

## The Mission

Jaylib

Madlib turn the strings up  
My knuckleheads, put them things with the beams up  
You won't need your heat this time around  
I spits fire, it's like the rounds are rounds  
In a big ass block of the bitch-ass niggaz  
Who wan' hate, cause they don't get cash with us  
But they really on Jay and Mad dilznick  
If you want the truth then that's just it  
Them sick cause I slipped they chick this magic stick  
We all act, can we get them balls back  
I keeps it simple as well as complicated  
Jaylib for service, just compensate us  
I'm tryin to cop the Maker's and hop up in the latest whips  
Caked rockin gators  
It's P.I., D.I. and L.I.B.  
Better know what the hell I bring, it's fire

Yo, wait, now let me speak on these journalists  
Only the ones who need to learn and listen  
Before they criticize verses that burns kitchens  
Live from the land of Hearn's and Pistons  
You heard me~? ! Beats and rhymes so dirty  
Play it too loud and you'll feel a burn where you pissin  
Up, my nigga turn the motherfuckin strings up  
The ultimate link-up, about to cha-ching up  
Jaylib baby don't forget the name  
How you want it, Beemer four-fifth or Range  
Come see the Dilla lay with the fifth  
Maybe you can write an article about how Jay play with them whips  
And who said producers ain't supposed to rap  
They don't want the Ruger to bang well close your traps  
Better not run them jibs or fibs no more  
We pullin plugs so haters ("can't live no more")