

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