

Metric

"Paris"

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* send corrections to the typist

(Chorus)

Nothin' but the best females caught in the midst of
promises

But a nigga can't fade me

AJay got my back, (On the real, though)

And kept it tightly

[Jhaz]

Promises on real, I done heard so many say

"Il Tru, we want you to sign this rap deal." (Straight up)

Still smilin'-faced foes, theys can't give me no ends
though

Impress 'em hoes, then let my click come down in
Benzos

I still pity for those that are taked

These here the dopest females

And in this rap game, we dominate

See, in other cities, behind closed doors

They smile in your face, and call you hoes

Those of you know who you are

Playa hatin' bustas, purebred, so I guess you played
your part

From start to end, AJay click peeped your game

Believe your weed ain't enough to buy some trues, man
Reminisclin' back past to the day when we was cool
But you underestimated mental of a real-ass true
Empty promises'll get you nowhere
I'm on that other level
To my dying day, Ajay and Il Tru, forever

(Chorus)

Brina:

Nothin' but the best females caught in the midst of
promises
Tryin' to get on in this rap game
But the fools ain't about their business
What is this, dog?
You've been runnin' your grill on the real
Talkin' 'bout what you gon' do for my crew
But yet and still, we gots no deal
I feel ya, and it's true, comin' like a playa to ya
Straight from the heart, dog
No beatin' 'round the bush. I'm about my paper
Mistake your con, see we put a little trust up front
You perpin' like it's on, we about to roll
Royalties gon' bring some bucks, but what?
What's the hold up?
Yeah, Ajay's ready to rumble
Archdog and Il Tru, since 92
So we maintain humble to your game

But the plan made from the get-go done got changed

Want to split AJay from Il Tru, instead of leavin' things
the same

What a shame, many promises made, came through
with a contract

Read in between the lines, put you in a bind, sista really
can't sign that

Bet all that bull you talkin', AJay comin' in the game,
regardless

Broken promises said to a true got us comin' up
heartless

(Chorus)

[Brina]

Tell me, am I wrong or what?

Didn't you say some money

Up front for us trues to sign the dotted-line?

Go in debt, then blow you up in this rap game

It was all good to a playa, like I let your hand show

Runnin' off at the flapper, then got you in the midst of a
lingo

Even yet, though, you was on a mission with visions of
knockin' booty

Excuse me, Il Tru ain't comin' in

(We ain't even goin' down like that) on a ?

Trues with lyrics for days

It's no mistake, would've got your pay back

Right off the dream of real figures

If we rolled on the same page, dog

Was your intentions to break up this bond, fool?

Smoke weed with Il Tru

Take advantage of a sister, then be through?

Must check you, you can go on' and playa hate

AJay can handle this

It's a fool's move to try to break up this tight click

[Jhaz]

Look at this fool, thinkin' he spittin' game

But if I might confess: impressed not

Nonetheless, your mouth be shoutin', when compared
to the best

Promises, many times I done heard that "your word is
your honor,"

Wastin' time and money to impress some trues

When a real fool wouldn't even bother

No holler for ya, no love either

Shyste one on the creep, who lick from so far back I
was solo

Just makin' debut release (pushin' Darkside)

In the streets, spreadin' dirt

Tryin' to hurt two trues 'cause they won't convert

Recognize, dog - AJay, baby, click thick, come to put in
work

We backdoor for y'all foes on the down low, risin'

Open your eyes and you will soon realize it's (You ain't
know?)

AJay, Il Tru forever - promises made, kept true, bein'
real with it

And like those of you who chose to come brand new

We cruise and it ain't no need to mention names

I'm a end mines

It's just so many promises in this rap game

Understand?

(Chorus)

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