

2Pac F/ Mac Mall, Quincy Jones

"Clueless"

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* soon to be on Hostile Takeover

"We here to talk about that nigga DJ Clue, so you know..."

"You ain't nothin, all you do is spin records, that's all you do

Who he think he is? DJ Quik? Huh? Kid Capri?"

[Verse One]

I open up Blaze and see these bums all dissin' me
Ernesto don't have a Clue like Unsolved Mysteries
When my album drops I'll be runnin' y'all industry
See me in person bet I get respect from y'all instantly
Fuck y'all sympathy - I call your bluff like card-playing
Now you on the phone with those other faggot A&R's
sayin'

"My bad, yo! I ain't know how butta he could be"

Next month you like ("New exclusive shit! Jugga The Bully!!!")

Got folk askin' me "Why you got beef with Clue?
That dude got friends..." That's cool, I got people too
What I'm supposed to do? He gave me a wack write up
Misrepresentin' mine knowin' that it's phat like butts
This nigga couldn't scratch a record in a cat fight plus
Your album sucks - wishin' you could rap like Touch
You just juggle some nuts to get a few exclusives
And thought no one could tell you wack, what the fuck
is you stupid?

I question your skills, trashin' every mag that got you in
it

And I swear never heard nothin' hot you blended
On my block you finished - I'm ambitious and vicious
And you gonna fall cuz real Hip Hoppers can't stand
bitches

Chorus:

You don't have a Clue

When you disrespect the Dirty South this how we do
Got everyone from here to overseas dissin' too
You don't get no respect here so, Fuuuuuuck Clue!!

[Verse Two]

I heard Clue's hatin' - ya words in Blaze is circulatin'
You ain't all that - niggas got you gased like service
stations
In addition, your tapes got too much reverberation
You fucked up and brought an ATLien Earth invasion
What, you didn't understand the story?
"First Contact's" a metaphor about weed, nigga - it's
self explanatory
Guess you ain't get it - that's what I expect though
Fuck ya mix tape - you ain't special, Ms. Ernesto
With all that echo - tapes headed straight for trash
cans
I seen you live - you couldn't mix if your name was
Tascam
Screamin' on all ya tapes to cover up all the mistakes
That's why you never in DJ battles - you'd prolly get
raped
Put the plates on - what the FUCK you waitin' on?
Got ya head spinnin' like those twelve hundreds you
fakin' on
Puff made you, then that nigga Jigga saved you
Interscope paid you - now Jugga the Bully just played
you
I got no beef with artists gettin' run on ya tapes
But if they retaliate - then they, too, gettin' punched in
the face
I heard you spin CD's anyway - what's that shit?
Lately your tapes ain't been bangin' - it's just wack shit
So fuck you - I won't even mention those other A&R's
Tryin' to clone stars so broke they can't even afford
cars
I'm going far regardless - catchin' wreck over beats
You just mad cause ya ass don't get no respect on the
streets
Yeah...I expected to see that lump that's in ya throat...
I give ya A&R job two to three months at Interscope
My shit is dope - kill that noise and try me
You the only deejay couldn't scratch if the wax had
poison ivy

Chorus

[Verse Three]

I guess you must've felt threatened by mine
Either that or you too dumb to understand what I said in
my rhyme
The song was complex, Clue didn't comprehend the
context
While everyone who does is sweatin', complementin'
concepts

You got yours, why you hatin' on mine?
And I know you got back so fuck the gats this rap is
breakin' ya spine
I'm glad you dissed me - and I still got love for New
York City
But this nigga's soft like titties - DJ Clue's a sissy
Similar to some of the emcees on that wack shit he play
Fuck the gay rapper - Clue's the faggot deejay
Dis The Bully? You nuts like the condoms I skeet in
You wouldn't know original livin' in the Garden of Eden
So pardon the beefin' but I got issues with dude
Not only are your tapes Common, but the bitch is in you
That's why my real niggas no longer listen to you
The President or The Professional? Which is it, Clue?
It ain't President cause you got no campaign funds
If it won't for Jay-Z, where would you get your
champagne from?
It ain't Professional cause your whole steez is amateur
night
You wanted action? Well, you got it like camera lights
Don't reply - not even Teamsters can manage to strike
Got the soundman pissed cause I damaged the mic
It's like this: Recognize nigga get ya shit straight
And I might STILL supply exclusives for ya WEAK mix-
tapes....

Chorus

Outro:

Big head nigga, fuck you, I'll break your fuckin' fingers
How 'bout that? Know what I'm sayin'? Scratch you with
your own needle
Plus nail your turntables down on your knuckles
Don't even matter, talkin' about JUGGA the BULLY
Talkin' 'bout my shit's wack, you didn't even listen to
the shit
If you did, you woulda known what the shit was about
Wouldn't a said that bullshit, know what I'm sayin?
Atlantis UnderWorld, save that clone rap shit
Y'all niggas suck dick for, it's that real shit
I'm tellin' you right now, man, don't even play that
bullshit
Motherfucker diss me, talkin' about I'm wack?
That shit y'all heard was just wack, what the fuck?!?
Ignorant ass motherfuckers, man
I'ma show y'all motherfuckers how to do shit in the new
millenium
Continuum, baby, DJ Kno rocked this fuckin track for
y'all motherfuckers
This what y'all motherfuckers wanted to hear?
You bitch ass nigga, it's the same fuckin' shit

But this time it's directed at your bitch ass... Word up

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