

Black Eyed Peas F/ De La Soul

"The Mail Man"

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Kick this shit about the mail man

[VERSE 1]

Time for the payback, backpay
Can't let homie live to see his birthday
A.K., Forty's lettin hot ones to the kidney
Bootsee muthafucka didn't know what hit him
What way, rode up on his ass in a Chevy
Baby, nigga shoulda known that shit was heavy
Domain, shouldn't a fuck up all my fuckin fetti
That I gave him, spent my shit with a nigga from
another city
Then they doubled, tripled and sold his ass some
swivle
Little old sucker-butt nigga trust the mail man
Now his ass is trash like a garbage can
Caught up in some shit with the mailman

(Boom-boom!) now they gloom
My strap went boom 3x

Had him dodgin every muthafuckin up in the room

[VERSE 2]

They say the youngsters run the penitentiary (I think
they do)
They say the youngsters doin shit that you wouldn't
believe
They say the youngsters on the street snort hop like a
muthafucka
(Hm-hm) Well, check this part out, brother
(Okay) The nigga that the mail man shot
Little homie went to purchase himself a brand-new
glock
(That's right) Right off that hop, premeditated plot
I'll park around the corner and do a walk-by
Reconciliation, retaliation on my mind
Nothin against the muslims, but I was raised eatin
swine
Trapped in the game since 1979
My niggas on the street taught me to perk and drink

wine
I'm young, full of cum, nothin to lose
Paid my dues, I'm settin the rules
I got some clues, and I refuse
To let the sucker that killed my homie get away smooth

(Boom-boom!) now they gloom
My strap went boom 3x

When I see the mail man, then his ass is doomed

[VERSE 3]

Thinkin, tweakin, sniffin, hoppin, plottin
Schemin, actin like a demon
My pores is stinkin, and I'm all sweaty
Hallucinatin, smellin like burnt spaghetti
Oh no, the mail man gotta go
He killed my homie, but he forgot that it was one mo'
To go, so I figured that he's after me
Till the word on the streets is that I'm after him
True, now I'm waitin for departure
Cause I'm never late on arrival
Grabbed the landmines, bazookas, grenades, and
tommy-o
And I can't forget the glock, cause it's the most reliable
Shit, fuck it, I'ma just take the glock deep
I scoped out his spot, I know where he sleeps
Hot-wired the Thunderbird
I'm headed for the suburbs
Mobbin, doin about a buck fifty
Took the third exit to another part of the city
Now I'm his presence, about to let him have it
Caught him walkin to his car, and now he's in a casket

(Boom-boom!) now they gloom
My strap went boom 3x

When I see the mail man, then his ass is doomed

(Boom-boom!) now they gloom
My strap went boom 3x

Had him hoppin like a rabbit tryin to touch the fuckin
moon

Hm-hm
Mail man needs money, man
F-l-a-m-b-o-y-a-n-t in this muthafucka
Hm-hm, the mail man
Ass-out jungle
Gotta watch your back and play it well

Stay away from fawltz muthafuckas
That's real

Boom-boom-boom-boom-boom!
(Boom-boom!)

Hoppin like a rabbit tryin to touch the fuckin moon

Boom-boom-boom-boom-boom!
(Boom-boom!)

Now his ass is doomed

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