

Enrique Iglesias

"Luv it Liv It"

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[Mos Def]

Yeah

What's up

This is for all of you so-called ruff motherfuckers

(Who's the hardest?)

For all of you "ruff-ruff-ruff"

He

You ruff motherfuckers

This is what ruff really is

Ruff for ya

Right about now

Like this

[VERSE 1: DCQ]

Now everybody wanna be a ruff MC

They can tell (?), don't tell it to me

When I started rhymin in the Brakalak

If your shit was wack, then you just got smacked

(And that was that)

This was the real MC's life

And if you was too nice, sometimes you had to fight

(Some heads were gettin mad

Well then you had to bust his ass, tell him) 'Look, too bad'

I sharpened my skills with the tools of the street

Schoolyard battles and lunchtable beats

So don't play the role of an MC pro

Cause you the first to eat a hamhock on the low

(Your rhymes is garbage) plus your beats ain't boomin

You couldn't pay your dues if you was in a fuckin union

Your presence in hip-hop cannot be tolerated

So all your bullshit gets eliminated

Your shit is outdated

You wack and I hate it

Well if you take it, then give it

And if you love it, then live it

La-la-la-la-la (love it)

La-la-la-la-la (live it)

La-la-la-la-la (love it)

La-la-la-la-la (live it)

[VERSE 2: Ces]

Now as a female I must represent
Cause nowadays hoes ain't makin no sense
Gettin on the mic with they jeans all tight
Talkin about "Gimme my props" and I be like "Yeah
aight..."
You can't be real in this day and time
When you're fuckin your producer and he's writin your
rhymes
So bitch please, you spend all your time on your back
Gettin fucked and fat, and on top of all that you're
wack
So if you think of steppin to the dread
I knock the fuckin No-Lye relaxer out your head
This industry crap don't mean shit to me
Cause I could just be rippin pockets on a back of a g
I didn't need hip-hop to get me paid
I coulda been a hustler and still have it made
You're a skeezer, I can't believe you maintain
You ain't hard, punk, I yank the weeds out your brain
The 199 for no time for slack
So if you're crossin over, don't come back
And if you're takin, then I know you must be givin
Cause if you love it, you better live it

La-la-la-la-la (love it)

La-la-la-la-la (live it)

La-la-la-la-la (love it)

La-la-la-la-la (live it)

[VERSE 3: Mos Def]

Well this is the way the big U goes down
Rollin over dumb bucks with a pick-up truck
(?) with the raw mixture
A hard melody and lyric, get the picture
A slow tempo with the pounding bass
You make a move, they're on their way and it's all in
their face
There's no escape from the punishing plate
(?) free headaches with the 808
I brought a hex on the necks of those who make me
vexed
Commence to catch wreck up on my mic complex
They gets no respect cause they simply don't deserve
it
(?) parachute when I heard it
In my estimation the U rocks the hardest
Yet regardless, we still stay modest
Even if you're swingin off on us like a trapeze artist

Heads don't swell, we only wanna rock the mic well
I can't believe how low some of my heroes fell
DMC got baldies know - the hell?
Nowaday every crew wanna go gold
Brandishin they tools, actin all bold
But on the mad real, let the truth be told
Give em a open hand smack - they fold
Sometimes I watch these videos, I really start to lose it
I'm like "Yo, what the fuck is you doin to my music?"
When I started rhymin back in the day
I wasn't even thinkin 'bout gettin no pay
As long as the rhymes that I used to say
Got me love around the way, hey, shit was okay
'But now you got a deal' That ain't no cause to
celebrate
I'm sick of niggas layin down, it's time to elevate
Beyond the herringbone and the fat ride
And I got too much pride to drink some fuckin St. Ides
I rather that I die - with my eyes open wide
Rather that my moms cries cause I got my cap peeled
On the battlefield - bein real
So murmur what you wish, whatever
I didn't come here to make you bitches feel better
In fact, it feel type sweet
To get on the mic piece and watch you punks squirm in
your seat
Cause next year, when your ass need a new career
The big U will still be here
With the Brakalak bounce, no doubt
And if the truth hurts, stupid, say ouch
We out

(Live it)
La-la-la-la-la (love it)
La-la-la-la-la (live it)
[repeated]

[Mos Def]
Word up
Urban Thermo representin for the real, raw, rugged
and true
This is for you and yours to bump in your jeep, your
walkman, your stereo system
(...)
I wanna give a shout-out to ah pa duke and ma duke
and ah my sister Ces and my sister DCQ
and ah all the heads ah that came along the way
that was encouragin, my nigga Fish, my man AI, Obi
Wan
The whole entire Roosevelt Mass
Pease to y'all brothers

Strive and maintain, you know what I'm sayin
To all the positive Muslims
and ah God Body to the Earth
To my man Ali [Name] and Bookworm
My man Jay Disco with the fly funky lingo, you know
what I'm sayin
To all of the new breed
The ruling class of the last voice
You know what I'm sayin
This is Mos Def and I'm out, peace

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