

Nas F/ Ginuwine

"Let U Tell It"

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(I ain't gotta lie to kick it, or lounge)
(Since everywhere I go is trouble-infested)
(I ain't gotta lie to kick it, or lounge)
(I talks bad, way about a silly tramp bitch)
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(Since everywhere I go is trouble-infested)
(I ain't gotta lie to kick it, or lounge)
(I talks bad, way about a silly tramp bitch) --> Rube

[VERSE 1: Rube]

Congratulations for your patience, folks
Young Rube comin through with the trey gold spokes
I need yokes on a bitch I wanna get with
I need a old school mob with a shift kit
Left, right, head bobbin, mob type of chaos
All you punks talkin jeal', tear the shit way off
Cause I ain't with the funny style charades
I rather hit 'em doggy while I'm tuggin dookie braids
I'm talkin bad muthafucker with the sick rappin
I'm talkin slang from the turf and not the pig latin
My pops told me when I was at the AJ
Never become a suspect of a date rape
If she don't want ya you don't need her
You don't buy her clothes, you don't feed her
Never would I cross over for applause
Never would I save a hoe for the drawers
"Can't we all get along" was the question
That they shot to the blacks and the Mexicans
Answer came back like this, potna, "Eat a dick"
Shit is fucked up and you too blind to see a trick

(I got no words for the sucker butts, the tricks, the clowns)
(And I ain't trippin, my shoes is tied)
(I got no words for the sucker butts, the tricks, the clowns)
(Cause muthafuckers mo' dirty than a shit stain)
(I got no words for the sucker butts, the tricks, the clowns)
(And I ain't trippin, my shoes is tied)
(I got no words for the sucker butts, the tricks, the

clowns)

(Cause muthafuckers mo' dirty than a shit stain) -->

Beesh

[VERSE 2: Beesh]

Crack my cranium, check what's inside

I got a whole lot of things on my mind

Feelin like a bloodclot

I'm stuck in a state, weary of the jack move

I couldn't stand the rock, I stay hip to the black groove

Playa pimpin shittin for the swingers, man

House parties bunk, gettin out of hand

Young buck strivin for the cockola

15 and couldn't wait till I was older

At that point didn't think about carryin

A fat gat, all my potnas, they be buried in

And now I'm my twenties and I'm like fuck

I got the rabbit's foot searchin for the right luck

And house parties shut down before they get started

A young fool had to go and try to get retarded

That's how it goes in the nine-o, I can't deny it

I'm out to get mine, pockets never on a diet

Black on black and brown on brown

Crime in the town, player haters and the cock hounds

(?) old school left in the old days

Before the crack, before the AIDS, before the (?)

(I gaffle on the baggy when I'm jigga-jigga-limpin)

(Funk Slave soldier in the paint gettin heated)

(I gaffle on the baggy when I'm jigga-jigga-limpin)

(The gut runna killa, call me beaver hunter)

(I gaffle on the baggy when I'm jigga-jigga-limpin)

(Funk Slave soldier in the paint gettin heated)

(I gaffle on the baggy when I'm jigga-jigga-limpin)

(The gut runna killa, call me beaver hunter) --> Chezski

[VERSE 3: Chezski]

And really when you think about the pain stroke

Busy tryina do for me and all my kinfolk

I hate it when I'm lookin at my po' father

Strugglin to keep his head above the risin water

But still he's gotta push in the cold wind

Take a look up at his life till it soaks in

And promise to myself when I'm holdin fat

I'ma break him off a chunk and give some love back

Get it 'fore they do is how the game's played

I try to follow rules and mama Kool-Aid

Then again I'm lookin up for the steep hill

My people first, and need a nother refill

And brothers on the search for the good job

Tired of bein labelled as an old slob

But never does he find what he look fo'
A lotta jobs for the rich and none for the po'
That's why I'm dippin low with a loose screw
And when it comes to this it ain't shit new
Real to the say and tell it all straight
Never trippin off the fools that wanna raise hate

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