

# Kanye West "Two Words"

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Featuring: Freeway, Mos Def

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  
Hustlers, bustas, boostas, hoes  
Everybody fuck that  
Still nowhere to go, still nowhere to go

Listen, 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 hard, too hungry, too many, that's why  
These streets know game, can't ball, don't play  
Every traffic, one lane, everybody move  
Two words, Mos Def, black jack, 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  
Hustlers, bustas, boostas, hoes  
Everybody fuck that  
Still nowhere to go, still nowhere to go

And keep ya hands up  
Hustlers, bustas, boostas, hoes  
Everybody fuck that  
Still nowhere to go, still nowhere to go

Aye yo, two words, Chi town, South side, world wide  
'Cause 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  
'Cause on Judgment Day you gon' blame me  
Look God, it's the same me  
And I basically know now, we get racially profiled  
Cuffed up and hosed down, pimped up and hoe down  
Plus I got a whole city to hold down  
From the bottom so the top's the only place to go now

Now throw ya hands up  
Hustlers, bustas, boostas, hoes  
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 Segal  
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 fend 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

Red, white  
Blue, black  
Calm down  
Move back  
Motherfuckers askin'  
Who is that?  
You know it's the  
Almighty, mighty Blackjack

Mos Def  
K West  
There go people

Get this shit off ya chest  
North to the south  
To the east, to the west  
Blackjack, Johnson  
It's no contest

An' show it to 'em like  
[Incomprehensible]

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