

Q-Tip "Won't Trade"

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Now that I know what is boy

For your epitaph niggers
Laugh, tricks that he gassed your ass
Siphon and not your cash
Seeing the door in a flash
While I stay enclosed
Walkin' out my clothes she said,

I won't trade him for nothing

You're mother fucking right
Walking this shit every night
Fin this shit? Hold it tight
rina filma on my sleeve??
Even when I have to leave
Cooler than even in the breeze
Do you believe
I was waiting for nothin'
The one division leader
In the rebound new group of shorties
Off the post, goin' coast to coast
She on the hard ones, sub him out the game she sayin'
"naw, he good, I mean"

I won't trade him for nothing

For no amount of dough
Franchise this man
Give him all the things you can
Think long term plans
he be bringin in the fans
Front page magazine, listen to this lady scream
I won't trade him for nothing

Cause she know what's better her top and
Now a beckon on the flu
Like a runnin' with the nicest nigger
kinda sorta ??
When he's singing just to slaughter no matter the
quarter

I won't trade him for nothing

The club house king
batting practice Slugger swing,
game time same thing
When I'm in about a minute
Holdin' the bat, as good as fat
She's out the park and comin back she's saying

I won't trade him for nothing

And for ray you say you get it good
If you were the ball player at all
And the famous fall inevitably will make a call
Hangin' memorabilia from you walls
This is why you can't trade me

I won't trade him for nothing
Now that I know what is boy

You can bet your money on a sure thing
Certain profit's what it brings
Ceremonies of the ringer in the white house wing
Clear your mantle, the trophies I bring, do you wanna
trade?

I won't trade him for nothing

'Cause in the air? there's a teammate you're lookin' for
back-shoot and aughter ball??
Leaves it all on the floor
Always lookin' to score
Pep talks in the locker room
This is why you sing this tune

I won't trade him for nothing

And then you reach Can't make me sit out
I go 'til you get out
Her ball no get out
An all night get-down
I train for the pressure
and come out fresher
Equipped for the game
you know my name, it makes me better
I cheer for the whole team
Let's go for the whole thing
The ballots that you're holding
MVP voting
And I represent the sentiment you're emoting
And you say

I won't trade him for nothing
The physical ability with mental capability
Legitimately faces me outside of your vicinity
And I ain't really seein' me
Vacating this community I'm staying in

I won't trade him for nothing

I'm glad that you feel this way,
Here is where I like to play
Need to hear it everyday
They cheer for me, say "Olay!"
Wait a minute, "Andale?"
I don't know, well anyway..

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