## Black Eyed Peas F/ De La Soul "Loyalty and Betrayal"

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## [E-40]

You got the beat turned up in my ear a little mo'? (Aight) Let's go Uhh, a little more volume pimp YEAH, okay Just tell me when.. yeah It's mobbin - this shit sinister Straight sinister mob Rick Rock you did this? (Yeah!)

[Verse One] I don't spit metaphors (metaphors) I spit L-R-P's on these dark murky bloody streets of Vallejo, where I get my cheese Never mind the trauma playa, you don't wanna be wearin a helmet I'm not divin back in the cocoa plant game Mr. Johnny Law I'm celibate Rebellion, slightly throwed off, but hella smart (smart) Got the mouthpiece of a pimp (and what?) And a perm like Reverand Sharp' (Sharp') Now tell me if I'm wrong (wrong) if I open up my, own barbershop, and get me a small business loan Gotta lay it down for a minute (whatcha gon' do?) Do what you do If you in the jail, don't let the jail get in you And the C-H-P's think they slick, trick They got a new device out there for high-speedin called the spice drips See potnah dude right there (uh-huh) he talk more shit than my batch but he's a coward (coward) and plus a pumpkin in a pumpkin patch He's a wussy (wussy) if I didn't know better, seriously Pimpin, you'd think he got a pussy (got a pussy)

## [Chorus: E-40]

Some gon', betray you, and some gon', be loyal Some gon', betray you, and some gon', be loyal Some gon', betray you, and some gon', be loyal Some gon', betray you, and some gon', be loyal [Verse Two] Oooh, he was listenin to my tape (to my tape) He was on his way home last night out of bounds and they got him at the plate (at the plate) Soon as he put his foot on the porch, they to' his ass up (What he had comin?) He had it comin (oh boy) Now keep in mind (mind) this nigga done been shot (how many times?) Fo' or five times This nigga done been shot, three times befo' this time (For what?) For lyin, and havin numerous conversations with the law (For what?) For spyin and havin diarrhea of the jaw (of the jaw) I don't get along with undercover Like Republican and Democrat, we don't cut for each other I think it's hella WRONG when us brothers rat each other out, and roll on one another Oooh, dis rap is just like the coke game (Illegal dope, but it's cutthroat) Dis coke game is just like the rap game (With saditty, plastic ass folk)

[Chorus]

[Verse Three] Oooh, like a tittie I used to buy my gal the songs to send my breezy up in Albertson's just to make grocery just to play it off Why (why?) Because.. I figure if I did it it'll be too obvious But whaddayou mean too obvious? Sheist Arm & Hammer baking soda in gumbo pots white napkin wipin Oh I see - that makes a lot of sense Pimpin you kinda smart huh? Ain't never had to hit a fence You got boys? (Boys?) Do I, strength What did you start off with? A sixteenth, a pinch You sittin fat (fat) I know that for a fact Don't let these glasses fool, see I just look like that Be the first one to pop a cap, first one to put one through ya Don't think just cause I rap, that I won't take it to ya I don't think you squares understand You ain't fuckin wit a boy (who you fuckin wit?) You fuckin wit a man

## [Chorus]

[E-40]

That's big spittin, oh boy, fo' sho' Motherfuckers ain't stickin to the script no mo' (Nah they ain't stickin to the script) You know that's why when you find a real cat (What you supposed to do?) Find a real tycoon on your team? (Uh-huh) You gon' cherish that pimpin-ass nigga mayn y'know? (Fo' sho') Cause they hard to come by mayn, just like a bitch mayn Just like bitches are hard to come by, the good ones? Niggaz is hard to come by; real niggaz y'know? That ain't on no gay shit, that's on some real shit, dig that Oh boy! Uhh.. (Not on no gay shit nigga, be pimpin) (Yeah we fly straight around this motherfucker) (We pimps in this bitch, we stay spittin these L-R-P's, oh boy!) (Dig that, that's why we MOBB like this, dig this nigga, beotch!!)

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