

## Q-Tip

### "The Invitation"

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Ain't nothin' stoppin' this murderin' in Metropolis  
I represent the poor profitless corner monopolipis  
The pessimist outnumber the optimist on the block and  
it's  
Coppers that got binoculars cause I can feel them  
watchin' us

If only they knew what we had a pocket of  
They probably swarm in without a warning pointin'  
glocks at us  
Get down but this is gettin' us paid  
So at a very tender age we learned the tricks of the  
trade

Copping coke to cooking it to chipping it with the blade  
To baggin' and pitchin' to gettin' rid of it in a raid  
Most of us would never get to stage, when it's lawyers  
and bail  
Hell, we're happy to get stiffed in the cage

And it's crazy we be out here days upon days  
Makin' just enough to get some licks, some kicks and  
some haze  
It's a damn shame we're placed in a no win situation  
The party is in the pen and the blow is the invitation

Rikers Island, you don't stop  
Greenhaven all day, you don't stop  
Hold it down in Rahway, you don't stop  
You gotta strive in Elmira, you don't stop

Sullivan, Kelso and you don't stop  
All my peoples Auburn, you don't stop  
And last but not least for the sure shot  
It's the abandoned nation

Teresa baby, daddy got a bad habit of smoking money  
up  
She gettin' some strippin' paper  
But saved enough for a tummy tuck  
Little man hungry as fuck, he only one years old

But knows he's unlucky and such

As he grows he gets bitter now he acts up in class  
He curses his teachers out, tellin' them they can kiss  
his ass

Soon as he didn't pass his mama whoppin' his ass  
His pops is not around, the boy is blocked down

Not even twelve months later  
He suckin' on 40oz and pissin' in elevators  
Idolizin' the guys with big rides that gettin' quick paper  
And now he despises the shit taker

He thirteen, goin' on twenty six and a half  
His only dream is to have bricks and a stash  
Poppin' the clutch and hittin' the gas, so he start  
dabblin'  
In the coke game pitchin' for halves

Now he sittin' in a cell with an unpeccular bail  
He happened to make a sale to an unfamiliar male  
Who was an undercover cop, his photo is at the station  
The party is in the pen and the blow is the invitation

Bayview and Clinton, you don't stop  
North Branch, Connely, you don't stop

Hurstville, Bunker Hill, you don't stop  
Greenville, James River, you don't stop

(Verse 3: Saigon)

The party is in the pen and the government is promotin'  
it

That's the reason I don't be believin' in all this votin'  
shit

They bring the coke in this bitch, ain't no poppy seeds  
In the p's please, there's nothing but a whole lot of  
hopelessness

That's where all the focus is, makin' sure all the blacks  
Stay in the back the same place that, uh, Scoliosis is  
How can they lie with such compulsiveness  
We just sit around acting like this is how we supposed  
to live

Fuck outta here, I can swear in 'bout a year  
I'll have these suckas in explainin' why the hell they still  
got us here

This being treated like shit, still gettin' beat  
With nightsticks, still attractin' heat in my six

That's why we ride still drink Bacardi and the Gin  
That's why you tryna invite me to the party in the pen  
The body will get your ass up in the VIP  
And the burner will get you in without showing your ID

The coke that'll get you in, especially if you cook it up  
You RSVP to the party in the P  
Enitentiary Saigitty, I am the truth  
I ain't one of these kids that lie to the youth, I'm living  
proof

Comstock in the house, it don't stop  
Sing Sing, uh, you don't stop  
Attica, come on, you don't stop  
And Attica, come on, you don't stop

Out in Greenhaven, you don't stop  
And what it do Rahway, you don't stop  
Out west in Lompoc, you don't stop  
Is San Quetin in the house and you don't stop

Over in Ironwood, you don't stop  
What about Aronhill, you don't stop  
North Branch, do it up, you don't stop  
Over in Connelly, you don't stop

Saigon the Yardfather, you don't stop  
Just Blaze on the beat, he keeps it hot  
And last but not least for the sure shot  
It's the abandoned nation

Comstock's in the house hands up  
Sing Sing's in the house hands up  
Attica's in the house hands up  
Greenhaven's in the house hands up

Rahway's in the house hands up  
Lompoc's in the house hands up  
Elmira's in the house hands up  
Sullivan's in the house hands up

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