

**Jason Lockhart****"Who Been There, Who Done That"**

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chorus

who been there, who done that  
you got snapped, becuz you still rap  
a million mc'z on this planet earth  
better watch your back and peep the game  
or you will get jerked (2x)

verse i

no question the real about d-r-e  
that he's been there had me written rhyme for free  
ain't trying to give a nigga no roy-yal-tee  
make a mil off my shit and give me a few g'z  
since way back when he was with eazy  
stealing credits from snoop and the d.o.c.  
can't forget barney rubbles and the d-a-z  
ain't deshing on his own since 73'  
worldwide  
can't deinied that the fact you lie  
got niggas steady working while you steady jerking  
on the side it's not your style see you know what's  
really fowl  
these niggas wonder how you do it with a smile  
it's the real not out of the spike  
if it wasn't for suge knight you'll be working for tamica  
wright  
do your math before the aftermath  
or feel the warth  
i'm kicking for real for the niggas who don't know the  
half

chorus

verse ii

young black ebenezer scrooge betray us like caeser  
pocket squeezer gas my head like some good refer  
cuz' a fool gets his dope all slit  
i guess i played the fool and he got what he could get  
but i'm a little wiser now  
so i guess he got to find another pimp-pal  
and jack they style and live off they flows  
he wanted me to fire my manager (what)

she was asking about my pesos  
doing shit like that, you'll never be the quincey jones of  
rap  
it only gets you wipe off the map  
you out to screw  
you got my loot i'm gonna sue but if you were true  
you wouldn't do what you do  
but instead you take other niggas rhymes and beats  
and say you did them becuz you twisted and twick  
j-flex with the real  
comeing from eastside of the crew  
letting the whole fucking world know who

chorus

verse iii

i should be a millionair with mad loot to spear  
but when the chopper told me that the loot wasn't there  
somebody wasn't playing fair  
off my ends dre was bubbleing  
ain't nuthin' goin' on but the fuckin' publishing  
never thought flex could read between the lies  
and when i figure out your plot you act surprise  
you diguise your grieves with a grin  
and yet you got to pay me one day or hit the courtroom  
once again  
"boolayall"  
pay me my ends or take the fall you dying and  
indicining but i come raw  
give me the cash and take a foot up yo azz  
and bounce on through  
cuz i'm a let the world know who

chorus

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