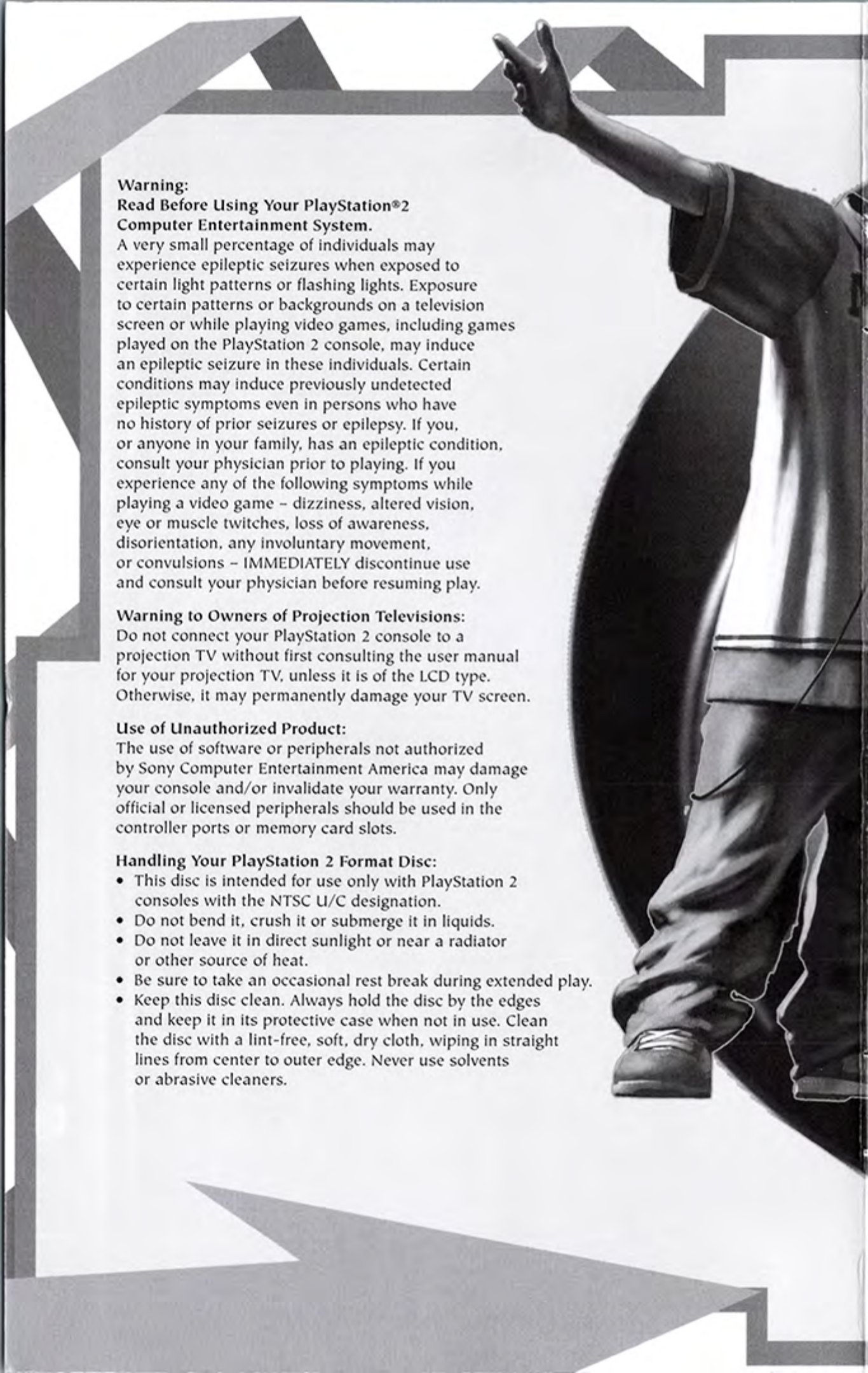


GET ON DA MIC





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

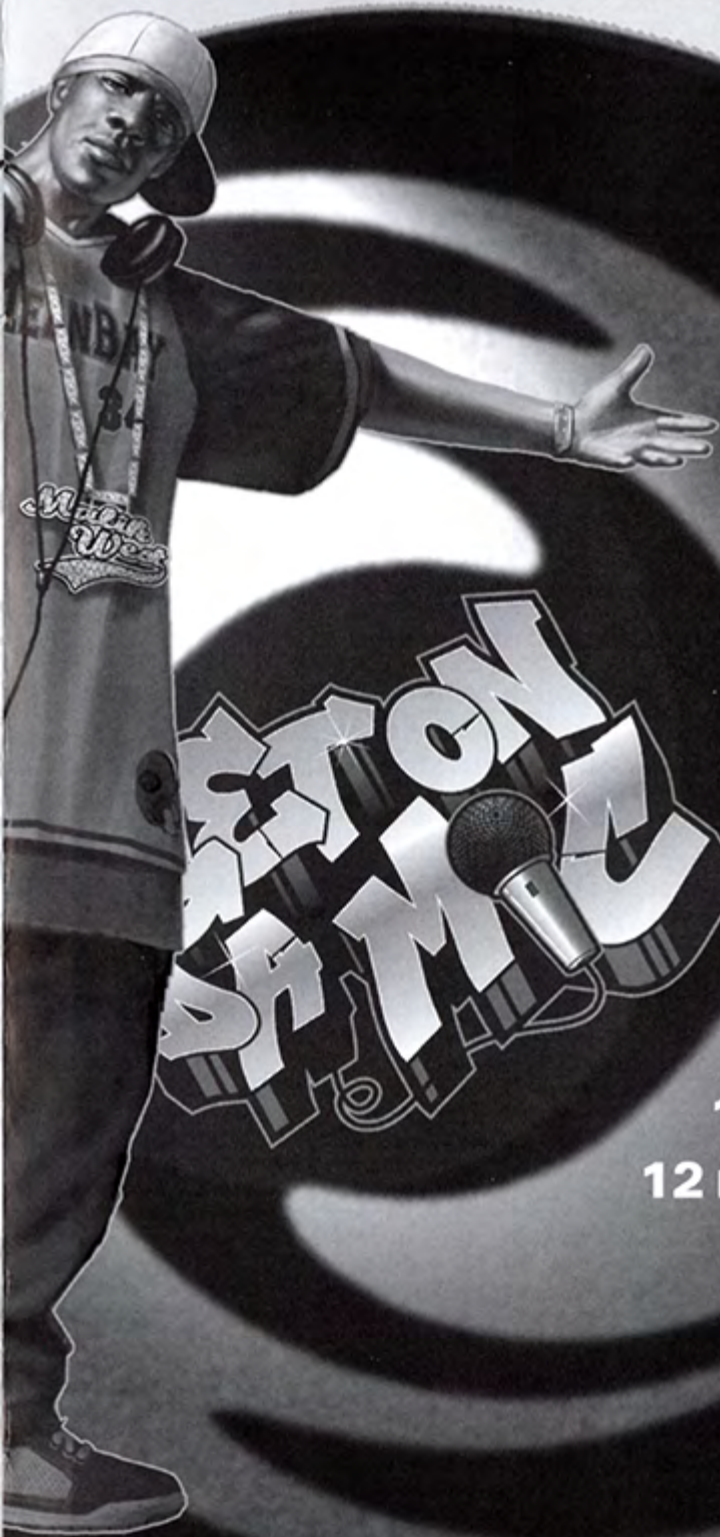
A very small percentage of individuals may experience epileptic seizures when exposed to certain light patterns or flashing lights. Exposure to certain patterns or backgrounds on a television screen or while playing video games, including games played on the PlayStation 2 console, may induce an epileptic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

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

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

Handling Your PlayStation 2 Format Disc:

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

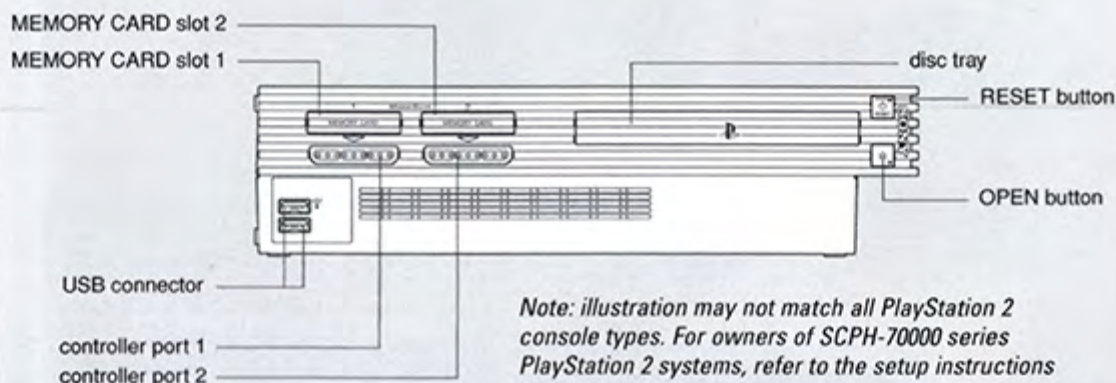


- 2** gettin' started
- 3** game controls
- 4** gettin' in the game
- 5** modes
- 6** play it
- 8** characters
- 9** spend
- 9** levels
- 10** songs
- 11** beats
- 12** lyrics



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

Gettin' Started



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

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

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

Memory Card (8MB)(for PlayStation®2)

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

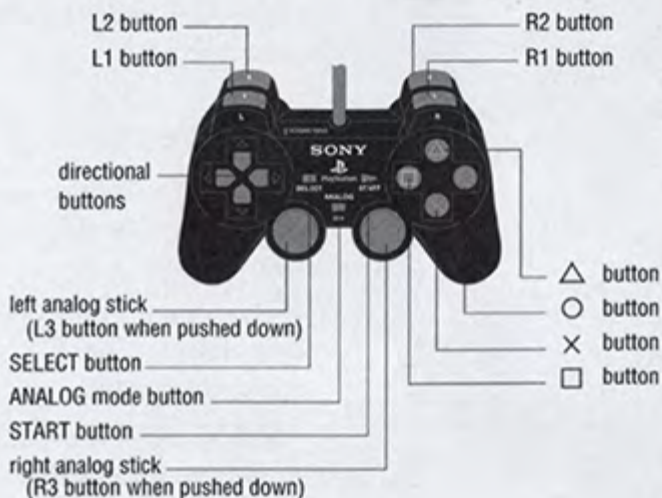
- At least 299KB of free space on the memory card is required to save game data.
- This game supports saving and loading of game data in MEMORY CARD slot 1 only.
- You can load saved game data from the same memory card or any memory card containing previously saved **GET ON DA MIC** games.

Game Controls

DUALSHOCK®2 Analog Controller Configurations

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

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



menu navigation

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

in-game controls


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

Gettin' in the Game

Title Screen

- Appears shortly after you start up the game.

Main Menu

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

SINGLE PLAYER

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

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

TUTORIAL architect your hip-hop style with no pressure

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

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

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

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



Modes

Single Player

CAREER build your path from rags to royalty

EXHIBITION train your abilities in one venue for the highest scores

PRACTICE original karaoke mode where you be the pro

FREESTYLE make your own sound on beat tracks or songs



Multiplayer

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

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

PARTY everyone takes a shot "rapaoke"-style

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



Options

MUSIC tend to the volume of the background music track

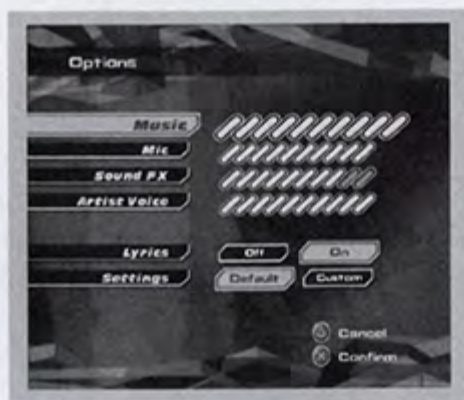
MIC adjust the volume of the mic playback through the speakers

SOUND FX set the sound effects volume

ARTIST VOICE adjust the volume of original lead vocals

LYRICS display the song lyrics, or don't

SETTINGS restore the original default settings or retain your custom settings



Play It

cash you
earned



rock da
mic meter

lyrics
lyrical
flow

clock

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

To begin, select a:

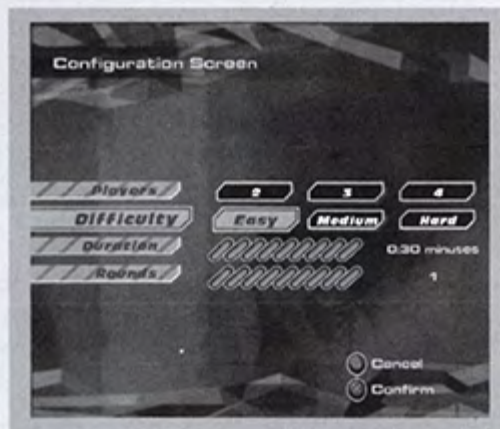
CONFIGURATION single player: difficulty; multiplayer: number of players, difficulty, match duration in minutes, number of match rounds; freestyle: duration

CHARACTER (more: pg. 8)

SPEND (more: pg. 9)

LEVEL (more: pg. 9)

SONG (more: pg. 10)



Cash You Earned

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

Lyrics

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

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

Lyrical Flow

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

Rock Da Mic Meter

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

Clock

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

Chosen One

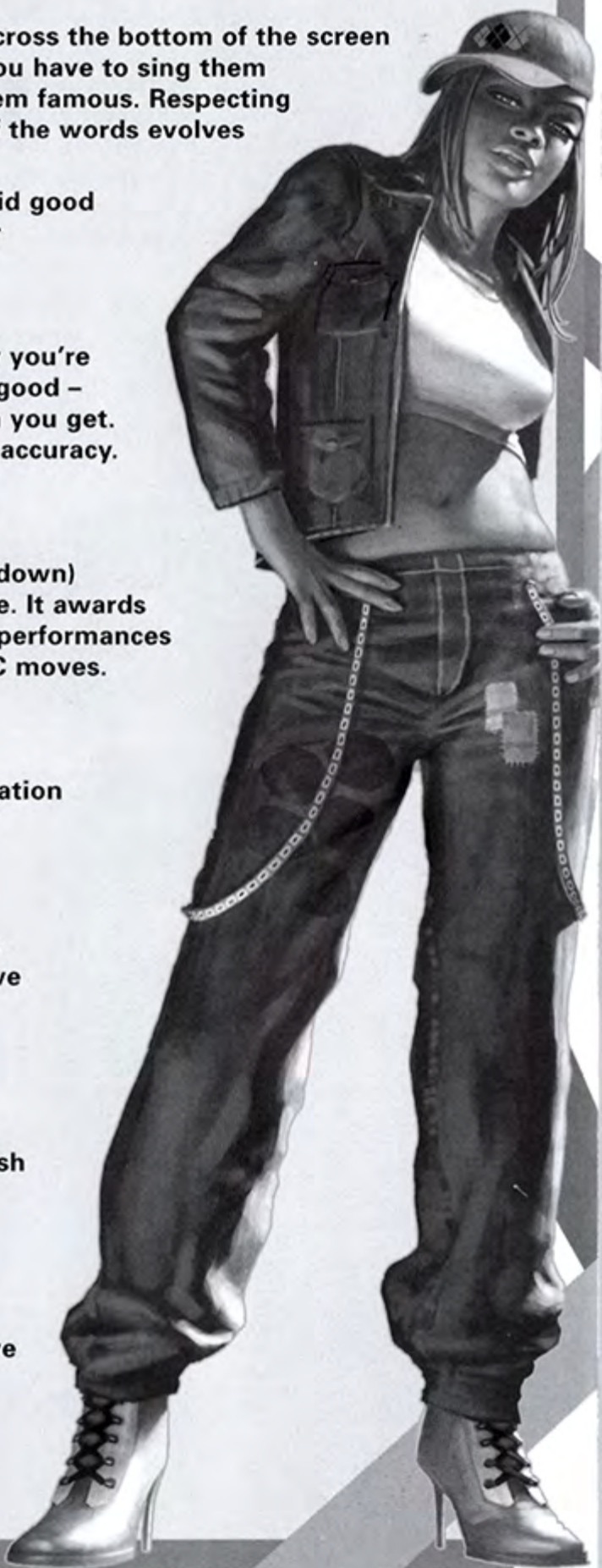
At the end of the song, your success or failure is revealed and you can save your game.

Status

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

Move On

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



Characters

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

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



BABY T 19, miami, south

MALIK WEST 19, oakland, west

TRICIA ALLEN 25, harlem, east

BIG STACKS 27, brooklyn, east

KENIA 21, atlanta, south

FLOW-ON 21, los angeles, west

... and more ...

Spend

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

HOUSING studio, house, villa, mansion, castle

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

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

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

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

LUXURY art, jacuzzi, swimming pool

ROCK DA MIC unique ROCK DA MIC moves



Levels

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

MIRROR train in your personal sound studio (aka bathroom)

BLOCK be a thrilla for the crowd on the corner

PARTY sing for people who have high expectations

CONTEST shine the brightest on-stage

MIX TAPE record for the first time

FINALS prove you da best

SHOWCASE make sure the right person notices you

ALBUM record for real

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

VIDEO make music video history!

WORLD TOUR no way you'll fail!



Songs



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

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

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

GET BUSY lyrics: pg. 12

ANTE UP (REMIX) lyrics:
pg. 12

GET BY lyrics: pg. 13

BABY GOT BACK lyrics: pg. 13

BEWARE OF THE BOYZ lyrics:
pg. 14

DUDE lyrics: pg. 14

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

THE JUMP OFF lyrics: pg. 15

POSSE ON BROADWAY lyrics:
pg. 15

HEY MAMA lyrics: pg. 16

TIPSY lyrics: pg. 17

GET UR FREAK ON lyrics: pg. 17

RAPPERS DELIGHT lyrics: pg. 17

DON'T BELIEVE THE HYPE lyrics:
pg. 18

WIT DRE DAY lyrics: pg. 19

PASS THAT DUTCH lyrics: pg. 19

HUMPTY DANCE lyrics: pg. 19

CALIFORNIA LOVE RMX lyrics:
pg. 20

BEAUTIFUL lyrics: pg. 20

THE NEXT EPISODE lyrics: pg. 20

WORK IT lyrics: pg. 21

GIN AND JUICE lyrics: pg. 21

WHAT DA HOOK GON BE lyrics:
pg. 21

THROUGH THE WIRE lyrics: pg. 22

X GON GIVE IT TO YA lyrics: pg. 22

RUFF RYDER ANTHEM lyrics:
pg. 22

STILL BALLIN (NITTY REMIX)
lyrics: pg. 23

NAGGIN lyrics: pg. 23

DEAR MAMA lyrics: pg. 24

PUMP IT UP lyrics: pg. 24

PUSH IT lyrics: pg. 25

EXPRESS YOURSELF lyrics: pg. 25

GAME OVER lyrics: pg. 25

NOTHING BUT A G THANG
lyrics: pg. 26

RUBBER BAND MAN lyrics: pg. 26

CRANK IT UP lyrics: pg. 27

FIX UP lyrics: pg. 27

HYPNOTIZE lyrics: pg. 28

JESUS WALKS lyrics: pg. 28

WHOA lyrics: pg. 28

Beats

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



OH BOY P-Thugg
UP RISING P-Thugg
TRIM THREE
P-Thugg
BREAK FACE
P-Thugg
BANGIN Tom Salta
BEDROCK Tom Salta
BEWARE Tom Salta
CLUB TO CLUB
DJ Theft
MC BATTLE
P-Thugg
DIRTY SOUL Tom Salta
FILTERED Lex Stylione
BORN TA FUNK
Tom Salta
COOLIN Tom Salta
MONEY SHAKER
Lex Stylione
ILLIN Tom Salta
ROUGH RIDER Tom Salta
DUB CITY DJ Theft
IN DA HOOD
P-Thugg
NAZTEE Tom Salta
ESPAIN P-Thugg
DAWN Lex Stylione
DEEPER
P-Thugg
STOP BACK
P-Thugg



AFTER DARK
P-Thugg
RED LIGHT DJ Theft
TIMBOISH P-Thugg
YOUNGUN P-Thugg
R.I.P. IT DJ Theft
LET'S GET DIZZY
DJ Theft
STREET GAMES
P-Thugg
BRASS KNUCKLES
Lex Stylione
CUT THAT BEAT
P-Thugg
BACK IN THE DAZE P-Thugg
GOTS 2 FUNK
P-Thugg
TUFF P-Thugg
ROLLIN OUT
P-Thugg
OLD SCHOOL Tom Salta
HEAD STAND
P-Thugg
VINYL KAOS
P-Thugg
FRESH TAG Lex Stylione

Lyrics

GET BUSY

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

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

ANTE UP

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

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

GET BY

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

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

BABY GOT BACK

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

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

BEWARE OF THE BOYZ

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

DUDE

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

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

MA, I DON'T LOVE HER

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

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

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

THE JUMP OFF

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

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

POSSE ON BROADWAY

My Posse's on Broadway
 My Posse's on Broadway
 Me and Kid Sensation
 at the home away from home
 In the black Benz limo
 and tha cellular phone
 I'm callin up my posse
 it's time to get rippin
 I'm freakin for each sunroof
 to keep you suckas trippin
 Everybody's lookin
 if ya jealous turn around
 The A M G kit keeps us
 closo to the ground
 We're gettin good grip
 from the 50 series tires
 The Alpine's bumpin
 but I need the volume higher
 Cuz the 808 kick drum
 make the girlies get dumb
 We're rollin Rainier
 and the jealous wanna get some
 Every time we do this sucka
 M C's wanna battle
 I'm the man they love to hate
 the J. R. Ewing of Seattle
 Picked up the posse
 on Twenty Third and Jackson
 Headin for the strip
 yes we're lookin for some action
 The limos kinda crowded
 the whole car was leanin back
 Maharaji's watchin TV
 with two girlies on his lap
 On Martin Luther King
 the set looks kinda dead
 We need a new street
 so posse move ahead
 We all look kinda swass
 the crew you can't forget
 The Mix-a-Lot posse
 cold rippin up the set
 My posse's on Broadway
 My posse's on Broadway
 Posse up
 My posse's on Broadway
 My posse's on Broadway

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

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

HEY MAMA

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

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

TIPSY

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

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

GET UR FREAK ON

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

RAPPERS DELIGHT

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

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

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

DON'T BELIEVE THE HYPE

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

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

WIT DRE DAY

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

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

PASS THAT DUTCH

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

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

HUMPTY DANCE

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

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

CALIFORNIA LOVE

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

BEAUTIFUL

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

THE NEXT EPISODE

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

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

WORK IT

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

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

GIN AND JUICE

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

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

WHAT DA HOOK GON BE

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

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

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

THROUGH THE WIRE

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

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

X GON GIVE IT TO YA

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

RUFF RYDER ANTHEM

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

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

STILL BALLIN (NITTY REMIX)

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

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

NAGGIN

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

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

DEAR MAMA

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

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

PUMP IT UP

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

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

PUSH IT

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

EXPRESS YOURSELF

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

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

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

GAME OVER

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

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

NOTHING BUT A G THANG

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

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

RUBBER BAND MAN

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

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

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

CRANK IT UP

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

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

FIX UP

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

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

HYPNOTIZE

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

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

JESUS WALKS

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

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

WHOA

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

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

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