

## Liz Phair

### "Can't Let That Slide"

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(Intro: Roscoe & Kurupt)

(Chorus)

This goes out to all y'all tellin' my bitch what you saw  
Hell naw I can't let that sliiiiide!  
Thinkin' I won't check shit (whaaat?!) or these mouths  
on records  
Hell naw I can't let that sliiiiide!  
Talkin' shit on T.V. but bitch up when you see me, nigga  
Hell naw I can't let that sliiiiide!

Well Uh-Uh, Uh  
(Say what?!)  
Uh-Uh  
(Say what?!)  
Hell naw I can't let that sliiiiide!

(1st Verse: Kurupt)

Early mornin'  
I just awoke  
Just took a sip and just took a smoke  
The phone rang  
Niggas spittin' game  
The same ol'  
Same ol'  
Same ol' thang  
Talkin' 'bout life  
Talkin' 'bout bitches  
Talkin' 'bout money...  
Cars...  
And switches  
And all of a sudden he switched talkin' about some kill  
shit  
'Bout this bitch ass nigga talkin' some real shit

(Chorus)

This goes out to all y'all tellin' my bitch what you saw  
Hell naw I can't let that sliiiiide!  
Thinkin' I won't check shit or these mouths on records  
Hell naw I can't let that sliiiiide!  
Talkin' shit on T.V. but bitch up when you see me, nigga

Hell naw I can't let that sliiide!

Well Uh-Uh, Uh

Well Uh-Uh, Uh

(Say what?!)

(No way!)

(Say what?!)

Uh-Uh

(Say what?!)

Hell naw I can't let that sliiide!

(2nd Verse: Kurupt)

You know I'm chip-toothed, motherfucker

You about to get slapped like a motherfuckin' bitch for that

(Say what?!)

You got a lot of rap homie, not to know a nigga

Don't talk a nigga, show a nigga

Don't think it nigga, live it, nigga

Don't run it, nigga

Gun it, nigga

(Man, fuck that!)

Don't fake niggas, quake niggas

I ain't no bitch nigga

(I ain't none)

So don't play me like a bitch nigga

You lil' bitch nigga

Change the switch nigga

Wanna get rich nigga

(Nigga!)

Fuck and make a motherfuckin' nigga dick itch, nigga

Why you mad at me?

(Why you mad homie?)

Walk without

Talkin' 'bout what you talkin' 'bout

You must be that Madd Rapper (hehe)

Puffy and them was talkin' about

Nigga put a dick in yo mouth

And shut the fuck up!

(Nigga!)

You lil' bitch!

(Bitch!)

I hear you talkin' but you ain't sayin shit!

(Chorus)

Now this goes out to all y'all (all y'all!) tellin' my bitch what you saw

Hell naw I can't let that sliiide!

(Snitch ass niggas!)

They thinkin' I won't check shit or these mouths on records

Hell naw I can't let that sliiide!  
(Bitch nigga!)  
Talkin' shit on T.V. but bitch up when you see me, nigga  
Hell naw I can't let that sliiide!

No way!  
(Say what?!)  
(Say what?!)  
Uh-Uh  
Hell naw I can't let that sliiide!  
Uh-Uh  
Uh-Uh  
No way!  
(Say what?!)  
(Say what?!)  
(Say what?!)  
Bitch!  
No way!  
Uh-Uh  
(Say what?!)  
Hell naw I can't let that sliiide!  
Uh-Uh  
Bounce  
(Yo!)  
Bounce  
Bounce  
But no way...  
Uh-Uh  
Uh-Uh  
(Say what?!)  
(Say what?!)  
Hell naw I can't let that sliiide!  
Uh-Uh

(3rd Verse: Roscoe)

If you gonna rob with us, nigga roob!  
If you gonna mash with us, nigga maaash!  
Instead we be dumpin' on cowards and bonin' out with  
the cash  
So when a nigga run up on you  
In a blue ski mask  
(Run nigga! Run!)  
'Cause I come (Heeeeey!) murda yo  
Drawin' skits  
It's like bustin' a orange  
You get terminated  
Our rhymes is exquisite  
Explicit, and R-Rated  
You askin' why I'm laughing 'cause it's kinda funny to  
me  
You really think you gonna come and take my money

from me?  
Well, I can't let that slide  
I'm fittin' to trip  
Pop my Olde English and get into some gangsta shhh!  
What's my name?  
Roscoe! Roscoe!  
My big brah  
Kurupt! Kurupt!  
And what we do:  
We rob! We rob!  
And can't let... that slide! that slide!  
Nigga... What?!  
What?!  
What?!  
We raw doggs, Cuz

(Chorus)  
This goes out to all y'all tellin' (Nigga!) my bitch what  
you saw  
Hell naw I can't let that sliiide!  
Thinkin' I won't check shit (Ey yo Cuz!), mouths on  
records  
Hell naw I can't let that sliiide!  
Talkin' shit on T.V., bitch up when you see me  
Bitch nigga, I can't let that sliiide!

Uh-Uh  
(Say what?!)  
(No way!)  
(Say what?!)  
Hell naw I can't let that sliiide!

This goes out to all y'all tellin' my bitch what you saw  
Hell naw I can't let that sliiide!  
Thinkin' I won't check shit (Whaaaaat?!), mouths on  
records  
Hell naw I can't let that sliiide!  
Talkin' shit on T.V. but bitch up when you see me, nigga  
Bitch nigga, I can't let that sliiide!

But no way!  
Uh-Uh  
(Say what?!)  
Hell naw, I can't let that sliiide!  
But no way...

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