

Black Rob F/ Jennifer Lopez

"Partnas Confused"

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"I'm so confused, I don't know what to do
I think I'm going insane" -> Pharoahe Monch

[Chorus: Motion Man] + (Kool Keith)
Partners confused (the mouse raps when they lose)
Partners is soggy - they waterheads like Bobby
Partners is mildew - that's right
Partners confused (the mouse raps when they lose)
Partners is soggy - they waterheads like Bobby
Partners is mildew - that's right

[Kool Keith]
Rappers are weak they bullshit, talkin shit
They cadence is slow, them young kids are not
equipped
Them handicapped raps get smacked back, in the
wheelchair
Tuck in your anus piece, we catch crews with rectum
grease
Hold down your fort, I'm veteran like Michael on the
court
Baldhead swift slick make your wife wanna suck my
dick
Rappers you know me, that keep it real shit is phony
No matter how much you smoke that weed, fuck with
dust
I'm in yo' central, you drive fakin in the rental
Frontin yo' back out, I leave you with yo' wack ass out
Rhymin in Lees, with boots on and Dungarees
Hosin yo' sneakers, you smell like shit by the speakers
I'm speakin peakin doin it {?} like a Puerto Rican
Executive master, work around your fat stomach
Exhale, expert, piss upon your Polo shirt
Combat comrade, take your fuckin blue doo rag
No wave, no black, you just waste a can of Nu Nile
You need to regroup, wipe your ass for the new style
Crews with tests, I'm old, y'all "Young & the Restless"
I'm here with Motion, y'all niggaz rap in slow motion
Think you fast with thumbs stuck up in yo' tight ass

[Chorus]

[Motion Man]

Niggaz 4 cylinder, I'm V-12 and 101

My actions killin y'all, I monkey bitch your hoe's neck

She shows respect, she eats faggot both rap and
coward

I smokes a zip, get them humans out the jungle fuck
'em

They not equipped for these monkeys caged, throwin
shit

Elephant grip, I'm snatchin rappers on the {?} by they
ear

like I'm they moms, rusty lip, just spittin horrible

I gives advice, President's psychiatric worker

Clerical nurse, I bet your mother's husband rocks a
purse

Niggaz confused, cause I got styles to choose

My style is to switches, to switch from bus stop to Rolls
Royce

to mack to you bitches, switch from Rolls Royce to
baseball bat

to smack up you snitches, switch from baseball bat to
triple

{*censored*} niggaz, white sheet, blood spot,
backhandin yo' momma

That bitch was late on the payment, I got no time for
the drama

Nigga take care of home

Grown man's my style, my delivery serve

Small medium large to extra large to XXL

X-X-X-X-X-X to XXL

Smoke the XXL, live in XX hell

They think I'm extra excel, don't fuck with light bulbs
with water valves we shock your ass well

I kick a Band-Aid for cuts

[Chorus]

[Motion Man] That's right

{*scratched: "Huh, what?*"}

Motion Man, Kool Keith

{*scratched: "Huh, what?*" } {"What?"}

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