

## Moffatts

### "No Hand Out"

Visit "[No Hand Out](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Verse One: Mad Lib, Xzibit

Yo, look at the way you reactin  
I ain't on the microphone actin tough-actin like Tinactin  
Madden, dreamin like baddened Aladdin  
Families they get saddened, sisters no horror be  
cabbin stabbin  
Jammin like Isley when I be  
Floatin rhymes like a butterfly, stingin em like a bee  
IBM's is not computers  
Intelligent Black Men radio polluters and riot looters if  
any  
Plenty of patience perseverance, persistence  
And I don't need a county check for government  
assistance  
Build the knowledge without college abolish like  
apartheid  
Rip like a riptide, when I arrive  
Million Man March, Washington D, C me when I get  
there  
Pioneer millionair thoughts we all share

In Los Angeles, niggaz stopped tryin to make peace a  
long time ago  
So it ain't no shock, to hear gunshots, on your block  
or maybe even mine on occasion  
Regardless of your town, niggaz still tore down and  
blast  
So Xzybit ask what's worse  
To getting rushed by the cops or put your piece down  
first, you're stuck  
See either way we've been set up to fail  
Throw that nigga in jail if he ain't tryin to see Yale or  
Harvard  
or Howard, and I reguse to be a coward  
Or forced to live off some five twenty-five an hour  
bullshit  
Xzybit carry on like my brothers did  
Handguns and girls hell in hands on and other shit

Chorus: repeat 2X

I don't need nobody, to give me a damn thing  
Just open up the door, and I get it myself

#### Verse Two: Snaggle Puss

Aiyyo the cream of the land has arrived  
I got with four hundred lashes and still survived  
To this very day, the grafted never let up  
So I got a million brothers, and we all fed up  
With corruption, that's why we on this mission  
To bring equality into the justice system  
At any cost, I'm down for what it takes  
Now cause when the rioting starts it's too late  
So let em drown in my ancestor's blood sweat and  
tears  
They fear, knowledge cause it cuts like a spear  
And yeah, we comin like bats out of hell  
Cause that's what it's like in the ghettos we dwell  
No laughs, you might be the next in the bloodbath  
So compare what you got, to what you sposed to have  
The end result is we all gettin cheated  
Snaggle Puss, etched in stone, so you can read it

#### Chorus

#### Verse Three: J-Ro, Tash

To all my black folk here's some liquid lettered soap  
I'm down for the upstroke, I'm tired of bein broke  
I feel like I'm in the gutter, word to the mudder  
Bruddah, I gotta introduce my ends to each other  
The facts about black is, nobody relaxes  
And those with stacks is like, fuck payin taxes  
I drink the cheap wine cause I not be got'en yapes  
Thunderbird and Nightrain made from the rotten  
grapes  
Dance boy, sing boy, run boy, rap  
We'd all be rich if it was boy bust a cap  
I gotta watch my back cause sometimes we do stupid  
shit  
I can't even afford a gun to go and shoot you with  
I spit on the graves of those who held my people as  
slaves  
I catch your children slippin on the waves  
I gotta stay strong, even though the stress is stickin me  
I try to get a job but Mickey D ain't even pickin me

While simultaneous I'm bustin with my niggaz just for  
practice  
Cause I see it in my sight to clock a million after taxes

And I know I'm bout to have it cause I know I deserve  
Cause I could get you with the bullets but I stick you  
with words  
That'll slit you at the seams my shit is Wilder than Jean  
Tash'll eat you like a bowl of fuckin Product 19  
Cause Vitamins and C give me wind to do you in  
So y'all niggaz got from now until I count backwards  
from ten  
So scram, cause before you get a chance to say  
(Daaam!)

I'll be on you like the neighborhood watch program  
Cause I'm tryin to make the slams that'll bust your  
Cerwin-Vegas  
Cause niggaz think life is smokin blunts and playin  
Sega  
But not I, I make it so you can't fuck with this  
Cause I want a new car, plus a pound just to twist  
So get up and get out, get a pen write a verse nigga  
Do what you gotta do, but yo motherfuck the first

Chorus

Visit [Moffatts](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.