

Carter Carlene

"Reasons"

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[Al Nuke]

"Huh, yo, check it out
Al Nuke be the Don
What's crackin' on this track
My nigga Drunken Master, baby
1998, playas get off me
You-know-what-I'm-sayin'?"

[Lady's voice (Al Nuke)]

Al Nuke]

I can tell you all the reasons
why they playa hate
You wanna hate, we got the BEAM on 'em
Playa hate- Playa hate
These million dollar niggas boot 'em wit' a TEAM on
'em- BIATCH!
I can tell you all the reasons ("That goes to all you
busta, bitch-boy,
why they playa hate mark-ass niggas")
You wanna hate, we got the BEAM on 'em
Playa hate- Playa hate
These million dollar niggas boot 'em wit' a TEAM on
'em- BIATCH!
I can tell you all the reasons
why they playa hate
Playa hate- Playa hate
I can tell you all the reasons
why they playa hate
Playa hate- Playa hate

[Al Nuke]

"You know what I'ma do?
You know what I'ma do?
I'm kick a freestyle, check it out."

You wanna hate me 'cause I'm do-able- Five-ten
suitable
Bitches be sayin' Tiq was sayin' 'Damn, Al beautiful'
Loc'ed from the crazy drama, stroked all them bitches'
mommamas
Put up a six and catch a cab, roll is still solid

You wanna beat her 'cause she lovin' me
Candle light and bubbly- She say she likin' you but say
she fuckin' me
Playa, you got a plan Baby, don't think
Off the six and the cris, he got the B-12 stankin'
Let's do the ocean and the hundred footers, just me
and the homies
and some skimmies floatin' out to Bermuda- It's ALL
real, niggas
We ball, my figgas, rules apply
Respect, it's the real kind of niggas, live or die
See, compare you and I is like a bee to a fly
You almost there but in my eyes, nigga, who cares?
It's kinda weird for a playa to be laughed at, half-
scratched,
cold on him- Don't be tryin', still had a hoe's on him
What?

[Lady's voice (Al Nuke)

Al Nuke

Drunken Master]

I can tell you all the reasons

why they playa hate

You wanna hate, we got the BEAM on 'em

Playa hate- Playa hate

These million dollar niggas boot 'em wit' a TEAM on
'em- BIATCH!

I can tell you all the reasons ("Lot of reasons- Lot of
reasons")

why they playa hate

Why you out there playa hatin' on me?

Playa hate- Playa hate

Why you out there playa hatin' on me?

[Al Nuke]

Is it because I'm hot now, shows we rock down?

Al Nuke and Mister Moon got this bitch locked down
so from island, haters' snitchin' on 'em

The federalists but we STILL got a team on 'em

We put the Beam on you haters when you suckers stroll

Niggas all up in mine but still wonder why you bitches'
broke

Put 'em in your face, you choke

All niggas talk about me- 'Al nuke done blew up,
now these niggas gotta rap about me' You bustas shoot
up

Bitch Boy, all I do is laugh- You wanna kill me
but your bitch want my autograph! It's just that thug in
you

Now tell yo' baby's moms we love them too

Best friends, sisters and cousins, boo FUCKED them

too

See that's the work we do, now playa part done stuck
on this thang

And who the type of niggas that rap,
next day, wanna say we done fucked off
in the game- You know what I'm talkin' about
Half you niggas, lame money- Got the same money
What you talkin' about spendin' with me, nigga? We live
for champagne money!

[Lady's voice

Al Nuke

Drunken Master]

I can tell you all the reasons

why they playa hate.

You wanna hate, we got the BEAM on 'em

Playa hate- Playa hate

These million dollar niggas boot 'em wit' a TEAM on
'em- BIATCH!

I can tell you all the reasons

why they playa hate

Why you out there playa hatin' on me?

Playa hate- Playa hate

Why you out there playa hatin' on me?

I can tell you all the reasons

why they playa hate

Why you out there playa hatin' on me?

Playa hate- Playa hate

Why you out there playa hatin' on me?

I can tell you all the reasons

why they playa hate

You wanna hate, we got the BEAM on 'em

Playa hate- Playa hate

These million dollar niggas boot 'em wit' a TEAM on
'em

[Al Nuke]

"Wit' a TEAM on 'em

Drunken Master, baby

Al Nuke, puttin' that shit down

Know-what-I'm-sayin'?

Comin' to a hood near you, nigga

99 for 2000, nigga!"

[Drunken Master

DJ Willie Will]

"Yeah, that's the sounds of my man, Al Nuke, know-I-
mean?

Drunken Master sittin' up in here, mic side, holdin' it
down

for you and yours

Yo, give me a call- 1-800-DICK-IN-YA-MOUTH, ya-knaw-I-mean?
I got my homeboy, E, mannin' the phone lines"
"Yeah, yeah!"
"E, what's crackin' over there, playa?"
"Yo, my nigga, the phone lines is BLAZIN'
We off the MEAT rack up in this mawfucka
Next calla, my nuts is on ya chin
You wanna say WHAT?!!!" ("WHAT?!! WHAT...")

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