

## Al' Tariq "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

Knowhatl'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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