

## 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 wall 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 war 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  
Screeched 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  
Woulda 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, yaknowwhat!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 ruumbllle!!)

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 rigger 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