

Rhythm and Green

"Two's and Few's"

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featuring Dwayne Wiggins Richie Rich

(Richie Rich talking)

Understand.
Off the gin once again!
Rhythm & Rhyme gang to take you way back.
Richie Rich Rhythm & Green
breakin briz ead.

Verse 1 *(Crown Jul)*

Before records an rap nimphos
I mack the pencil
listenin to my stack of demos from the back of limo's
laced in Polo
wit Timbo's
tastin Mosloe
now my local vocals
get heard from the "O" to Accapulco
you know
associate the name wit big dank, an bank statements
flows is famous
the aim is "Take over entertainment"
we freshmen
but put it down wit vet-rans
we only out to win
money stretchin
now count the spend
an since we sure shots
these poor sports not
please let the cork pop
wanna short stop
my Fort Knox
so I got more rocks
I torch hot
wit infrared
newport dot
an once the courts drop
it takes me to the feds resort spot
hit licks like on a guitar

my broads get charged
rhymes hard like the times
it's in the card
I get mines
whip a North Star System
reclinin
ballin like Pippen
we on a mission
you would want to kick in
don't make us start trippin.

Chorus *(Dwayne Wiggins)*

Can we get a few?
(Understand)
My crew was never fakin moves.
Heaven when we come through
Oh yeah!
Don't make us give or take our two's.
Let us break a few
(Understand)
Hit you wit the game that's true
The music makes ya groove
La-di-da-da-da
(Richie Rich, Rhythm & Green, breakin briz-ead, fizzle)
That's really all we came to do.

Verse 2 *(Richie Rich)

Me an my kinfolk
been folk
see back before the Town was on brown
we was pine a gin folk
spendin ten fold
now I'm pushin a five
moves made
look into my sack of dues paid
"Two's an Few's"
enough to put the cat on the news
a mug shot
to say they found him on a drug spot
Think not!
I pop this wit those who pop knots
wit die hard visions of pushin a drop rock
in my ghetto
the Amaretto
be more than sour
slug money
jack off at the club money
them figureens
went in them 80's

turned to leens
now these hustlas puttin they cream in rap schemes
therefore we fiend
for shit like Rhythm & Green
an make moves
lick 'em
split 'em
an shake fools
to sucka crews
can't hear ya like fake dues
our knots locked
while you jock
we make moves.

(Chorus) 1x

Verse 3 *(Rame Royal)*

I'm out to get a couple
my fullest bid is to hustle
wit bundle in my drawls
don't hate
donate to the cause
cuz it's a constant struggle
all my work I try an sell
in attempts to bubble
behind a trail of clientel
movin CD's an tapes like weight
turn a few G's
to a whole estate
bettin an raisin stakes
this the big play maker
throwin hay makers
an bustin rounds for the paper
straight up and down wit no chaser
an the Rhythm we give 'em is 100% pure
wit raw feel
like "boy"
"It's the Real McCoy"
my convoy moves-isim
like playin Bingo
that's up to par
like Lee Travino
for more chips than a casino
makin "Music & Mail"
rubber band wrapped stacks
hand in hand served sacks
keep the stance jam packed
for that damn scratch
we act foolish
the game is old schoolish

get your "Two's an Few's"
an leave the boys in blue clueless.

(Chorus) x1

La-la-la!
Can we get our "Two's an Few's"?
(Can we get our "Two's an Few's"?)
The music makes you move.
We wanna know
Can we get our "Two's an Few's"?
We made our moves
We have made our moves!!

(Rame Royal talking)

Bendin corners for "Two's an Few's"
yeah with the Rhythm & Green
an the Dubble R
hustlin for "Two's an Few"
you know.
Uh. Whats up?
Fa sho.
"Two's an Few's" man
(that's right)
pimpin for that shit

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