

Jones Tom

"Fools"

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[Intro: RZA]

And I told him, "Don't fuck with me, don't fuck with me"

Yo, yo..

{*singing*} Everybody, everybody, everybody,
everybody..

Yo, come on..

[Chorus: RZA {*singing*}]:

Everybody plays a fool, sometimes

There's no exceptions to the rules

Get your nines

[RZA]

Digi Digi, Shaolin Shaolin..

But in Brownsville..

Check it out..

Niggas was psyched out, Beretta brought the dirt bike
out

Everlast just came home, it was his first night out

He was arguin' with these bitches how they don't mind
their business

When he was locked the fuck down, no one came to
visit

He was snuffed, black, his little cousin Moe stuck Cap

That's Miss Sommers on the bike with the gat like,

"Fuck that"

But finessin' over here, he could've wished he had ten
more years

Cracked a cold beer then bust a shot in the air

Everlast, ego went full blast, didn't splash

He'd act like his head was too big for the casket

I told him, "Slow down God, you ain't wild

You ain't been in these projects in a while

Runnin' 'round with that old school style"

Don't think these young bucks won't lay you down like
tile

A hard head makes a soft ass, these New York lads

Chopped faces, you talk fast - they bust off fast

And chase you out the hood, in a bloody hood

Yo, son, you seen that kid was actin' Hollywood?

[Killa Sin]

Yeah, I mean that nigga, clap happy Cali, clap when he
'ttack

Most get astounded by sorrounded sound effects in
the back

Adidas shoe, phat laces, packin' buldge in his jacket

Head nappy, black and nasty, but he nasty for gats

He nas', passed me, bumped me and laughed, then
flashed me his Mac

Said, "I got sixteen for you, we could bang on the
track"

So strap this, nah, this bar's a bullet, par pull it

In fact, blast me bastard, I done came to far for this

[Solomon Childs]

Boulevard life, remember late nights?

Mama stomach touchin' a bed, two bids

Cats sacky in Comstack, retire from the crack

I'm askin' Allah that the warm Hennessy help me

I ain't chose the struggle, the struggle chose me

Lord forgive me fore I have stolen from my brothers

Snaked my brothers, even killed my brothers

Familiar fishscale, everybody plays the fool

The +Older Gods+ givin' me jewels

The younger Gods givin' me tools

Solomon Allah, I feel I was jerked

To the drug dealers, my baby mother's a flirt

Holey socks, one fatigue suit, what you feel it don't
hurt?

That's my problem now, I ain't afraid to talk

Still cop coke from the well Willy

When I was young I got robbed from the neighborhood
bully

'Til he forced me to hit him with the nine milli'

Now him and his click know that I'm a thug fully

[Chorus x2: Solomon Childs]

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