

**RZA****"Claimin True"**

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[Big Boi]

Well it is I, the pimp playin nigga that you heard about  
Yeah, I got the money and a half a million dope houses  
I got the hookers on the go and playa rhymes that I  
fuck with

I buy amps that pops my trunk swift  
I've been a player since the age of two  
That's when I learned to walk, grab my crotch, talk  
Do how them hoe sellers do  
See born and raised as a pimp, that's what I claim to be  
Always claimin true to what I do and then fuck what I  
see

I pledge allegiance to the streets, that's where I  
grewed up  
And make my money cuz my daddy never showed up  
But fuck it, I'm on my own, I'm in my zone  
And nothin wrong, you don't belong, you left me  
standing alone  
Yeah, I'm the nigga with the feather in my hat  
Finger waves and snake skins, shit, I got all that  
But you ain't know I'm the one dippin and dodgin  
bullets

The price you pay when you behind it steady tryin to  
pull it  
So Dolemite, Dolemite not shit, I studied the Mack and  
Rudy Ray Moore  
They were my idols when I was a kid  
From nappy head, greasy face, eatin watermelon  
To drug dealer, armed robber, now, to big felon

chorus: repeat 2X

I wonder how you would react if you was in my shoes  
I put in work and did the dirt, that's how I payed my  
dues  
Uh, 1-2-3, that's how it be  
So all the real niggaz step up like the playas that's in  
back of me

[Dre]

All heavenly Father, why do you even bother watchin

over me  
Growin up a little G, my mama thought I'd grow to be  
A lawyer or a doctor but I felt like comin harder  
Packed a shank up in my socks when I started  
kindergarten  
This ain't no secret garden, so you fly when niggaz flee  
If it is one of my own, I'm lettin the trigger be  
Cuz I got love for any nigga who got love for me  
And then I get a slap of dap when I'm slangin quarter  
keys  
Just tryin to make it, then of age, come through, take it  
I ain't forgot about y'all women who be workin niggaz  
butt naked  
At Magic City, shakin titties just to pay the rent  
Lord, tryin to hustle must be somethin that was heaven  
sent  
But I ain't got no sense, that's what I got them thinkin  
I think about payback, strap myself and keep on dankin  
Cuz I be takin the rough side of the mountain  
If you cross my path, I'll leave you drainin like a  
fountain  
Yes it's been like that since way back, in 1975  
Been taught to hustle with muscle and even try to strive  
So little botty bwoy better say your prayers  
You better learn some street sense before somebody  
lay ya

chorus: repeat 4X

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