

## No One

# "Straight Like That"

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[Shabaam Sahdeeq]

Yeah.. It's S-Double baby, yaknah'mean uh  
Can no motherfuckin lil' executive sittin behind a desk  
Tell me whaat's goin on in the streets, knahmean  
I'm in the streets everyday uh, yaknow  
I'm in the party spazzin out  
Doin drinks, throwin blows.. what!

[Verse 1]

Hate so thick when they know that you so sick  
Sick hustle so swift, that I seen the track jip ships  
Pitch-black bitch from fools that pop shit  
Lock shit, like clamps and shackles on hostage  
Blown ya mind with a poisonous verse, disperse ya  
team  
Let's battle for ya change, whips, cash, and cream  
What? Sinister Sounds C.E.O., see me flow  
Break niggaz apart like C3P-O  
Y'all herbs ain't lethal, y'all niggaz is small people  
I crush you with a two ton verse, unrehearsed  
They question the validity cuz they see me with us  
three  
Trust me, it'll take a lot for you to crush me  
Your wife is a hussie, your crew; they hush-puppies  
Try to bite like sharks, but get ate like guppies  
Try to play me, look at the fuckin monster y'all made  
FUCK Rawkus! I'm sharper than any razor blade  
On this one here, I'ma go straight for the jugular  
Brain and Jared, straight up be fuckin each other  
(faggots)  
In the ass, straight gas without the Texaco  
I'm next to blow, like Molokov's in ya car window  
And your artists could say they names thirty times in a  
song  
Niggaz ain't gon' remember once Sahdeeq get on  
And after this y'all could all go and make a diss song  
Or put a stamp on a bomb and mail it to ya moms

[Hook w/ talking in background] 2x

Cuz straight like that  
I'ma tell the world you wack

Straight like that  
Won't you take that knife out my back  
Straight like that  
I'ma smack you with the back of the gat  
Straight like that  
You blast at me, I'll blast back

[Verse 2]

I got the fever baby... I'm hot and I'm sweaty  
I bring the drama to you fake-ass bookstore  
revolutionaries  
And all y'all niggaz think y'all know my steez, please  
I moved everything, from coke to trees  
And every pull that I moved, I always was that new  
nigga  
I'm used to the hate, so watch how I do niggaz  
Duke you straight crab-cake, I'll put you on  
Gave ya first check, and your first artist the pen  
And you overpaid street-team niggaz, shut ya trap  
When ya label done, you'll be back to flips it in Craps  
They got all y'all under pressure, but not me though  
I gots no company whip, or Company Flow  
And Black Shawn you can go 'head and smoke some  
more dust  
Sinister Sounds, ain't none of y'all niggaz fuckin with us  
And Pharoahe you my nigga, but ya manager a bitch  
A mega, traitor -- push you down the escalator  
This for Arnold, Jason, and Dilo  
All you die-hard Rawkus fans just don't know  
The label is obsolete, I bomb ya fleet  
Move discrete, served the charge for a couple of weeks  
Didn't let my shit bump, Y'ALL NIGGAZ IS CHUMPS!  
So like camel backs, I'm leavin ya dome with two lumps  
You get rained on, better yet, get pissed on  
This nigga is PISSED OFF, you boys rippin me off

[Hook] 2x

[Sahdeeq talking]

Y'all lil' faggots up here, can't stop nothin, knah'mean  
Word up, Never Say Never, yaknah'mean  
Shabaam Sahdeeq word up.. Sinister Sounds  
Raptivism, the next fuckin chapter, ya'know...  
Word up, straight like that  
BK - NJ shit yaknah'mean  
Run up in ya motherfuckin Christmas party and spray  
shit  
Fuckin homos, word up..  
Fuck Rawkus, eat a dick..

