

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