

## W.C. "The Autobiography"

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[CT] It's about that time nigga  
[WC] For what?  
[CT] Redo this motherfucker look I found it nigga  
[WC] Ahh hell naw nigga!  
[CT] Sheyitt  
Now here we go, y'all gotta play this  
Due to you bitch-ass niggaz I'ma maze this  
rearranged funk and refreak the track  
The Godfather of Underground Rap is back  
Banged out the game as I ride with the Benji's  
Fuck off the hook, nigga I'm off the fuckin hinges  
No gimmicks, just a crew of driveby shooters  
Coupe de Ville swoopers, looters and Stax loopers  
I started off way back sick with a mentality  
Wicked got down kickin it with the Syndicate  
Just a lil' nigga seein ways to get paid  
Levi corduroy saggin with french braids  
No overnight success, no tinted windows  
No limos, just a hungry nigga doin demos  
The year eighty-eight, the group was Low Pro  
When niggaz used to swerve on Lincoln's and Vogues  
Loc these niggaz ain't knowin about payin no dues, the  
shit I done been through  
Gone through, put through, was bruised too so it's time  
to school these foes  
Looka there, as I walk the rugged road of the path  
I gets flashbacks, and thrash mash, enemies in my  
path  
Hustler turn your page to nineteen eighty-nine  
When a young nigga first signed the dotted line, I was  
bang bang, boogie with the music  
Took the old funk track, and relooped it  
Dropped "Payin Dues" for a small amount of cheddar  
The name of the LP was "We In This Together"  
\*beeper sounds repeatedly\*  
[CT] Awww shit, what the fuck why you sto  
[WC] Man this motherfuckin pager keep goin off  
Look I'm tired of these bitches!  
[CT] Youse a cold nigga!  
\*DJ scratches\* "Noooo shit!"

