

## Jaylib

### "The Mission"

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[J Dilla]

Madlib turn the strings up  
My knuckleheads, put them things with the beams up  
You won't need your heat this time around  
I spits fire, it's like the rounds are rounds  
In a big ass block of the bitch-ass niggaz  
who wan' hate, cause they don't get cash with us  
But they really on Jay and Mad dilznick  
If you want the truth then that's just it  
Them sick cause I slipped they chick this magic stick  
We all act, can we get them balls back  
I keeps it simple as well as complicated  
Jaylib for service, just compensate us  
I'm tryin to cop the Maker's and hop up in the latest  
whips  
Caked rockin gators  
It's P.I., D.I. and L.I.B.  
Better know what the hell I bring, it's fire

[scratched in samples]

"Real game out here man, knahmsayin"  
"The name is Dilla dog"  
"For gosh sakes, what a nigga gotta do"

[J Dilla]

Now let me speak on these journalists  
Only the ones who need to learn and listen  
Before they criticize verses that burns kitchens  
Live from the land of Hearn's and Pistons  
You heard me~?! Beats and rhymes so dirty  
Play it too loud and you'll feel a burn where you pissin  
Up, my nigga turn the motherfuckin strings up  
The ultimate link-up, about to cha-ching up  
Jaylib baby don't forget the name  
How you want it, Beemer four-fifth or Range  
Come see the Dilla lay with the fifth  
Maybe you can write an article about how Jay play with  
them whips  
And who said producers ain't supposed to rap  
They don't want the Ruger to bang well close your traps  
Better not run them jibs or fibs no more

We pullin plugs so haters {\*gunshots\* }

[Outro]

Now, I know all y'all been all around  
And dug damn near everything that goes down  
And you know a nigga will brag and look clean  
And I don't give a damn what happen, he's always on  
the scene  
It ain't too much that pass a nigga's eyes  
But he's a motherfucker, that's no lie {\*laughter and  
applause\* }

I know when y'all leave, y'all y'all gon' smoke that weed  
Especially them niggaz from Compton, they don't  
smoke nothin BUT some weed  
They'll pass that damn mall, no shit  
Say you can have a whole ounce of weed, that's right  
I tried that shit, I smoked a joint last night  
That shit improves your eyesight too, don't it so, shit  
On a clear day I can see them countin that yang money  
over in Vietnam  
No shit~! On a cloudy day I can see them jokers in New  
York  
I was so fucked up the other night I dialed the operator  
I said hey operator, give me head, long dick  
The bitch hung up on me  
I dialed right back I said hey operator I said gimme  
head on long distance  
She said well drop a dime nigga that's a local call

{\*live concert sound not part of the song for the last 30  
seconds\* }

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