

The Roots F/ Musiq "Mind Your Own"

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The Bigga Figga back on the mic
Poppin that shit that the young niggas like
Young playas comin up in the Moe
Down for the cause down for the bolo
Gankin, bankin, rankin, young playas like me be makin
Fools like you wanna ride the jock
When a nigga like me just started and start to clock
I gotta get paid I mean real fast
Cause a nigga doin bad gotta make cash
So I'm rollin around in a bucket
With a nine in my lap say fuck it
See a nigga in a 69' Coug
Gold ones and Vogues damn he's a fool
And he ain't from the S.F.C.
Where the nigga put my gloves on, G
But they can't find a fingerprint
Hand in a glove god damn no evidence
Fuck that shit I gotta get away quick
I gotta find another lick
There's a sucka on the third floor
The nigga leaves his house everyday about four
The bitch is outside candy on the ride
Damn the brother's fly
So me and my homies start creepin
But a brother on the bike is straight peepin
Tryin to watch for the riches
But I know what's going on a sucka straight snitchin
And you know he's trying to stop it
With a gun and a badge, walkie talkie in his pocket
Now he's trying my patience
Just because he works the Northern Police Station
So gets your cuffs and your badge
Cause a playa like me gonna kick some ass
Brothers in my business better leave it alone
And the title of the song is mind your own

(yeah that's these five o ass niggaz, JT pop that shit
about these bitches)

One day me and my homie T.B.
Young Seff and the homie Young D

Moe headed to the studios to lay some vocals
For the homies in Frisco
Poppin you know watch the hoes jockin
Keep the beat rockin yes I be clockin
G's gettin paid on the under though
A young brother gettin paid at the studio
Freak by freak ho by ho
A nigga like me is here to let you know so
A playa like me gonna do my thang
But the hoes around the way like to gang-bang
Tell the freak to come to the house
And you live in Fillmoe
And the chick say fuck no
Damn dirty little tramps
Them hoes ain't got it like that
To be fuckin up a nigga coochie
Trying to fuck with the young J.T.
And I hate to mention, you want attention?
Get some longer extensions
Bitches, hoes, sluts
Walking around with no butt
Dirty hoes sharing clothes
And you talkin about rollin on Vogues
Dirty little bitch peasant I'm a call her
Tryin to get pregnant by a baller
Bitches in the Moe ain't no good
Livin low tryin to move in Turkwood
So they can give a party every weekend
Damn bitches be tweakin
Like me I tried to make a cake
She poured salt that's the whole mistake
And check it out all in my mix
Jockin fiending for the dick
But a friend is really trying to stop her
Getting big-headed and now she's playing proper
Got a little ass, got a little clothes
No money and the bitch got a big nose
Not cool now bitch who's the fool?
You listen to your friend now you got schooled
You can't lay me and you can't play me
A girl like you ya might bet sprayed see
You're phony plus you don't know me
Thinking you a Roni
Hoes in my business better leave it alone
And the title of the song is mind you own, bitch

On the average day chilling in the parking lot
Not getting paid selling rocks or the fucking hop
Cause it's time to rhyme on gotta get a grind on
I think I got a beep, (nigga use my phone)
It's the manager and he wants me to go

To do a little show and he wants me to flow
I said I'm wit it where's the location
It's right by the nation so bring a donation
Filled to the brim talkin bout packed
All these people came to see a brother rap
So let me riggity-rap, riggity-roe
Riggity-riggity-reggae, mayday mayday, bitches
payday
So come pay me before I pay you
But gafflin and gankin and you won't have a clue
Cause I'm so good and I'm so raw
And somebody's gettin paid I'm the one that you saw
Mind your own

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