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DJ Clue F/ The Lox "Paid My Dues"

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[Intro: Big Pimp] I'm not gonna scream at this time, nope But I'mma let 'em know... throughout all the hatin' and all the sticks and stones being throwed at the Pimp and da Gangsta We stayed on our toes, all ten of 'em No matter what, representin' Montgomery, Alabama We still here, all debts paid 'Cause we don' paid our dues, we don' paid 'em

[Chorus]

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Ooo-ooo-ooohhh, Ooo-ooo-ooohhh I don' paid my dues - my dues - my dues (wo-ooo-ow, ooo-oo-hhh) Ooo-ooo-ooohhh, Ooo-ooo-ooohhh I don' paid my dues - my dues - my dues (wo-ooo-ow, ooo-oo-hhh)

[Verse 1: Mr. G-stacka]

Ok, uh

I dedicated ten years of my life, ten years on the mic Ten years sittin' at home writin' rhymes gettin' tight And every nigga dream is to blow up over night But every nigga dream don't seem to turn out right I had to sacrifice, so school just wan't the thang for me I rather get a bag of weed and freestyle over every beat.. I hear

And enter every talent show to let them see our skills This rappin' shit is school, but it ain't payin' mama bills And they ask me why I feel, the way I feel for real 'Cause to get to where I am I paid my dues in my career Like jackin' niggaz beats, hustlin' to get our own Now we record in studios, we used to spit our raps on the phone

And dealin' with niggaz who claimed they'll manage us They intentions was good, but their actions almost damaged us

They amateurs, and we was like, way before our time It was money on our mind, so we stayed on our grind One day we gon' shine, one day we gon' sign One day we gon' get paid for writin' these cold ass rhymes

And since that day has came, it's been nothin' but trouble

Some niggaz who rolled with us, is no longer ridin' for us

Some bitches bad-mouthin' our names as if they know us

At first they had our back, now these bitches want to destro' us

But hold up, 'cause we got plenty fans that stayed true That know what we been through to get here, we paid dues

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Big Pimp] Y'all know me -- I'm the B-I-G P-I-M-P Daddy Hall - that fat nigga that rap with Mr. G Ooh Lawd - now what would I be without he? Let me take y'all - back when it started in grade three Every morning listenin' to this nigga named Boosky This dude had lyrical flow, killin' niggaz back and forth Who that there? Man, how you do that there? Goddamn I wanna do that there So I went home and wrote my first rhyyyme, for the first tiiime Didn't know nothin' 'bout no bar, so I called it my first rap line In due time, I was rappin' to the beats of Run-D.M.C.(Run-errie-Run) Learnin' from the super staaars We they rap - I start rappin', when they stopped - I stopped That's how I learned to count sixteen baaars Every chance I got, I showed my talent 'Cause every month this lady Coon throwed a talent show in Cedar Park We did it for love, we didn't know nothin' bout know spinnin' rims or candy cars The tips we got, we bought M&M's and candy bars Plus at that time, I was still rappin' by myself I hit eighth grade, then realized that I needed some help My first time tryin' to find a partner, man I went through a dozen(pssss) I went home one day and somethin' said, "Mayne, listen to your cousin" His first rap - THIS NIGGA SNAPPED, first two bars: fightin' and shootin' And every day - black bandana - retro J's - Nike suits, and

Big gold chains, and bad bitches that like to give brain Hey, that's my kinda rap, shiet we one in the same Simple and plain, the rest is history A quick summary on how I met Mr. G But since that time, our life don' got better 'Stead of.. rappin' for dips of chocolate, we rappin' for whips and cheddar Fo' real, we don' paid our dues...me and my lil' cousin, we don' paid our dues

[Chorus] *fades out*

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