

Makin' crazy tracks it's mellow with the music
Did you know that you have a mind so use it
Now this may sound confusin', yes yes indeed
You got what you want, well I got what I need
Walk down the block and say hi to the fellas
Lookin' at ya funny, maybe it's 'cos they're jealous
Don't let it hit the spot, 'cos they want what you got
To knock you out the box and fill ya empty slot
So hustle like a gigolo and go for what you know
If you need a lesson get tickets to my show
If you called the ho, yo there must be a reason
You caught some ill shit, now ya gotta stop the
skeezin'
Get a job hooker, better yet pick up a book
Step in front the mirror and take a long look
This method of attack is opposite of wack
So if ya got the knack it's time to make tracks
Lookin' like the next man, is that who you are?
Copy cattin' nigga's won't take ya very far
So be your own man son, live your life grand
Be your own ruler of your own plot of land
Sellin' crystal meth aka the crack rock
Don't be too mad when ya find ya ass locked
Killin' off ya brothers, stringin' out ya mother
That may not be your case but it surely is for others
Doin' dirty deeds, and pullin' off the capers
Now you're lookin' gassed with ya picture in the papers
Far from being wack, yo if you're proud and black
You'll listen to the rap and then you'll make tracks
Bootleg tapes? Yo, what are you, crazy?
Knockin' niggas out, huh, that shit don't faze me
Don't let me catch you boy, I'll play you like a toy
Not tryin' to be a bully, but I'm quick to stop your
ploy
There's better things to do, other ways of getting'
paid
Illin', cold chillin', and layin' in the shade
Just look at Hi-C and Rahsaan for example
We're too legit to quit and our dough supply is ample
So if ya gotta brain or a head on your shoulders
Better use it quick 'cos you're only getting' older
It's knowledge that I kick, it's courage that you lack
Ya best to get it fast duke, and make tracks