

## DJ Clue F/ Jay Z

### "Let it Be Known"

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[Talking]

Mack dime, Scarface (demand the respect)  
X to tha Z Xzibit

[Scarface}

I got trouble rhymes to a death the troubled times  
A double nine incase niggas get out of line  
And heaven knows that I tried to change  
But in the mist of trying to be a better man  
Trouble is all I can seem to see  
And the fact I know tomorrow isn't promised to me  
So from this day forth I'll be all I can be  
My brother turned his back on me  
Got to be my own man  
Regardless of what the stakes is I'ma play my own  
hand  
And I'm tired of being let down by my so-called friends  
Regardless to the blood shed - no tears in the end  
Father please forgive for I have sinned - forgive us all  
But I ain't to blame - the lunatics wearing my heart  
And I think I gotta build another wall  
Cause I don't want the world to see me  
Cause maybe these demons will try to end me  
I'm exhausted and my body's sleepy  
Never the less it's hard to rest - I'm a nervous wreck  
I walk with the stress  
I use to walk around with a vest  
But now a days I be like "fuck it dog  
You fuck with me I gots to fuck with ya'll"  
And "make ends" is just another word for "pay back"  
Paying you back today for this grudge that I had way  
back  
You niggas I grew up with wouldn't play with that  
I send you bitches to the morgue with holes in your  
head  
No remorse - why you think my niggas taught me to  
ball?  
Cause I be walking around in designer suits?  
In fact these niggas know that I'm the truth  
Always scandalous - eye before I shoot  
For disrespect there is no excuse

Calling the choices

[Xzibit talking]

No respect, respect is respect

[Xzibit (chorus)]

X!

Want a war? Die on

Walk the line get it on

Here to today, then your gone - fucking with us

If you talk it up back it up

Paper start stacking up

Niggas start acting up

Let it be known

X!

You want a war? Die on

Walk the line get it on

Here to today, then your gone - fucking with us

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Let it be known

[Mack 10]

I play with psychotic, lunatic, gang da rang shit

You know that walk up dome nigga close range shit

Mack 10 - probably licked out so deep I dream on it

Locate my pray and (?) and put my red dot beam on it

Put the hammer lot squeeze on it with the dope kick in

Fuck a rage - feel the 44 shot deep with in

Bitch niggas can't fuck with true niggas by nature

And believe me dog you got a problem on your hands  
if I hate ya

I'll make (?) spit flames like a K nigga

Now close your eyes, pray nigga - I swear it's your day  
nigga

Got so much dope off its like a crack storm to me

And your heart is so gone but your ass belongs to me

Using my colors against me but this time stay true

Ain't no body to blame shoot, for you now being  
through

Plus and make one move to the game

When your scandalous living trife

That's when you fuck with a real nigga gotta pay with  
your life

[Xzibit (chorus)]

X!

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Niggas start acting up  
Let it be known  
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Niggas start acting up  
Let it be known

[Mack 10]

You say I can't hustle - well hell if I can't  
I keep my nose to the grind  
And go hard to the paint  
With a ki of that white or a pound of that dank  
And if it's dank it gotta be sticky and stank  
It's the dope dealer 1-0 the powder pusher  
You's a pussy so you's a dusher and blood gusher  
I'ma Inglewood swangin'  
I'ma rep Hoo-Bangin'  
I'ma let my nuts hangin'  
I'ma do tha damn thangin'  
I fuck all bitch niggas and slap up hoes  
And shatter windows with K's and chemicals  
So when the funk kick is on  
We don't need a show stopper  
Get the rangin' east poppers  
Squeeze and waving east choppers  
Fuck around with this shit and get your wig split  
Either do it myself or just pay for your hit  
It's the chicken hard passion  
And I'm never letting up  
Anything in my way best believe I'm wetting up

[Xzibit (chorus)]

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