

## No Reason

### "Rowdy Rowdy"

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[Intro - Hell Razah]

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Yeah, Hell Razah, 2000

Fuckin' ball already droppin'

What ya gonna do now, ha?

Get it +Rowdy Rowdy+, get it +Rowdy Rowdy+

[Chorus - Hell Razah]

Is my GG'z, rollin' wit me (hell yeah!)

Is the PJ's rollin' wit me (hell yeah!)

Is my strip dancers gonna tip me (hell yeah!)

Is the DJ's rollin' wit me (hell yeah!)

Is my dropouts rollin' wit me (hell yeah!)

Is my alcoholics bent wit me (hell yeah!)

Is my weedheads smokin' wit me (hell yeah!)

Is my war soldiers watchin' wit me (hell yeah!)

Get it +Rowdy Rowdy+, up in here, now, +Rowdy

Rowdy+

(3X)

Get it +Rowdy Rowdy+, up in here, now, WHAT!

[Hell Razah]

Roll out my red carpet, insert my cartridge

I got a hunger like a hostage in Kosovo

Run and tell so-and-so

+Bop Your Head+ to my promo's

We went from war to guns to 4-4's, to breakin'  
governmental barcodes

Now it's man vs. computer, 8000 CC's of brain

Who fell in love wit what they can't even claim

I can't maintain, and watch no blood suckers campaign

Praise and pain, for months, turn to teardrops of rain

I stay ghetto like the 8 train, survive all this crack and  
cocaine

And still alive so I can rap and complain

Now we done dropped out to get cream

See school teachers turnin' the fiends

Wit strip dancers comin' out they g-strings

Wit nice thighs in them iceberg jeans

The projects, we the nation of kings

You too fly, then I'mmma clip wings

Some go to work, while others in sling  
Elders and teens, indeed smoke weed til it's dark and  
cloudy  
Don't fuckin' crout me, I'm too deep, you can't count  
me  
Ask Clinton why we flippin' and be gettin rowdy

[Chorus - Hell Razah]

Is my out of staters wit me (hell yeah!)  
Is the independent women wit me (hell yeah!)  
Is the bar tender drinkin' wit me (hell yeah!)  
Is my New York niggas wit me (hell yeah!)  
Is my clothesline niggas wit me (hell yeah!)  
Is my record label niggas wit me (hell yeah!)  
Get it +Rowdy Rowdy+, up in here, now, +Rowdy  
Rowdy+  
(3X)  
Get it +Rowdy Rowdy+, up in here, now, WHAT!

[Hell Razah]

We gettin' tired and sick  
Of racist cats like Benjamin Smith  
It's time to quit and unite both the Blood and the Crip  
And shake Pataki up and smack up wit whoever he wit  
And start rollin' wit this chosen +Ghetto Government+  
shit  
Kick ya welfare slavery plans, hospitals  
And ya solitudes, and chicken food, a real Sun of Man  
Shippin' drugs to open drug programs  
Fill my ghetto up wit cigarette's and beer cans and new  
spy cams  
We build this land up wit our bare hands, until America  
Fold up and blow up wit our wicked Son of Sam  
You disrespect me and that's where they vex me  
We lookin' forward to bein' Maccabeez, not tryin' to be  
no Joe Pesci  
You damn right we here to get it +Rowdy Rowdy+  
Go get the Daily News and tell they camera crews to go  
and think about me...

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