

Makin' crazy tracks it's mellow with the music  
Did you know that you have a mind so use it  
Now this may sound confusin', yes yes indeed  
You got what you want, well I got what I need  
Walk down the block and say hi to the fellas  
Lookin' at ya funny, maybe it's 'cos they're jealous  
Don't let it hit the spot, 'cos they want what you got  
To knock you out the box and fill ya empty slot  
So hustle like a gigolo and go for what you know  
If you need a lesson get tickets to my show  
If you called the ho, yo there must be a reason  
You caught some ill shit, now ya gotta stop the  
skeezin'  
Get a job hooker, better yet pick up a book  
Step in front the mirror and take a long look  
This method of attack is opposite of wack  
So if ya got the knack it's time to make tracks  
Lookin' like the next man, is that who you are?  
Copy cattin' nigga's won't take ya very far  
So be your own man son, live your life grand  
Be your own ruler of your own plot of land  
Sellin' crystal meth aka the crack rock  
Don't be too mad when ya find ya ass locked  
Killin' off ya brothers, stringin' out ya mother  
That may not be your case but it surely is for others  
Doin' dirty deeds, and pullin' off the capers  
Now you're lookin' gassed with ya picture in the papers  
Far from being wack, yo if you're proud and black  
You'll listen to the rap and then you'll make tracks  
Bootleg tapes? Yo, what are you, crazy?  
Knockin' niggas out, huh, that shit don't faze me  
Don't let me catch you boy, I'll play you like a toy  
Not tryin' to be a bully, but I'm quick to stop your  
ploy  
There's better things to do, other ways of getting'  
paid  
Illin', cold chillin', and layin' in the shade  
Just look at Hi-C and Rahsaan for example  
We're too legit to quit and our dough supply is ample  
So if ya gotta brain or a head on your shoulders  
Better use it quick 'cos you're only getting' older  
It's knowledge that I kick, it's courage that you lack  
Ya best to get it fast duke, and make tracks