

## **Blackstreet Feat. Mya, Mase, Blinky Bill**

### **"Jus So Ya No"**

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Oahoahohhh.. talk to them CPO..

[Verse One]

Permit me to kick some licks, a bodacious flow  
Occupation - looney motherfucker; set I claim - the Row  
So the first motherfucker that's caught up in the twist  
will be found - in the depths of the Westbound  
Take your place while we here to lay raws  
Drizzaws, full of caper for some paper to fold  
Sort of a jack episode if you will  
I was a do-low nigga from birth, and I'm that do-low  
nigga still  
See that, be what, the fuck a nigga mean  
when I say - you can't envision me, cause I can't be  
seen  
like Casper the Ghost I creeps the most  
cause I'm just so motherfuckin sly, invisible through the  
eye  
So motherfuckers can duck and dodge and slide  
but there's, really no escape from the nigga from this  
side  
Which side? Westside, layin in the cut to gank your  
load  
when we's in "don't give a fuck" mode  
See if it's grip we want, it's grip we get  
So run motherfuckers 'fore youse caught up in the  
sunsets  
Bitch-made niggaz best to keep that ass at home  
cause that Boss Hog nigga's on the late night roam

Chorus: CPO-Boss Hog (repeat 2X)

This is just so ya know - (??) niggaz to hoes  
If an ass gets gone - well it's good as on (it's on)  
If you're trickin off your luck - you're dead as a duck  
and til the day we gives a fuck, cuz, you're wrong

[Verse Two]

The late night, creeper nigga gets his stroll  
for seekin out that bitch, to open the guts and bust on  
my nuts

Off to the spizznot - with chronic and fat knots  
and them murderizin hoes droppin drawers to expose  
cock  
Now I'm (?) - emotions of a G  
Girl you know this Death Row, so you can not see a  
nigga  
that's fin' to get paid on they block - think I ain't?  
Cause I've been known to bank and serve up glock fool  
Now on the move, to much higher and bigger thangs  
Must be in it to win it, cause I does them nigga thangs  
My nuts is where they wanna swang, and dangle off  
and on they roam  
And no romance between us so gets the fuck on  
Bitch-made, nut and break his nose, and meaner for  
tricks  
I gots love for nothin but my niggaz and grip  
So now you know.. and I be's off into the moonlight  
puffin the I-N-do

Chorus 1/2

[Verse Three]

(???) we, get into the grillin of a, fool  
Ain't no nigga breathin can fuck up my rule  
I'm that same nigga police done sought  
but no a nigga never ever been caught, cause I'm just  
sneaky doe  
I'm (??) and stinky, for those who see me  
I rolls discretely, does my lows discretely  
Completely, a true blue G to my name  
CPO the shit, and Death Row's to blame  
So if a nigga wanna breathe in long  
then the nigga best to eat his own  
That's how me and nina does, we gives a fuck who  
nigga what  
If he's steppin to me wrong, nigga gone  
Bitch so late (?? ??) it ain't shit  
Kinda like that 'llac bendin corners, I ain't easy to hit  
The hoe as in G'dee don't wanna see, right  
Peeps through the sight, them freaks as they peeps the  
late night  
Freeze up, raise up, cause Jack it's on for your (??)  
If you're (?? ??) motherfucker break yo' self  
cause yo' fo' is kinda sweet  
I think I'ma have transfer them Dana's to my Grand  
Cherokee  
Be slippin niggaz up out of they shit like surgery  
cause a motherfucker gots to get stacked on track with  
urgency  
Ya know, so next time slang motherfuckin thangs  
Your shit'll be gone - fuck if you see me if I see you it's

on

Chorus 1/2

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