

## Tone Loc

### "They Lied"

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[Juvenile]

I'm pot, and I can't say shit about skillet  
If you got a spot movin sellin bricks I can feel it  
Done mapped it all out, done made some phone calls  
We all got big dreams of seein the project ball  
After all, seperation is the downfall  
Instead of a chain of command niggaz wanna shot call  
That overnight money could be lose-your-life money  
Everybody want the crooked instead of the right money  
And then I ain't no better either, cause I lead a  
life of crime if I gotta fight for mine  
Look - somebody ain't leavin with a stripe this time  
Y'all don't want a drunk nigga gettin hype with nines  
My ex-girl done told me I can't see my children  
I hope nobody play with me cause I might kill them  
Shit, motherfuckers ain't never satisfied  
If you think niggaz don't have problems - they lied

[Chorus]

You niggaz think we don't have problems? They lied to  
ya  
You niggaz think we ain't with problems? Look they lied  
to ya  
You niggaz think we all hoes? Look they lied to ya  
Y'all think we dirty in our nose? Look they lied to ya  
You niggaz think we don't have problems? Look they  
lied to ya  
You niggaz think we ain't with problems? They done  
lied to ya  
You niggaz think we all hoes? They done lied to ya  
Y'all think we dirty in our nose? They done lied to ya

[Baby]

Fa sho' wodie  
Don't get me fucked up, cause you seen me on a movie  
We keep it real hood when we do a fuckin movie  
You saw us on the video, playin with hoes  
But you can find me in my ghetto nigga, totin a fo'-fo'  
I'm real with this shit nigga we dash on five-oh  
A big dice game nigga fuck them five-oh's  
I keep the same game nigga crack a guerilla hoe

I play the same thangs but my prices get cheaper  
though  
I pull up in the Range Rover twenty inch mo-mo's  
I been through hard times, that nobody know  
Slang dimes crack times you could believe that wo'  
Comin through in the Bentley V-12 y'know  
Ten a ki is the price and we don't love no hoes  
Water whip playin games slingin bad ya-yo  
Jam him up and bust his head while he on that dope  
I got a bad feelin so I needs to go  
Fa sho' - you understand? Nigga outta line?  
You better bust his motherfuckin head wodie

[Chorus] - 0.75X

[Juvenile]

I'm the motherfucker killed your boy, and what?  
You gon' do somethin bout it? Bitch nigga then stand  
up  
I'm not responsible for all the people that's gon' bitch  
out  
And innocent bystanders, that be up on yo' blocks  
Ain't no encyclopedia could teach me the hood  
How to not give out no credit and distribute the goods  
How police gon' hound me, investigate 'round me  
Catch me with a firearm them bitches gon' down me  
And I'm beefin with the biggest nigga in the city with  
work  
Ain't no tellin who he got workin for him in blue shirts  
If I hurt, then you hurt, you got work? I take yours  
I gotta records durin the season like the Lakers  
It's not for fun I got a gun you try to run I'm poppin one  
I'm to' up from the flo' up, just look at what the block  
done done  
I can't sleep - cause I'm too far in it  
I took over this motherfucker cause I knew y'all finished

[Chorus]

[Juvenile]

F'real man I ain't tryin to disrespect none of you niggaz  
out chea  
If you do what you do, do it well  
Knowhat!msayin? I ain't playa hatin I'm congratlatin  
I'm tryin to teach you niggaz how to get offa these  
streets  
And how to accumulate money, so you can be  
successful  
like the rest of these niggaz that are out chea, that's on  
TV  
These niggaz on MTV, BET, The Box and what have we

All you niggaz could be successful  
But I want y'all motherfuckers to know we suffer just  
like y'all  
Man we go through it, we been through it  
But I'll slang iron if I gotta protect mine, believe that

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