

## My Interview

Rittz

-So tell me.. who is Rittz?  
That's a stupid question  
Bitch , Rittz is me  
A white boy from windy county Georgia  
Been doing for some years never gave up  
Now I get to live my dream  
-And.. when did you start to rap?  
I think I started to rap back in '92  
I got to rhyme with Snoop  
Or some dude that I rode the bus with  
Tried to get the boys for me when I went to school  
-So.. how'd your family act?  
About the fact of rap they used to hate it  
Instead I was actin' blat, pull your pants up boy  
Mom and dad would snap  
I had to grab Uncle Jack with the hat to match  
-Would you make good grades?  
Hell no I been flown  
Seventh grade eighth grade ninth grade enough  
I got still from selling weed and never came back  
Everyday it would check my book bag for drugs  
-Where did you get the name Rittz from?  
That's another dumb question  
Are you a dumb bitch?  
It's obvious that I got the name after the crack  
Because I'm white, please next subject  
-You got an attitude honey?  
I apologize  
Plus I'm a little drunk and I'm always tired  
I don't answer these questions a thousand times  
And please still don't know my name and I'm a God  
It's like  
(Hook)  
Everybody's asking all this shit about me  
Wondering where I came from  
Questioning my surroundings  
And the same motherfuckers that damned me  
Bitter haters that used to down me  
And I'm trying to answer their questions but my  
memories just too cloudy for  
My interview...  
(What's your name? Rittz bitch , where you from? G , A  
getting fucked up for..)  
My interview...  
(What's your name? Rittz bitch , where you from? G , A  
bitch stop for ..)  
My interview...  
(What's your name? Rittz bitch , where you from? G , A  
have you sittin for..)  
My interview...  
(What's your name? Rittz bitch , where you be?)  
-Was it hard to come here in Atlanta?  
Ye kinda soft  
If you need this type of shit the players have to claw  
And these strippers don't dance and the radio don't  
play  
And besides showing no signs of law

God damn right  
There's a ton of us to represent so hard  
Don't let the worse off burn you off  
How people moved in get their hair blown off  
-I heard you rap about drugs alot,  
You probably would too if you grew up on a shed of sea  
16 I was with the things, the shit changed in '96 the  
left came  
-What you mean?  
Everybody getting mama get their JC  
Try and home invasions on robbers week  
Kept running from the JCPD  
'Cause the crime rate kept increasing weekly  
-But is that a set you could you rhyme about?  
Fuck yes so many nights been spending in my mama's  
house  
Geeked up and all scared that I might be thinking I'm  
die trying to ride tonight  
-But to change the subject, what's up with your hair  
God damn why do people care  
Got raw man coming under me when it's something like  
Please say you didn't cut her this affair  
And I swear it's like  
(Hook)  
Everybody's asking all this shit about me  
Wondering where I came from  
Questioning my surroundings  
And the same motherfuckers that damned me  
Bitter haters that used to down me  
And I'm trying to answer their questions but my  
memories just too cloudy for  
My interview...  
(What's your name? Rittz bitch , where you from? G , A  
getting fucked up for..)  
My interview...  
(What's your name? Rittz bitch , where you from? G , A  
bitch stop for ..)  
My interview...  
(What's your name? Rittz bitch , where you from? G , A  
have you sittin for..)  
My interview...  
(What's your name? Rittz bitch , where you be?)  
-So Yelawolf discovered you ,right?  
He said if he ever got the chance he would put me on  
And when he blew it in , I owe him everything  
So if anybody fuck with my dude again  
-So is it still american?  
Of course it is  
Warrup shawty fat warrup stroll  
Warrup new port, warrup wim  
I'm about to kill shit  
Can't nobody stop us dog  
-What do you say to those who say you rap too fast?  
Don't listen to the view that are ready to rhyme  
They cost you nothin' pending no mind  
Old soap both fuck a little linen alot  
-You gettin' money now, right?  
I came october off 20 grand  
I put it down pay down my new carpet  
My manager's off now I got like 16  
I go out of town again  
-How'd your girlfriend dealing with your new success  
When I'm gone on the road all she does is cry

And the dudes she would cheat and is sleeping with her  
When I'm using and chilling getting drunk and high  
-Last question, do you think the world is ready for a  
fat long hair bitch shit like you?  
Fuck yeah bitch indeed I do , and I guess I gotta make  
you a believer too  
It's like  
(Hook)  
Everybody's asking all this shit about me  
Wondering where I came from  
Questioning my surroundings  
And the same motherfuckers that damned me  
Bitter haters that used to down me  
And I'm trying to answer their questions but my  
memories just too cloudy for  
My interview...  
(What's your name? Rittz bitch , where you from? G , A  
getting fucked up for..)  
My interview...  
(What's your name? Rittz bitch , where you from? G , A  
bitch stop for ..)  
My interview...  
(What's your name? Rittz bitch , where you from? G , A  
have you sittin for..)  
My interview...  
(What's your name? Rittz bitch , where you be?)