

## Low Profile

### "Pay Ya Dues"

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[ VERSE 1: W.C. ]

Now here we go, y'all gotta play this

(Why?) Cause the others are so scared to say this

Now tell me, what am I supposed to do

About a sucker like you who ain't never paid dues?

Slapper, hip-happer, you're gettin wacker

Your girl better step, or I just might jack her

Smack her like a gangster, but I don't bang

I gank suckers like you for thick gold chains

(He don't deserve it) Hell nah

So take it off your neck

Cause goddamn, you ain't comin correct

What's this, a sucker duck holdin a mic?

Like Keith Sweat said, somethin just ain't right

Seems nowadays everybody wanna be a rapper

Down with crews

But they ain't never paid dues

Suckers perpatratin, playin hardcore

Punks, I bet you worked at a flower store

You know what eats me up the most?

Is when a sucker just started and thinks he's high post

You ain't pay a nann due in your life  
Talkin bout a new style, you know who you sound like?  
KRS, Chuck D, Kool Moe, as one  
Yellin on the mic like the name was Run  
You'se a peon, when I bought a pair of Lee's  
Now all of a sudden you're supposed to be an MC?  
Yo, that's wack, it just ain't right  
You only stood on one stage in your whole damn life  
Now you want respect, hey yo, you'se a fool  
Everybody wanna rap, but they ain't paid dues  
[ VERSE 2: W.C. ]

I can still remember way, way back in the days  
The times me and Aladdin dreamed of gettin paid  
Standin outside just pullin the jacks  
To earn a little money to drop a dope track  
Back in the days I drove a raggedy Dodge  
Couldn't afford a studio, so we used a garage  
Aladdin used to grab a gang of disco breaks  
One turntable and a broken 808  
My little brother Tunes and Frank, they hung around all  
night  
To make sure that the demo was tight  
Didn't have an enigneer, if you know what I mean  
Aladdin did it all at the age of 16  
Gifted, uplifted, I was mad as The Mack  
Suckers had me playin the back

But thanks to Ice-T I got my foot in the door

Now I'ma rock the mutha-(uh) till it ain't no more

We paid dues

[ VERSE 3: W.C. ]

I knew a brother who used to dress just like a faggot

Real tight jeans, some boots and leather jackets

Homey as hell, he never came outside

Cause everytime I came around, he used to run and  
hide

Spoiled like a brat, had everything he wanted

And when he walked, he switched like a woman

Rode a pink bike, man, the sucker was soft

Had to be in before the street lights came on

Yo, just the other day I turned my radio on

The \_Mack Attack\_ kicked on a brand new song

I didn't know what it was, I never heard it before

But the record was smooth and hardcore

I said to myself, 'Hey yo, I gotta see this group'

So I called up Aladdin and the rest of the crew

Grabbed the nine with the hollow point tip

Stepped in the party with a gangster limp

Took a look at the stage, and yo, what do you know?

The same old faggot from a long time ago

>From real tight jeans and a go-go boot

He went to Pendeltons and a khaki suit

Now tell me, ain't this a blip?

Somebody need to slap the perpetrator in the lip  
Yesterday he was a mama boy, now he's rappin?  
Foolin the crowd because he got you all clappin  
And tappin, an example of what I'm tryin to prove  
A sucker like this who ain't never paid dues  
To those who wanna rap, I'm pertainin to you  
Before you pick up a mic, you gotta pay dues  
Let the story be told  
That's the way it is  
You got to pay your dues  
Low Profile definitely into payin the dues  
W.C, DJ Aladdin  
Frank, my little brother Crazy Tunes, Jazzy D  
We in there, everypaid they dues  
Abracadabra, DJ Aladdin  
We outta here

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