

## Tell Me

U-God

(Tell me... tell me...)  
What would you do? Hillside Scramblers  
Loose links, what would you?  
Uh, check it, yo, yo, yo  
I'm down for the get down, down wanna spit rounds  
He started the beef, now, wanna split town  
With the mark of the beast, thinkin' you the shit now  
Four pound whippin' the flesh, better sit it down  
Get it clown? You done started something  
I put it down, and you just started hustlin'  
Gettin' thirty off of a bundle, you project nothing  
You'll get linked in a rumble, you project frontin'  
Catch beef in the J's, it's project dumping  
Test your heat when it blaze, better target something  
Even my dick iced out, I be hard at fucking  
Niggaz need to stop biting and try to market something  
Niggaz need to start writing, your bark ain't nothing  
Your tracks ain't hot, and your back don't function  
Got the rap game locked, the crack game dumping  
Got the crime scene hot, the club scene thumping, what?  
Tell me: what would you do?  
If you was in my shoes and the nigga had the drop  
Would you shoot first? Or get shot?  
Or lift the earth from under his feet and make his boots rock  
Tell me..  
I can't stand it, people try to judge me  
Especially the ones that said they love me, try to take me for granted  
I been stranded with a mental block, sippin' expensive shots is hot  
I could kiss the man who invented the glock  
The thermometer pops burger, I stay on cock  
So whenever my dogs call me, I'll be there, the end of story  
Surrenders gory, close the book after the final chapter  
Gradual bullets that travel faster than yacht masters  
Hot ratchets that'll spin you, like a spinning top backward