

What It Be Like

Delinquent Habits

This be for the hard-core O.G. real funk fans
The ones that pumpin' up the party
Jump and shake your hands
And let your joint blaze smoke up and get a little higher
If the cherry goes out then relight the fire
Pump it up and do this swing for mine baby
Ives in the party ya'll time to get crazy
Swing it left swing it right swing it back and to the front ha
No takin' or the fakin' cause we givin' what you want ha
Pure bread born and raised the underground system
My recipes so ill you'll think I'm crazy if I list em
So I choose to freak it from the dawn till the light
To let you listen' hard to what it be like
What it be like tell me what it be like
What it really be like what it be like
What it be like tell me what it be like
Do you know what it be like cause I know what it be like
I'm steppin' up back up straight up so delinquente
You won't be saying shit after I sock you in the frente
So what's it gonna be sucka what it be like?
As I descend from the trend every muthafuckin' night
And so I gotta keep the rhymes kinda funky you know
I'm still rollin' in the jacked up Chevy '64
You need to ease back sucka you need to pipe down
Delinquent type of hound is what you're gettin' from the realm
When I'm steppin' through the fog my dogs are kinda fatal
I'll swat you like a fly that's on my kitchen table
If another day ends still a new dawn breaks
And once again I'm droppin' shit upon this 2 inch tape
See this be like discussion of the facts
Over hip-hop chords
The Lower EastSide allow me kick the funk no fraud
See it's the third time for the Ives my news flash
No matter what I'm still gonna be the poor white trash
Diggin up and out the ghetto
Hard raised and rockin'
From backspinnin' from freakin' the beat and pop-lockin'
From early days I'm steppin' to battle like a vulture
It's all just a part of the hip-hop culture