

## **How To Be A Player Movie**

### **"Down Wit Us"**

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My nigga Erick Sermon, is down wit us

My man Lil' Jamal, is down wit us

My Def Squad click, is down wit us

The Pack Pistol Posse is down wit us yo

My L.O.D. click, is down wit us

We're number one!

Ha ha ha, ha ha, yo yo, yo well yo

It's the Red Moolie, yellin for the villain in the movie

I'm like Kentucky, I pack a biscuit and a two-piece

Ya nod thorough, blows like the tri-borough

I die thorough with a metal on my chest sayin Def

Check out the rhythm that I cook up

You too scared to look up, you're merkin

I Set it Off like La in that big-ass Suburban \*errrr\*

Bumrush your villa then I'm closin all the curtains,  
LIGHTS OUT

Who's next to get stomped? I smash hardcore from  
Jerz

to the South South Bronx, the bizarre rap non-superstar

of course, my Actions Affirmative like Nas Escobar

Flip a quarter, heads or tails you're gettin slaughtered

I blow the S-L boy out of order

My mental disorder is pure water

I hit your wifey doggystyle in the Land

while the CD program's on 'Whatever Man'

My peoples up in Jersey, is down wit us, uhh

My peoples locked down, down wit us, uhh

My peoples in New York, is down wit us

The housing projects, is down wit us

My people who be hustlin is down wit us

Cause makin funky music is a must

I'm number one!

Ha haa! Check it check check check here we go huh  
huh

Aiyyo, throw yo' hands up in the motherfuckin air

And wave em, until y'all cash flows hit the pavement

Fuck the B-X, I roll on fours like G-S

Signed truly yours, Funk Doctor Spock, P.S.

Rumble in the Jungle, I bumped into Fugees

on the humble, on the one-deuce, my bundles

be raw diggy, surprise you like you saw titties

on that, milk chick, watch me damage your acoustics

The Muddy Waters be blowin your tape recorders

Pull out the four niggaz steppin like they on a Nord(ic)

Track, cool out black got no time for scratch

You wanna battle, here's a lyric with a bomb attached  
\*pssst\*

These your peoples, you better call em back before I  
beat through

his windpipe, with the cordless mic and the cerebral

HAHH, look up in the motharfuckin sky, it's a

widow, pushin a fifteen zero zero

With tinted windows, so it's hard to look through

Chickenhead shotgun, pumpin Erykah Badu

Don't snooze, you'll be like damn is it the shoes?

The way I maneuv I could slip a uz in school

I been a raw dog since I brought me an eighth

And Can't Nobody Hold Me Down like I'm Puffy and  
Mase

Ha hah, ha ha ha! Ha ha, aiyyo, aiyyo

Fox Boogie Brown, is down wit us

My nigga Meth-Tical, is down wit us

Yo, Thuggish Ruggish Flesh, is down wit us, yo

Yo, my homie Richie Rich, is down wit us, yo

That nigga LL Cool, is down wit us, yo

My dog Warren G, is down wit us

We're number one!

Ha hah, ha hah, ya-ha-ha, yo yo

Trigger the Gambler, down wit us, yo

My peeps West coast, is down wit us, yo

My peeps who pack toast, is down wit us yo

Atlanta, G-A, is down wit us yo

My peeps in Virginia, is down wit us yo

North Carolina, is down wit us yo

My peeps in D.C., is down wit us yo

My peeps in...

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