Jagged Edge
"This Goes Out(feat. Big Duke And Joe Blak"

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This goes out to all them hustlers
Everybody out there making them ends meet
I ain't mad at'cha
JE y'all, this goes out to everybody

This goes out to you, this goes out to you
(This goes out)
This goes out to you, this goes out to you
(I'm telling you this goes out)
This goes out to you, this goes out to you
(This goes out, hey)
This goes out to you, this goes out to you
(Oh, oh, oh, oh)

Some people sleep five to a bed
Three at the feet, two at the top
So I can't really talk about how they should live
When I know in my heart if it came down to it
I'd be getting down the same as them
See Lord, tryna hustle must be something heaven sent
A lot of rent wouldn't be made without this trade
That we call hustlin'

This goes out to the cats on the corner
Stressin' and strugglin' just to get a dollar
I ain't mad at'cha, gotta do something
Hold your head up cause they can't touch you
This goes out to the girls in the streets
Like going all out just so their kids can eat
Like I ain't mad at'cha, gotta do something
Hold your head up cause they can't touch you
This goes out...

I used to be half between
Going all out and doings things that I know just wasn't
right
And now I'm looking back
And I think just do it or never did something
But I can tell you that
I'd probably take a bullet in my head than leave my
family unfed

And that's the way it is
This goes out to my homies, yeah

This goes out to the cats on the corner
Stressin' and strugglin' just to get a dollar
I ain't mad at'cha, gotta do something
Hold your head up cause they can't touch you
This goes out to the girls in the streets
Like going all out just so their kids can eat
Like I ain't mad at'cha, gotta do something
Hold your head up cause they can't touch you
This goes out...

[Rap]
Uh, uh, uh
Ay yo I welcome the struggle
Like I welcome the hustle
Find the right one, take it and bubble
That's on the muscle
I ain't giving in, I'm trying to win
And if I gotta get my hands a little dirty
Then I'm sorry for sin
But the Fed don't understand ain't bred
So brothers gotta learn to bake to make bread
Chicks use their ass and shake to make breat
But I understand shorty keep them kids fed

This goes out to my whole 5-5-81 click
I often reminisce when we just dreamed of this
Rich cars, fine homes, girls with nice toes
Dime pieces standing in line to show us their thongs
Went from riding six deep in a little ass jeep
To Cadillac trucks and Benzes, prowling the streets
We gon' ball till we fall
Cause we fadin' em all
Put your glasses in the air, this goes out to y'all

This goes out to the cats on the corner
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I ain't mad at'cha, gotta do something
Hold your head up cause they can't touch you
This goes out to the girls in the streets
Like going all out just so their kids can eat
Like I ain't mad at'cha, gotta do something
Hold your head up cause they can't touch you
This goes out...

My homies, you can't touch me
If you don't really know
This goes out to my homies
You can't touch me

If you don't really know
This goes out to my homies
You can't touch me
If you don't really know
This goes out to my homies
You can't touch me
If you don't really know