

T.G. Sheppard

"No Hand Outs"

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Featuring Snaggle Puss]

Verse One: Mad Lib, Xzybit

Yo, look at the way you reactin

I ain't on the microphone actin tough-actin like Tinactin

Madden, dreamin like baddened Aladdin

Families they get saddened, sisters no horror be
cabbin stabbin

Jammin like Isley when I be

Floatin rhymes like a butterfly, stingin em like a bee

IBM's is not computers

Intelligent Black Men radio polluters and riot looters if
any

Plenty of patience perseverance, persistence

And I don't need a county check for government
assistance

Build the knowledge without college abolish like
apartheid

Rip like a riptide, when I arrive

Million Man March, Washington D, C me when I get
there

Pioneer millionair thoughts we all share

In Los Angeles, niggaz stopped tryin to make peace a
long time ago

So it ain't no shock, to hear gunshots, on your block
or maybe even mine on occasion

Regardless of your town, niggaz still tore down and
blast

So Xzybit ask what's worse

To getting rushed by the cops or put your piece down
first, you're

stuck

See either way we've been set up to fail

Throw that nigga in jail if he ain't tryin to see Yale or
Harvard

or Howard, and I reguse to be a coward

Or forced to live off some five twenty-five an hour
bullshit

Xzybit carry on like my brothers did

Handguns and girls hell in hands on and other shit

Chorus: repeat 2X

I don't need nobody, to give me a damn thing

Just open up the door, and I get it myself

Verse Two: Snaggle Puss

Aiyyo the cream of the land has arrived

I got with four hundred lashes and still survived

To this very day, the grafted never let up

So I got a million brothers, and we all fed up

With corruption, that's why we on this mission

To bring equality into the justice system

At any cost, I'm down for what it takes

Now cause when the rioting starts it's too late

So let em drown in my ancestor's blood sweat and tears

They fear, knowledge cause it cuts like a spear

And yeah, we comin like bats out of hell

Cause that's what it's like in the ghettos we dwell

No laughs, you might be the next in the bloodbath

So compare what you got, to what you sposed to have

The end result is we all gettin cheated

Snaggle Puss, etched in stone, so you can read it

Chorus

Verse Three: J-Ro, Tash

To all my black folk here's some liquid lettered soap

I'm down for the upstroke, I'm tired of bein broke

I feel like I'm in the gutter, word to the mudder

Bruddah, I gotta introduce my ends to each other

The facts about black is, nobody relaxes

And those with stacks is like, fuck payin taxes

I drink the cheap wine cause I not be got'en yapes

Thunderbird and Nighthtrain made from the rotten grapes

Dance boy, sing boy, run boy, rap

We'd all be rich if it was boy bust a cap

I gotta watch my back cause sometimes we do stupid shit

I can't even afford a gun to go and shoot you with

I spit on the graves of those who held my people as slaves

I catch your children slippin on the waves

I gotta stay strong, even though the stress is stickin me

I try to get a job but Mickey D ain't even pickin me

While simultaneous I'm bustin with my niggaz just for practice

Cause I see it in my sight to clock a million after taxes

And I know I'm bout to have it cause I know I deserve

Cause I could get you with the bullets but I stick you with words

That'll slit you at the seams my shit is Wilder than Jean

Tash'll eat you like a bowl of fuckin Product 19

Cause Vitamins and C give me wind to do you in

So y'all niggaz got from now until I count backwards from ten

So scram, cause before you get a chance to say
(Daaam!)
I'll be on you like the neighborhood watch program
Cause I'm tryin to make the slams that'll bust your
Cerwin-Vegas
Cause niggaz think life is smokin blunts and playin
Sega
But not I, I make it so you can't fuck with this
Cause I want a new car, plus a pound just to twist
So get up and get out, get a pen write a verse nigga
Do what you gotta do, but yo motherfuck the first
Chorus

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