

## Harris, Emmylou

### "4 Better or 4 Worse"

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Uhh, do you take, Rhymealinda  
Do you love me Tre, do you really love me?  
To be your lawfully, wedded, wife?

Uhhh, uhuhhhh, I do, I do, no I don't, I do

Ah roomie zoom zim, I'm all to be wet  
to Rhymealinda I remember umm, when we first met  
In eighty-two back in school used to play up all the fools  
Sometimes you'd be my number fives sometimes you'd  
be my twenty-two  
but umm, screw the dumbshit, cause little Rhymea's  
true  
I can't wait to say I do and oh yeah honey there's no  
due  
I got my chariot, rollin, now I'm mic controllin  
Got some spunk in my funk, I can't wait to put some  
soul in  
We're rollin all strikes, we're havin little tykes  
One is little Mike the other's Ike I'm sure that you would  
like  
to hold em, or maybe stroll em on their little bikes  
When they're born, I've sworn, to bring em up right  
you know, dope is how I breed em, beats is what I'll  
feed em  
They'll be healthy like a health nut I'm sure you shake  
your butt  
(Kick the verse preacher) and I won't disperse  
Here's my life Rhymealinda for better or for worse

Well it's done she tagged me, duck duck goose  
I'm batter up I can't sleep the fly brotha must produce  
the power pack and I'm stacked like a forty-five Mag  
Straight up tennis shoes in my pants there's a sag  
Droppin so much grammar gotta slam it down my  
mouth  
Shup? I met a slut she, put me in the rut G  
with the dip that was down with me from the whole  
front  
Now front me never too cool how-ever  
I gotta get the bread, gotta get the butter

Fix it up eat down throw it in the gutter  
(Gutter dreamed it) sour, (creamed it) gotta  
skinny-dipped into her ass as if it was a pool of water  
Now the water's gettin hotter so I bought her a new ring  
Maybe a love ballad is the song I sing  
I gotta kiss her ass my tongue I hold before I curse  
If you really want me BITCH, take me for better or for  
worse

\*phone rings\*  
I mean nah, just  
\*phone rings\*  
[woman] I got it! \*click\* Hello?

Well this is the final chapter Hello?  
of me, we're going to rack up Who is this?  
in tune, in tune, in tune, a button Why are you calling  
my house?  
a button, a button! Oh c'mon, honey Who is this? What?  
Would you come along with me down Mike is that you?  
the lane and I will pick your brain Oh my God. Who is  
this?  
I won't be good like you think I will I'll fucking call the  
cops  
I'll take a hammer and start to drill Don't call my house  
Your skull, and then I'll really start Oh my God, what is  
this  
picking, your brains cells, I will be What? I'm gonna call  
the cops  
licking, mmm mmm mmm mmmm! \*slurp\* okay? Quit  
fucking around  
You taste so intelligent, ahhhhhh Hello, who is this?  
Yes yes yes, you trusted me, now Help, who is this?  
What  
I busted thee, top of your skull are you doing? Why are  
you  
You thought the day was going to be calling me?  
DULL?? I'll make it very exciting  
I took your fingers then I started WHO ARE YOU? Why  
are you  
BITING, and then I scraped the meat calling my house?  
off, the bone, of your leg Stop calling here!  
Ahhahhh, you tried to make me beg Don't call here  
anymore  
But I had to insist, I had to insist  
layaay, run up your pussy with my fist  
AIEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!  
Okay, I think we've gone a little bit I'm gonna call the  
cops!  
overboard, don't stop it yet Fuck you don't call my  
house!!

Like this... ("like what like what like what")  
(repeat 4X)

Yo, I'm Audi Gee  
No doubts manufactured  
No ahh copies, we can't ahh, do copies  
No copies, okay  
Oh, so you expect me to do some type of freak show?  
That's what it really is huh?  
Is that what you want? What you talkin about?  
What you talkin bout nigga?  
Whatchu know bout the problems of L.A.?  
I'ma tell you what's wrong with the problems  
of the people in the L.A.  
See the brothers needs some type of education  
And you know, some type of foundation, in the, uhh  
community, cause the mute-co, duhh, the community  
grows like seeds, and the seeds will not fall from  
the tree if you don't water the grass  
So nigga get off your rusty black assahhhh  
Like this... nanananananana, like this  
You can get with this, or you can get with that  
I think you get with this because Fat Lip's fat  
Fat fat Fat Fat FAT FAT FAT \*echoes\* \*laughter\*  
Uhhh, okay ummm, okay uhh, keep going keep going  
keep going  
keep going, ay Romye Romye, come here come here  
c'mere c'mere c'mere  
c'mere c'mere (OK OK aiyyo yo yo yo) C'mere for a  
second  
Aiy Rhasaan, Rhasaan, Imani, Imani I think you should  
\*music stops\* Oh, duhh!

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