

Cetera Peter

"No Sellout"

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[VERSE 1: 8Ball]

Tell me what's goin on, damn, I need help to see
I have chains on my brain from the strain of the
Mental corruption eruptin through this industry
All I see is New York rappers back and forth on BET
See, I'm the first true southern funkadelic preacher
Drink a 'yac and smoke a blunt and watch it get deeper
But not so deep I have to perpetrate to gain respect
Instead of judgin me you need to get yourself in check
And I'm not gonna be the wanna-be you want to see
Oh no, I cannot sell my soul

[VERSE 2: MJG]

MJG for the Nine-Fo, what's it gonna be?
Another year for the p-i-m-p in the street
Yes, it's me, the one who clocks when it's time to get
explicit
It's comin from the truth when I kick it
So dear critic, you thinkin on terms of how it needs to
be
I'm tellin you how it is and what I has to live and what I
got to give
To the ears of the ones who wanna listen
Some don't understand,, so they really don't know what
they're missin
Hard times made hard heads in the South
You get respect bein real, no sell-out

[VERSE 3: 8Ball]

In '93 I was rappin about my curls and my Cadillac
The pimp blast, takin you fast, smokin grass and all
that
Players got the message, busters didn't attempt to
listen
Thinkin that we was talkin about that on-the-corner fake
pimpin
Hell yeah, I'm that player from the underground
All-black assassin from the neighborhood of Orange
Mound
They don't understand, why, they being society
The white people who run this nation got somethin

against me
Me bein a young black male with an education
Teachin this pimpin, so the blacks will one day rule this
nation
But every day another brother tries to kill me
Jack me because of the poverty in communities
Where you either have to sell crack or jack, man
What I'm tryin to stress to you is, don't step to the fat
man
Because today I'm rappin, rockin shows and pullin hoes
But tomorrow I might be on the cut slingin dope
See, in the studio I'm killin fools vocally
But if it came down to it, I could do it silently
Fuck the President, the media can quote me
Listen to them lyrics, fool, I ain't sellin out, gee

[VERSE 4: MJG]

You gotta be hard in this business, ain't no suckers,
ain't no sell-outs
It's the way that you go in it, that's the way you gonna
go out
First of all: never break up with them hustlers that you
started with
Long as this happens you and your click won't
accomplish sh...
Should've thought about it real hard
Now how could any group that's meant to be together
be apart?
And if you start with a strong mind, think with a strong
mind
B-u-s-i-n-e-ss time
I'm in the lab, chiefin hay, comin up with gold
Pimp mobile, hit the reel, let the platinum roll
See, I was taught, not the easy, but the hard way
Hustle after hustle after hustle each and every day
I gotta stay down to earth, cause I'm from Orange
Mound
See, that's my hood, understood in the M-Town
Memphis-bound players, pimp type, black, strong,
young
Level-headed Tennesseee, hustlers got it goin on
Bad to the bone when I roam through the area
Carry a, automatic weapon for my burial
When it's all over what it is and what it's all about?
Stay true to your homies and your music, no sell-out

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