

## Consequence

### "Uncle Rahiem"

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[Intro]

What the fuck, y'all niggaz supposed to be family man  
Niggaz out here fightin in the street and shit man

[Consequence]

After ten long, years, guess who comin, home  
Uncle Rahiem who got busted with the chrome  
But this sorta uncle's like Rich Porter's uncle  
So he be in my shoebox and messin with my hustle  
This nigga keep playin around we gon' have to tussle  
Cause this ain't, back in the days when he had all the  
muscle  
And used to be on Hollis with Joey Simmons and Russel  
So I'm here to clap my things, and figure out this  
puzzle  
Cause what'll make this nigga think he could come to  
my momma house  
If he wasn't family I'd probably pull the llama out  
But I'ma go the karma route, ever go to the karma  
route  
Well you know, nigga be buckin with the armor out  
But this nigga be on the couch and watchin my pockets  
hard  
Peekin through the blinds when I pull up and park the  
car  
And read between the lines when I push up to talk to  
broad  
Startin real live, we gon' definitely wind up at odds  
Cause if I see another shirt, offa my wardrobe  
I'ma turn this lil' happy home to a war zone  
And if I find another piece missin from my package  
He'd better grab his piece cause this time we goin at it

[Chorus 2X: Consequence]

Cause this nigga right here must got it out for me (uhh)  
This nigga right here must got it out for me (uhh) /  
(yeah)  
Cause I solemnly swear that we about to see  
Cause this nigga right here must got it out for me  
"I told that motherfucker grip up, grip up; nigga grip  
up, grip up

And I'll be waitin right here when you slip up"

[Consequence]

Uhh; cause after six long, months, guess who's unem-  
ployed

Uncle Rahiem, cause he been runnin with his boy  
And now he got a girlfriend, this fiend named Joy  
I guess he bad smokin but I'm tryin to keep my poise  
But if my momma tell me some'n missin from her  
jewelry box

I'ma probably be trapped by my peers in a jewelry box  
I try to love him my heart, and disregard my brain  
But ever since he moved in, the crib's been off the  
chain

I don't need no one to blame cause the facts are the  
facts

Since the word got back to me just as fast as a fax  
Cause I got cash in the jack, askin me what I'm doin  
How you gon' work this hard and let your hustle get  
ruined?

And I had to admit, that that's a point well taken  
Here's the world of price I'm payin for the L that I'm  
takin

Cause the trouble he done caused done got my  
connects and them stallin

Cause now I got the hottest crib in all of {?}  
So when I see 10-4, my body parts ill

Cause I'm scared to death they might give me the mob  
grill

Cause ever since he gave out our number like Mike  
Jones

Them di-rects be comin at me harder than Spike Jones  
So I hope his parole officer, ask where he live

So I could say "No officer, this not where he live  
And I ain't seen the nigga and don't know what he did  
And he'll get by later 'til he through with his bid"

I know it sounds cold like the wind below freezing  
You might not understand but I got my own reasons  
Cause once we at odds I could only get even  
But maybe my foolish pride is why we in the precinct

[Chorus]

[Outro]

Word to my mother I'ma FUCK you up when we get out  
of here

(Nigga you ain't doin shit, pussy!)

Aight, watch son, soon as I post bail, nigga, I'ma come  
holla at you

(Nigga you ain't doin nothin)

You fuckin crackhead-ass nigga, fuckin my shit up

(Yo son, word to my mother man  
Call me a crackhead again and we got a fuckin  
problem nigga  
I changed your motherfuckin diapers punk!)  
Yeah aight nigga, whatever bitch

[Chorus]

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