are in your face
Like the bun to the burger - like the burger to the bun
Like the cherry to the apple - to the peach to the plum
I'm the king of the Ave. - and I'm the king of the block
I'm M.C.A. - and I'm the King Adrock
I'm Mike D. - I got all the fly juice
On the checkin' at the party on the forty deuce
Walking down the block with the fresh fly threads
Beastie Boys fly the biggest heads

Artist: Beastie Boys

Album: Licensed to Ill

Song: Time to Get Ill

I'm not the type of person who likes to waste my time
And when I'm on the mic - I just say my rhymes
Because I'm out on bail - the check is in the mail
They can sentence me to life - but I won't go to jail
I'm cool calm collected - from class I was ejected
Just me, Mike D., and M.C.A. - we're rarely disrespected
I got all the time that I need to kill
What's the time? - it's time to get ill

You been fully captivated by that funky ass bass
Your girlfriend screams when M.C.A.'s in the place
He stumbles in the room with the Chivas in his hand
Cold chillin' on the spot at the microphone stand
I'd have the pedal to the metal if I had a car
But I'm chiller with the Miller - cold coolin' at the bar
I can drink a quart of Monkey and still stand still
What's the time? - it's time to get ill

Went outside my house - I went down to the deli
I spent my last dime to refill my fat belly
I got rhymes galime - I got rhymes galilla
And I got more rhymes than Phillis Diller
M.C.A. takes a stand - man you're in command
Homeboy, turn it out and don't give a damn
My name is M.C.A. - I've got a license to kill

What's the time? - it's time to get ill

Riding down the block with my box in my hand
Today I feel like chillin' just as chill as I can
Coolin' on the corner with a forty of O.E.
'Cause me and M.C.A. we're down with Mike D.
When I run a jam - I don't give a damn
When I'm throwing bass - I say, "Thank you ma'am."
Fuel injected, rhyme connected - running things
I'm the King Adrock and I'm the king of all kings
I'm looking for a spot - things are gettin' hot
I'm M.C.A., I'm here to stay - and you sir, are not
Oh no, it could not be - it's such a sight to see
It's such a trip - you're on my tip so listen to Mike D.
My work is my play - cause I'm playing when I work
My name's Mike D., as you can see and I can dot the jerk
M.C.A., Adrock, Mike D. - it's chill
What's the time? - it's time to get ill

1.2. Everlast.

Artist: Everlast

Album: Whitey Ford Sings the Blues

Song: Death Comes Callin

Typed by: JuwenLong@aol.com

A yes yes y'all
It's too fresh y'all
A little b-boy blue
You know it's too beucou

I've been from New York to Cali
Spent two days in the valley
And I think I'm 'bout to lose my mind
And if I think 'bout it one more time
I'm a blow my stack
See ya out the back
Give me some room that I can breathe in
Now I'm a start weavin' spells like a wizard
King of the lizard
My mojo's risin' like my nature should
Not everybody can relate to hood
But I used to roll with high frequency
Had a habit of juvenile delinquency
If y'all could see all the things I did
When I was a kid
Ya might flip ya lid
'Cause...

When I was the age of one
My father gave me my very first gun

When I was the age of two
I was pullin' out records with the SD Crew
And when I was the age of three
I had all the maddest fishes swimmin' after me
And when I was the age of four
I was bustin' out shows with the rhymes galore

See...

CHORUS (X2)

Day to the night
Night to the day
Up around where I stay
We do things this way
You got to watch how you act
And watch what you say
'Cause their ain't no stallin'
When the death come callin'

CHORUS II (X2)

The man that lives by the pistol
Dies by the smokin' gun (gun)
I think I hear a steam whistle
Lord, when my train gonna come

Yo, all you duns packin' guns
Fightin' for ones
It's time to get these hons
Start raisin' some sons
Plant your seed in some fertile soil
And watch me start bubblin'
Like I'm 'bout to boil
Like Olive Oil love Popeye
Just won't stoppa
I got to keep rockin'
Ticks keep tockin'
Time keeps slippin'
My mind keeps trippin'
I'm in the road less traveled
Sure got lotta stones

CHORUS (X2)

I say day to the night
Night to the day
Up around where I stay
We do things this way
You got to watch how you act
And watch what you say
'Cause their ain't no stallin'
When the death come callin'

When the death come callin' (X2)
Watch me break it down

There's a red house yonder
Just over the hill
With my name carved into the window sill
I think I'm gonna burn it down
Yeah, I think I'm gonna burn it down
That's what me and my old woman used to say
We used to lie in bed and make love all day
Now I think I'm gonna burn it down
Yeah, I think I'm gonna burn it down
Yeah, I think I'm gonna burn it down to the ground

CHORUS II (X2)
The man that lives by the pistol
Dies by the smokin' gun
I think I hear a steam whistle
Lord, when my train gonna come

Artist: Everlast
Album: Whitey Ford Sings the Blues
Song: Ends
Typed by: MaltLikks@aol.com

"Everything must change . . ."

Chorus:
Ends, some people will rob their mother
For the ends, rats snitch on one another
For the ends, sometimes kids get murdered
For the ends, so before we go any further
I want my ends

I knew this cat named Darrell, he didn't have a dollar
He was Harvard material, Ivy League scholar
Had a Ph.D., had an M.B.A.
But now he's waiting tables cause their's rent to pay
Companies downsizing, inflation's rising
Can't find a job, he's feeling kind of stressed
Doesn't even feel the effects when he says
Forgot to count how many times he been blessed
So he falls off track, starts smoking the crack
And once it hits his brain, starts a chain react
Sells the shirt off his back, shoes off his feet
He's losing all his teeth, now he's out in the street
And all of sudden he's like, Jesse James
Trying to stick up kids for their watches and chains
But he's from business school, and he's nervous with the tool
So he ends up on his back in a bloody pool

Chorus

I knew this chick named Sally, she had a nice strut
Knew what I wanted, she was up in the cut
Swinging that butt, like race you out here
Only rapped the benz, and rocked the fly gear
Brand name wearing, champagne waving
Jewels around the neck, live style she's craving
Ain't no saving, she's doing enough spending
If you do the lending, she'll do the bending
Straight machine vending, it's money for take
Shopping sprees get her on her knees
And if you hit her with keys of your crib, you acting funny
Come home one day, find her counting out your money
>From the Wetlands, all the way to the Apollo
If you're broke she'll spit, and if you're rich she might swallow

Chorus

I knew these two homeboys, who made a lot of noise
Making money on the block, kids was on they jock
They was tougher than leather like Reverend Run
DMC, they was toting guns
And holdin' weight, goin' out of state
Stackin' mad chips, and pushin' phat whips
Fly jewels and golds, and got no job
And then one did some kid, and one got robbed

Chorus (2x)

Artist: Everlast f/ Casual, Sadat X
Album: Whitey Ford Sings the Blues
Song: Funky Beat
Typed by: JuwenLong@aol.com

Check
Uh huh
Check check, y'all

Yo Whitey Ford's the name
The Hunchback of Notre Dame
Couldn't get more bent
When it's time to represent
I control it like rent
In a slum tenement
Life's hard like some men
In the concrete jungle
I don't smoke jumbo
So whatcha knockin' for
There's locks on my door
We rock from the floor

To the ceilin'
Ain't no drug dealin'
Ain't no gat peelin'
You can't fight this feelin'

Casual:

Well, My style's golden
Hot like molten rock
Niggers come bold
But leave here holdin' jock
High roll patrol
Roll through the set on fifth
Arm's solo
Sippin' momo with a chick
Niggers take the penitentiary
Chances at the dances
Lettin' off shots
Lit off the lanterns
Mad 'cause a nigga can't test with no access
To phatness like this

Sadat X:

>From one story the cowboy was founded
I'm surrounded by Casual and Whitey Ford
The whole world and your girl
>From the Bay to LA
To my blue end while
I ain't tryin' to die
I'm tryin' to live
While I cool out
And pick up my daughter
When the bell says the school out
Who the hell brought tools
In this peaceful event
Now I can love you
Front you
Or we could hunt you
You played too close
Take a hit of this dose

A yes, yes, y'all

Sadat X: A freak, freak, yo

Casual: So fresh y'all

To the beat y'all

Sadat X: A yes yes y'all

Casual: We don't stop dog

We keep it rockin' till the panties drop, yo

Casual:

Uh huh, ha

I see the rappers bein' ruined

By you and whoever's doin' that
Crap, they got me booin'
In fact, I'm gettin' to 'em
May an electrical poetical surge
Give me the urge
To, consume, the tomb
And submerge
The depths of adverbs
Keep it sick
Analytical
You pitiful trick
I'm the pinnacle and the prodigal
Rhyme style's
Hip nautical
Fuck the artical
The artist is hardest
To harvest the hard shit

Sadat X:

I slave till all my work is done
I'm cashin' in
Stack up my money for a grand set
I like them all house parties rockin'
Plus I'm up in your cozy
Bitch turn your head and keep your eyes
Where they supposed to be
Supposedly I was seen with something lean, huh
Brown skin
I keep it bouncin'
I say loungin'
On the side with red wine
I know that shit on my floor ain't swine

Now back it up
Stack it up
And hit me one more time
It might be your phone call
But check it, it's my dime
And I know she's fine
But get off my line
Or I'll break that spine
And then maybe your face
You all up in my space
Like with Puffy and Mase
But that's just not the case
'Cause I'm settin' the pace
While you followin' and swallowin'
Savorin' the flavor
In your audio for now
Quick suckin' my style
I'll be the man

With the large amounts of savoir-faire

CHORUS

Rock on
To the break of dawn
Just freak it
Ah yeah baby
Rock on
To the break of dawn
Just freak it
Ah yeah baby

CHORUS II (X2)

Sadat X:
'Cause it's the funky beat
'Cause it's the funky beat
'Cause it's the funk, the funk, the funk, funky beat (beat)

Sadat X:
I'll leave a piece of my style
Flyin' high up in the air
And you'll say to yourself
Damn I'm glad I was there
This is as rare as me frickin' share
You people stare
But behind closed doors
You will take it there

Casual:
Yeah I be the extraordinare
Judge from Bayfare
To Albee Square
Tell me where the party at
I'll be there
Let her hit the coney at
Show her where to rock the pony at

I be the man
With the large amounts of sapphire fare
I'm about to cut loose
My dog so you all best beware
You can dance with flare
And get out of your chair
We be smarter than your average boo boo bear

CHORUS

Rock on
To the break of dawn
Just freak it
Ah yeah baby
Rock on

To the break of dawn
Just freak it
Ah yeah baby

CHORYS II (X4)

Sadat X:

'Cause it's the funky beat
'Cause it's the funky beat
'Cause it's the funk, the funk, the funk, funky beat (beat)

Artist: Everlast

Album: Whitey Ford Sings the Blues

Song: Get Down

Typed by: wheater@gte.net

I see everybody rockin' the same old style
And everyone's sportin' the same profile
And all of y'all wearin' the same name brands
I hear everybody jackin' these played out jams
I won't reach for no gun, punk, I use my hands
I rock mikes and roll bikes, I cross foriegn lands
I made my bones out in zones where twilight be
And every time I touch the mike it's Fright Night Part Three
For every emcee that wanna test and try
In your custom made wears thinkin' you too fly
Make it up in gold chains what you're lackin' for brains
It's time to call your ma, duke, scoop up your remains
And finally lay to rest all the shit you stressed
Of boastin' and braggin' about the toes you taggin'
I'm knock, knock, knockin' on heavens door
While every rapper that's simmed is pimped like a whore
You see the talk is eighteen, three quarters past four
When your doctor slaps my ass, hear the lion roar
The record sales soared and the world got toured
You say what happened to my band, I say I just got bored
Now they call me Whitey Ford, and I praise the Lord
Find me breakin' up your crews, catch me singin' the blues
Strummin' and pickin' like I'm BB King
It's Abdul Rakim, now watch me do my thing

CHORUS

Down, down, you go
Down, down, so low
Down, down, till you hit the floor
Keep fallin' down, till you can't get down no more

You go point blank range with the scope he's knockin'
The Psycho might change but there ain't no stoppin'
The mmon's on the rise when the sun start droppin'
And y'all need to quit the bullshit that you be poppin'
'Cause I've been hip hoppin' since BDP

(???) it's Abdul Rakim
And when referring to me you must respect the name
Make a quick double take and double check your game
'Cause you about to get dissed, I'm checkin' my list
When I check it over twice it's like rollin' dice
I hit four, five, six, I'm all up in your mix
I rock good from Hollywood to the city of bricks
And all these fake cats scream they're keepin' it real
While you're makin' your deal we'll be breakin' the seal
You be breakin' your vows like people worshippin' cows
And then I hit ya with the who's, what's, where's and how's
Like Vinny Barbarino, Matt Pachino
I'm with my man Rino with the Brooklyn Lordz
Crashin' the boards with my soul in a hole
I take it back to the future from the days of old
I'm too cold to hold, too hot not to burn ya
Don't stick your nose in business that don't concern ya
Might have to trip and flip like I've Turner
You too old for schoolin', boy, when I'm gonna learn ya

CHORUS

Artist: Everlast

Album: Whitey Ford Sings the Blues

Song: Hot to Death

Typed by: JuwenLong@aol.com

We're gonna be breakin' it down (Yeah!)
You gotta know the feel
You gotta know the life
You know what I'm sayin' (Hey!)

I said what's goin' wrong
You know it just ain't right
Tell me who be loud
When the spark ignite
Now from the break daylight
To the fall of the sun
You gotta pick your fight
It's time to choose your gun

Chorus:

Front to back
Right to left
Keep it live all night
Make it hot to death
Get your heart pumpin' like some crystal meth
Keep it live all night
Make it hot to death

Well...

Hey...

Tell me who's your God
Does he make a lotta dough
I'm gonna take you higher
Or to the fire below

Chorus

Guns to roses
Abraham to Moses
Daylight exposes what the night conceals
Let's break these seals
And get this thing started
Some be out classed
Some be out smarted
Some be over bound by the blindin' rays
I hear the whisper in the night
Get trapped in the maze
See back in the days
When I was juvenile
I dreamed of rockin' on the mic
In a brand new style
Now I'm shakin' these bones
Tryin' to get these shoes
Outbided major crews
I'm paid crazy dues
Now I'm speakin' on you
They just slept on me
And rumors start spreadin'
Just like a disease
I'll have you down on your knees
Below the spot ground zero
Turn brown and burn down Rome just like Nero
A hero ain't nothing but a
Don't make me say it again
Legend
Don't make me say it

Chorus

That's what I'm sayin (2x)

Artist: Everlast f/ Sadat X
Album: Whitey Ford Sings The Blues
Song: Money (Dolla Bill)
Typed by: CColum6635@aol.com

Dollar dollar bills
Dotes, marks, franks, yens and pounds
I rock the chopped up sounds from devinger dounds

Out the Ford Rover, up top in the boogie
I be loyal to my peeps just like pooh to stud doogie
Never bearer bad news
Paying crazy dues
I'm blowing out crews and taming mad shrews
Like Bill Shakespeare, the fakes will disappear
The flavor in your ear is strong like everclear
200 proofs will put the match to the roof
And set this bitch on fire
Get rich to empire
About to strike back if you rock the mic whack
And that's the way it is 'cause yo it's like that

(Sadat X) Money money y'all
It be the root of all evil
(Sadat X) Money money y'all
It makes you popular with people

I go back to the '80's
Like "Three Times A Lady"
When it was pussy for free
And crack for currency
It just occurred to me
It's time for surgery
I remove emcees like tumors
The lies and the rumors got me thinking of this dove
About time made social club
Yo word to my mama
I'm high off the trauma
Whitey Ford gets deeper than a subway train
And I serve lazy fools like fast food chains
All pain no gain makes the brain insane
Life in the fast lane deflates the cash gain

Chorus x2
Dollar bill y'all, dollar bill y'all
dolla dolla dolla dolla dolla bill y'all

(Sadat X) Everlast
It takes money
(To get that fly ass hoe)
It takes money
(To see me rock a live show)
It takes money
(To get that last bag of smoke 'cause ???)
Hey I'm about to gee off just like my name was Edo
Black kids call me Whitey
Spanish kids Whiteo
White kids call me king of this b-boy thing
If it's broke then he fix it
If it's wack then he mix it

Can't none of you emcees ever fuck with these
You be crazy on my dick like some porno chick
For the style that I'm blessing
Ain't no second guessing
Can't heed the lesson, subtraction addition
The war for submission
Ain't no debate
Won't stop until I've eaten off a platinum plate
I want stocks and bonds
Plus the real estate
I want the iron gates and low interest rates
Plus a fly little spot
To bring all my dates
A little stash of cash, to put inside the safe
When times get lean
Y'all know what I mean

(Money money y'all)
Some be calling it cream
(Money money y'all)
Some be calling it feti
(Money money y'all)
But once I get it I'm jeti

Chorus x5

I want cash and checks
I want diamond rings
I want jewels on my neck and mad fly things
I want stacks of fat chips so I can take long trips
I want to sail the Bahamas on my own cruise ships
I want acres of land
I want papers in hand
I want stocks and bonds
All pros no cons
Hey if it smells funny then pack it up honey
I want the money y'all
I need the money y'all

Artist: Everlast

Album: Whitey Ford Sings the Blues

Song: Painkillers

Typed by: BlckTims21@aol.com

(Plane landing)

I've been up all night
On the red-eye flight
The dawn's early light
Got the skyline bright
I'm in the back of a car service

My driver's kinda nervous
'cause I'm toking on a blunt that's fat
He's say "You know where you at?"
I say "I know where I am,
and if you really want a tip than mista don't get flam
I ain't tryin to be rude
and I ain't stressin you gramps
but this shit right here it be the breakfast of champs."
I've been tokin on this since 13 years old
And when I look up at my wall I see platinum and gold
And ain't nobody sneezin at the money I fold
And I ain't here for your pleasin so put that shit on hold
Just keep your mouth shut
And get me to the hotel
And turn the radio up
While I finish this ell

(doorman greeting Mr. Ford)

I hop out my car
Step into the lobby
Everybody's on the floor
It's a motherfucking robbery
The shit's in progress
I can feel the stress
I wondered silently to God how I get in this mess?
They told me to freeze
And get down on my knees
Between my jewels and my cash I'm holdin 35g's
They told me to run it
So i got bold and I fronted
And like Slick Rick said "I know I shouldn't a done it."
Cause now they standin over me, watching me bleed
Damn I gotta quit smoking all this weed
There's a pain in my chest
But yo I must be blessed
Cause before I faded out I saw EMS
The paramedics
They greet me with some anasthetics
They killing my pain
They screamin my name
Trying to keep me in the conscience world
I'm thinking bout my mom my sister and my girl
I'm prayin to God don't let this go too far
As they rushed me into the ST. Luke's O.R.
They pulled the bullets out my chest and give 'em back in a jar
Now I'm wearin this scar
Cause I tried to play hard

(doctor talking to Mr. Ford)

Yo this can't happen to me
I just can't believe it
Trapped in a wheelchair
A Parapalegic
There ain't no rehab
There ain't no therapy
For the rest of my life
Someone's gotta take care of me
And people stare at me with pity in they eyes
And every morning I rise
To a life of despise
And everynight I think I might never rock the mike again
Cause my brain's fucked up on Percocet and Vikaden
Might as well be heroin pulsing through my veins
Gotta cure these pains
Or blow out my brains
To free me from these chains
I'm trapped in this physical hell
To walk again I just might sell my soul
And I'm only 20-something years old

Artist: Everlast

Album: Whitey Ford Sings the Blues

Song: Praise the Lord

Typed by: MaltLikks@aol.com

(It's Whitey. . . and the Likwit) repeats several times

Watch me rock these sounds from the Polo Grounds
To the Sunset Strip, I'm like an acid trip
I'm flashing back on ya, run it up on ya
Born in Hempstead L.I., raised in California
Mister entrepreneur, I rock the shot that's sure
I need a dime plus more, I sip the finely corked
I want the cash in hand, and the beats front land
And I get loco from Acapulco to Japan
Mister Whitey Ford gets terrain explored
You perpetrate that Ford, you must be out your gourd
It's time make like break nights kid, and praise the lord
Keep the faith, smoke your eighth
Continue stackin' papers all up in my safe
Commence to motivate, assume an altered state
And kill your whole wack show like I'm Edgar Alan Poe
It's the psychotic thriller, no peckerwood's iller
Than this freckled face man with the farmer's tan
If I can't bomb on you, I'm bombin' on your man

Chorus:

Some get the shit, sugar, some get the stains
Some get the muscles, baby, some get the brains
Some get the powers, love, some get the papers

Some catch the vibes and some catch the vapors
Better . . . [Praise the Lord . . . Keep, keep the faith (4x)]

I say roll to the rock, rock to the roll
Whitey Ford brings the devastating mic control
Like Darrell McDaniel, a hundred g's annual
The tips get clocked baby, the bonds get stocked
My style gets rocked just like doors get knocked
With legendary status like my name's Lou Brock
And my lanzar sounds be shaking the grounds
Hunting down crews, like packs of bloodhounds
Snatching off crowns and melting 'em down
I once was lost, see but now I'm found
Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
And when the saints come marchin' in . . .
(Keep the faith)
I messed the alpine white, classic rapper's delight
All these shorties pullin' tools, cause they know they can't fight
I bang my selections on worldwide connections
So get the seven digits baby, never burn your bridges

Chorus 2x

Artist: Everlast

Album: Whitey Ford Sings the Blues

Song: The Letter

Typed By: brians@compusmart.ab.ca

Sometimes you win, sometimes you lose
All the broken hearts and the unpaid dues
What you did to me, what I did to you
I ain't mad at you, boo
So what we gonna do?
I just seen you out with your mans, lookin' kinda happy
Feelin' like somebody just slapped me
Gut's in a knot, my temp's gettin' hot
I wanna make that man bleed and wet his speed knot
He ain't got what we had, and it makes me kinda mad
I hurt my one true love, just like my dad
And it's kinda sad, 'cause now my shit's together
No need for umbrellas, I can see the stormy weather
I'm goin' outside into the rain
Like Keith Sweat, 'cause I can't house this pain
We was workin' for years, now I'm jerkin' these tears
>From my lips to God's ears, girl, I did you wrong
So I'm makin' this song, to let you know how I feel
Before keepin' it real, may keep my heart concealed
And now I'm on the side just paitently waitin'
Watchin' on you and the time for updatin'
I can't hide from the truth, I know the pudding's in the proof
So I stand convicted, like all your friends predicted

But I think you'd be suprised on how this ends, brothers
We went from lovers to friends, we'll go from friends to lovers
So if that man make you smile, I guess that I'll
Just accept it, and respect it
I'll hit you wit' this song and let you think about it
Then I'll just leave you alone and be a man about it

Artist: Everlast

Album: Whitey Ford Sings the Blues

Song: Tired

Typed by: MaltLikks@aol.com

We can go, soul for soul, over mic control
Kid you can touch me with a ten foot pole
And I even made the devil sell me his jewels
He was out to cold mock me, and play you for fools
Kid, you know the rules, must be smoking (?two for booze?)
Try to dis me on the low, got to be a psycho
That's alright though, you know you won't see me shaking
I'm out to the blow the spot on who's real and who's faking
Who's giving, who's taking, who's living, who's starving
Dis me on the mic, it's time for headstone carving
And epitaph writing, I strike you like lightning
Dissolve you like powder, so turn it up louder
Go on, pump the wattage, get the cheese, buy a cottage
I like mean streets, I like Spanish freaks
I like Korean bar-b-que, I like old school beats

Chorus:

And I'm sick of all the shit that's dropping
And I'm tired of all the lip that's popping
And all the wack attitudes people copping
I'm only tryin' to get a few heads bobbing
(Repeat)

It go bang bang boogie, I'm sick like a loogie
I'm w(e)iser than Bud, I'm thicker than blood
I'm moldin' in time, moldin' from the divine
How could you be so bold, to think that you'll take mine
I'm Cash like Johnny, it's the highway man
And I'm walkin' this line the best way I can
With my farmer's tan and my bloodshot eyes
I ain't body no one, I ain't dropped no pies
With the mothers from the gutters
I'm 'bout to explode, and blow the spot
For now, but the gun, he'll roll
Like artillery shells, been from heaven to hell
And I'm say a little prayer for every rapper that fell
Chorus

Artist: Everlast

Album: Whitey Ford Sings the Blues

Song: Today (Watch Me Shine)

Typed by: brians@compusmart.ab.ca

Yesterday, just a dream I don't remember
Tommorrow, still I hope I get to ending
I'm out of time, I'm out of rhyme, I'm out of reason
Seasons change and leave me out in the cold
Story's old, tale's been told by many scholar
Got fist full of dollars, and a pocket full of love
God above, if you hear me crying
Tried to sell my soul but no one's buying
Lord, strike me down now, if I'm lying
It's getting cold, it's time for dying

[Chorus]

Come on and watch me shine
Like the world is mine
Today, come on and watch me shine
Like the world is mine
Today, watch me shine

Let man who's free from sin
Cast the first stone and begin the violence
Let man whose words ring true
Speak on up till his voice breaks through the silence
Let the one's who lose their way
Live to see just one more day in the sunshine
Let the one's who chose to stray
Recognize the price they'll pay in their lifetime

[Chorus]

Sitting here, waiting for my roads to cross
You nailed me down and you watched me bleed
So lay my head against the earth
Plant my body like a seed
You can't always get the things you want, love
Get what you deserve and maybe what you need
So fill my hole with precious dirt, love
Turn the soil and plot the weed

[Chorus]

Artist: Everlast

Album: Whitey Ford Sings the Blues

Song: What It's Like

Typed by: SlackBoyJ@aol.com

We've all seen a man at the liquor store beggin' for your change
The hair on his face is dirty, dread-locked, and full of mange

He asks a man for what he could spare, with shame in his eyes
"Get a job you fucking slob," is all he replies
God forbid you ever had to walk a mile in his shoes
'Cause then you really might know what it's like to sing the blues

Chorus

Then you really might know what it's like...(x4)

Mary got pregnant from a kid named Tom that said he was in love
He said, "Don't worry about a thing, baby doll
I'm the man you've been dreaming of."
But 3 months later he say he won't date her or return her calls
And she swear, "God damn, if I find that man I'm cuttin' off his balls."
And then she heads for the clinic and
she gets some static walking through the door
They call her a killer, and they call her a sinner
and they call her a whore
God forbid you ever had to walk a mile in her shoes
'Cause then you really might know what it's like to have to choose

Chorus

I've seen a rich man beg
I've seen a good man sin
I've seen a tough man cry
I've seen a loser win
And a sad man grin
I heard an honest man lie
I've seen the good side of bad
And the downside of up
And everything between
I licked the silver spoon
Drank from the golden cup
And smoked the finest green
I stroked the fattest dimes at least a couple of times
before i broke their heart
You know where it ends, yo, it usually depends on where you start

I knew this kid named Max
who used to get fat stacks out on the corner with drugs
He liked to hang out late
he liked to get shit-faced and keep the pace with thugs
Until late one night there was a big old fight and Max lost his head
He pulled out his chrome .45, talked some shit, and wound up dead
Now his wife and his kids are caught in the midst of all of this pain
You know it comes that way
at least that's what they say when you play the game
God forbid you ever had to wake up to hear the news
'Cause then you really might know what it's like to have to lose

Then you really might know what it's like...

Then you really might know what it's like...
Then you really might know what it's like...to have to lose

1.3 Cage.

Artist: Cage

Album: Hell's Winter

Song: Good Morning

Typed by: peterg4life@hotmail.com

[Cage]

Homeless cardboard cribs, cops shoot civilians
Vendors rap stars wall street billions
Donald Trump shotgun pumps illegal store fronts
Dollar fifty dutches, af one's and dunks
Skyscrapes planes hit 'em army in the subway
High risk orange alert everyday
My click is a clip that spits in glock land
Walk like I'm from the hood, hair like and indie rock band
Throw fits then pitch from hammers blow lungs up
Before Onyx was telling me to throw them guns up
My style was sick and homeless freezing and stuck
'till Def Jux stuffed them gees in the cup
Now It's the season to fuck shit, piss in the morning flicker
Lights in your head and earn my explicit warning stickers
NY on the fitted shines from the brain inside
So I don't need a Yankee on for a New York frame of mind

[Chorus]

I'm trained in the dirt, I strain to be heard
The fame of the words alive in my city
Stray from the herd I say what I learned
painfully burned alive my city
Aim for the dirt, claimin the earth, danger alert
alive in my city
Though the same that desert, I remain when they
mirk, claim a grain of the worth in my city

[Cage]

Knocked up Jux, they had a monster I'm TV on the street
In the cabbage patch with premies on my feet
I got a New York bop itchy index like a New York cop
Sick in whichever city my tour stops
So by the time I get home, I'll have spread so much enjoyment
I'll create the vaccine, then destroy it
I pull immaculate concepts from thin air
Implemented by the listener to learn until I get there
I'm most alive from one to five
In the morning Thursday's KCR gave birth to weatherman, then died
Homeland security advisory system won't work
Until the danger rainbow jumps into red alert

Divide quickly, a few can ride with me when martial law hits
Pack up the whip and hide with me
Until the eve of destruction paints a town black
And anarchy ensues you'll have the soundtrack

[Chorus]

Artist: Cage f/ Jello Biafra
Album: Hell's Winter
Song: Grand Ol' Party Crash
Typed by: ralfiparpa@gmail.com

(That music makes you feel downright patriotic, doesn't it?)

[Jello Biafra as the Dubya]
Our nation must come together to unite
I know that human beings and fish can coexist peacefully
Nobody needs to tell me what I believe
But I do need somebody to tell me where Kosovo is
The illiteracy level of our children are appalling

(Beware, I live)

[Cage]
I wake up to a caffeine, cigarette vaccine
Then bathe in water I wouldn't drink before gasoline
Feel like a loser 'cause I'm not in Fallujah
Painting a land cruiser with an iraqi then taking his ruger
No M-16 to give me a callus
Inhuman super malice for GOB uber alles
Baby suicide bombers hurdle suitcases in a nursery
I'm in a deli eating tuna, tasting the mercury
Then try to wash it down with a two dollar bottle of water
Get on the train and think of terrorists with box cutters
Gun concealer 'cause I see a realer reality
And what I breathe through my nasal cavities, killing my batteries
Bombs in the metropolis, out all eye sockets
Esophagus melted out some shite group will get their props for this
Look, I need petro for my Mercedes
But I'm not trying to kneel or die for emperor Cheney
Maybe I'm crazy but I will not just follow the herd
Unless, of course, it's en route to lynch Mike Bloomberg
Being pimped by a gas pump and all its Saudi members
Are like "fuck you!" with New York's two middle fingers
If the opposite of pro is a con then look beyond this
The opposite of congress must be progress
What if the second coming's aborted and put in the dirt
I still don't know what to wear with this orange alert

(Run, coward)

[Jello Biafra as the Dubya]

I was proud the other day when both republicans and democrats
Stood with me in the Rose Garden to announce their support
for a clearer statement of purpose: you disarm, or we will

[Cage]

American flags fly, moral's high
A unit of twenty or so repelling apaches in the sky
Into a village of killers, little Jimmy from Jackson
Mississippi, just graduated and seeing action
M-16 locked, loaded and spitting properly
Whoever's in that line of fire - chest full of democracy!
Turn the corner, team leader, neck up, the nose gone
Blown off, this is not PS2's Soccom
Jimmy stays so calm, shoots, count nothing
Riddled in his back answers come flying out his stomach
Face down, then it's face up in a bed, almost dead
Eyes slowly open, IV bags and no legs
A couple sandwiches and some bloody bandages
In a room full of amputee GI amateurs
He gets the word that his unit didn't make it
Got a free ticket home but flat lined before he got to take it

[Jello Biafra as the Dubya]

We're certain there are people that can't stand what America stands for
We're certain there are madmen in this world
And there's terror, and there's missiles
And I'm certain of this too

(I hunger)

[Cage]

Cops tape the scene up, gunner downs 9
They're chasing away kids playing hop-scotch in this chalk outline
Two F-16's, screech an iridescent sky
Look down, we're not in Iraq, we're in N.Y.
Rats in the streets, we move underground like earthworms
Two coasts couldn't abort Satan in his first term
The army in the subway, walking with toolies
I'm on the train with the back of the dollar bill still talking to me
Drive with my left, I know what's right - my weapon hand
Like the map of DC streets still shows a pentagram
License on the car window when I pass through
You've seen the news, no joke, New York pig department will blast you
My Weathermen party is invite only, soldier
'Cause with one wave of King G. Dub's scepter it's over
The right to assemble puts the bearous team on you
Look into my file and nod to this while Jello screams on you

[Jello Biafra as the Dubya]

By our efforts we have lit a fire in the minds of men

It warms those who feel its power, it burns those who fight its progress
And one day this untamed fire of freedom will reach the darkest corners of our world
It is the policy of the United States to seek and support the growth
Of democratic movements and institutions in every nature and culture
With the ultimate goal of ending tyranny in our world
Except right here at home! Hee-hee-hee-hee!
Yee-Haw!
Don't mess with Texas! (x4)
Connie...Connie, give me some pretzels
Mommy, mommy, give me that bible
Give me that bible with the pages cut out and it got that cocaine in it
C'mon, c'mon, don't mess with Texas!
snorting sounds
I'll fuck anything that moves!

Artist: Cage
Album: Hell's Winter
Song: Hell's Winter
Typed by: three_graces@sbcglobal.net

[Cage]
Somethin' in the way not for Dr. Zummer
Hot the tumor in the lugee and left it in Montezuma
Swam back to the US after Russian roulette
No deal on the table give me a label to suplex

Came to fill them with pain, take a print of my brain
Flash it on the screen you wont leave the Cinema sane
Had a followin' fondlin' that wouldn't let go
'Till I spiked the easy football into the Def Jux end zone
And when it hit the grass it covered the crowd with mud
Mom slipped my bare-ass out, I covered the ground with blood
Then she wiped it on my face like war paint
Then slapped me, I cry, might die with a hardcore brain
Cracked the doors frame when I open the world around it
Exhale the hinges in the air where denounces
My (?) bounces of the wall, then it rise from
The picture that it painted like suicide with a shotgun

[Chorus]
I'm tryin' to pick up the pieces
Keep cuttin' my hands
When I put it back together, it's feces
In a permanent Hell I find tranquility teaches
We had to design perfect mass for our new Preacher
We're going too far, nobody could reach us
I'm startin' to drown and I'm covered with leeches
Until my last breath they'll be screamin' from the bleachers
Then I'll be dead like all my teachers

[Cage]

Despite all my rage, I'm a rat in a cage for skies
Communicate your love injecting bleach in my eyes
The dubiously demented dented to dependant cradles
Slipped through a grasp on the broken glass, highly unstable
I left that label unable to keep my master's
No whip, broke as shit, chick left me a week after
Over-dosage of mushrooms, no ugly obstacles
Hid the hamster boy record scene dance at the hospital
In the club I don't dance, I stand with a glass of Vodka
Come to terms, I'm just like my bastard Father
Left my Mother with a kid that flipped her lid
When I started to look like him, she threw me out the crib
And I was only two, my Grandmother was a Hitler Jew
Just dropped Agent Orange and aint got no dough to fix this tooth
I'm thinkin' out loud "I hate life" like that matters
Lettin' shit out that happened to fit into wack pattern

[Chorus]

[Cage]

I'm tryin' to pick up the pieces
But each motherfucker that fucked my Mother over would leave me to be this
Drug addicted menace, aint shit to do in this place
No longer flinchin' from Step-dad's punches to the face
Blind to the drug, calm to the tub
Filled to the top with warm water to sink in
Two arms full of blood
Not even thirteen, lookin' to exit, left for mess
Could care less about life, just keep my pool as fresh
Until the worms eat my flesh I guess they better burn me
These are the thoughts of a child I keep 'till thirty
I lack patience 'till I was packed with patients
In the mental facility forced on all the wrong medications
Prozac genie pig, I don't feel bipolar
But got a folder that claims I am in a stack that reaches my shoulder
Music, my only savior in every instance
Makes each one of you a prophet to my existence

[Chorus]

Artist: Cage

Album: Hell's Winter

Song: Lord Have Mercy

Typed by: peterg4life@hotmail.com

[Verse 1]

The snake bit the child on the hand
The father picked up the snake and cut its head off
the boy stood up touched the man
Mother saw him touch, her husband started buggin

Grabbed a kitchen knife
plunged it in her chest just to briefly see the covant
Boy steps over his dying father ti creepily
Stare into the eyes of the child watching on the TV
Kid hids the floof until her epileptic seizure
Leaves ger paramedics follow standart procedure
Dispach radios in a jumper on the roof
They pack up drive to the scene and almost hit a youth
Running from three armed teens pullin death from their waist
He dips into an alley, paramedics climb the stair case
Bullets find a place in his back, he pounds the church door
Tires squeel, he falls ina priest's arms, they hit the floor
Jumper looks down at the priest, her toes grip the ledge
She spreads her arms and takes a step after he says
LORD HAVE MERCY, LORD HAVE MERCY
LORD HAVE MERCY, LORD HAVE MERCY

[Verse 2]

The preacher leaves the precinct, signed papers, then prayed soft
As he enters the church from the side front entrance taped off
De drops to his knees, reached to the ceiling for forgiveness
In his mind, every child's face he had inflicted his sickness
Turns to a woman crying with a gun to his lid
She pulls the trigger twice then screams, see if he forgives
Runs to her car, ditches the gun in the dumpster
A homeless man picks up the pistol diggin for supper
Cops tell him to drop the weapon, he turns regardless
They shoot up the trash and leave him dead in the garbage
The coroner zips the black bag up over his head
Loads him in the truck and says
LORD HAVE MERCY, LORD HAVE MERCY
LORD HAVE MERCY, LORD HAVE MERCY

[Verse 3]

Soft sounds of gospel play in the distance
From a radio the coroner surrounded by student physicians
HE goes to work, removing lead from the cadaver
The group takes note, then return upstairs shortly after
They joke of how the dead reek with no respect for the deceased
And curse to hell the homeless man who just killed a priest
Double doors slap open and force another episode
Little gamer shot in the chest, enters his health codes
They don't work, he twitches then spits his last breath to
One of the student doctors cryin clutches his nephew
He turns to the TV but can't believe his head
When the boy on the screen holdin a dead snake says
LORD HAVE MERCY, LORD HAVE MERCY
LORD HAVE MERCY, LORD HAVE MERCY

Artist: Cage

Album: Hell's Winter

Song: Peeranoia

Typed by: dj_crash@hotmail.com

"entering.. life sequence... fiiiive"

[Cage]

if you walk with me this way you'll see this giant spread of all the
substances you could abuse
and if you look to the left... well, you know

[Cage]

I tried a lot of drugs
I tried a lot of ladies
Some I prolly wouldn'ta tried if wasn't on drugs
Been livin sober lately
Sure some fans will hate me
Still see bugs crawling on me
That's how I think of scabies
Miss don't hate the player
I'm on the bench now
But when they call me back in
It's back to "I Don't Care"
The Snake spoke to Eve in the garden
These days trees are fruitless, snakes are starvin
Pretty little rabbits (hold?) me for carrots, folks
Before Jim Carrey, she wore mask like Eric Stoltz
I'm not insane. No, my life's a gameshow
I shot for the stars - Miss!
So now I aim low

[Cage]

If you don't hear back from me
I prolly got some shit on my dick and afraid the doctor gonna laugh at me
I'm just playin, peeranoia fucks with the mind
This hook is stuck in my cheek
Let me pull it out for real this time

[Hook: Cage]

Yo, if you don't hear back from me
S'prolly cause my record flopped and my life is a catastrophe
Yo, if you don't hear back from me
S'prolly cause some doctors with hypodermics are still after me
Yo, if you don't hear back from me
It's prolly cause I'm dead to the world, literally or act to see (not sure
but he's def not saying "actually")
Yo, if you don't hear back from me
It's prolly cause I ran off with a band and shot me up with some smack for free

[Cage]

I got a little buzzed
I went a little crazy
Said everything I said on Movies because of my buzz

I lost my brain before I rap
No allowance, fake sneakers, walked into a world of crack
Sold piece for Pumas, gold, and Nike's
Walked and talked like a rapstar
But was white, and did it right
Before girls, the acne came
I had a fade, spittin some Epmd-meets-Big Daddy Kane
Unlike the judge who cracked his hammer gently
Sent me to be evaluated, and the hospital kept me
I came home to make music weirder than De La's
But Bobbito knew I was butters like Professor Chaos
Turned into hours of blank cause my memory bank
Is crawlin with skanks like Hillary Swank
No disrespect, but your name rhymed homie
And til the final destination, Death can blow me

Hook: (minus the "yo's")

[Cage]

if you don't hear back from me
S'prolly cause my record flopped and my life is a catastrophe
if you don't hear back from me
S'prolly cause some doctors with hypodermics are still after me
if you don't hear back from me
It's prolly cause I'm dead to the world, literally or act to see
if you don't hear back from me
It's prolly cause I ran off with a band and shot me up with some smack for free

[Cage]

I climbed through dirt to get my name on this shit
When I jumped on the track like rainbow and spit
This party's goin to hell with blunts to the def
Yak and a (????) while he's wavin guns to his chest
Don't pass that shit
Don't throw me a lighter
I put more flakes behind my face than Tony the Tiger
I wasn't hearin what I said, left my ear on the stage
Puked up on a fan, the last of incoherent Cage
Didn't quit PCP, it quit me
Reality rolled me up, took 2 puffs, then clipped me
I snitched on a drug and got away lovely
Told em Johnny Dip from Hell, cops at 21 Dump St
You talk tough, then why you shaking like maracas?
Put a gun in your hand, you won't murder like B.A. Baracus
I need a new drug to make me ok
And a place to keep my shit when they come to take me away

“Perfect World”

Artist: Cage

I woke up president Weathermen keep the weapon in
The same spot that got honey spillin' her estrogen
Lookin' to molest me in the back of the 'Lac
I got a million plus downloads fuck a plaque
Another thing I have is a little fascination
For girls that use my music to make relations
Take ummm for instance so persistent
Had me doin' shit to her so unchristian
Into pissin' and strangulation masons
Keep callin' me about my applications
'Cause I dropped it off then thought knock it off
You could start your own club to plot and stalk
Perforated thinking I see shit spastic
Penned under a microscope into a book of acid
Transform the high to a narcotic logic
Flying with maggots in the cock pit

Money in the bank it's a perfect world
New car shotgun it's the perfect girl
Eat your pills up try to work this world
And have no malfunctions to hurt this girl
May or may not really deserve this world
To reveal that you really got a worthless girl
Don't be nervous girl (okay okay)

There's a thin line between love and a fuck
And how drunk she got to be to put it in her butt
Struts in her seven jeans I follow deception
To the suicide diner to feed my depression
I need a girl to make me crash my benz up
A whistler with a blade that'll cut all my ends up
I'll pop in every direction to catch a court case
East bay, west nile, south park to north face
My aunts' smokin' I got her crack
I had a kid to feed then I wrote agent orange on a whopper wrap
That's why I has it my way like a barkin' pit
Only know the day by which side of the street I park my shit
Make it awkward quick I'm achin' to bloom
But they all wanna see me eat how I ate in the womb
Inspired by Doom death and metal objects
Like a young Zev love X readin' marvel comics

I take a look around soak up my environment
Ring it out into the mic and pay rent
Clips holdin' V.I.P.'s to Jesus
When the birds pressed up on the glass like Grey Goose
Science fiction with too in depth raps
Ride tsunamis through new left tracks
Semi colon my brain geeked out and swollen
No glass just nerd wraps to roll dro in
In these last days before I drop, bleed or end

I'll serve 'til they kill me like Scott Peterson
I spit ugly so many rappers love me
They rush me at shows tryin' to kiss and hug me
It's truth or dare but ya'll keep pickin' truth
'Cause the know I'm 'gon dare them to come to NY oops
I spilled beer on the board fine me later while I conspire this illuminati paper

Artist: Cage

Album: Hell's Winter

Song: Scenester

Typed by: brown_dogg@hotmail.com

This is the soundtrack... to one specific girl's life
The soundtrack to one specific... girl's life
You take this specific song... and stick it right on your head
{?}

[Verse One]

By the time that she wake up and smear on her make up
She's dressed to kill, no heart behind her A-cup
Silly girl from upstate, I could have loved her
No surprise ties severed, the girl was a cutter
Used to hack her arm up for attention
I kinda relate it to the state of her depression
My head down walkin' through a do or die world
Of course I'd get hooked on a suicide girl
Told me God was gonna see her by Easter
Still I kept my doubts, she was such a scenester
You know the model type that never becomes a model
Counts her tips with bloody hands from opening bottles
She's so shallow and hallow
So sick you'd think this girl was bein' buried tomorrow
In Key Largo without you too bent to feel this
'Cause all we had in common was mental illness
Oh!

[Chorus]

I got you where I want you
Far enough for me to seem not too
Insane but you're sicker than me
So when I slip into psychosis you're my secretary

She's a scenester
She's a scenester
She's a scenester
She's a scenester

[Verse Two]

Her boyfriend's in a band playing her college
But like her model career: completely unaccomplished

Stage hand gets fucked over and over
by this clinically depressed suicidal Cage fan (man)
For the sake of the irony why lose it
You were the guy who put the girl up on my music
Scandalous, sick, seething opportunist
But you had to respect, her gangster was ruthless
Told me it was only me making her brain stir
I kept my doubts she was such a aimster
Little boys were lap dogs for smack runs
Then the angel clipped her wings and found a tat gun
My friend or fling is looking for amenities
And alternates her friends to keep switching her identities
Bump this on your little stereo at home pissed
Lookin' through your portfolio of phone pics
Oh!

[Chorus]

I got you where I want you
Far enough for me to seem not too
Insane but you're sicker than me
So when I slip into psychosis you're my secretary

She's a scenester
She's a scenester
She's a scenester
She's a scenester

[Verse Three]

Her talk is slick, her walk's a vanilla sundae
Catwalk through dog shit in the yard like a runway
She bit my neck, would kiss me 'til my lips sore
Clothes smelled of Gucci with a little hint of thrift store
See if you can find her, queen of the diner
Had her arm in every pic 'til she figured out the timer
Used dudes in love, picked out tools precise
But couldn't use those tools to fix her life
She loved drama so much she used it as a moniker
Dudes tryin' to bang her pretend to be photographers
But to her credits she ain't listen to any pop
Hipster lover underground rappers and indie rock
She put the razor to her arm and dug so many gashes
I could have wrote this song in between the slashes
Funny how you never opened a vein to out you
But you vain enough to think this song is about you
No!

[Chorus]

I got you where I want you
Far enough for me to seem not too
Insane but you're sicker than me
So when I slip into psychosis you're my secretary

She's a scenester
She's a scenester
She's a scenester
She's a scenester

She's a scenester
She's a scenester
She's a scenester
She's a scenester

Artist: Cage
Album: Hell's Winter
Song: Shoot Frank
Typed by: dilat3d@yahoo.com

One last vein to poke made it too dark to see this
Scenery slips then line up to go in the ground and leave us
So repeat this till I'm sick and I won't feed this
To my little girl who kept me in this world to beat this
As a little kid taught to follow Jesus
Get to the front of the line I'm bein' lead by elitists
So when I speak words that I don't mean
It's like I'm only in a cloud to wonder what serene is
Unable to wake and delete the reasons
Or be the same bed I made up to sleep with demons
Whether sick sane of a pattern repeated
If I spit pain I knew how to relieve it
If at sixteen I had started to treat it
Till my shit changed whether or not I would need it
To trace back to the face before the fetus
If the departure was wrong from the gate then she is

Trigger finger itch
The son of a snitch
I'm the rat's favorite son
Last to pal and cut
Slit to bleed the rust
By the last heart I've won
We roll under covers waiting
I've tied off a limb debating
If all of the names forsaken
Spell out what I'm takin'
Watching the skin pop
I would do anything to
Tell you what I've been late to
Fix up my head and escape to
Where I can rest my eyes

The sun says wake up with a beam in my eyes
Clutchin' the bed like she's still by my side part of me died

Even when I prescribed still just to be ostracized
'Cuz she don't really know if she wants to ride or drive
While no nooses long enough to hang my excuses
Whether I'm dead, gun to my head, or reclusive
The end is close almost no need for money
Yet when I wished for death nobody took my life from me
If I cannot see what's right in front of me
And the lights on there still wouldn't be enough to leave
I fixed me when I broke the aggression
But I'm still attracted to my beautiful depression
If I felt emotions I learned to suppress 'em
Till I'm ready to sleep I'll have found a place to rest then
No thanks to angst I learned my lesson
And can erase the face that can't answer the questions

Trigger finger itch the son of a snitch
I'm the rat's favorite son
And by the time I'm back
That heart that beats so black
Let it shine like his gun
We roll under covers waiting
I've tied off a limb debating
If all of the names forsaken
Spell out what I'm taking
Watching the skin pop

Artist: Cage

Album: Hell's Winter

Song: Stripes

Typed by: peterg4life@hotmail.com

[Cage]

Beer cans and cigarette butts cover the floor day
Half gone, he sleeps scared pregnant teen in the doorway
Watching him sleep clutchin' her belly, little feet kick
to send the teen back to the toilet, spent her last week sick
when little Billy feed her ground up Jesus powder
would've beat her louder if it would've pushed the fetus out of her
Father in the making, crooked M.P. forsaken
The military cop that sells H to bring his cake in
She shaking, praying her labor kicks in before
The doors kicked in for them brown bricks on the floor
I mean, she could tell you exactly how the gutter taste
Father to her kid in custody right when her water breaks
Snitched on his compadres for a few more runs
And the irony in giving a stuffed rat to his newborn son
Dishonorably discharged, no jail time in court
Told to pack his family up and go the fuck back to New York

[Chorus]

Fuck Bill Murray, not the actor, the deadbeat dad the smacked

then left her with rats after he snapped her
The bastard inventor that bent her backwards in winter
with her back against the wall, she can hear death singing in her
With her back against the wall, she still head death singing in her

[Cage]

She's scared to leave him, convinced somehow she really needs him
Back in New York her prison of pain and Billy's freedom
Holdin' her baby, he'd say crazy shit to break her
When she fell asleep, he'd escape her wits end and wouldn't wake her
He'd sneak out the wallo in it role model to shit
That put his Christian scientist father in debt
Gave him his first stroke, he refused his medication
'Cause it went against his religion, he'd rather his lord take him
Through stroke number two and start withering his flesh
Then lay the emaciated world ware two veteran to rest
Left his family debt turmoil and wreckage
And his grandson to scatter his ash over the U.S. Intrepid
Then little Billy plummets to his knees, still numb from it
Held his kid by the arm with a shotgun to his stomach
When threats to destroy what he created get tucked away
when he looks in his son's face to see he might grow up to say

[Chorus]

[Cage]

Needle through the skin again, inject the rust and cinnamon
Pull off the tourniquet, load up the shotgun and sentence him
He knows that there's a bed in hell waitin for him
But he aint been sane since he started huffin chloroform
With his shit decorum, he lets off shots the neighbors say shooters
Into the phone to Middletown police and state troopers
While every family member on th premises runs from death
Greeted by dozens of officers with guns and vests
His suicide by cop sweater on get low
Is told to the crowd watching him shoot thru the window
His son clutched in his mother's arms, unaware it's the end
They bring him out in handcuffs but never to be seen again

[Chorus]

Artist: Cage

Album: Hell's Winter

Song: Subtle Art of the Break Up Song

Typed by: ralfiparpa@gmail.com

It's only sprinkling, I tell her nothing is ruined
We playin' the license plate game I'm loving what she keeps doin'
To my inner thigh, rocking the diamond earrings I gave her
She's smiling, looking angelic
All her friends secretly hate her

beauty, she knows she got it
Got me where she wants me, all erotic
Next to her hand the K is burning a hole in my pocket
I pull it over, get her a soda, I'm half gone
Hit the bathroom, stick the key in the jar to turn it back on
Look in the mirror, throw some water on my face, I'm snotty
Thinking of things I'm about to do to my girl's body
The rain is picking up now, my eyes are kinda lazy
The sky is hazy
She's like "you look pale," I said she was crazy
Pushed the pedal to the floor mat
Hydroplaned corrected it fast then
Slowed down past a car crash
She put her head on my shoulder, said she was getting
A little sleepy, don't worry, baby, we're minutes from heaven

I pick my face up with glass in it
Can't remember the last minute
Glove box, my girl's face mashed in it
I called her name out, she didn't respond
Pulled her shoulder back, touched her arm
Her entire fucking face is gone!
I see you breathing, I'm pleading with Jesus, leave her lifeless
Don't leave her like this
Reached for the birthday balloon of nitris
I'm trying to dial for help with hands I can't feel
Stuck in the driver's seat, my broken ribs gripping the steering wheel
She squeezed my hand, then let go
I should have been sitting shotty
And the rain wouldn't still be pouring all over the angel's body
I'm trying to crawl back in the K hole to get outta the car
But the K won't climb out of my nose and back in the jar
This isn't her I tell myself, at least she's happy
Wherever she is, her soulless eyes looking at me
I pump my fists to bleed out to catch her and let the worms play
And tell her I'm sorry I gave her death for her birthday

Artist: Cage f/ Camu Tao
Album: Hell's Winter
Song: The Death of Chris Palko
Typed by: ralfiparpa@gmail.com

[Cage]
It's been about a year since my ears dried pop
For those that missed the show: oh my god!
That psychiatrist used to hold my cock
Put nails in my head, ride me and smoke my pot
Sub Roc said: "Chris, keep your hardcore gritty
Def Jukie t-shirt walking through cardboard city"
Positively pack plus pistols popsicles
Used to strut IV stands like canes in hospitals

I swung down on some grills with the handle
Screached out of the parking lot then I flicked the camel
Read Cobain's journals by the fire in a flannel
Copped pills from TV but they don't switch the channel
The world is yours and you're for flies to play in
When the seeds in your eyes can fly you'll see what I'm saying
Homeless stick their hands out for change and I pay 'em
'Cause they live in a box and I got a bed to lay in

(Back in the day, 1997)

The death of Chris Palko, he passed, we clapped well
Woke up during an autopsy in rap hell
Ran off dripping verses and patterns from my cut shell
Hungry MC's lap up my blood trail
In this +Atmosphere+, I'm unbalanced, +Slug+ on a seesaw
Spit through +Bazooka Teeth+, my tongue is the C4
Need more stitches to finish displayed mental
Chris went to the hospital came home Cage Kennylz
I sunk down to my lowest in the scramble
Stepped over the body for the wallet on the mantle
Sneaker tracks of blood traced back to my vandals
By the door I'll be on the couch with a box of ammo
The world is spinning, I'm spending my cash in it
Pull up to the pump and dump some gas in it
Know a bunch of rappers that finish last in it
And they can't do shit about it

(You are shameless)

(Now let us build to the climax, shall we?)

[Camu Tao]

Now it's me still hocking loogies in the movies
Nasty with groupies, get it moving
Follow me stupid to the back of tragedies moving through it
And we'll cause problems get it moshing, popping with treatment
Get the cops to pop in from precincts
Get the girls to come in and see us, yeah
We'll keep on flowing till the clothes are rolling right off your shoulders
We'll keep on going till the crowd gets open and girls take notice
I know you notice who it is - a wizard of perfect vocals
I think it's easy when the people fiending, it's perfect
Now it's your host with a load of soldiers
Stay fresh head to toe he's a beast on the doses
If you come close you'll get fucked up
You know you're supposed to 'cause
Now it's your host with a load of soldiers
Stay fresh head to toe he's a beast on the doses
If you come close you'll get fucked up
You know you're supposed to 'cause

Artist: Cage

Album: Hell's Winter

Song: Too Heavy for Cherubs

Typed by: psuarez@mines.edu *

* send corrections to the typist

[Verse One]

A cold day in hell I feel good
At least I feel as good as real feels if real even feels good
I think back to being a kid and getting my ass kicked
And when I sold my soul to the devil to make me rap sick
Page from cage's brain, angels dust off the un-godly
Riding through my child-hood to hear my six-year old body
Black-out for second, pick my head up off the street
Little kid handle my face-its not me in the driver seat
Father comes out screaming drops the cigarettes and lighter
Scoops me up with his left arm his right fist snuffed the driver
Takes me in the house stops the blood from wandering out
Is this a dream or time travel?
I ponder on the couch
Walks in with a black bag
Wrap my rubber snake around his arm and made me pull it tight
Hit himself with a spike
Drew blood and pulled his mask down
My hands blue until he let my arm go and he passed out

[Verse Two]

Erratic then gone, I go from manic to calm
Watching the yellow liquid dripping back out of his arm
No automatic alarm sounded
trying to wrap my six year old brain around it
Went in his pockets took his money and couldn't count it
Went to the front door but it locked observe it
Pulled up a chair to reach the dead bolt
But I'm too weak to turn it
Give it another try all the while still scoping him
Now I pan the room and see my escape in the open window
Scurry the floor
climb out hang then drop into the snow and
My captor snatches me back up
Pulls me back into hell
Starts shaking me to weaken me
To teachin me to be a man by repeatedly beatin me
I hope I grow up before I'm finished being strangled
I black out then wake up tied to the coffee table
With a jump rope cable to my ankle so I can't run
He walks back in the room

2. Raperos afroamericanos.

2.1 Public Enemy.

Artist: Public Enemy

Album: Yo! Bum Rush The Show

Song: Megablast

Time is gettin' crazy, people clockin' out
They're robbin' all the cribs on a death wish route
Breakin' into cars trying to steal their system
20 pounds on the bar, betcha can't lift 'em
Ya throw two punches, now you got no wind
Hittin' mega pipes, gettin' super stupid thin
Crying all the tears, smokin' all the squares
Workin' for ya boy, ya came short and full of swears
Ya couldn't make the money cause ya smoked up the product
Walkin' round the town, skeptalepsy illaroduct
Can't be trusted cause you're living in the past
Ya should have kept yo ass away from that blast

MEGABLAST!

I got a homeboy who is out on the block
He sells mo crack that they sell fish at the dock
He runs to every car, thinkin' he's a star
He gets his product snatched by some people in a car
The car pulls off, he hung onto the side
Of the car that is in motion, guess his product took a ride
He tried to sell a dime for a thirty dollar bill
Fake gold plate on the back, no frill
Fake Hawaiian suit, scratched up knees
In his fridgerator, bread, water, cheese
Antique fork, how long will it last?
We'll see in twelve minutes when he wants the blast

Miuzi Weighs A Ton

Artist: Public Enemy

Yo Chuck, run a power move on them
Yeeaahh (x3)

Yeeaahh
Step back, get away - give the brother some room
You got to all turn me up when the beat goes boom
Lyric to lyric - line to line
Then you y'all understand my reputation for rhyme
Cause my rhyme reputation depends on what
Style of record my DJ cuts
His slice an' dice - super mix so nice
So bad, you won't dispute the price

Cause it's plain to see - it's a strain to be
Number one in the public I enemy
Cause I'm wanted in 50 - almost 51
States where the posse got me on the run
It's a big wonder why I haven't gone under
Dodgin' all types of microphone thunder
A fugitive missin' all types of hell
All this because I talk so well
When I,

Chorus:

Rock - get up - get down
Miuzi weighs a ton
Hold it (x4)

The match up title - the expression of thrill
For elite to compete and attempt to get ill
If looks could kill - I'd chill until
All the public catches on to my material - you know
The ducks criticize my every phase of rapture
Can't wait to read the headlines of my capture
Accused of assault - a 1st degree crime
Cause I beat competitors with my rhyme
Tongue whipped, pushed, shoved and tripped
Cooched from the hold of my Kung Fu grip
And if you want my title - it would be suicidal
From my end - it would be homicidal
When I do work - you get destroyed
All the paranoid - know to avoid
The Public Enemy seat I've enjoyed
This is no kid and I'm not no toy boy

Chorus (x4)

I'm a Public Enemy but I don't rob banks
I don't shoot bullets and I don't shoot blanks
My style is supreme - number one is my rank
And I got more power than the New York Yanks
If Miuzi wasn't heavy I'd probably fire it
I'd make you walk the plank if I was a pirate
If they made me a King - I would be a tyrant
If you want to get me - go ahead and try it
Snatcher, dispatcher, biter never been a
Instead of takin' me out - take a girl to dinner
The level of comp has never been thinner
It's a runaway race where I'm the winner
It's unreal - they call the law
And claimed I had started a war
It was war they wanted and war they got
But they wilted in the heat when Miuzi got hot

Chorus (x4)

My style versatile said without rhymes
Which is why they're after me an' on my back
Lookin' over my shoulder - seein' what I write
Hearin' what I say - then wonderin' why
Why they can't ever compete on my level
Superstar status is my domain
Understand my rhythm - my pattern of lecture
And then you'll know why I'm on the run
This change of events results in a switch
It's the lateral movement of my vocal pitch
It eliminates pressure on the haunted
But the posse is around so I got to front it
Plus employ tactics so coy
And leave no choice but to destroy
Soloists, groups and what they say
And all that try to cross my way
When I,

Chorus (x4)

Yeah, that's right
Public Enemy number one in New York
Public Enemy number one in Philly
Public Enemy number one in DC
Public Enemy number one in Cleveland, Ohio
Also where Public Enemy number one in St. Louis
Public Enemy number one in New Jersey
And bust it
Where also, Public Enemy number one in Cincinnati
In Atlanta

MPE

Artist: Public Enemy

Public Enemy
I'm cold gettin' busy while I'm shakin' you down
I'm on the air - you're on the ground
Chuck D - the enemy - words you heed
Build for speed - but what you need is
Funky fresh lyrics fallin' down on time
Your enemy poppin' it - droppin' dime
Comin' out rockin' a tomahawk jam
And still gettin' fly with the mike in my hand
I'm cold coolin' out - layin in the shade
Dealers buggin cause they're gonna get sprayed
Their intimidator - your Scarface
What's goin' on (huh) what's takin' place
I don't wear gold but I clock ducats
Cause I have the money overflowing out of buckets

You want crazy dollars - I make people holler
You stick 'em up stupid and I'm snatching biters collars
Cause I'm

Public Enemy

I'll rebuild your mine to alleviate
Unnecessary pressures that can recreate
The sting that stung Yama-Goochie Foo Yung
He bit the Public Enemy he nearly got hung
His brain was gettin' bigger than a pregnant toad
His heartbeat stopped cause of overload
See, I made the beat that broke his back
I cut his circulation - made his world turn back
I find things out like E.S.P.
I've got Kreskin's brain velocity
Like Alexander Munday - I'm in like Flint
Mercedes limousine with a hardcore tint
I'm captain of the ships - I make 'em walk the planks
Riding round the world - hundred sixty million francs
Not like the kind that you put on the grill
Cause I only do it like that when I'm on a chill hill
I'm the

Public Enemy

I'm goin' for the money that man ever made
Gettin' thrills from orders that the suckers obeyed
It's gettin' late and I can't wait
To drive by the bus and rock my tape
My car is movin' fast, like a train
Never skiddin' off the road, not even in the rain
I'm cold dodgin' tickets, rockin' all the jams
Makin' biters step back and understand
I got to the beach, the ground was so sandy
Girls on my jock like ants on candy
Checking out the fellas with the girls on the side
Put ya boat in the water, let's take a ride
to the land of party people rocking shocking to the beat
Keep ya eyes on ya girl cause ya know I'm gonna cheat
I'm gonna max and relax and chill my will
Body rockin', brain shockin' makes your heart stand still
Where's the

Public Enemy

Public Enemy No. 1
Artist: Public Enemy

Yo Chuck, bust a move man
I was on my way up here to the studio

Ya know what I'm sayin'
And this brother stop me and axe me
"Yo wassup with that brother Chuckie D, he swear he nice"
I said
"Yo the brother don't swear he's nice, he knows he's nice"
Ya know what I'm sayin'
So Chuck, we gotta fill in
You turn him into a Public Enemy man
Now remeber that line you was kicking to me
On the way out to LA ??? ??? ???
While we was in the car on our way to the Shot (?)
Well yo right now kick the bass for them brothers
And let them know
What goes on

What goes on

Well I'm all in - put it up on the board
Another rapper shot down from the mouth that roared
1-2-3 down for the count
The result of my lyrics - oh yes, no doubt
Cold rock rap - 49er supreme
Is what I choose and I use - I never lose to a team
Cause I can can go solo - like a Tyson bolo
Make the fly girls wanna have my photo
Run in their room - hang it on the wall
In remembrance that I rocked them all
Suckers, ducks, ho-hum emcees
You can't rock the kid - so go cut the cheese
Take this application of rhymes like these
My rap's red hot - 110 degrees
So don't start bassin' I'll start placin'
Bets on that you'll be disgracing
You and your mind from a beatin' from my rhymes
A time for a crime that I can't find
I'll show you my gun - my Uzi weighs a ton
Because I'm Public Enemy number one

One (x7)

You got no rap - but you want to battle
It's like havin' a boat - but you got no paddle
Cause I never pause - I say it because
I don't break in stores - but I break all laws
Written while sittin' - all fittin' not bitten
Givin' me the juice that your not gettin'
I'm not a law obeyer - so you can tell your mayor
I'm a non-stop, rhythm rock poetry sayer
I'm the rhyme player - the ozone layer
A battle what? Here's a bible start your prayer
This word to the wise is justified

If they ask you what happened - just admit you lied
You just got caught a - for going out of order
And now you're servin' football teams their water
You messed with the master, word to Chuck
And I'll wax cold tax, made sure you got dome (?)
You just got dissed - all but dismissed
Sucker duck emcees - you get me pissed
It's no fun - being on the run
Because they got me - Public Enemy number one

One - One - One
One - One - One

Don't you know, don't you know
I got a posse over force to back me up
Watch out, we got never the match
Ambush attack on my back - doubleteamin', get creamed
So we have us ??? ???
Wanna hear it again
We got a force - enemy down
The L.I. circuit sound
Ain't it Chuckie D, myself and KG - Flavor, DJ Melody
Oh yes, I presume it's the tunes - that make us groom
To make all the ladies swoom (?)
But it's also the words from outer region - a goldboy session
Kickin' like Bruce Lee's chinese connection
On stereo - never ever ???
All wax - yes I'm talkin' about vinyl
They said stop freeze
I got froze up
Because I'm Public Enemy number one

One - One - One
One - One - One
One - One - One

For all you suckers - liars, your cheap amplifiers
You crossed up wires are always starting fires
You grown up criers - now here's a pair of pliers
Get a job like your mother - I heard she fixes old dryers
You have no desires - your father fixes tires
You try to sell ya equipment - but you get no buyers
It's you they never hire - you're never on flyers
Cause you and your crew - is only known as good triers
Known as the poetic political lyrical son
I'm Public Enemy number one

One - One - One
One - One - One
One - One - One

Yeah, that's right Chuck man
That's what you gotta do
You gotta tell them just like that
Ya know what I'm sayin'
Cause yo man, let me tell you a little somethin' man
These brothers runnin' around - hard headed
Makin' a little jealous
Ya know what I'm sayin'
Just like that, ya know
They try to bring you down with 'em
But yo Chuck, you gotta let 'em know who's who in the world of beat
You gotta let 'em know that this is the 80's
And we can get all the ladies
And in the backyard we got a fly Mercedes
And that's the way the story goes
That's just the way the story goes
Let me tell you a little somethin' man

Artist: Public Enemy

Album: Yo! Bum Rush The Show

Song: Raise The Roof

Ridenhour - Sadler - Shocklee -

(chorus) Raise your hands, so we can
Raise the roof, so you can
Raise your voice, so we can
Raise the roof

Raise the roof because it's all on fire
Not done by the sun or electrical wire
Not done by sons striking matches with daughters
But done by scratches so save that water
This jam is packed so I just figure
All we need is the house to get bigger
So startin' with the roof down to the base
We're at your service to burn the place

(repeat chorus)

With the spot as hot as it can get
The roof's on fire, you're soaked and wet
The puzzle on your face shows as you sweat
But your body keeps movin' with no regrets
Chandeliers shake, swing from front to back
Left to right all night, and the lights don't crack
Your minds on the time, hopin' it don't end
It's time to get stupid, here we go again

(repeat chorus)

Stare at the strope, pull your earlobe

For the sights and sounds clear across the globe
This jam might hit or miss the charts
But the style gets wild as state of the art
Dazzling in science, bold in nerve
But givin' my house what it deserves
Served on the floor cause I got payed
Make the fans that left, wished they had'a stayed
Realize my friend, ain't this a trip
As your body gets railed when you do the flip
And your mind gets rocked when we're on a roll
Then the freak of the week makes you loose control
A Swatch for a watch, so you'll know the time
Your crowd gets loud and you clock my rhyme
The messiah's on fire and I'm living proof
I'll quench your desire and raise your roof

(repeat chorus)

In school I'm cool throughout the week
When the weekend comes, I'm down with the Greeks
Frat brothers known across the seven seas
Fly ladies of the 80's, sororities
Zetas, Deltas, AKA's
Women that keep me in a daze
Phi Sigma boys in the move
With the Kappas and the Ques and of course the grooves to
And for real it's the deal and the actual fact
Takes a nation of millions to hold me back
Rejected and accepted as a communist
Claimin' fame to my name as a terrorist
Makin' money in corners that you'll never see
Dodgin' judges and the lawyers and the third degree
Nothin' wrong with a song to make the strong survive
Realize gave me five cause I kept 'em alive
Mislead what you read bout my devilish deeds
Mislead what I said so you're better off dead
Make 'em hear it and see it for the Def and blind
And command it and we'll plan it for incapable minds
Take for granted and demand it from the wave of my hand
Make the jealous understand it, just say damn
When they see me ask a question, "How can it be?"
When they watch me pull a serpent straight out of the sea
Turn the winter into summer, then from hot to cold
Expand my power on the hour, make you all behold
From the slammer swing a hammer like the mighty Thor
God of thunder, you'll go under, then you'll all applaud
And fathom that distance, the mad must reap
Meet Namor sea lord, Prince of the deep
Here for you to fear at any cost
Tellin you to get busy or you better get lost
Livin' lives civilized from the lessons I tauhgt

Cities buried underground just because I went off
My friends, enemies, better be my friend
Is question people guessin' is this the end?

End of the world, are you guessin' yes?
Just say don't delay it, get it off your chest
Houses of crack, I've seen too much
I go ready, aim, fire, then I'll blow 'em up

Righstarter (Message To A Black Man)
Artist: Public Enemy

Mind over matter - mouth in motion
Can't defy cause I'll never be quiet
Let's start this
Right

You spend a buck in the 80's - whatcha you get is a preacher
Forgivin' this torture of the system that brought 'cha
I'm on a mission and you got that right
Addin' fuel to the fire - punch to the fight
Many have forgotten what we came here for
Never knew or had a clue - so you're on the floor
Just growin not knowin about your past
now you're lookin' pretty stupid while you're shakin' your ass

Mind over matter - mouth in motion
Can't defy cause I'll never be quiet
Let's start this
Right

Some people fear me when I talk this way
Some come near me - some run away
Some people take heed to every word I say
Some wanna build a posse - some stay away
Some people think that we plan to fail
Wonder why we go under or we go to jail
Some ask us why we act the way we act
Without lookin' how long they kept us back

Mind over matter - mouth in motion
Can't defy cause I'll never be quiet
Let's start this
Right

Yes you if I bore you - I won't ignore you
I'm sayin things that they say I'm not supposed to
Give you pride that you may not find
If you're blind about your past then I'll point behind

Kings, Queens, warriors, lovers
People proud - sisters and brothers
Their biggest fear - suckers get tears
When we can top their best idea

Mind over matter - mouth in motion
Can't defy cause I'll never be quiet
Let's start this
Right

Mind revolution - our solution
Mind over matter - mouth in motion
Corners don't sell it - no you can't buy it
Defy cause I'll never be quiet
Let's start this
Right

Our solution - mind revolution
Can't sell it - no you can't buy it in a potion
You lie about the life that you wanted to try
Tellin' me about a head - you decided to fly
Another brother with the same woes that you face
But you shot with the same hands - you fall from grace
Every brother should be every brother's keeper
But you shot with your left while your right was on your beeper

Mind over matter - mouth in motion
Can't defy cause I'll never be quiet
Let's start this
Right

As the world turns - it's a terrible waste
To see the stupid look stuck on your face
Timebomb alarm for the world - just try it
Known to all zones as the one man riot
I'm on a mission to set you straight
Children - it's not too late
Explain to the world when it's plain to see
To be what the world doesn't want us to be

Mind over matter - mouth in motion
Can't defy cause I'll never be quiet
Let's start this
Right

Sophisticated Bitch Lyrics
Artist: Public Enemy

That woman in the corner - cold playin' the role

Leave her ass in the corner till her feet get cold
Knowin' for a fact - that girl is whacked
If you hold your hand out - she'll turn her back
Better walk, don't talk - she's all pretend
Can't be her friend unless you spend
Wall to wall - after all
Get ready to throw only money at the bitch

Cause she thinks she's so-
phisticated
So-
phisticated
So-
phisticated
So-
phisticated

Peekin' an' seekin' inside a book
Her demands for a man with a chemical look
Wishes an' desires - gettin worse with age
She doesn't want a man - all she wants is a pay
Ain't got a man so she goes to a club
She thinks it's classy but it's really a pub
But that's the kind of place where she likes to go
The bitch got a problem

Cause she thinks she's so-
phisticated

So-
phisticated
So-
phisticated
So-
phisticated

Jackets, shoes, everyday ties
The girl only wants one of those guys
Suckers who front it like it ain't no thang
Pretend to be friends and don't want that thang
Talk like this - don't talk slang
Do anything to get that thang
Tries to be chic and playin' it off
Peekin' through the window - saw her take her clothes off
Nasty girl - a stone cold freak
Stayin' in the bed a whole goddamn week
Comin' and leavin' guys servin' up storms
From execs with checks - boys from the dorms
Never kept a name - never seen a face
She could pass 'em in the street like it never took place
I know she's a ho so I'm a go

Expose the funky bitch

Cause she thinks she's so-
phisticated
So-
phisticated
So-
phisticated
So-
phisticated

Now she wants a sucker boy with an attache
And if you ain't got it - she'll turn you away
You can smile with style as you profile
Cause you got a gold tooth an' she thinks you're wild
She don't want a brother that's true and black
If you're light, you're alright - better you stay back
Cause the sucker with the bag is out to catch
With something in his bag keepin' her attached
The man's got a plan - it's IBM
The devil at her level - yes it is him
His Audi she rides - his gold and clothes
The ill base method - turning up her nose
A lack a lack a lack - cold beaming her up
She's still got the nerve to turn her fuckin' nose up
Her status looks at us from down below
Now the bitch is in trouble

Cause she was so-
phisticated

So-
phisticated
So-
phisticated
So-
phisticated

Little is known about her past
So listen to me cause I know her ass
Used to steal money out her boyfriends clothes
Never got caught - so the story goes
She kept doin' that to all her men
Found the wrong man when she did it again
And still to this day people wonder why
He didn't beat the bitch down till she almost died

phisticated

Timebomb

Artist: Public Enemy

Hey Chuck, we got some non-believers out there

Yo, we gotta do somethin' about that man
Yo, we gotta get stupid
Yo, we gotta let 'em know what time it is

You go ooh and ahh when I jump in my car
People treat me like Kareem Abdul Jabbar
No matter who you are - when I'm up to par
I betcha go hip hop - hurray or hurrah
But the ahhs and ohhs is my kind of news
Pop your tape in - put your car in cruise
I never heard the boos - I never drank booze
Cause I just rock the rhythm - left alone the blues
The L.I. mystique - you sneak to peek
A look and then you know that we're never weak
I know you can't wait - it's never too late
No fear I'm here - and everything is straight
Cycles, cycles - life runs in cycles
New is old - no I'm not no psycho
The monkey on the back makes the best excel
The people in the crowd makes the best rock well
The people in the back lets you know who's whack
And those who lack - the odds are stacked
The one who makes the money is white not black
You might not believe it but it is like that
When you come to my show - watch me throw
Down with the other brothers toe to toe
When you make a move - new not used
And watch the bro here just bust a groove
A fat lady soprano - loads my ammo
Hear my jam - with a funky piano
Easy on the wall but hard on the panel
A fool smokes Kools cause he chokes on Camels
In effect - the crew's in check
Run by the posse with the gold around the neck
Homeboys in heat - lookin' for sweet
Ladies in the crowd so they can meet
Somebody to body - makin' a baby
Givin' it to grandma an' makin' her crazy
I'm a MC protector - U.S. defector
South African government wrecker
Panther power - you can feel it in my arm
Lookout y'all I'm a timebomb
Tickin', tockin', all about rockin'
Makin' much dollars while the crazy one's clockin'
The rhythm - to shake the house downy down
Bounce to the ounce is sound the crown
The man - the enemy - Public King - no thing

All fall to the force of my swing
Like Ali - Frazier - Thriller in Manila
A pinpoint point blank microphone killer am I
No need to lie - got the Flavor Flave
To prove I'll win and if not the save
I'll pick up, rack up - put your whole shack up
Just choose to lose the bet - emcee stick up
This is the wiz - but the mike's not his, it's mine
One time let the star shine
And I'm tellin' you - yelling at you you're through
Don't think you're grown cause your moustache grew
I'm number one - you know it weighs a ton
And I'll be the burger - you can be the bun, girl
Surroundin' - my steady poundin'
Get on down to my funky sound
And rock the rhythm rhyme - one time your mind
Rhythm roll - two times control
The mauler and the caller of your doom
And when I'm ready to leave - you're gonna know I go boom
Three times y'all - rhythm rhyme and rock
Then you'll that the D is on the block
Four times y'all and never ever the whack
It's the hour to the minute - time to blow BLACK

Too Much Posse

Artist: Public Enemy

All right party people, bust a groove
It's guaranteed to shake your butt and make you move
I got a little something fly ass, gonna kick you high (?)
It's not a drive from my little rut
It's not for your earhole that we call a bug
Ya know what I'm sayin'
Now bust it out
There is a lot of people out there
That's building up a force
Of course that we call a posse
None will be grown when you got to cope and you gall (?)
You start up with two
And you end up with two thousands by the millions
You dig what I'm sayin'
Now there's a lot of posses out there
Trying to take over posses
And trying to turn those posses
Into their posse
But when you got too much
Like the gear grabbin' such and such (?)
Nobody can take yours
So they'll be sweatin' from the paws (?)
Trying to take whatcha got
They're so hot from the pot

Do they get the bad cold
An' those riding with the ????
Ya know what I'm sayin'

What do you got to say about this
A force so strong that you can't resist
You may as well join 'em - you know you can't beat 'em
Pack a hundred people - ya know ya gonna need 'em
Straight with the system is down by law
Cause every half hour they get nine more
They run all the dollars that come in town
So either join the crew or get beat down
I watched all the guys be so damn cruel
Try to get fast - you must be a fool
Blood through and through - the boys don't play
I seen 'em tax and run an operation today
They got too - too - too much posse

Yeah, I had a party - much people came by
I'm talking to a 'g' cause the 'g' real fly
Chillin' in my room - chewin' off her ear
Chillin' stypid fly - cause I got stupid gear
My door kicked open by her man and crew
The 'g' turned to me and said, "Who're you?"
I said, "Yo fly. Yeah the 'g' lied."
Stuck in the corner while the 'g' cried
And then from the back - my homeboys came
Wear Uzis and knives and said, "Go blame." (?)
Ya lying ass girl with the fake tears
We got a big posse and we show no fears
We got too - too - too much posse
We got too - too - too much posse

Yeah, that's right
And I'm get ready to step off
Ya know what I'm sayin'
And all you posses out there
That's trying to help posse to posse
Yo, we gotta stop that as
Scatter your brain from here to White Plains
Ya know what I'm sayin'
We got the shit that you just can't fuck with

Artist: Public Enemy
Album: Yo! Bum Rush The Show
Song: Yo! Bum Rush The Show
Ridenhour - Drayton - Shocklee -

I am taking no prisoners, taking no shorts
Breakin' with the metal of a couple of forts
While we're hearin' that boom supplement the mix

We're gonna rush 'em like the Bears in the 46
Homeboys I don't know but they're part of the pack
In the plan against the man, bum rush attack
For the suckers at the door, if you're up and around
For the suckers at the door, we're gonna knock you back down

(chorus) Yo! Bum rush the show

Searchin my body for fuckin' what
Cause my gun's just for fun and knife don't cut
How can I make you understand
I still can kill with my goddamn hands
Troubles, not me, I don't mean to cause
But you took one look and began to pause
Didn't hoolar at the dollar we willin' to spend
But you took one look and wouldn't let our ass in

(repeat chorus)

Cold bum rushin' doors like at first it's something
But all we realize that the show ain't nuthin'
For the stunts and the blunts, whole world inside
The reason that the mighty used force supplied
No comp, we'll stomp all in our way
Gave me static so I won't pay
It might be a trick that you don't like
Comin' in the side door then grabbin' the mike

Walkin' and talkin' - fist full in the air
It might seem like that we don't care
A ho for an oh, a pow for an ow
Girls start screamin' all I say is wow
Get that sucker who shot that gun
Beat his monkey ass till it ain't no fun
5-O showed and wouldn't you know
They blamed it on the kid cause all I said was...

(repeat chorus)

You're Gonna Get Yours
Artist: Public Enemy

Ooh Chuck, they outta get us man
Yo, we gotta dust these boys off

In this corner with the 98
Subject of suckers - object of hate
Who's the one some think is great
I'm that one - son of a gun
Drivin' by - wavin' my fist
Makin' 'em mad when I'm goin' like this

Top gun - never on the run
They know not to come cause they all get some
Goin' quicker in the speedin' lane
Jealous can't do it and it's causin' them pain

Caught in my smoke - all they did was choke
Look at my spokes - you know I'm no joke
Out that window - middle finger for all
Jealous at my ride, stereo and blackwalls
Suckers they got the nerve and gall
To talk 'bout the car when they're walkin' tall

Chorus:
Suckers to tha side
I know you hate my 98
You gonna get yours (x2)

Pullin' away - every day
Leavin' you in the dust
So you know I get paid - on the mile ego trip
And 5-o tailin' on my tip
Watch me burn rubber - fall in my flame
This episode is always the same
Seein' no comp comin' like I'm blind
All left back - trailin' my behind
I go faster cops try to shoot me
They'll get theirs when they try to get me
I'll let it go - my turbo
Run, I'm in the river cause they're movin' too slow
Laughin' hard at their attempt
So what if the judge charged me contempt
I'd rub my boomerang - 'cause I'm feelin' proud
And I wouldn't even hear them cause my radio's loud

Chorus (x2)

Cruisin' down the boulevard
I treated like some superstar
You know the time so don't look hard
Get with it - the ultimate homeboy car
All you suckers in the other ride
Wherever I'm comin' get you my side
My 98 is tough to chase
If you're on my tail - better watch your face
Smoke is comin' when I burn
Rubber when my wheels turn
A tinted window - so super bad
Lookin' like the car the Green Hornet had
It's the reason I'm ahead of the pack
It's the reason I left them back
It's the reason all the people say

My 98-O blows 'em all away

My 98 Oldsmobile is...

My 98 Oldsmobile's so...

My 98 Oldsmobile is...

My 98 Oldsmobile's like...

Chorus (x2)

Understand - I don't drive drunk
My 98's fly - I don't drive no junk
No cop gotta a right to call me a punk
Take this ticket - go to hell and stick it
Put me on a kick butt - line up, times up
This government needs a tune up
I don't know what's happenin' - what's up
Gun in my chest - I'm under arrest
Sidewalk suckers wanted to spill me
So I got my crew and posse
Took their girls and got them to thrill me
Stepped outside - got in my ride
Drove them around an' I looked around town
Caught 'em out there cold - ran 'em over and down
They didn't get me and that's the truth
Cause the 98-O is bullet proof

My 98 Oldsmobile's so...

My 98 Oldsmobile is...

My 98 Oldsmobile's so...

My 98 Oldsmobile's like...

2.2. 2Pac.

Artist: 2Pac f/ C-Bo, Outlawz, Storm

Album: All Eyez On Me

Song: Tradin War Stories

Typed by: OHHLA Webmaster DJ Flash

[2Pac]

A military mind nigga
A military mind mean money
A criminal grind nigga
A criminal grind mean hustle
You know

[Chorus: 2Pac - repeat 2X]

We tradin war stories, we Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggaz I despise, look in my eyes

[2Pac]

Now can your mind picture, a thug nigga drinkin hard liquor

This ghetto life has got me catchin up to God quicker
Who would figure that all I need was a hair trigger
semi-automatic Mack 11 just to scare niggaz
Pardon my thug poetry, but suckers is born everyday
and fear of man - grow on trees
Criminal ties for centuries, a legend in my own rhymes
So niggaz whisper when they mention
Machiavelli was my tutor Donald Goines, my father figure
Moms sent me to go play with the drug dealers
Hits fall, we thug niggaz and we came in packs.
Every one of niggaz strapped sippin on 'nac (Cognac)
In the back, my AR-15
Thuggin till I die, these streets got me cravin thorazine
My lyrics are blueprints to money makin
Fat as that ass that honey shakin

[Chorus] w/ Outlawz

[Kastro]

I bust a trey-trey, buggin an' shit
They call it overthuggin and shit
But I was just a younger nigga;
gettin older and lovin this shit
But what was I doin in this place?
To the fakes without a pistol in the first,
facin termination in the worst
But I figured to play the wall; to watch all these
playa hatin niggaz position for I could see 'em all
Made it up out of there, lucky to be here to tell you
But it'll never be a repeat people I'm tryin to tell you

[Edi Amin]

Now picture the scenery, I'm thugged out smokin greenery
Considered a B.G., but I'm off in this game somethin D-P
My eyes only see deez, that's why I'm young and burnt out
Learned the know how, well how to do now, by 18 turned out
And why I do it - the ridin and smokin
Collidin with foes - in the worst place;
y'all shouldn'ta fucked with us, in the first place
Y'all real O.G.'s, droppin game to the youngsters
Y'all don't want no funk cause
Y'all be the next in the long line of war stories

[Chorus]

[C-Bo]

I breaks 'em off with this gangsta war story tale
Stackin loot up in the coupe that I protect with a Mack 12
Slap my clip in the chamber; fool, your life's in danger
No one will remain when I come through dumpin insane
Call me Bo-wl of Major Pain, gun-slang and movin 'caine

I be the nigga that's pullin the trigga
and dumpin the hollow points in your brain
Mo' bigger balls than RuPaul, Thug Life ain't a ball
We bust that ass up against the wall (up against the wall)
Never been no sign for men call
How we bucks 'em down on the way to the ground
Ain't nuttin but the hog in me
Bust off his dildo, killin up hoes and keep mobbin G
It ain't no calling the funk off
Don't be funkign with my sawed off
Bust they dirty-ass drawers off
and had them bitch niggaz hauled off

[Chorus]

[Napoleon]

My whole family been raised, on shit that ain't okay
Ain't nuttin on this earth will make a nigga like me stay
I'm reminiscin, and catchin flashbacks when niggas ran up
in my house and I was too young, to try to blast back
What happen then? No one would tell me since I was three
Heard that God took my peoples, now they living somewhere free
But fuck that, you got what's mines and I want that
Never drop my guard, been on the squad, since ways back
And now I'm sittin, holdin in anger because my parents missin
Thuggin Immortal, got some war stories for ya

[Storm]

Now look at me - straight Outlaw Immortal
Never gave a fuck cause I was nobody's daughter
Outlawin from my tits to my clits, don't try to figure
cause the murderous tendencies of my mind can't be controlled, nigga
So who's the bigger, who's the quickest killer?
Would ya try to trip with my finger on the 9 milla
When I got cha on kay-nine-fourths
Prayin to God as your life goes back and forth
We tradin war stories

[Chorus] - repeat to the end, getting softer

[2Pac talking]

War stories nigga; hahaha, what players do
Thug Life, Outlaw Immortalz
Motherfuckin Tupac a.k.a. Makaveli
Can you feel me? Just so you know, it's on Death Row
My niggaz love that shit
Dramacydal in this motherfucker, heheheh
Yea nigga! Shout out to my niggaz Fatal and Felony
C-Bo, the bald head nut, what?
You know what time it is

Artist: 2Pac f/ Nate Dogg
Album: All Eyez on Me
Song: Skandalouz
Typed by: OHHLA Webmaster DJ Flash

[2Pac] Hey Nate you know you got to focus on this motherfucker
We's gonna talk about these scandalous hoes
[Nate] I can talk about scandalous bitches
[2Pac] Oh I know you can!
I know you that's why we gonna do it
Daz on the beat
Hey Daz, nigga stop fuckin around with the piano nigga
Just drop that shit like uhh, this here

[2Pac]
I met you through my homie now you act like you don't know me
So disappointed cause baby that shit was so phony
It's not for me, you see no lovin from my closest homies
Woul'da paid you no mind, but baby you was all up on me
While you proceed with precision, you had the table hosed
No, I ain't mad at you baby, go 'head and play them fools
They chose not to listen, so now he stuck inside his house
and can't leave without his bitch permission
The mission's to be a playa, my alias is Boss
Drop a top on these jealous niggaz, playa let me floss
Y'all don't wanna see me in pain
I'll leave that ass like Toni Braxton, "Never breathing again"
It's scandalous, I never liked your back stabbin ass, triiick
Used to watch you money grabbin, who you baggin beeyitch?
Ready to bust, in the city you don't know who to trust
But bitches lookin scandalous

Chorus: Nate Dogg

Scandalous.. she's so scandalous, she's so scandalous
She's so scandalous.. she's so scandalous, she's so scandalous
Scandalous.. she's so scandalous, she's so scandalous
She's so scandalous.. she's so scandalous, she's so scandalous

[2Pac]
How's it hangin? Cause baby from the back the shit is bangin
I've been stressin in this ghetto game, tryin to do my thang
Won't be no bullshit, no ass-kissin
This bitch'll have ya wakin up with all your cash missin
I'm askin, as if I'm qualified to analyze
You're lookin at a bitch who specialize in tellin lies
She got a body make a motherfucker fantasize
Her face ain't never shed a tear through them scandalous eyes
My sister precious in poverty
Plus I knew she was a freak bitch so why should it bother me?
I'd probably be sprung, addicted to the heat of her tongue

and though I don't where we're goin, she's makin me come
I've been trained as a boss playa, so what you sayin?
Let me show you, got some hookers we can toss later
Before I let her get me off guard
Went in the purse took a hundred dollars
Nigga I'm so scandalous

Chorus

[2Pac]

Dangerous and ambitious, while schemin on gettin riches
I'm spittin at tricks cause I'm addicted to pretty bitches
Currency motivated, not easily terminated
Now that we made it, my niggaz can never be faded
This is my prophecy -- I gotta be paid
All you cowards that try to stop me is beggin for early graves
I thought we was cool, I was a fool, thinkin you could be true
when I don't fuck with your punk crew
These are the tales for my niggaz doin time in the cell
I went from hell, to livin well
Bustin at niggaz who said my name in vain
I got no time for them tricks, I'm heavy in the game
I wanna be a baller, please
But the bitches and the liquor keep on callin me
I'm floatin free on the highway, formulatin plans
Can't wait til I see L.A., cause it's so scandalous

Chorus

Chorus *repeat to end* (2Pac speaks over it)

[2Pac]

Aiyyo.. how the prettiest bitch be the more scandalous the hoe be
You ever peep that shit? (Nah)
A bitch can be like fifteen, fuckin with a nigga 35
Gettin him for ends
Hoes these days is way too motherfuckin intelligent
When these niggaz get to trickin, hahaha, it's over then
That's aight though
Keep a nigga heavy in the game, bout so long
Watch them hoes
All you niggaz out there
Beware these lyin ass scandalous bitches

Artist: 2Pac f/ Rappin 4-Tay

Album: All Eyez On Me

Song: Only God Can Judge Me

Typed by: OHHLA Webmaster DJ Flash

Intro: 2Pac

Only God can judge me, is that right?
[synth voice] Only God can judge me now
Only God baby, nobody else, nobody else
All you other motherfuckers get out my business

Verse One: 2Pac

Perhaps I was blind to the facts, stabbed in the back
I couldn't trust my own homies just a bunch a dirty rats
Will I, succeed, paranoid from the weed
And hocus pocus try to focus but I can't see
And in my mind I'm a blind man doin time
Look to my future cause my past, is all behind me
Is it a crime, to fight, for what is mine?
Everybody's dyin tell me what's the use of tryin
I've been Trapped since birth, cautious, cause I'm cursed
And fantasies of my family, in a hearse
And they say it's the white man I should fear
But, it's my own kind doin all the killin here
I can't lie, ain't no love for the other side
Jealousy inside, make em wish I died
Oh my Lord, tell me what I'm livin for
Everybody's droppin got me knockin on heaven's door
And all my memories, of seein brothers bleed
And everybody grieves, but still nobody sees
Recollect your thoughts don't get caught up in the mix
Cause the media is full of dirty tricks
Only God can judge me

Chorus: 2Pac

[synth voice] Only God can judge me
That's right baby, yeah baby
[synth voice] Only God
Hahahahahahaha
[synth + Pac] Only God can judge me, only God can judge
[synth cont.] me, only God
Only God can judge me
[synth + Pac] Only God can judge me
And only God can
[synth voice] Only God can judge me, only God
Only God can judge me
[synth + Pac] Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me
[synth voice] Only God can judge me, only God
Only God can judge me
[synth voice] Only God can judge me now

heart monitor: long beep
Flatline!

Verse Two: 2Pac

I hear the doctor standing over me *heart monitor: beeping slowly*
screamin I can make it
Got a body full of bullet holes layin here naked
Still I, can't breathe, somethings evil in my IV
Cause everytime I breathe, I think they killin me *beeping sound stops*
I'm having nightmares, homicidal fantansies
I wake up stranglin, danglin my bed sheets
I call the nurse cause it hurts, to reminisce
How did it come to this? I wish they didn't miss
Somebody help me, tell me where to go from here
Cause even Thugs cry, but do the Lord care?
Try to remember, but it hurts
I'm walkin through the cemetary talkin to the, dirt
I'd rather die like a man, than live like a coward
There's a ghetto up in Heaven and it's ours, Black Power
is what we scream as we dream in a paranoid state
And our fate, is a lifetime of hate
Dear Mama, can you save me? And fuck peace
Cause the streets got our babies, we gotta eat
No more hesitation each and every black male's trapped
And they wonder why we suicidal runnin round strapped
Mista, Po-lice, please try to see that it's
a million motherfuckers stressin just like me
Only God can judge me

Chorus w/ variations

Interlude: 2Pac

That which does not kill me can only make me stronger
(That's for real)
and I don't see why everybody feel as though
that they gotta tell me how to live my life
(You know?)
Let me live baby, let me live

Verse Three: Rappin 4-Tay, Tupac

Pac I feel ya, keep servin it on the reala
For instance say a playa hatin mark is out to kill ya
Would you be wrong, for buckin a nigga to the pavement?
He gon' get me first, if I don't get him fool start prayin
Ain't no such thing as self-defense in the court of law
So judge us when we get to where we're goin wearin a cross, that's real
Got him, lurked him, crept the fuck up on him
Sold a half a million tapes now everybody want him
After talkin behind my back like a bitch would
Tellin them niggaz, "You can fade him," punk I wish you would
It be them same motherfuckers in your face that'll rush up in your place

to get your safe, knowin you on that paper chase
Grass, glass, big screen and leather couch
My new shit is so fetti already sold a key of ounce
Bitch, remember Tupac and 4-Tay
Them same two brothers dodgin bullets representin the Bay
Pac when you was locked down, that's when I'll be around
Start climbing up the charts, so sick, but they tried to clown
That's why they ride the bandwagon still be draggin sellin lies
Don't think I don't see you haters, I know you all in disguise

Guess you figure you know me cause I'm a Thug
That love to hit the late night club, drink then buzz
Been livin lavish like a player all day
Now I'm bout to floss em off, player shit with 4-Tay
Only God can judge me

Chorus w/ variations

[4Tay] Only God main
[2Pac] That right?
[4Tay] That's real
[2Pac] Hahahahahaha
[4Tay] Fuck everybody else, yaknowwhatI'msayin?
[2Pac] Man, look here man
 My only fear of death is comin back to this bitch reincarnated
 That's for the homey mental
 We up out

Chorus w/out 2Pac continues to fade

Artist: 2Pac
Album: All Eyez On Me
Song: No More Pain
Typed by: OHHLA Webmaster DJ Flash

Intro: 2Pac

Hey DeVante
Nigga, don'tcha know we're gonna sow up every bitch in the country
Me and you, up in the same motherfuckin room
On the same level
This shit here, hahahaha
Please, no more pain
That's right nigga
Hey drop that shit boy

Verse One: 2Pac

My adversaries cry like hoes fully eradicate my foes
My lyrics explode on contact, gamin you hoes
Who else but Mama's only son, fuck the phony niggaz I'm the one

Say my name, watch bitches come, now fire
when ready, stay watchin now figure, increase speed
Make you motherfuckers bleed from your mouth quicker
Plus all these niggaz that you run with, be on some dumb shit
Trick on the hoes, I ain't the one bitch
Holla my name and witness game official, it's so sick
Have every single bitch that came witchu, on my dick
Plus this alcohol increases the chance to be deceased
I'm movin you stupid bitches, vicious telekenesis
Am I reachin your brain? Nigga how can I explain?
How vicious this Thug motherfucker came
When I die, I wanna be a livin legend, say my name
Affiliated with this motherfuckin game, with no more pain

Chorus: (interpretation of Method Man's "Bring the Pain")

I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain
Let's go inside my astral plane (no more pain *variations*)

(repeat 4X)

Verse Two: 2Pac

Line up my adversaries, blast on sight, and fuck your boyfriend
Bitch, I want some ass tonight, you know my steelo
Alize and Cristal, weed sure you heard of all the
sure you've heard of all the freaky shit they say about me, huh
Plus all you busters is jealous, pull your gun out and blast
I dare you niggaz to open fire, I'll murder that ass
And disappear before the cops come runnin, my glock's spittin rounds
niggaz fallin down clutchin they stomach
It's Westside, Death Row, Thug niggaz on the rise
Busters shot me five times, real niggaz don't die
Can ya hear me? Laced with this game, I know you fear me
Spit the secret to war, so cowards fear me
My only fear of death is reincarnation
Heart of a solider with a brain to teach your whole nation
And feelin no more pain

Chorus 4X

Verse Three: 2Pac

Bury me that's what they all say, it's time to make a killin
Sure to make a million with DeVante
Bitch I know you want me, what your mouth say? Now, watch your eyes
You don't wanna get with me, that's a lie
I got my hands on your hips, no time to bullshit
Freaky bitch, come give me kiss
Tell them niggaz from other areas, brothers from here
So obsessed with this money makin it ain't nothin we fear

Now they label me a troublemaker, cause I'm a ridah
Death to you playa haters, don't let me find ya
Mama made me rugged, baptised the public
Now you hard thugs, nigga don't you love it
It's similar to multiple gunshots, retaliation is a must
Wasn't too sure what you facin so watch the guns bust
You niggaz'll bleed, fuckin with me you'll be deceased
Never restin in peace nigga, with no more pain

Chorus 8X

[Tupac talking over the chorus]
Hahahahaha, yeah nigga, yeah! Hahahahaha
No more pain
It's just like that nigga, like that yeah
No more pain
Motherfuckers can't handle that shit
Much too much for these bitches
No more pain
Feel me nigga? Feel me?
How you figure you can fuck with me?
Fully automatic type shit
No more pain
Coward ass niggaz, cowards
Come put your mouth on this pistol nigga
Come put your mouth on the pistol, no more pain
Close your eyes nigga, do it
Die in the dark, no more pain

Death Row, so what you motherfuckers do?
Hey that's DeVante droppin that beat like that BEYATCH
In case you wonderin
And jealous niggaz, hahaha, see y'all niggaz
Motherfuckin niggaz are shit
Hey

(chorus being whispered in the background)
Westsiiiiide! Death to everybody that ain't down with me
That's on, feel me? Hahaha
Oh yeah, to the cowards, you know what I mean
Just feel that, Thug Life, shit don't stop
Motherfuckers got Downs Syndrome, motherfuckers
Weak ass niggaz, skanless cunts, fuckin C.E..O.'s
Put your mouth on this pistol nigga
Put your mouth on the pistol!
Hahahahaha, yeah nigga no more pain
Prison ain't changed me nigga, it made me worse
Feel me nigga, haha
No more pain
Hey DeVante I'm givin these motherfuckers choices
Niggaz can roll with us, or they can be rolled under us

That's on you nigga, what you wanna do?
Last year we was lettin these niggaz kick up dust
This year you motherfuckers gonna be dust
Thug Life nigga Westsiiiiide!

Artist: 2Pac

Album: All Eyez On Me

Song: Life Goes On

Typed by: OHHLA.com

Chorus: repeat 2X

How many brothas fell victim to tha streetz
Rest in peace young nigga, there's a Heaven for a 'G'
be a lie, If I told ya that I never thought of death
my niggas, we tha last ones left
but life goes on.....

Verse One:

As I bail through tha empty halls
breath stinkin'
in my draws
ring, ring, ring
quiet y'all
incoming call
plus this my homie from high school
he's getting bye
It's time to bury another brotha nobody cry
life as a baller
alchol and booty calls
we usta do them as adolecents
do you recall?
raised as G's
loc'ed out and blazed the weed
get on tha roof
let's get smoked out
and blaze with me
2 in tha morning
and we still high assed out
screamin' 'thug till I die'
before I passed out
but now that your gone
i'm in tha zone
thinkin'
'I don't wanna die all alone'
but now ya gone
and all I got left are stinkin' memories
I love them niggas to death
i'm drinkin' Hennessy
while tryin' ta make it last

I drank a 5th for that ass
when you passed....
cause life goes on

Chorus

Verse Two:

Yeah nigga
I got tha word as hell
ya blew trial and tha judge gave you
25 with an L
time to prepare to do fed time
won't see parole
imagine life as a convict
that's gotten' old
plus with tha drama
we're lookin out for your babies mama
taken risks, while keepin' cheap tricks from gettin on her...
life in tha hood...
is all good for nobody
remember gamin' on dumb hoties at chill parties
Me and you
No true a two
while scheming on hits
and gettin tricks
that maybe we can slide into
but now you burried
rest nigga
cause I ain't worried
eyes blurred
sayin' goodbye at the cemetary
tho' memories fade
I got your name tated on my arm
so we both ball till' my dying days
before I say goodbye
Kato and Mental rest in peace
Thug till I die

Chorus

Verse Three:

Bury me smilin'
with G's in my pocket
have a party at my funeral
let every rapper rock it
let tha hoes that I usta know
from way before
kiss me from my head to my toe
give me a paper and a pen

so I can write about my life of sin
a couple bottles of Gin
incase I don't get in
tell all my people i'm a Ridah
nobody cries when we die
we outlaws
let me ride
until I get free
I live my life in tha fast lane
got police chasen me
to my niggas from old blocks
from old crews
niggas that guided me through
back in tha old school
pour out some liquor
have a toast for tha homies
see we both gotta die
but ya chose to go before me
and brothas miss ya while your gone
you left your nigga on his own
how long we mourn
life goes on...

Chorus *repeats to end*
(sung overtop repeating chorus)

Life goes on homie
gone on, cause they passed away
Niggas doin' life
Niggas doin' 50 and 60 years and shit
I feel ya nigga, trust me
I feel ya
You know what I mean
last year
we poured out liquor for ya
this year nigga, life goes on
we're gonna clock now
get money
evade bitches
evade tricks
give players plenty space
and basicaly just represent for you baby
next time you see your niggas
your gonna be on top nigga
their gonna be like,
'Goddamn, them niggas came up'
that's right baby
life goes on....
and we up out this bitch
hey Kato, Mental
y'all niggas make sure it's popin' when we get up there

don't front.

Artist: 2Pac f/ K-Ci and JoJo

Album: All Eyez on Me

Song: How Do You Want It

Typed by: OHHLA Webmaster DJ Flash

Chorus: K-Ci and JoJo

How do you want it? How does it feel?
Comin up as a nigga in the cash game
livin in the fast lane; I'm for real
How do you want it? How do you feel?
Comin up as a nigga in the cash game
livin in the fast lane; I'm for real

Verse One: 2Pac

Love the way you activate your hips and push your ass out
Got a nigga wantin it so bad I'm bout to pass out
Wanna dig you, and I can't even lie about it
Baby just alleviate your clothes, time to fly up out it
Catch you at a club, oh shit you got me fiendin
Body talkin shit to me but I can't comprehend the meaning
Now if you wanna roll with me, then here's your chance
Doin eighty on the freeway, police catch me if you can
Forgive me i'm a rider, still I'm just a simple man
All I want is money, fuck the fame I'm a simple man
Mr. International, playa with the passport
Just like Aladdin bitch, get you anything you ask for
It's either him or me -- champagne, Hennessey
A favorite of my homies when we floss, on our enemies
Witness as we creep to a low speed, peep what a hoe need
Puff some mo' weed, funk, ya don't need
Approachin hoochies with a passion, been a long day
But I've been driven by attraction in a strong way
Your body is bangin baby I love it when you flaunt it
Time to give it to daddy nigga now tell me how you want it
(Tell me how you want it! La-dy, yeahhhyeah)

Chorus

Verse Two: 2Pac

Tell me is it cool to fuck?
Did you think I come to talk am I a fool or what?
Positions on the floor it's like erotic, ironic
cause I'm somewhat psychotic
I'm hittin switches on bitches like I been fixed with hydraulics
Up and down like a roller coaster, I'm up inside ya
I ain't quittin til the show is over, cause I'ma rider

In and out just like a robbery, I'll probably be a freak
and let you get on top of me, get her rockin these
Nights full of Alize, a livin legend
You ain't heard about these niggaz play these Cali days
Delores Tucker, youse a motherfucker
Instead of tryin to help a nigga you destroy a brother
Worse than the others -- Bill Clinton, Mr. Bob Dole
You're too old to understand the way the game is told
You're lame so I gotta hit you with the hot facts
Want some on lease? I'm makin millions, niggaz top that
They wanna censor me; they'd rather see me in a cell
livin in hell -- only a few of us'll live to tell
Now everybody talkin bout us I could give a fuck
I'd be the first one to bomb and cuss
Nigga tell me how you want it

Chorus

Verse Three: 2Pac

Raised as a youth, tell the truth I got the scoop
on how to get a bulletproof, because I jumped from the roof
before I was a teenager, mobile phone, SkyPager
Game rules, I'm livin major -- my adversaries
is lookin worried, they paranoid of gettin buried
One of us gon' see the cemetary
My only hope to survive if I wish to stay alive
Gettin high, see the demons in my eyes, before I die
I wanna live my life and ball, make a couple million
And then I'm chillin fade em all, these taxes
got me crossed up and people tryin to sue me
Media is in my business and they actin like they know me
Hahaha, but I'ma mash out, peel out
I'm with it quick I'se quick to whip that fuckin steel out
Yeah nigga it's some new shit so better get up on it
When ya see me tell a nigga how ya want it
How do you want it?

Chorus 2X

[2Pac]
How you want it?
Yeah my nigga Johnny J
Yeah, we out

Chorus

[2Pac]
Tell me

Chorus

[2Pac]

Cash game, livin in the fast lane, I'm for real

Artist: 2Pac

Album: All Eyez On Me

Song: Heartz of Men

Typed by: OHHLA.com

Ahh, Suge what I tell you nigga,
when I come out of jail what was I gonna do
I was gonna start diggin' into these niggas chest, right
Watch this, hey Quik let me see them binoculars, nigga
The binoculars

Ha ha ha ha, yeah nigga time to ride
Grab your bulletproof vest nigga
cause its gonna be a long one
Now me and Quik gonna show you niggas what it's like on this side
The real side
Now, on this ride there's gonna be some real mutha-fuckas
and there's gonna be some pussys
Now the real niggas gonna be the ones with money and bitches
The pussys are gonna be the niggas on the floor bleedin'
Now everybody keep your eyes on the prize cause the ride get tricky
See you got some niggas on your side
That say they're your friends
But in real life they your enemies
And then you got some mutha-fuckas that say they your enemies
But in real life they eyes is on your money
See the enemies will say they true
But in real life those niggas will be the snitches
Its a dirty game y'all
Y'all got ta be careful about who you fuck with and who you don't fuck with
Cause the shit get wild y'all
Keep your mind on your riches, Baby
Keep your mind on your riches

9-1-1 its a emergency cowards tried to murder me
From hood to the 'burbs, everyone of you niggas heard of me
Shit I'm legendary niggas scary and paralyzed
Nothing more I despise than a liar
cowards die
My mama told me When I was to see
Just a vicious mutha fucker while these devils left me free
I proceed to make them shiver
when I deliver
Criminal lyrics
from a world wide mob figure
Thug niggas from everywhere Mr. Mackaveli
Niggas is waiting for some thug shit, thats what they tell me

So many rumors but I'm infinitely Immortal Outlaw
Switching up on you ordinary bitches
like a south paw you get let
And every breath I breathe untill the moment I'm deceased
Will be another moment ballin' as a 'G'
I rip the crowd, then I start again
Internally I live in sin
untill the moment that they let me breathe again
The heartz of men

(Chorus)

The Heartz of Men

My lyrical verse with so much pain
that to some niggas it hurts
My guns bust
And if you ain't one of us
it gets worse
Bitch niggas get their eyes swoll
in fly mode
I'm a homicidal outlaw
and five-o, get your lights on, fight long
tonights gonna be a fuckin' fight
so we might roll
My own homies say I'm heartless
But I'm a 'G' to this 'til the day I'm gone that's regardless
Drive-by, niggas bow down
thought I'd rot in jail, paid bail, well niggas out now
Throw up your hands if you thugged out
First nigga act up
first nigga gettin' drugged out
I can be a villian if ya let me
I'll Muthafuck ya
if ya do upset me
tell the cops to come and get me
rip the crowd like a phone number
Then start again, don't have no muthafuckin' friends nigga
Look inside the heartz of men

(Chorus)

In The Heartz of Men
In The Heartz of Men

To all my niggas engaged in making money in the fifty states
Keep your mind on your chips and fuck a punk bitch
No longer living in fear
my pistol close in hand
Convinced this is my year
like I'm the chosen man

Give me my money and label me as a god
If niggas is having problems
smoke'em, fire and bomb
I died and came back,
I hustle with these lyrics as if it's a game of crack
Thugin' is in my spirit
I'm lost and not knowing
scar'd up
but still flowing
energized and still going
Uhh, can it be fate
that makes a sick muthafucka break
On these jealous ass coward cuz they evil and fake
What will it take ?
Give me that bass line
I'm feeling bombed
Deathrow baby, don't be alarmed
The homie Quik gave a nigga a beat and let me start again
Represent
cause I've been sent
The heartz of men

Artist: 2Pac f/ Daz, Kurupt, Method Man, Redman

Album: All Eyez On Me

Song: Got My Mind Made Up

Typed by: OHHLA Webmaster DJ Flash

Verse One: Daz

You find an MC like me who's strong
Leavin motherfucker's aborted, with no verbal support
And when I command the microphone I gets deadly as Kahn though
With a bear and a snake and a panda, I'm on those
Who can withstand, the mo' power I gain
and make it possible for me to drop a few to wreck ya brain
Imagine and keep on wishin upon a star
Finally realizing who the fuck we are
When I penetrate, it's been withstandin, faded
would it be the greatest MC of all time
When I created rhyme for the simple fact
When I attack I crush your pride
My intention to ride, every time all night
I'm faced with the scars beyond this one bar
for me to put down my guard, I'm faced with it, I'm a ride
breakin in gas with the six-eight all day
In and out with my pay
I'm soon to count the bodies...

Verse Two: Tupac

So mandatory my elevation my lyrics like orientation

So you can be more familiar with tha nigga you facin
We must be based on nothin better than communication
Known to damage and highly flammable like gas stations
Sorry I left that ass waitin
No more procrastination give up to fate, and get that ass shakin
I'm bustin and makin motherfuckers panic
Don't take ya life for granted put that ass in the dirt
You swear the bitch was planted
My lyrics motivate the planet
It's similar to Rhythm Nation
but thugged out, forgive me Janet
Who's in control I'm acvtivatin yo souls
You know, the way the games get controlled
Yo, two years ago, a friend of mine
Told me Alize and Cristal blows your mind
Bear witness to the dopest fuckin rhyme I wrote
Takin off my coat, clearing my throat

Chorus: Method Man

I got my mind made up, come on... [come on]
get in get in too [get on it]
let it ride [get wit it] tonight's tha night
I got my mind made up, come on...
get in get in too
let it ride... tonight's tha night

Verse Three: Kurupt

Well I comes through with two packs
of the bomb prophalaks for protection
So my fuckin sac won't collapse
Cause nowadays, shit's evading the x-rays
Sending young motherfuckers to an early grave
I wonder, if my terrifying tactics of torturing MC's
shows my heart's as cold as the tundra
Electryfing like thunder, I'm just too much
Rough and raw with that motherfuckin poisonous touch
I'm an MC with lyrics that's tha fuckin bom-bay
Ya got dissed, that's before it's ingest like balmay
My rhymes, I leave a mark on ya mind
As the deadly vibes spread through ya head like sand pine
There's no escape, nah I ain't blastin
I use my mental to assassinate assassin's for those askin
Opposed to laughin, raw maniacal villian
Laughter enhances the chances of tha killin
Why is that? Cuz smilin faces decieve
You best believe, to MC's I'm the deadliest disease
My thoughts rip ya throat and make it hard to breathe
Ya whole camp's under seige, and I'm Jason Vorhees
In the heat of the night is when I defeat and ignite mikes

My verbal snipe, your vocab on site
I'm out tha cut, uncut and raw with no clause for all
So all my rhymes hit and split tha bricks on the wall
Ya already have an idea about tha superior sphere
The greater rhyme creator on both sides of tha equator
I rock from here to there, to Philly and back
To LA on the spot where I rock and bust like straps
As your views get overshadowed when you come in contact
Beware, set and prepare to enter verbal combat

Verse Four: Method Man

Fuck you losers, while you fake jacks I makes maneuvers
like Hitler, stickin up [jews] wit german [lugers]
The Mr. Meth-Tical from Staten Isle
Will be back after this mess-age don't touch tha dial
Rarely do you see an MC out for justice
Got my gun powder and my musket -- blaooow!!
Melons get swellings, I paint mental pictures like Magellen
Half of my Clan's three deep felons
Niggaz best protect they joints for Nine-Nickel
Man I stay on point like icicles
Now who wanna test Tical then touch Tical
All up in your motherfuckin mouth
Head banger boogie
Catch me on tour with Al Doogie
Method Man roll too tight, you can pull me
Better take one and pass or that's that ass
Your vital statistics are low and fallin fast
Johnny Blaze out to get loot like Johnny Cash
Play a game of Russian Roulette and have a blast

Verse Five: Redman

Aiyyo, lyrical gas spittin tha criminal tactics
Non-believers get my dick and genitals backwards
Let's face it, there's no replacement
Taste this, mad underground basement, shit I'm laced with
Avalanche on ya whole camp when I'm splifted
Funk Doctor who? Spock bitch don't get it twisted
I got connects like Federal Express
to get the fresh package of bless, tha dogs can't fetch
Got the clear spot from tha rear block
to bust til every nigga here drop, men I fear not
Hold ya nose and blow out til ya ears pop
Since ya crew suit you to shift now you claim that you get's lot
With, this underground cannabis
I'm dangerous like John the bomb analyst
Then proceeds like keys
My degrees freeze consecutively like EPMD LP's
Lick off a shot and hit ya fam by mistake

So I erase the whole front row at the wake
I planned my escape in case jake or a snake bust it
I'm the one pushin the hearse in the first place
Confidence for you shaky ass folks
Pump for Rockafella for the day he got smoked
choke, off this anecdote got you ope
Get roast, by my lyrics Billy Dee .45 Coly
And I'm out for nine nickel [INS tha rebels]
[West, list this, this, this...]

Artist: 2Pac f/ Dr. Dre
Album: All Eyez on Me
Song: California Love
Typed by: OHHLA.com

California love!
1-California...knows how to party
California...knows how to party
In the citaaay of L.A.
In the citaaay of good ol' Watts
In the citaaay, the city of Compton
We keep it rockin! We keep it rockin!

Verse One: Dr. Dre

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 sex
We in that sunshine state with a bomb ass hemp 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
It's all 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
Californ-i-a
(repeat 1)

2-Shake it shake it baby
Shake it shake it baby
Shake it shake it mama
Shake it Cali
Shake it shake it baby
Shake it shake it shake it shake it...

Verse Two: 2Pac

Out on bail fresh out of jail, California dreamin
Soon as I step on the scene, I'm hearin hoochies screamin
Fiendin for money and alcohol, the life of a Westside player
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 (yeah, that's right)
Dressed in Locs and khaki suits and ride is what we do
Flossin but have caution we collide with other crews
Famous because we throw grands
Worldwide let 'em recognize from Long Beach to Rosecranz
Bumpin and grindin like a slow jam, it's Westside
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 Sac-town, the Bay Area and back down
Cali is where they put they mack down, give me love!
(rpt 1)

(dre) now make it shake...

(rpt 2)

Outro: Dre, 2Pac

uh, yeah, uh, longbeach in tha house, uh yeah
Oaktown, Oakland definately in tha house hahaha
Frisko, Frisko
(Tupac) hey, you know LA is up in this
Pasadina, where you at
yeah, Ingelwood, Ingelwood always up to no good
(Tupac) even Hollywood tryin to get a piece baby
Sacramento, sacramento where ya at? yeah

Throw it up y'all, throw it up, Throw it up
Let's show these fools how we do this on that west side
Cause you and I know it's tha best side

yeah, That's riight
west coast, west coast
uh, California Love
California Love

Artist: 2Pac

Album: All Eyez On Me

Song: Ambitionz Az a Ridah

Typed by: OHHLA Webmaster DJ Flash

1 - [2Pac *singing in background* 2X]

I won't deny it, I'm a straight ridah

You don't wanna fuck with me
Got the police bustin at me
But they can't do nuttin to a G

(Let's get ready to ruuumbllle!!)

1 - [2Pac *speaking over background*]
Now you know how we do it like a G
What really go on in the mind of a nigga
that get down for theirs
Constantly, money over bitches

2 - [2Pac *singing in background starts to overlap/repeat*]
I won't deny it, I'm a straight ridah
You don't wanna fuck with me
Got the police bustin at me
I won't deny it, I'm a straight ridah
Police bustin at me
I won't deny it, I'm a straight ridah / Got the police bustin at me
I won't deny it, I'm a straight ridah..

2 - [2Pac *speaking over background*]
Not bitches over money
Stay on your grind nigga
My ambitions as a ridah!
My ambitions as a ridah!

[2Pac]
So many battlefield scars while driven in plush cars
This life as a rap star is nothin without heart
Was born rough and rugged, addressin the mad public
My attitude was, "Fuck it," cause motherfuckers love it
To be a soldier, must maintain composure at ease
Though life is complicated, only what you make it to be
Uhh, and my ambitions as a ridah to catch her
while she hot, and horny, go up inside her
Then I spit some game in her ear, "Go to the tele hoe"
You put what money in a Benz, cause bitch I'm barely broke
I'm smokin bomb-ass weed feelin crucial
From player to player, the game's tight, the feeling's mutual
From hustlin and prayers, to breakin motherfuckers to pay-up
I got no time for these bitches, cause these hoes tried to play us
I'm on a meal-ticket mission, want a mil', so I'm wishin
Competition got me ripped, on that bullshit they stressin (boo-yaa!)
I'ma rhyme though, clown hoes like it's mandatory
No guts no glory my nigga bitch got the game distorted
Now it's on and it's on because I said so
Can't trust a bitch in the bidness so I got with Death Row
Now these money hungry bitches gettin suspicious
Started plottin and plannin on schemes, to come and trick us
But Thug niggaz be on point and game tight (yeah)

Me, Syke and Bogart, wrap it up the same night
Got problems then handle it, motherfuckers see me
These niggaz is jealous cause deep in they heart they wanna be me
Uhh, yeah, and now ya got me right beside ya
Hopin you listen I catch you payin attention
to my ambitions as a ridah

Chorus: 2Pac

[singing] I won't deny it, I'ma straight ridah
 You don't wanna fuck with me
[singing] My ambitions as a ridah
[singing] Got the police bustin at me
 But they can't do nuttin to a G

[Tupac]
(I won't deny it, I'ma straight ridah)
Peep it.. it was my only wish to rise
above these jealous coward mutherfuckers I despise
When it's time to ride, I was the first off this side, give me the nine
I'm ready to die right here tonight, and motherfuck they life (yeah nigga!)
That's what they screamin as they drill me, but I'm hard to kill
So open fire, I see you kill me (that's all you niggaz got?) witness my steel
Spittin at adversaries envious and after me
I'd rather die before they catchin me, watch me bleed
Mama come rescue me I'm suicidal thinkin thoughts
I'm innocent, so there'll be bullets flyin when I'm caught
(Shoot!) Fuck doin jail time, better day, sacrifice
Won't get a chance to do me like they did my nigga Tyson
Thuggin for life and if you right then nigga die for it
Let them other brothers try, at least you tried for it
When it's time to die to be a man you pick the way you leave
Fuck peace and the police, my ambitions as a ridah

Chorus

[Tupac]
My murderous lyrics equipped with spirits of the Thugs before me
Pay off the block evade the cops cause I know they comin for me
I been hesitant to reappear, been away for years
Now I'm back my adversaries been reduced to tears
Question my methods to switch up speeds, sure as some bitches bleeds
niggaz'll feel the fire of my mother's corrupted seed
Blast me but they didn't finish, (buck buck buck buck buck)
didn't diminish my powers
so now I'm back to be a motherfuckin menace, they cowards
That's why they tried to set me up
Had bitch-ass niggaz on my team, so indeed, they wet me up
But I'm back reincarnated, incarcerated
At the time I caught the perfect way that God made it
Lace em with lyrics that's legendary, musical mercenary

For money, I'll have these motherfuckers buried (I been)
gettin much mail in jail, niggaz tellin me to kill it
Knowin when I get out, they gon' feel it
Witness the realest, a whoridah when I put the shit inside
the cry from all your people when they find her
Just remind ya, my history'll prove I been it
Revenge on them niggaz that played me,
and all the cowards that was down widdit
Now it's yo' nigga right beside ya
Hopin you listenin, catch you payin attention
to my ambitions as a ridah

Chorus 2.5X

Artist: 2Pac f/ Dru Down, Nate Dogg, Outlawz, Snoop Doggy Dogg

Album: All Eyez On Me

Song: All Bout U

Typed by: OHHLA Webmaster DJ Flash

[2Pac] Ahh yeah
[Down] Yeauhh!
[2Pac] It's all about you, one time!
[Down] I'ma say it's all about you baby, yeah
[2Pac] Haha, for the bitches that think it's all about you
It's all about you
[Down] This Dru Down in the house, with my boy 'Pizznac
YouknowwhatI'msayin?
[2Pac] It's all about you
[Down] Yeah I'm gon' say it's all about you
but you know I'm lyin though, hah! Yeauhh

[2Pac]
You probably crooked as the last trick; want it light
but how I got my ass caught up with this bad bitch
Thinkin I had her but she had me in the long run
It's just my luck I'm stuck with fuckin with the wrong one, uh!
Wise decisions, based on lies we livin
Scandalous times, this game's like my religion
You could be rollin with a thug
Instead you with this weak scrub, lookin for some love
In every club, I see you starin like you want it
Well baby if you got it better flaunt it
Let the liquor help you get up on it
I'm still tipsy from last night
Bumpin these walls as I pause, addicted to the fast life
I try to holla but you tell me you taken
Sayin you ain't impressed, with the money I'm makin
Guess it's true what they tellin me
Fresh out of jail, life's Hell for a black, celebrity
So that's the reason why I call, and maybe you widdit
Fantansies of us sweatin, can I hit it? (Hahaha)

Addicted to the things you do, but still true
What I'm sayin Boo, is this is all about you

[Nate Dogg]

Every other city we go, every other vi-de-o
(It's all about you)
No matter where I go, I see the same hoe
(Yeah nigga, ha ha ha ha!)
Every other city we go, every other vi-de-o
(It's all about you)
No matter where I go, I see the same hoe

[2Pac]

I make a promise if you go with me, just let me know
I'll have you hollerin my name out before I leave
Nobody loves me I'm a thug nigga; I only hung out
with the criminals and the drug dealers, I love niggaz
cause we comin from the same place
Witness me holla at a hoochie, see how quick, the game takes
How can I tell her I'm a playa, and I don't even care
Creep low, weed smoke's in the air
Everywhere I go, it's all about the groupie hoes
waitin for niggaz at the end, of every show
I just seen you in my friend's, video
Could never put a bitch before my friends, so here we go
Follow the leader and peep the drama that I'm goin through..
It's all about you.. hahaha, yeah nigga!
It's all about you!

[Nate Dogg]

Every other city we go, every other vi-de-o
(It's all about you)
No matter where I go, I see the same hoe
Every other city we go, every other vi-de-o
(It's all about you)
No matter where I go, I see the same hoe

[Outlawz]

Is you sick from the dick, or is it the flu?
It ain't about you or your bitch ass crew
Every other city we go and every video
Explain to a nigga why I see the same shitty hoe
You think it's all about you? Well Boo
I gets Down like Dru and my nasty new niggaz, too

You couldn't hold me back, it'd take a fatter track
A lyrical attack, perhaps, it was a visual bluff
When I started to snaps all your rode 'em swoll
Straight in control, flows'll fold, while hoes cold stroll
Hold the set, I told Dramacy' go in next
Golddiggin, cold diggin a gold Rolex

I slide in easily, try a grizzly
Sluts know the cuts, I came to fuck, try skeezin me
Runnin up in ya just like Bruce Jenner when I bend ya
At the most, I fucked a bitch from the West Coast to West Virginia

[Nate Dogg]
Every other city we go, every other vi-de-o
(It's all about you)
No matter where I go, I see the same hoe
Every other city we go, every other vi-de-o
(It's all about you)
No matter where I go, I see the same hoe
Every other city we go, every other vi-de-o
(It's all about you)
No matter where I go, I see the same hoe
Every other city we go, every other vi-de-o
No matter where I go, I see the same hoe

[Snoop Doggy Dogg *speaking over last two lines*]
I'm tellin ya, it's the same ol' shit
I mean.. god damn, youknowwhatl'msayin?
I'm sittin back, watchin Montell Jordan video
I see the same bitch, who was in, my homeboy Nate Dogg video
Then I flip the channel
I'm checkin out my homeboy Tupac video
I see the same bitch that was in my video, yaknahmsayin?
And then yaknahmsayin what make that even mo' fucked up
I'm watchin a Million Man March
And I see the same bitch, on the Million Man March
that was in, the homeboy Warren G video!
I mean, damn, everywhere I look, everywhere I go
I see the same hoe
Don't get mad, I'm only bein real
Yeah

Artist: 2Pac f/ Snoop Doggy Dogg
Album: All Eyez On Me
Song: 2 of Amerikaz Most Wanted
Typed by: OHHLA Webmaster DJ Flash

(Snoop) Up out of there
(Tupac) *chuckles*
Ain't nuttin but a gangsta party
(Snoop) Pump that up G
(Tupac) Ahh shit, you done fucked up now -- Ain't nuttin but a gangsta party
You done put two of America's
most wanted in the same
motherfuckin place at the same Ain't nuttin but a gangsta party
motherfuckin time, hahahahah
Y'all niggaz about to feel this Ain't nuttin but a gangsta party

Break out the champagne glasses
and the motherfuckin condoms
Have one on us aight?? Ain't nuttin but a gangsta party

Verse One: 2Pac, Snoop

Picture perfect, I paint a perfect picture
Bomb the hoochies with precision my intention's to get richer
With the S-N double-O-P, Dogg my fuckin homey
Youse a cold ass nigga on them hogs

Sho nuff, I keep my hand on my gun, cuz they got me on the run
Now I'm back in the courtroom waitin on the outcome
Free Tupac, is all that's on a niggaz mind
But at the same time it seem they tryin to take mine
So I'ma get smart, and get defensive and shit
And put together a million march, for some gangsta shit

So now they got us laced
Two multimillionare motherfuckers catchin cases (mmm)
Bitches get ready for the throwdown, the shit's about to go down
Uhh, me and Snoop about to clown
I'm "Losin My Religion", I'm vicious on these stool pigeons
You might be deep in this game, but you got the rules missin
Niggaz be actin like they savage, they out to get the cabbage
I got, nuthin but love, for my niggaz livin lavish

I got a pit named P, she niggardino
I got a house out in the hills right next to Chino
and I, think I got a black Beamer
but my dream is to own a fly casino
like Bugsy Seagel, and do it all legal
and get scooped up, by the little homie in the Regal
Mmm, it feel good to you baby bubba
Ya see, this is for the G's and the keys motherfucker

Now follow as we riiiiide
Motherfuck the rest, two of the best from the West side
And I can make you famous
Niggaz been dyin for years, so how could they blame us
I live in fear of a felony
I never stop bailin these, motherfuckin G's
If ya got it better flaunt it, another warrant
2 of Amerikaz Most Wanted

Chorus:

 Ain't nuttin but a gangsta party
 Ain't nuttin but a gangsta party
(Tupac) Nuthin but a gangsta party... Ain't nuttin but a gangsta party
 Nuthin but a gangsta party
 it ain't nuthin but a

motherfuckin gangsta party Ain't nuttin but a gangsta party
Nuthin but a gangsta party
it ain't nuthin but a
motherfuckin gangsta party Ain't nuttin but a gangsta party

Verse Two: 2Pac, Snoop

Now give me fifty feet
Defeat is not my destiny, release me to the streets
And keep whatever's left of me
Jealousy is misery, suffering is grief
Better be prepared when you cowards fuck wit me
I bust and flea, these niggaz must be crazy what??
There ain't no mercy motherfuckers who can fade the Thugs
(hahah right) You thought it was but it wasn't, now dissappear
Bow down in the presence of a boss player

It's like cuz, blood, gangbangin
Everybody in the party doin dope slangin
You got to have papers in this world
You might get your first snatch, before your eyes swerl
Ya doing ya job, every day
And then you work so hard til ya hair turn gray
Let me tell you about life, and bout the way it is
You see we live by the gun, so we die by the gun's kids

They tell me not to roll with my glock
So now I gotta throw away
Floatin in the black Benz, tryin to do a show a day
They wonder how I live, with five shots
Niggaz is hard to kill, on my block
Schemes for currency and doe related
Affiliated with the hustlers, so we made it
No answers to questions, I'm tryin to get up on it
My nigga Dogg with me, eternally the most wanted

Chorus (w/ variations to end)

2.3. 50 Cent.

Artist: 50 Cent

Album: Curtis

Song: Amusement Park

Typed by: roy_mann@hotmail.com *

* current single; send corrections to the typist

50, ferrari f-50

shorty you ain't gotta take your panties off just pull em to the side
if you wanna ride on the roller coaster baby come and ride

it go up and down round and round stand up or get on the floor
it's on tonight I know whatcha like I know just how to break ya off

good evening ladies - I tell ya from the start
I hope you enjoy my amusement park
there's lots of activities fun things to do
and I'll find my pleasure in pleasing you
some rides go fast some rides go fast
you fear heights when I'm high hell yeah I'll go low
it tastes so sweet that sticky cotton candy
we get carried away we be starting a family
it's a perfect time for a magic trick
girl you know it's no fun without the magic stick
now watch me as I pull a rabbit out a hat
then we can use the rabbit all over your cat
applause now that's the first half of my act
I started out a pimp now I'm more like a mack
I don't need your paper just don't fuck with my stacks
(oh it's like that?) yeah it's like that

shorty you ain't gotta take your panties off just pull em to the side
if you wanna ride on the roller coaster baby come and ride
it go up and down round and round stand up or get on the floor
it's on tonight I know whatcha like I know just how to break ya off

now you can ride the horse around the carousel
explosions trojans all in the hotel
put me to the test I don't fail
I work it out without a doubt
there's plenty water rides I'm sure to get you wet in the park
having lusting seductions considered an art
throw a hoop around the bottle I'll be your teddy bear
whatever you color you like you know I don't care
I really gotta thank ya for attending this affair
now go encourage your friends to come and have fun here
I smile when I speak but I'm being sincere
and your pass is valid all summer my dear
so at your convenience you can always return
there's so many tricks to the trade you should learn
suck that lick that swallow that lollipop
forget that grip that ride it nonstop

shorty you ain't gotta take your panties off just pull em to the side
if you wanna ride on the roller coaster baby come and ride
it go up and down round and round stand up or get on the floor
it's on tonight I know whatcha like I know just how to break ya off

Artist: 50 Cent f/ Timbaland, Justin Timberlake

Album: Curtis

Song: Ayo Technology

Typed by: Gemini_20502K@Yahoo.com

[Intro: 50 Cent]

Somethin special, unforgettable

50 Cent (Cent) Justin (Tin) Timbaland (Land) God Damn (Damn)

She-She-She want it, I wanna give it to her

She know that... it's right here for her

I wanna, see her break it down

I'm ballin, throwin money 'round

[Verse 1: 50 Cent]

She a workin girl, she work the pole, she break it down, she take it low

She fine as hell, she 'bout the dough, she doin her thing out on the flo'

Her money money, she make it make it, look at the way she shake it shake it

Make you wanna touch it, make you wanna taste it

Have you lustin for it goin crazy face it

Now don't stop, get it get it, the way she shake it make you wanna hit it

Think she double jointed from the way she split it

Got your head fucked up from the way she did it

She so much more than you used to, she know just how to move to seduce you

She 'gon do the right thing and touch the right spot

And dance in your lap till you ready to pop

She always, ready, when you want it she want it

Like a nympho, the info, I'll show you where to meet her

On the late night, till daylight, the club jumpin

If you want a good time, she 'gon give you what you want

Let me talk to you

[Chorus: Justin Timberlake]

Baby your so new age, your like my new craze

Let's get together baby we can start a new phase

This smoke's got the club all hazy spotlights don't do you justice baby

Why don't you come over here? You got me sayin

Ayo!!!! I'm tired of usin technology

Why don't you sit down on top of me?

Ayo!!!! I'm tired of usin technology

I need you right in front of me

(Oooh Oooh!!!) She wants it, uh, uh, she wants it

(Oooh Oooh!!!) She wants it, so I gotta give it to her

(Oooh Oooh!!!) She wants it, uh, uh, she wants it

(Oooh Oooh!!!) She wants it, so I gotta give it to her

[Timbaland]

Your hips, your thighs, they got me hypnotized

Let me tell you your hips, your thighs, they got me hypnotized

Let me tell you your hips, your thighs, they got me hypnotized

Let me tell you your hips, your thighs, they got me hypnotized

let me tell you girl

[Verse 2: 50 Cent]

Got a thang for, that thang she got

The way she make it tick, the way she make it pop

I make it rain for her so she don't stop
I ain't got to move, I can sit and watch
In the fantasy, it's plain to see, just how it be, her and me
Backstrokin, sweat soakin, all into my satin sheets
When she ready to ride, I'm ready to roll
I'll be in this bitch till the club close
Watchin her do her thing on all fours
Now that that there should be against the law
From side to side, left to right, break it down, down, down
Know I like, when your hype, and you throw it all around
Different style, different mood, damn I like the way you move
Girl you got me thinkin 'bout, all the things I'll do to you
Let's get it poppin shawty we could switch positions
From the couch to the counters in my kitchen
Let me talk to you

[Chorus: Justin Timberlake]

Baby you so new age, your like my new craze
Let's get together baby we can start a new phase
This smoke's got the club all hazy spotlights don't do you justice baby
Why don't you come over here? You got me sayin
Ayo!!!! I'm tired of usin technology
Why don't you sit down on top of me?
Ayo!!!! I'm tired of usin' technology
I need you right in front of me
(Oooh Oooh!!!) She wants it, uh, uh, she wants it
(Oooh Oooh!!!) She wants it, so I gotta give it to her
(Oooh Oooh!!!) She wants it, uh, uh, she wants it
(Oooh Oooh!!!) She wants it, so I gotta give it to her

[Timbaland]

Your hips, your thighs, they got me hypnotized
Let me tell you your hips, your thighs, they got me hypnotized
Let me tell you your hips, your thighs, they got me hypnotized
Let me tell you your hips, your thighs, they got me hypnotized
let me tell you girl

Artist: 50 Cent

Album: Curtis

Song: Come & Go

Typed by: OHHLA Webmaster DJ Flash

[50 Cent]

I make 'em move
I make 'em move
I make it hot up in here
Look around, see what we got up in here

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Bring 'em in, kick 'em out, bring 'em in, kick 'em out
Bring 'em in, you ain't freakin we ain't speakin bitch

Bring 'em in, kick 'em out, bring 'em in, kick 'em out
Bring 'em in, it's Dr. Dre, 50 Cent trick

[50 Cent]

They said we couldn't do it, look now, I did it
I topped "In Da Club," I'm still sippin the bubb'
The drama I'm widdit, I get biz, you get it
I breezed on that shiddit, I split your widdig
That's why a nigga bit it, I can't forget it
I said I didn't do it, witnesses said I did it
I'm fresh out on bail, my Benz is all kitted
Five TV's, my rims is so siddick
I cruise through your bitch and just fall in love with it
Baby come in - girl I wanna give it to you
Once I'm in - in sum, I'm a freak with it
Money come quiddick, hot shit I spit it
G-Unit kitted, blue New York fitted
Shorty wanna cut, oh yeah, I'm with it
She come to my hotel room, she know she gon' get it
It's exercise, my homey he been waitin
He next to ride

[Chorus]

[50 Cent - singing]

People always talkin 'bout
My reputation~! I don't love 'em, I don't need 'em
I don't love 'em, I don't need 'em, I don't love 'em
I don't care, what she do, with him
It's all good with me
Soo-oooh-oooooooooh

[50 Cent]

Yeah
They can't do it how I do it, I'm #1, I knew it
I thug, do my thang, and gangsters bop to it
It's hit after hit, damn I'm on the road
I'm like James Brown now, man I got soul
Naw I ain't a pimp but HELL YEAH I got hoes
I was born due to this, when I breathe I make a killin
You think I'm bullshittin, my money touchin the ceiling
Can't buy condos, I'm buyin the building
I'm pissin the wrong women, R. Kelly do it to children
You bet against me boy, I'ma hurt your feelings
Cause over and over I'ma keep on winnin
My Rolls Royce tinted, your Phantom rented
That's why we never ever ever see you in the hood with it
Man e'rybody know, like e'rywhere I go
When 50 in the club shit just go out of control
You can blame it on Em, or blame it on Dre; okay~!

[Chorus]

Artist: 50 Cent f/ Robin Thicke

Album: Curtis

Song: Follow My Lead

Typed by: OHHLA Webmaster DJ Flash

[50 Cent]

Yeah... ladies and gentlemen~!
I'd like to thank y'all for comin out tonight
It's my third album, third tour, third time's a charm

[Intro: Robin Thicke] + (50 Cent)

Girl when I go, where we go, I wanna take you 'round the globe with me
I got dough (ha ha) plenty baby you can blow with me
And baby I know (uh-huh) that money ain't ev-ery-thing
But it's fo' sho' (fo' sho, fo' sho') and ain't for nothin when you fuck, with, me
Now when I go

[Chorus: 50 Cent] + (Robin Thicke)

(Follow my lead)
Baby I can be all you need, if you follow my lead
Follow my lead, I'll hold you down, put your trust in me
Baby follow my lead (follow my lead)
Follow my lead, I think God made you for me
Follow my lead - follow my lead
I'm the one girl in time you'll see
If you follow my lead

[50 Cent]

Don't listen to the rumors, they say 50 fuckin crazy
50 don't know how to treat a lady, they wrong
I like you a lot, I don't wanna hurt you
But I call a square a square and a circle a circle
So if you act like a bitch, I'll call you a bitch
Then hang up, probably call you right back and shit
And have to say, "Baby I apologize"
Cross my fingers, God forgive me for tellin lies
Like Janet Jackson said, I miss you much
I really wanna feel your touch, and smell your scent
Baby I can pass the day
Watchin you model lingerie
I wanna spend the night tonight shorty if it's okay
You can be my Beyonce, I'll be your Jay
Ha ha~! I got a great sense of humor
First I make you smile then I woo you, you know I wanna do ya
Or do ya?

[Chorus]

[50 Cent]

After seven hours, New York to London, you're wonderin
What's gon' be the next stop - I told you
I'm a don, you gon' know I'm a don
After you shop 'til your feet hurtin in Milan
Now take a picture, these are moments you can cherish
They say the scenery was made for lovers out in Paris
Ask your fam about me, they say 50 we love him
Without them there's no me, so I love them
Man they're the reason I exist, the reason I insist
I'm never less than the best, I'm perfection I guess
As my niggaz are stressed, I pass the test
Everytime I drop, I'm burnin hot
So I don't care if she loves me or loves me not
Long as I enjoy the time that we spend
I ain't lookin for commitment, we can fuck and be friends
Matter fact, we can do it right in back of my Benz
I get it done with speed

[Chorus] (with Robin Thicke ad libs)

{*more ad libs to fade*}

Artist: 50 Cent

Album: Curtis

Song: Fully Loaded Clip

Typed by: yaboiisnowflayk@yahoo.com

[Intro]

High-speed Ferrari movement
3rd lane switchin' lanes, whuddup?
Brooklyn, whuddup?
Far Rock, whuddup?

[Chorus]

While Jay and Beyonce was *Mm mm*, kissin'
I was cookin' one-thousand grams in my kitchen
While Nas was tellin' Kelis, "I love you boo"
I was shinin' my nine, ya know how I do
I got a fully loaded clip, I be on dat shit
I got-I got a fully loaded clip
I got a fully loaded clip, I be on dat shit (Yeah)
I got-I got a fully loaded clip

[Verse 1]

You wann' problem wit' me? - No problem, it's all good
I ain't fresh out the hood, I'm still in the hood
Black rims, black hemi, nigga see me when ya see me
I appear and disappear wit' the heata like Houdini
Dat parry and bullshit'll git cha azz popped
Don't believe me - ask Fab, they got his head shot

I'm in the cut like germs, I do durrt like worms
Smoke weed, now I'm sure, nigga it's my turn
I fire on ya azz, dem hollow-tips burn, baby burn
I'm screamin' "Fuck the cops!", ride 'round wit' my glock
There's my pistol on my bitch, nigga fuck dat box!
Dat's how P. got knocked, dat's a jewel I drop
But you ain't peep dat nigga, go 'head, repeat dat nigga
You might learn a lil' summin' if you learn to stop frontin'
I make it look easy on three piece bb's, rollin' locc-in'
Up early wit' the dopemane

[Chorus]

When Janet and Jermaine was *Mm mm*, kissin'
I was baggin' one-thousand grams in my kitchen
When Puffy just tellin' Kim, "I love you boo"
I was shinin' my nine, ya know how I do
I got a fully loaded clip, I be on dat shit
I got-I got a fully loaded clip
I got a fully loaded clip, I be on dat shit
I got-I got a fully loaded clip

[Verse 2]

At the dice game I bet it all, you hear wha I'm sayin'?
Take grand, I form betta nigga I ain't playin'
I'm trynna git it, holla at me if ya wit' it
And lace up the chuckas, we can rob these mothafuckas
My stomach is growlin', they say dat I'm wyllin'
I'm doin' my numbas, I'm gittin' violent
They hearin' me rap and they think dat I'm playin'
Till they see the barrel and they see the flame
I need full co-operation man, give us the chain
The watch, the ring and the grill - we ain't playin'
I fire dat thang, it sound insane
Holla, I got dat nose candi mayne

[Chorus]

When Jeezy and Keisha was *Mm mm*, kissin'
I was baggin' one-thousand grams in my kitchen
When Trina was tellin' Wayne, "I love you boo"
She was just runnin' games, she told Buck dat too
I got a fully loaded clip, I be on dat shit
I got-I got a fully loaded clip
I got a fully loaded clip, I be on dat shit
I got-I got a fully loaded clip

[Outro w/ ad-libin "I got-I got fully loaded clip"]

Now nigga, lemme show ya how I do this right here!
Now, the rugger hold 16!
I put 16 in the clip, I put it in - I cock dat!
One in the head, 'till it fell!
I put anutha one in it the clip, I put it back!

Dat was big wit' all dat, let the bullets breathe!
I need a fully loaded clip!

Artist: 50 Cent

Album: Curtis

Song: I Get Money

Typed by: flectionLP@msn.com *

* FINAL SINGLE BEING ACCEPTED FROM THE ALBUM; send corrections to the typist

I get money, I get money, I get I get I get money (50)

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

I get money, money I got (I I get it)
I get money, money I got (I I get it)
I get money, money I got (Yeah)
money I got, money I got (I run New York!)
I get money, money I got (I I get it)
I get money, money I got (I I get it)
I get money, money I got (Yeah yeah)
money I got, money I got (I run New York!)

[Verse 1]

I took quarter water sold it in bottles for 2 bucks
And Coca-Cola came and bought it; for billions, what the fuck?
Have a baby by me baby, be a millionaire
I write the check before the baby comes, who the fuck cares
I'm stanky rich, I'ma die tryna spend this shit
Southsides' up in in this bitch
Yeah I smell like the vault, I used to sell dope
I did play the block-now I play on boats
In the south of France baby, St. Tropez
Get a tan, I'm already black, rich, I'm already that
Gangsta, get a gat, hit a head in a hat
Call that a river rat, shit, fuck the chitter chat
The baker, I bake the bread-the barber, I cut your head
The marksman, I spray the led-"Blood clot, chop your leg!"
Do not fuck with the kid
I get biz with the cigg, I come where you live, ya dig?

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

You can call this my new shit, but it ain't new though
I got rid of my old bitch, now I got new hoes
First it was the Benzo, now I'm in the Enzo
Ferrari, I'm sorry! I keep blowin up! (Oh!!)
They call me the cake man, the strawberry shake man
I spray the AR, make your whole click break dance
Back spin, head spin, flatline, your dead then
9 shells, Mac-10, "Who wan' get it crackin?!"

I was young, I couldn't do good, now I can't do bad
I ride, wreck the new Jag, I just buy the new Jag
Now nigga why you mad? Oh you can't do that?
I'm so forgetful, they callin me cocky
I come up out the jeweler, they callin me Rocky
It's the ice on my neck man, the wrist and my left hand
Bling like bloaw, you like my style
Ha Ha-I'm heading to the bank right now!

[Chorus]

[Outro]

Yeah, I talk the talk, and I walk the walk
Like a teflon Don, but I run New York
When I come outta court, yea I pop the cork
I keep it gangsta, I have ya outlined in chalk(I-I Get It)
In the hood if ya ask about me
They'll tell ya I'm about my bread(I-I Get It)
Round the world if ya ask about me
They'll tell ya they love the kid (I-I Get It)

(50 Cent)

Whoa Hey

(I I get it)

Whoa Hey

(I I get it)

Whoa Hey

(Yeah)

Whoa Hey

(I run New York!)

Whoa Hey

(I I get it)

Whoa Hey

(I I get it)

Whoa Hey

(Yeah, yeah)

Whoa Hey

(I run New York!)

Whoa

I get money, money I got

(I'm back on the streets man)

I get money, money I got

(I'm bringing the heat man)

I get money, money I got

(I'm on my grind)

money I got, money I got

(Like all the time)

I get money, money I got

(Tryna' stop my shine)

I get money, money I got

(I'll cock my 9

Don't get outta line)
money I got, money I got
(I said don't get outta line
I I get it
I I get it
Yeah, yeah)

Artist: 50 Cent f/ Akon
Album: Curtis
Song: I'll Still Kill
Typed by: Nickolye16@aol.com

[Chorus: Akon]

Ohhhh, don't even look at me wrong when I come through the hood
Ain't nuttin change still holla at my homies
Ohh and when I hit the block I still will kill
And I don't want to, nigga but I will if I got to
Kill, if niggaz get to fuckin around
If niggaz get to fuckin around

[50 Cent]

Yeah... respect come from admiration and fear
You can admire me if you could catch one in your wig
You see the Testarosa, the toaster's right on my lap
So if a nigga get out of line and nigga get clapped
I got a arsenal, an infantry I'm built for this mentally
That's why I'm the general, I do what they pretend to do
Front on me now nigga I'll be the end of you
Forget your enemies and think of what your friends'll do
I drop a bag off, they'll let a mag off
The Heckler and Koch'll tear half of your ass off
I'm not for the games, I'm not for all the playing
The hollow tips rain, when I unleash the pain
Get the message from the lines or get the message from the 9
Paint a picture with words, you can see when I shine
Put my back on the wall nigga watch me go for mine
I let 21 shots off at the same time, YEAH!

[Chorus]

[50 Cent]

Yeah... where I'm from death is always in the air homie
Nana love me so you know she say my prayers for me
I come creepin through the hood wearin teflon
Hit the corners motherfuckers get left on
Niggaz know, if not they better check my background
Try and stick me I'll fill your back with mac rounds
Ask Prim' nigga 50 don't "Back Down"
I kick it funky like fiends in the crack house
Cross the line boy I'ma air ya ass out
Screw your face at me I wanna know what that's 'bout

Nigga I know you ain't mad I done came up
And if you are, fuck you cause I ain't change up
The O.G.'s wanna talk but I don't know these niggaz
And I ain't did no business wit 'em, I don't owe these niggaz
a minute of my time, I get it cause I grind
All across the globe like the world's mine, YEAH!

[Chorus]

[Akon]
{*cell door slams*} Konvict
Now tell me have you ever looked off in the distance
and seen the mac aimin at your head mayne (head mayne)
Before you know it life is flashin reminiscin
and your body is drippin and full of lead mayn (lead mayne)
I done been there (uh-huh) I done copped that (uh-huh)
It ain't never been a question I'm bout that (uh-huh)
Don't go there (uh-huh) you get clapped at (uh-huh)
And if you plan to fuck around and re-route that (uh-huh)
You'll never catch me ridin around on these streets
Without a couple metal pieces under my feet
Fully automatic weapons unloaded will unleash
Stash up under the carpet like a can of sea breeze
50 don't make me ride on these niggaz (ay)
Cause I will kill, dip and hide on these niggaz (ohhhh)
50 don't make me ride on these niggaz (ay)
Cause I be long gone like the ripper, so

[Chorus]

Artist: 50 Cent
Album: Curtis
Song: Man Down (Censored)
Typed by: OHHLA Webmaster DJ Flash

[50 Cent]
AOWWWW~! It hurts...
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah - YEAH!!

D's tryin to plant a murder on me
In the precinct they sayin I done murdered homey
I told my lawyer I ain't heard of homey
And e'rybody know my niggaz buried him fo' me
You see I'm on your crib it ain't a burglary homey
They fin' to have me stuck in purgatory
I'm down to do the stickin when it come to the orgy
Conventional methods of sex, totally bore me
Wait~! I'm gettin sidetracked, back to the story
These cocksuckin {*censored*} got it in fo' me
{*censored*} they wanna {*censored*} me up
{*censored*} me find my burner and {*censored*} me up

But history repeats itself, they never learn
The Unit's the new people who gon' {*censored*}
Huh, we'll find out when niggaz let off the rounds
And this {*censored*} screamin' {*censored*} down

[Chorus]

Get in the way, I'll murder dem
I'll murder dem
A nigga already got three strikes, I'll murder dem
I said I'll murder dem
Any motherfucker touch me, I'll murder dem
I'll murder dem
You don't believe me wait and see, I'll murder dem
You see I told you I'd murder dem

[50 Cent]

They sayin' I'm an accident waitin' to happen
I got one in the head, I'm just waitin' to clap it
A pimp told me I was made for this mack shit
So just get you a white girl, don't fuck with no black bitch
I got two felonies, from sellin' that crack shit
And the third one, came from showin' niggaz my mac spit
See I'm down for that daytime action
Have niggaz crawlin' under cars when I start to cappin'
So they don't know what to say to the {*censored*}
But they know if word get back, somethin' gon' happen
I've been shot, I've been stabbed, but I ain't been snitched on
When you snitchin' where I'm from you gon' get your shit blown
Southside - I make the best of the worst
We gotta share the same bitch, okay I go first
Cause your, baby's momma is my, baby's momma
I come through to see my little nigga with the llama

[Chorus]

Artist: 50 Cent

Album: Curtis

Song: Movin On Up

Typed by: itssergio@gmail.com

"The realest thing you could do
is put a drum beat with nothing but a drum beat" - Russell Simmons

50 Cent

Niggas, niggas copy my style Russ
That's why I had to switch up on 'em
Knahmean? Man niggas sound like me

[Verse 1]

I run the show now, I got the blow now
You wanna O now? You can come cop

I'm on the low now, I got the fo' pound
In case a mother fucker got to get shot
The old timers tell me, slow down
See they know now, I won't hesitate to make shit hot
D's will shut your block down, after your shot down
We gonna come through and set up shop
You niggas gon' work for me now, you gon' see now
How I change shit, re-arrange shit
See for you dog, this is new shit
I'm from Southside, nigga we do this
They say I'm grimey, it's hard to find me
When the sun lighten up the sky
Niggas wanna line me, try and kill me
Go 'head nigga I dare you to try, fuck that nigga!

[Chorus]

We movin on up, yeah we gettin' that dough, fo' sho'
We movin on up, yo' whip chromed up
Cash is flow fo' sho, the dough, nigga you know what?
We movin on up, yeah we gettin' that dough, fo' sho'
We movin on up, yo' whip chromed up
Cash is flow fo' sho, the dough, nigga you know what?

[Verse 2]

Im 'bout my bread now, I'll cut your head now
You know you eatin' niggas you should be dead now
I hold a glock down, I gotta drop now
Nigga I'm eatin' you know I aint gon' stop now
One more trip, one more flip
I move a truckload nigga, not one brick
They make me so sick, fuckin' sick to my stomach
You niggas talk shit, but they know they don't I want it
My clicks so sick, niggas know how we on it
Light up more shit, the car there when we on it
I spit a gem star get'cha carved my name on yo' neck
Have my lil homies run up on yo' ass with the tech
Yeah I stunt in the Vette , got stash in the bank
I get head in the whip, I get ass on the jet
I'm oh so fresh, so motherfuckin' clean
24" Inch gleam, when I pull up on the scene

[Chorus]

[Bridge]

Been smokin' that dip, the PCP got 'em thinkin' they can walk on water
That ecstasy will have a nigga rock hard tryna fuck your daughter
The LSD will have niggas runnin' round tryna kill you for us
Smokin' that piff, sippin' that yak, talkin' that shit, loadin' that strap

[Chorus]

Artist: 50 Cent
Album: Curtis
Song: My Gun Go Off
Typed by: chamilitary-mayn@hotmail.com

[Chorus]

Nigga, my gun go off!!
You see tha barrell turnin'
You feel tha hollows burnin'
Nigga, now you learnin'

Nigga, my gun go off!!
Call it attempted murder
Nigga I'm trynna merk ya
When I come back, bussin'

Nigga, my gun go off!!
Don't trynna say I'm trippin'
When I get to flippin'
Then I smack tha clip in

Nigga, my gun go off!!
We call it puttin' work in
Leavin' niggas hurtin'
Homocide's lurkin'

Nigga, my gun go off!!

[Verse 1]

Fuck boy you can see it to belie' it
Trynna dodge and wave it, end up a parapelegic
Belie' me, it's easy
I'll hurt you, I'll merk you, I'll pop some'in
Drop some'in, I ain't gone stop huntin'
Run-run till you're spun
One shot, one gun
One-9... 1-1, emergency
It's murder B
It's excellent execution when I'm pullin' tha trigga
No mistake, for that cake
I'm hittin' you and ya niggas
Feel tha flame when I aim
For tha top of ya brain
See tha spark and tha bang
Nigga shit ain't a game
Do tha math or get blast
Bullets go thru tha glass
Go-thru-ya-ass, fast
And tha leather seat sittin' Ave
Nigga
It's not a war when there's casualties on one side

I ride!
Turn it up on you niggas after Jay ride-by
I click-clack, that's that! I don't flash, I mash
I wave tha Uzi at 'em
I make a movie out 'em

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Yeahh.
You better lose yourself in tha moment
Use it, fuck-tha-music, I'ma let it go!
You only get one shot before I back out and fire back
At ya hat, cha back, ya ass crack, ya nutsack
Ya caddillac, if you make it to that--I'm hittin' that!
The 70's was smack, 80's crack! 90's was grimey
Millenium macs, man
Clips on tha whips, I ride in 'em
Bad bitches I ride-inn 'em
Don't worry, I'll gett'em
Gat Jammed or un-jammed
Goddamn safest the safety don't work
Squeeze tha Eagle, it chirp
End up faced down in the durt--more than hurt
Bring tha beef where you hang out
Bang out
Shots rang out!
Hit ya shoulders, trynna blow ya brains out!
Hit ya hommies in they legs
Bet they have their canes out, tomorrow
You know tomorrow's just a day away
If you can keep ya heart beatin' then ya ass awake!

[Chorus]

Artist: 50 Cent f/ Eminem
Album: Curtis
Song: Peep Show
Typed by: Nickolye16@aol.com

[50 Cent]

When you're breakin it down, keep breakin it down
This is what it sounds like, when I'm breakin it down
Yeah I'm breakin it down
Man this is what it feels like, when I'm breakin it down
When you're breakin it down, keep breakin it down
It's not my fault c'mon, it's not my fault
I'm hot man! It's not my fault c'mon, it's not my fault

'Til the sun comes up, every night (c'mon)
We party and we party 'til daylight

We be gettin it in, c'mon we gettin it in
Lil' Hennessy, a lil' juice and gin
It's not a fantasy (nah) it's not pretend
We gon' do it, we gon' do it, we gon' do it again
'Til the sun comes up, every night
We party and we party 'til daylight
I shouldn't have to tell you shorty you should know
I'm really really gettin into your freak show
You give me a little baby then I'ma want mo'
O.D.B. said it, "I like it raw!"
Exotic erotic we're movin on the floor
Enough to make a nigga lose control
I'm down to go wherever you wan' go
You got a man, I keep it on the low
I do my thing you know I gets my dough
I got a few stacks me and you could blow
We headed to the hotel after the show
I know how to romance you be my private dancer

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

On your mark, get set girl now here we go
Racin off to see yo' peep show
It turn me on to see you on the flo'
When you're breakin it down, keep breakin it down
Ready or not shorty now here I come
Shake that thing girl now back it up
Work it, work it girl you turn me on
When you're breakin it down, keep breakin it down

[50 Cent]

They say I'm not the same it's cause I'm filthy mayne
I'm off the chain, I don't play no games
I'm hustlin hard homie I do my thang
You fuck with the paper then watch the hammer go bang
Now shorty I like the way she move them hips
I'm tryin to get her in my bedroom and shit
We could take a long time or get it done quick
We can camcord this shit make a boom-boom flick
It's oh so many places that we can go
I really want you shorty, shorty now you should know
Girl your body's callin me, hear you loud and clear
We ain't got to leave now we can do it right here

[Chorus]

[50 Cent]

The way you move (the way you move)
You make me lose (you make me lose)
All control (all control)
I know you know (I know you know)
You're so seductive you make me wanna touch it

I ain't got to tell you, you know I wanna fuck you
I'm feelin your style, you better watch me now
My tongue'll be in your mouth, my hands'll be in your blouse
When you get me aroused you put a spell on me
Man if I can't have you I'ma go crazy
I want you bad now and if you want me
Girl come to me now, I said come to me now

[Eminem]

Come to me now, you don't come to me now
Apple in your mouth, tackled on the couch
Shackled in the house, I'll be back in about
20 minutes or less, with my Hannibal mask
So when you wiggle around and giggle in that cage
I knew I couldn't wait to get you off that stage
From the moment I met you had to let you know
I just wanted to get you through my bedroom do'
You makin me feel like I'm in middle school still
You squeal like a little girl, you're pitiful, chill
We gon' fuck, I just popped this little blue pill
You can leave but wait, I gotta shit on you still { *phbtt* }
I shouldn't have to say it shorty you should know
I hope you really gettin into my creep show
Let me shit on your chest and if some pee comes out
Just guzzle it down, just guzzle it down

[Chorus]

[50 Cent]

It's not my fault c'mon, it's not my fault
I could break it down, it's not my fault c'mon, it's not my fault
Can you break it down? It's not my fault c'mon, it's not my fault
I can break it down, it's not my fault c'mon, it's not my fault
Can you break it down? It's not my fault c'mon

Artist: 50 Cent

Album: Curtis

Song: Straight to the Bank

Typed by: Gemini_20502K@Yahoo.com

[Intro]

Yeah!!! When I'm out in N.Y. boy it's blunts and phillies
When I'm out in L.A. boy it's wraps and swishes
Now Blood walk to this, now Crips walk to this
Now throw it up, raise it up for that gangsta shit
Now Blood walk to this, now Crips walk to this
Now throw it up, raise it up for that gangsta shit

[Verse 1]:

I'm in my Labo maggot, my fo' fo' faggot
Doors lift up I'm like Go Go Gadget

See the shit I got on, homey I hate too
My teflon arm brought my government issues
I'll hit your vertebrae bullets rip through tissues
Your wife on the futon huggin that skitzo
Homey you a bitch you got feminine ways
Heard you got four lips and bleed for seven days
I got fo' fifths and bananas on the case
And got more whips than a runaway slave
Me and Yayo go back like some high top fades
When I made fifty mill, Em got paid
When I made sixty mill, Dre got paid
When I made eighty mill, Jimmy got paid
I ain't even gotta rap now life is made
Said I ain't even gotta rap, I'm filthy mayne

[Chorus]:

I'm laughin straight to the bank with this (Ha, ha ha ha ha ha, ha, ha ha ha ha ha)
I'm laughin straight to the bank with this (Ha, ha ha ha ha ha, ha, ha ha ha ha ha)
I'm laughin straight to the bank with this (Ha, ha ha ha ha ha, ha, ha ha ha ha ha)
I'm laughin straight to the bank with this (Ha, ha ha ha ha ha, ha, ha ha ha ha ha)
I'm laughin

[Verse 2]:

I see nothin but hundred dollar bills in the bank roll
I got the kind of money that the bank can't hold
Got it off the street movin bundles and loads
Seventy Three Caprice old school when I roll
Breeze pass with the EZ Pass fuck the toll
No more platinum I'm wearin gold
I'm internationally known as the kid with the flow
That brings enough dough it's never enough dough
Shit I need mo' I need shit out the sto'
Baby ble was cold fresh out the flo'
Stashbox by the dashbox incase they want war
Make the purple bring the green in fuck the law
I'm oh so raw, I'm hot I'm sure
I'm like the coolest motherfucker around the globe boy
I set the club on fire I told ya
I'm the general salute me soldier

[Chorus]:

I'm laughin straight to the bank with this (Ha, ha ha ha ha ha, ha, ha ha ha ha ha)
I'm laughin straight to the bank with this (Ha, ha ha ha ha ha, ha, ha ha ha ha ha)
I'm laughin straight to the bank with this (Ha, ha ha ha ha ha, ha, ha ha ha ha ha)
I'm laughin straight to the bank with this (Ha, ha ha ha ha ha, ha, ha ha ha ha ha)
I'm laughin

[Outro]:

Now work it out now, shorty work it out, work it out
I wanna see you, break it down
Now back it up now, you know what I'm about

It's like a bank job I'm rentin them out
Now work it out now, work it out, work it out
Now work it out now, work it out, work it out