

Thunderclap Newman

"Nuthin' to Do"

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[Intro]

Check it on the one, yo Com is gonna come {*repeat
3X*}

And check it out, ha

[Verse 1]

My raps do laps around tracks and adapt
to any environment.. I'm the comma comma chameleon
I use to pop a wheelie on my blue and gray stingray, it
had mags

That was when bitches had gucci tags
And wasn't rockin' Starters, looking harder than niggas
Hoes wore clothes, that exposed they figures
8-7 stepped in the jam, next the police come
Fights there would be one, numbers I'd get at least one
We'd come to the get-together with whoever
You wouldn't know how deep we was, we all didn't sit
together

Eat up all your vittles, drink your brew
and then step to the next cue, let's do it again y'all
That was when mad was tall and phat was cold
The days of Old Chicago and Fun Town
As shorties we run 'round, play strike outs till sun down
But the shit ain't as fun now, and the city's all run down
We'd troop down to Jew Town, talk a cat down on some
gear

Have enough for a Polish and car fare
I stare, at what use to be better
and think about who use to cop our liquor
(Who?) Our neighborhood father figure

[Hook]

I'm out with my crew, ain't nuthin' to do but ah,
"Niggas be rollin" -> ODB
Ain't nowhere to go, so I hook up with a hoe while I
"Niggas be rollin" -> ODB
Gotta make a stop take a leak and get some chops
cause um
"Niggas be rollin" -> ODB
We gonna hit the streets for some brew and some eats
cause um

"Niggas be rollin" -> ODB

[Verse 2]

I got more rhymes than The Manor got folks
Had style since I went to McDowell, wearin' boats
And penny loafers though I had the nickel in mines
We use to hoop in my yard but now I dribble the rhyme
It's like rain drops couldn't make our game stop
Skeeter would hit from the SAME spot
'til Marlon tore my shit down, get down,
Put your body in motion only the strong survive
But on the 6 or the 5
The live-est sets used to be, at the Racket
Ball Club with music by, Andre Hatchet
Or either a beat by Pharris at them country club parties
We'd be hot as hell and House studs would yell "AH-
IGHT, NOW MON-EY!"
Always I would go there, hip hop clubs were so rare
I like the music anyways and it was always hoes there
Whitney Young and Kenwood was said to have the best
chicks
But mostly Hyde Park and "V" hoes is who I messed
with
The best shit was troopin' to the loop in your precisions
Cut class to get ass, but still go to division (I remember
that)
Over Yamela's crib while his old girl was at work
Bust a spoolie on the spread, but still have some on
your shirt

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

I tuned into BMX, and taped Farley on the tonemaster
Took the 6 instead of the 28 to get home faster
Then HPK was the only station that would fuck with rap
You was on The Shore by yourself cats'd (would) say
"Up your hat."
What you could you'd make of it, if you was a gump
they'd take ya shit
Either fight or break for it, we'd go to the lake and get
full
My drink then was Boone's and Red Bull
I remember swimming in Avalon, and peeing in the
pool
I thought I was cool, with my "Members Only" and a
bowl fade
Walk to Walgreens to get the Sportin' Waves pomade
And soft brush, as we got older we would start ruckus
and bang fags
Go to Marshals and change tags, I snagged nuff

niggas
Go to Marshall's and change tags, I snagged 'nuff
niggas
In games of Off the Wall, and softball, Piggy one I
would call
When I first got my three way callin', I caught marks
tryin' to lie
Home of the original gangbangers, and ain't nobody
shot

[Hook]

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