

Elton John & Leeann Rimes**"Tight Situations"**

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(Queens Most Wanted)

"Yo Black B, what's the deal?

What's popping?"

"Ain't nothing"

"Aight, what's the deal?

We got to get this paper y'all

This cat had to come through or something"

"I hope his paper's is long"

"Aight, youknowl'msayin?

I got this cat about to come up here though

I'ma tell you about it later, (mumbles) oh shit is real

Aight catch ya"

(*Freaky Tah says "Now" several times*)

(Mr. Cheeks)

I'm in this tight situation

I'm at this chicks crib uptown

Niggaz try to come through and lock me down

Now it seems like a set-up

and niggaz try to wet me from the door

Half a second of gun blaze then I'm in my detour

Shot through the glass hit the balcony

How could she set me up like that?

I caught my balance, shot back

I'm jettin down the fire escape I started sprayin

I'm takin five steps at a time enemy is gaining

on me, my niggaz tried to warn me when my steppin

It's good though cause on a low a nigga had his

weapon

I'm jettin down this dead end thrill

I hit the street I got no jacket on my back

But I got my Tim's on my feet

when my life broke across me back against the wall

I'm lookin for my enemies I'm searchin for them all

No bullets being fired so now a nigga's jettin to the

corner

that's where most of the people settin
I break-away my burner now I'm searchin for the train
The only motherfucker with no coat I'm in the rain
There's beef walkers walkin I gotta play it cool
Even though he's firm with that I walk covered up my
jewel
I'm in a tight situationâ€¦ (*Mr. Cheeks raps in the
background*)

(Queens Most Wanted)

"Black B the shit went down world wide B"

"Word, what happened?"

"Yo nigga started mouthing off
I don't know if nigga's still breathing
All I know is that I made moues"

"Well yo, 8 moues I'ma need you my fault
I'll meet you there"

"Aight"

(Mr. Cheeks)

...real in this battlefield violence being born
Get your shit in a year, but prepare for war
Now I peep this grocery store I'm off the train station
I ain't showin nobody love I'm holdin no conversation
I cop me a (???) a few Dutch's now I'm out
That's Queens for some ammo, no doubt
I jetted down the staircase purchased me a Togan
I gave the freak a smirk listen jerk I'm not joking
Now listen money, can you tell that me to the E, hey?
I'm going through this bullshit at 3:53 in the morning
Word to moms I can't believe she tried to hit me
I knew something was fishy but she said she comin to
get me
Talkin about my work and talkin she bring me back
but on the low I didn't notice she'll be robbing when the
jack
I'm sittin on the train I feel the wind with my brain
across some dirt
I'm in the zone I got my motherfuckin crumpy murky
niggaz lookin at me
they owe money, they only bluffing besides I got two
slides before arch and such fuck them niggaz
I lit up my bone jumped in the nine niggaz know what I
mean
I'm in my Queens State of mind
Jumped off the rock-away it's just a block away from
Planners

The block is rather hot they got surveillance tapes and cameras
I seen none of my peeps up on the streets so I keep movin
He follows with de-cursing em I know that some of my crew been hurt
My mind need a touch I roll a touch up while I'm walkin
I take a step for step dolo Dutch and my toilets and my cells
Can't put my finger on just what happened
Me and shorty actin in the ghetto tappin and then they clappin

(Chorus: Mr. Cheeks)

Yo it's real in this battlefield this shit is raw they told us
Like we did butâ€¦ prepare for war
Yo in tight situations, life and death decisions
The nine mill lookin over head at the losers
Yo it's real in this battlefield violence being born
Yo get your life in gear but prepare for war
Yo it's tight situations, life and death decisions
Nine mills with the livin dead
Yo is that how you handle your businesses
Yo still in this battlefield violence being born
But yo shitty year but prepare for war

(Mr. Cheeks)

It's 12 am the next day, the best day
Niggaz at the table smokin weed cleanin text-ay
We got this spannable at 10 and really war
Jack Deanal's headline, man it's time to score
I'm in Terran from the spot where I went out
Smoke about the situation that re-meant out
Now each man on the corner now he watchin me
I forgots he poppin anybody tryin to stop the shit
Perfect, shorties asleep didn't even hear me creep
Now keep it fellas it gets deep
Lit up from motherfucker nail, smacked in the real
When she rose I had to cease the deal
Before she could reply threw the gun down her throat
Threw the bits in the yolk its no joke
I'm a infamous person then I put five in her
Then take my cats out to dinner

(Chorus: Mr. Cheeks)

These tight situations, life and death decisions
Nine mills are livin dead is head or head collisions
It's real in this battlefield violence being born
Get your life in gear but prepare for war
See it's tight situations, life and death decisions
Nine mills with the livin dead is head or head collisions

Man it's real in this battlefield violence is born
Get your shit in gear but prepare for war
Work hard work hard

(Mr. Cheeks)

This is all you wannabe?
Motherfuckers settin the glock
Always got the track, which is never, cause, this is the track
We all right though I still got my track on haha
If I ever get my track on the catwalk then I got some LB fam
Like on this right here LB fam why don't you share like this
'97 Queens Most Wanted, knahl'msayin?
Once before got booed, we keep the track for fam rolls
It's funk rap you know baby, we takin y'all shit
Two homies maddest man knahl'msayin, take ram to ya Spam baby locks it down
Word up, lay shots do whatever you do nigga
Get your life on and all them niggaz that's worrying about the fuck you doing
Mind your FUCK-in business, word to moms
Tear yo, to the real motherfuckers knahl'msayin?
Not to the fake motherfuckers
You know the fake motherfuckers that smile then go behind your back shit on you right?
You know them?
I know that nigga too
I've, motherfuckers know what's wrong with that nigga
I'll beat that nigga ass
Yo all my niggaz say: Beat that nigga ass (beat that nigga ass)
That's my word, we gonna beat his ass
We don't give a fuck man you gotta lick no shots
Throw your hands nigga what's the deal?
You tight, we tight too, man...

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