

A-Ha

"Think Not"

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[group]

From the East to the South to the West to the North
Come on Al' Tariq, go off, a go off!

[Al' Tariq]

A yes yes y'all, freak freak y'all
So unique y'all, Al' Tariq y'all

I dusted off the fo'-fo' chrome, threw my Nike hat on
the dome

Plus pack the celly phone, left out my home alone
to roam these wicked streets in the U.S. of A.

See no matter where you at, motherfuckin crime pay
but not my way, put them days of slingin behind me

Now I rock spots, where only rap fiends can find me
and that remind me, can't forget my 1-800 beeper

So I can keep a, eye on my mida mida

Now, loaded up my shit in this van, to tour America

I'm out to get this cheese and to see, every area
of every city, every corner and back street

Thought shit would be calm like that cover of
BlackSTREET

Wrong impression, from the beginnin, we get to sinnin

All up and down the East coast yo, we bangin women

The Beatnuts and Common Sense is steady truckin

Got chickens suckin, raw dog we steady fuckin

But out luck in this game runs out through the Carolinas

Deep in the woods, niggaz lickin off behind us

Glad they didn't find us, glad we didn't get tackled

Thought brothers only played for keeps up in the Apple,
what?

Chorus: Al' and peeps

{Yo, all around the world they sling rocks and lick shots
Everywhere you go, same thing, connect the dots}

THINK NOT?

Stop what you thinkin, stop all that fussin

The shit is all the same and that's the point of this
discussion, now

{All around the world they sling rocks and lick shots

Everywhere you go, same thing, connect the dots}
THINK NOT?
Stop what you thinkin, stop all that fussin
The shit is all the same {* echoes *}

[Al' Tariq]

Now Common knew this chick that lived deep in
'ouisiana
A thick ass and shit, but she sleep with Peaseyanna
B.E. and Anna, and every other hoe, what is it?
So we made our visit short, blew like a blizzard
We on our way now, OK now we headed
to good ol' Tex' and all gun shit get deaded
Cause down here, niggaz don't fear a good ol' shoot-
em-up
They love to suit em up, so don't try to thirty-two em up
Even my big fo'-fo' don't scare no mo'
I hear gunshots, son son hit the flo'
I get my dough, I'm out, did my show, I scout
for some hoe-ass, I need some mo' ass on my route
No doubt, avoidin hexs, floatin through Texas
Stackin them checkses, gets me, a beamin Lexus
Now next is the state of Cali-forn-I-A
My word is bond-I-A to Cali-forn-I-A
But I represent the Q and you knew, whole hearted
that I'd be troopin through with crew so don't get
started
or get smarted, by the certified black sheep
Al' Tariq, now let's troop West to East, cause

Chorus: Al' and peeps

{All around the world they sling rocks and lick shots
Everywhere you go, same thing, connect the dots}
THINK NOT?
Stop what you thinkin, stop all that fussin
The shit is all the same and that's the point of this
discussion, now
{Everywhere you go, same thing, connect the dots}
All around the world they sling rocks and lick shots}
THINK NOT?
Stop what you thinkin, stop all that fussin
The shit is all the same {* echoes *}

[Al' Tariq]

Look, now peep the way we slid in to Colorado
where my bravado, had em screamin cause I'm that
macho
That top honcho, bangin bodies like I'm Camacho
Hittin notes like Pavarotti, cause this hottie, bang that
body

Saw the shottie on this gang nigga, and he was
focused
Then I spot his crew swarmin through like they was
locusts
? know this ain't his spot, so I, bag up the shorts
Unloose my Eddie Bauer jeans, adjust my Polo Sports
I got this jigga for some slicin but no, blastin material
Just wish I had that chrome fo'-fo', without the serial
number, so I can give him slumber
Vaporize these niggaz holdin triggers yo I coulda put
him under
But no time to wonder, it's gettin tight up in this piece
Took honey by her hand, to my van, so we headed East
Now is you with me? Or you gon' stay out here and
freeze
with all these motherfuckin trees and the snow up to
your knees
So what's your answer sister? Next stop, the Windy City
She said, "Yeah I don't care, but 'Riq would you lick my
kitty-kat?" Hon I can do that, hop in the van
But before I ever can, yo you gotta see my man
Now here we go go, to At-lan-ta
Through with La-na, puffin lye, gettin high
Alright? Chi-Town, we hit ground, we headed South
to the side, four corner hustlers is in the house
Woo woo woo woo, we kickin script, about our journey
Make shorty hit the road, got no dough for no attorney
Plus she didn't burn me, I guess I'm lucky this time
But the next time I wind strictly dick and rubbers
combined

Chorus: Al' and peeps

{Yo, all around the world they sling rocks and lick shots
Everywhere you go, same thing, connect the dots}
THINK NOT?
Stop what you thinkin, stop all that fussin
The shit is all the same and that's the point of this
discussion, now
{Yo now everywhere you go, same thing, connect the
dots
All around the world they sling rocks and lick shots}
THINK NOT?
Stop what you thinkin, stop all that fussin
The shit is all the same, it's all the same nigga

[Al' Tariq]

All the same, in the same game
All doin the same thing in the same game
No matter where you at, that's where you at
That's all like that, it's on like that

Check out this tune, the game stay all the same
Knowwhatl'msayin? For the 90's baby, and forever
Al' Tariq, The Beatnuts, knahmsayin?
The God Connection, we ain't playin
Uhhh, uh, uh uhh, uhhh, up in yo' section
Up in yo' section, all the same it's all the same
Break em off somethin, break em off somethin
Work em off a lil somethin
Where you at nigga? No matter, no matter
where you at, that's where you at
It's just like that..

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