

## **Pit Bull**

### **"A Little Story"**

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School ya'll to somethin right quick  
Sit down, open your ears, close your eyes, listen

Here's a little story that I got to tell  
About this Chico named Pit everyone knows so well  
Illmatic like Nas but that ain't hard to tell  
Owes it all to Dade County and the ATL  
Picked rap and skipped the triple beam scale  
And it's a known fact he gon' die before he fails  
These boys rap about hustlin' but can't make bail  
I call that hustling backwards and that's real  
Miami's hot so I can vacation in hell  
The way the game is shit, man, I mind as well  
I look at these fools on camera flashin' they tools  
They must've forgot the streets got codes and rules  
But me, I'm confused  
'Cause rappers wanna be gangstas  
Gangstas wanna be rappers  
Ballers wanna be rappers  
And rappers wanna be ballers  
The truth is it's more sickening than Ebola  
Until they handcuff then it's over  
Pop up no dandruff, no neck, just head and shoulders  
Bust guns, sell drugs, that's what the streets showed  
us  
But corporate America, that's what they sold us

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