

Ali Vegas "Question Mark Man"

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Clue you want your apology?
I apologize for not getting at y'all bitch ass niggas
sooner (Bugs)
These niggas want it Li
Y'all ready I gotta do it

[Verse 1]

Check
I spit a verse at you just to test your heart
Wait for you to respond rip your flesh apart
You never did so that mean you either dead or smart
How long you gone hide behind that question mark?
Same verse fucked up your numbers and profits
You wasn't running your projects
You just run in your projects (Get out of here go play)
And you ain't got no guns in your closet
You wasn't fly neither, you a bum with no pockets
Now you owe a bunch of dollars to see
You gotta spell your name right before you holla at me
(F-A-B-O-S-O)
I'ma give them people a new way to ID you
That's an IV in your arm and I see you
So if they see blood leaking it gotta be you
New jewels on your neck and they gotta be Clue's (got
to be)
Tell yo goons don't try to peruse me
I'd advise you to ride with an ooze
This ain't a New Jack City and bump them niggas
dodging a movie
I don't won't y'all to think I did this out of the blue
Everybody know I'm hotter than you
But it's like Jay said "always the weakest nigga outta
the crew" (that;s you)

[Hook 1]

It's time I tell y'all (tell us what)
Fabolous ain't that hot (so what you think about him)
He's nothing but a gimmick (and in result to that)
And that's why his album flopped (what happened to
them Mase numbers)
The soundscan numbers (they did nothing)
Don't amount for all the shit you dropped (he got it big

now)
Claim he keeping it gangsta
But everybody know he's not

[Verse 2]

It's only right if Menati think his artist the best
That he let em in the ring to spar with the rest (let em
go some rounds)
Just to pull his card with no refs
See what artist is left
You need to visit the wizard, get a heart in your chest
(not Mike)
You afraid I'ma take yo fan base, hoes and all
You get herbed "Backstage," movie told it all
Ali don't fold in brawl, all Ali do is stroll thru malls
This is the truth, you can act rich in the booth
But I got more chips than yo tooth (I see yo tooth)
And I ain't gotta flash number 7 from the Clippers, this
is proof
Y'all acting like a bunch of feminine birds
With yo feminine words (I'm not playing his record)
I'm about to put this jersey wearing nigga on injured
reserved
And I told y'all my pen ain't to share
You said won't play my record unless I surrender in
fear
Why apologize Bugs I rather end his career
And don't think I'm ending it there, look at your men in
despair
This is rap you got the pound on the shelf
Fuck a Blaze Battle, let's go some round for the wealth
(I don't want a trophy)
Y'all deserve each other, a muthafucking clown and an
elf (Mario & Luigi ass niggas)
And you act like getting chased in a choice
Don't let yo chick hear my hits cause it be making her
moist
You a bitch tell Duro put some bass in your voice

[Hook 2]

It's time I tell y'all (tell us what)
How these bitch niggas do (what they do)
They play your records (it's all politics)
Think they artist can't fuck with you (you can't with me)
I ain't talking to nobody else
Everybody know I'm talking to Clue (that's right)
And I'm about to do the numbers that yo bitch ass artist
ain't do
Question Mark Man!

