

## Jake One f/ Blueprint

### "Scared"

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[Intro - Blueprint - talking] You know what time it is (you know what time it is) Yeah (yeah) [Verse 1 - Blueprint]  
Bad Italian chick, loud mouth, kind of thick Timid in the sack and experienced, scared of the dick Still she got juice like Tony Soprano So when I touch down in her town, she scoop me up pronto Cracked the bottle on some boogie shit I couldn't pronounce In a restaurant she walked up in just like it's a house Sit back, crackin jokes with the waiters in their native language Tippin extra big, I didn't get a chance to pay it My eyes sold a thing 'cause I ain't have to say it She lookin like a model, make you want to take it home and spank it Kool-Aid smiles, every time I seen her naked Fun to kick it with, but her lifestyle was dangerous ('style was dangerous) I chilled at her spot when I wasn't on tour Had to keep her on a chain 'cause she kept it so raw (so raw) She didn't have to tell me what she did for a living She had two different apartments in the same building (same building) I'm there chillin, eatin Pop Tarts watching "The Love Boat" In my drawers, half asleep (half asleep), she deep in her blunt smoke Heard a knock at her door, I thought it might be her folks She grabbed a burner, right then some brothers kicked in a deadbolt (deadbolt) Ski masks and block hoodies, all that I saw That saw me, but didn't see my shorty down on the floor I played dumb, homie snatched me up and asked "where the coke at?" His face exploded, shorty a surgeon with the gat (\*gun shot\*) He dropped, body stiff, blood splattered my shit I dipped behind the kitchen counter, not tryin to get hit Two other dudes still standin, one got a shotty Other one a twenty-two, that ain't hurtin nobody He started runnin right past me, forgot I was there So I trip him up, she grab him, put the gat to his ear Tell his man to drop the burner or his boy gettin sprayed But he ran, so she popped his boy anyway (\*gun shot\*) I'm throwin up like a little bitch, there's blood everywhere She dropped dude's dead body in a La-Z-Boy chair Lit a square, call the cops, told 'em "get over here!" (get over here) I'm shook until she tell me "ain't no work up in here" (work up in here) Cops get there with ambulances, she got all

the perfect answers Totally prepared for what the 5-0  
was askin us I'm panicked but it's obvious this chick is a  
pro File a report, told 'em everything they wanted to  
know (they wanted to know) She hella calm for a chick  
sittin on so much blow She smile, flirted, then walked  
'em out to the door Couldn't ignore how shorty looked  
like she seen it before Gangsta (gangsta), not worried  
about a thing from the law I had to ask her a question  
on some serious shit (serious shit) These dudes kicked  
in your door and you ain't even flinch You just caught  
two bodies, made another one dip Girl you a pro with a  
gat but why you scared of the dick?

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