

The Autobiography

WC

It's about that time nigga
For what?
Redo this motherfucker look I found it nigga
Ahh hell naw nigga!
Sheyitt

Now here we go, y'all gotta play this
Due to you bitch-ass niggaz I'ma maze this
rearranged funk and refreak the track
The Godfather of Underground Rap is back
Banged out the game as I ride with the Benji's
Fuck off the hook, nigga I'm off the fuckin hinges
No gimmicks, just a crew of driveby shooters
Coupe de Ville swoopers, looters and Stax loopers
I started off way back sick with a mentality
Wicked got down kickin it with the Syndicate
Just a lil' nigga seein ways to get paid
Levi corduroy saggin with french braids
No overnight success, no tinted windows
No limos, just a hungry nigga doin demos
The year eighty-eight, the group was Low Pro
When niggaz used to swerve on Lincoln's and Vogues
Loc these niggaz ain't knowin about payin no dues, the shit I d
one been through
Gone through, put through, was bruised too so it's time to scho
ol these foes
Looka there, as I walk the rugged road of the path
I gets flashbacks, and thrash mash, enemies in my path
Hustler turn your page to nineteen eighty-nine
When a young nigga first signed the dotted line, I was
bang bang, boogie with the music
Took the old funk track, and relooped it
Dropped "Payin Dues" for a small amount of cheddar
The name of the LP was "We In This Together"

Awww shit, what the fuck why you sto
Man this motherfuckin pager keep goin off
Look I'm tired of these bitches!
Youse a cold nigga!
No shit!