

## Frisco Kid

### "Chuck Cheese"

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[narrator]

When you deal with the other side, you see things  
They warn you, they let you know, about your friends  
around you  
People around your circumstances  
One must have belief in order to believe  
One must see in order to know  
These little things I tell you is what's kept me here  
Is what's made it, possible, for me to tell you this story

[Prince Poetry]

Chuck Cheese! Everybody neighborhood's fuck-up  
A wild shorty, touched, heads got stuck up  
Under the trestle wrestle with your chains 'til your neck  
muscle  
veins pop out, GIMME, paper cut your bled vessels  
So what you real? He'll test, no question  
Always on the ave in plex mode, impressin  
baby girl with jewels and his pretty boy complexion  
He was makin them lose their minds, packin two-two's  
Ready for testin plus prime time  
Stickin your ATM, expert, vickin your two-week's work  
Jerk settle for lickin ya if any funny moves is made  
Known through the PJ's for puttin bodies in graves  
All over the tri-state, now why wait, when crime pays  
That's what he started sayin from way back in the days  
He had plans, to stick up the bully, and his mans  
but got caught up with the heat  
when jake rolled up in two fifty passenger vans

(Aiyyo! Aiyyo! Get up off me man.  
Get up off me. I didn't do nuttin man!  
Yo, yo, whassup yo? What's the problem?  
What's the problem?)

{\*"thugs bustin slugs..", "shorty's down for his  
respect"\*}

[Prince Poetry]

Anyway after puttin in three or three-to-five  
you thought Chuck would be happy just to be alive

Now thoughts of cash (?) connections  
occupied his mind first, a nigga didn't waste time  
gettin work  
When he seen the scheme gettin less green  
Chuck Cheese got grimy, him and about fourteen  
was countin paper on the line at Green Acres  
and behind them was the shiny link, it's victim, a move-  
faker  
And so they caught him on the way to the car  
In the parkin lot a shot was heard from afar (whassup  
now sup now?)  
Money's grazed, shameless, without all of the frontin  
Chuck, you know the one with the new link he's now  
manhuntin  
for more, who get ten G's a wop, on the low  
from two hot shot spots in Hollis bold G's that stole  
Pushin weight, through the (?) Metro, he's contracted  
Twenty's a hit on his head, jealousy didn't like the way  
that he acted  
Now Chuck heard the news and got attracted  
Ready to bring racket to the wrong full metal jacket  
Bold, he got some love on the street, he knows about it  
Now a tactic or patient retaliation is routed  
He gets outted!

(Yo f'real, this little skillet-head nigga.  
Runnin around disrespectin, you know how we get  
down on Southside.  
Word to strength, he gots to go. I don't care HOW it  
happens!)

[Rude One]

Yo, the word got back, to my highest of rank  
This cat's burnin my ears son, his suicidal tendencies  
got me askin about him, the word on the street is  
Y'all ALL wanna out him, all present and accounted  
There ain't no way around this dilemma, he's stoppin  
cheddar  
Seen the better part of life so yo he keeps a baretta  
But all we gotta do is, follow plan A through  
to the letter, y'all choose the in and outs on you

[Prince Poetry]

And just two days later Gator and Chuck was creepin  
up Sufton  
Out of the dark called yo Chuck they advanced and  
started buckin  
(What the fuck?) He screamed with no time for duckin,  
six struck  
Rules even apply in these mean streets nigga with no  
discussion

Ask Chuck! {\*BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM\*}

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