

## Treat 'Em Right

Chubb Rock

Nineteen ninety, Chubb Rock jumps up on the scene  
with a lean and a pocket full of green  
The green doesn't symbolize I made it on the top  
But Robocop last year was a shock  
The tone of the Popeye cut shook your butt  
Kids are screaming; the media says, "What...  
kind of music is this for you to dance to?"  
The man with the plan and the man demands you  
Leave the smack and the crack for the wack  
Or the vile and the nine; keep a smile like that  
Leave the knife and the gun in the store  
and ignore temptation, sent by the nation  
Racial gain causes pain; need a new rep  
In your hearts and minds never forget Yusef  
Hawkins  
And you're walking  
You don't just run  
Black on black; remember that; it's important  
Anyway the shunless one brings forth the fun  
No hatred; the summer's almost done  
No time for sleep  
Jump in your Jeep  
And pump up the funky beat a whole week  
Beeper goes off yo smash it and trash it  
You're too young to be plumped in a casket  
Just get your boys and bring the noise  
And just swing it  
And party people, sing it  
Chorus:  
Treat me right  
I'll treat you good  
Kids in the crib want dibs on the big man  
"Can he come out? Can he come out and slam a jam?  
"I'm his number one fan, yes I am"  
All these kids realize that I'm the man  
Six foot three and maybe a quarter of an inch bigger  
Than last year, but still a unique figure  
Rob Swinger, Doc No, Dinky, and Hot Dog know  
That I'm a man who was born to have a mic on  
Next to me at all time; ready to kick a rhyme  
That will keep me out of financial bind  
That's why when it comes to fans I'm never mean  
Kids on St. James between Gates and Greene  
Always say hello, cause I'm a modest fellow  
Never try to play a super star that's hollow  
Cause if these kids don't go buy our records  
We'll be has-beens - and plus naked  
So we owe them, to pull out your pen  
Sign an autograph; you might make a new friend  
So just get your boys and bring the noise and just swing it  
And party people in the house, sing it  
Chorus  
Party people in the house, listen up  
I'm the man with the plan and the man rips it up  
Peace to Howie Tee, good lookin', gee  
Swinger, Hot Dog, Doc No, Bud, Ev Lover, Dinky  
Fish and chips with the hippy hippy hips

Before the tune ends, give me some lips (ah!)  
Sanity Crystal, my niece  
And Lady Kazam, my homegirl, peace  
And leave the guns and have fun; out!  
And oh yeah, sing it  
Chorus  
Break  
Well coming back  
To nineteen ninety  
Chubb Rock jumps up on the scene with a lean and a hardcore dream  
The dream wasn't crafted to be pornographic  
Decency started from the crib, plus kids  
Don't need to hear all of that on the rap  
The strength of my vibe placed Chubbs on the map  
Cause authority, seniority goes far  
My staff gives autographs plus gives nuff laughs  
Read my mic, heed my sight, and definitely lead you right  
Just treat me right  
Peace  
Treat me right  
Treat me right  
Treat me right