

## Kanye West "2 Words"

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We in the streets playa, getcha mail  
It's only two places you'll end up  
Either dead or in jail  
Still nowhere to go, still nowhere to go

Now throw ya hands up  
Bustless, bustas, boostas, hoes  
Everybody, fuck that  
Still nowhere to go, still nowhere to go

Two words, United States, no love, no brakes  
Low brow, high stakes, crack smoke, black folks  
Big Macs, fat folks, ecstasy capsules  
Presidential scandals, everybody move

Two words, Mos Def, K West, hot shit  
Calm down, get back, ghetto people, got this  
Game ball, lock shit, dump off, cock shit  
We won't stop shit, everybody move

Two words, BK , NY, Bedstuy  
Two hawks, too hungry, too many, that's why  
These streets know game, can't ball, don't play  
Heavy traffic, one lane, everybody move

Two words, Mos Def, black check, hot shit  
Calm down, get back, ghetto people got this  
Game point lock, long pump cocked  
We won't stop, everybody move

Now throw ya hands up bustless, bustas, boostas, hoes  
(Throw your hands up high)  
Everybody, fuck that  
Still nowhere to go, still nowhere to go

And keep ya hands up bustless, bustas, boostas, hoes  
(Till they reach the sky)  
Everybody, fuck that  
Still nowhere to go, still nowhere to go

Aiyyo, two words, Chi town, South side, world wide  
'Cuz I rep that, till I fuckin' die

One neck, two chains, one waist, two gats  
One wall, twenty plaques, dudes say, "Gimme that"

I am limelight, Blueprint, 5 Mics  
Go get his rhyme like, shoulda been signed twice  
Most imitated, Grammy nominated  
Hotel accommodated, cheerleader, prom dated

Barbershop, playa hated, mom and pop, bootlegged it  
Felt like it rained till the roof caved in  
Two words, Chi town, raised me, crazy  
So I live by two words, "Fuck you, pay me"

Screamin', "Jesus, save me"  
You know how the game be  
I can't let 'em change me  
'Cuz on Judgment Day, you gon' blame me

Look God, it's the same me  
I basically know now we could racially profile  
(Throw your hands up high)  
Cuffed up and hosed down, pimped up and hoe down  
Plus I got a whole city to hold down  
From the bottom to the top, so only place to go down

And keep ya hands up bustless, bustas, boostas, hoes  
(Till they reach the sky)  
Everybody, fuck that  
Still nowhere to go, still nowhere to go

Two words, Freeway, two letters, A R  
Turn y'all rap niggaz into two words, fast runners  
Like Jackie Jurner, you better sleep with your burner  
The heat skeet, blow a reef through ya car

My God, two words, no guns, break arms  
Break necks, break backs, Steven Seagul  
Free young bars, fresh men of the Roc  
Left the beef in the pot, Jay sent for his dogs

And broads, forget ya squad, let 'em find for yourself  
Have you screamin' out four words 'Send for the Lord'  
Two words, Freeway's slightly retarded  
Fuck around, throw a clip in ya artist, leave with his  
broad

Throw your hands up  
(Red, white, blue, black)  
Throw your hands up  
(Calm down, move back)

Throw your hands up  
(Motherfuckers askin', ?who is that??)  
Throw your hands up  
(You know it's the almighty, mighty Johnny Jack)

Throw your hands up  
(Mos Def, K West)  
Throw your hands up  
(There go people, get this shit off ya chest)

Throw your hands up  
(North to the south, to the east, to the west)  
Throw your hands up  
(We got that concert, it was no contest)

High an' show it to 'em like

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