

[ JED ]

Nigga what's up

What?

What's yo muthafuckin problem?

- Better than sayin jack

They let me go

Yo muthafucka, I don't wanna hear that weak shit

- Nigga what?

Fuck that, I don't wanna hear that weak shit,

you old rat-infested government informant cheese-eatin ass son of a bitch!

You better have your vest on cause you 'bout to come up short

( \*shots\* )

[ VERSE 1: Richie Rich ]

Caught a brother one day gettin out of a cop car

I know there's more to come, but the few that have so far

Talked to police about more than a court date

They're victims of a certain situation I'll illustrate

Day-to-day pigeons poppin all that junk

About the dollars they makin, a half a ki in the trunk

Mobile phone in his lap and ten cars in the shop

Sellin more than coke and side orders of hop

But there's a catch to that, the boy wasn't prepared

He caught a case on a humbug, now he's scared

No more hangin with the fellas drinkin gin and juice

He's in a situation now where he can't be loose

Everybody wears jailies and sleeps on bunks

And it's easy to tell the men from the punks

So the ones who rhyme but run they mouths like bitches

Wants to hit the bullpen, they turn snitches

[ JED ]

That's why I don't fuck with these old soft ass niggas,

out here runnin round here like they 187 artists.

Killers don't talk!

And these hoes supposed to be high roller ass niggas?

Ain't that a bitch!

Everytime I look around instead of stickin to the rules of the game,

they let circus asses makin decisions for themselves.

[ Richie Rich ]

Yeah, it's hard times, Young JED,

but it goes a little somethin like this:

[ VERSE 2: Richie Rich ]

The game is hard as wood, the macks don't splinter

But yet and still trick-ass niggas wanna enter

And with ballot in hand they rush to vote

To elect themselves into this game of dope

But yo bro, the situation is real

Don't slip in this game on a banana peel

There's a lot of brothers runnin around pluckin collars

Stuck up due to the fact they got dollars

Most of em punks gettin marked by young bitches

Put in the county, and the punks turn snitches

Given a alias, now he's set free

Or offered his job to be an f-e-d

I don't understand how a brother could turn

His cheek on another, homie, when will ya learn?  
The talkin to cops makes it ten times worse  
But they keep on talkin, verse after verse  
Why do brothers wanna hop in this game?  
Runnin around, they don't know the main frame  
And when they're caught, they get to talkin like Polly  
But they don't want a cracker, just bumpin em, snitchin  
You know what I mean?  
Now it's the high rollers and not the fiends  
Take off the Rolex and park all the cars  
You just a punk, yeah, you know who you are  
Why did you get in the game if you wasn't equipped?  
So what you're havin money and your car is whipped?  
Keep talkin to police, then you're gonna get ???  
Cause you'se a punk in a city of players, you'se a stupid muthafucka

[ JED ]

Double R..

What's up with these old broke, bus ticket-type ass bitches out here, huh?  
Always tryin to get with a nigga with some mail..  
They need to get a muthafuckin j-o-b..  
Quit blowin up these niggas' beepers,  
old stankin ass muthafuckin bitches..  
Here's somethin I wanna tell all you hoes:  
Fuck you!

[ VERSE 3: Richie Rich ]

Man, these hoes in the Town ain't shit  
Can't fuck with a nigga unless he's rich  
Sportin gold ones, man, tryin to make that mail  
Hoe mopin and hopin that you would treat her to nails  
Hoe, I can't treat, nah, nah, it's '89  
Back in '87 when I was stuck to the grind  
Money flowin like a river but hoe, I'm not trickin  
My Zapco's hittin so hard, the light's clippin  
Girls on the bus stop, all of them coppin a plea  
To get with the man who slings d  
Whether ridin a 'Stang or a rag top Beamer  
The h-o's want to get with who's cleaner  
So boys from the O, all of those who make riches  
What do we do? Dog bitches  
Knockin and sockin is a everyday thing  
The turfs and the side show is where the boys hang  
Hoe on jock for a brother with a fade  
Some zeniths, some vogues and the boy's got it made  
As she makes the block with a baby in a stroller  
Her only destination: to find a high roller  
But hoe get real, run and go get a job  
Cause if I ever come to snatch ya, I be ridin a mob

( \*horn honked\* )

[ woman ]

Who is that?

[ Richie Rich ]

It's me, come on..

[ woman ]

Ah-ah, I didn't recognize you in that shit..

Where your Mustang?

[ Richie Rich ]

Ain't that about a bitch?

These hoes out here think niggas gon' taxi em around on gold ones?

Nah-nah, it's 1990, y'all hoes better ??? to these muthafuckin old schools  
Bitch, jump in the bucket..

[ woman ]

The door don't open..

[ JED ]

Double R, fuck that hoe!

Tell her make like the muthafuckin Duke boys and crawl through the muthafuck  
in window

(Snitches) (snitches) [fades]

(Bitches) (bitches) [fades]