Two Words

Gang Control

We in the streets playa, getcha mail
It's only two places you'll end up, either dead or in jail
Still nowhere to go, still nowhere to go
Now throw ya hands up
Hustlers, bustas, boostas, hoes
Everybody fuck that
Still nowhere to go, still nowhere to go
Listen, two words, United States, no love, no brakes
Low brow, high stakes, crack smoke, black folks
Big Macs, fat folks, ecstasy capsules
Presidential scandals, everybody move
Two words, Mos Def, K West, hot shit
Calm down, get back, ghetto people, got this
Game ball, lock shit, dump off, cock shit
We won't stop shit, everybody move
Two words, BK, NY, bedstuy
Two hard, too hungry, too many, that's why
These streets know game, can't ball, don't play
Every traffic, one lane, everybody move
Two words, Mos Def, black jack, hot shit
Calm down, get back, ghetto people, got this
Game point lock, long pump cocked
We won't stop, everybody move
Now throw ya hands up
Hustlers, bustas, boostas, hoes
Everybody fuck that
Still nowhere to go, still nowhere to go
And keep ya hands up
Hustlers, bustas, boostas, hoes
Everybody fuck that
Still nowhere to go, still nowhere to go
Aye yo, two words, Chi town, South side, world wide
'Cause I rep that till I fuckin' die
One neck, two chains, one waist, two gats
One wall, twenty plaques, dudes say, "Gimme that"
I am limelight, Blueprint, 5 Mics
Go get his rhyme like shoulda been signed twice
Most imitated, Grammy nominated
Hotel accommodated, cheerleader, prom dated

Barbershop, playa hated, mom and pop, bootlegged it
Felt like it rained till the roof caved in
Two words, Chi town, raised me, crazy

So I live by two words, "Fuck you, pay me"
Screamin', "Jesus save me"
You know how the game be, I can't let 'em change me
'Cause on Judgment Day you gon' blame me
Look God, it's the same me
And I basically know now, we get racially profiled
Cuffed up and hosed down, pimped up and hoe down
Plus I got a whole city to hold down
From the bottom so the top's the only place to go now
Now throw ya hands up
Hustlers, bustas, boostas, hoes
Everybody fuck that
Still nowhere to go, still nowhere to go
Two words, Freeway, two letters, A R
Turn y'all rap niggaz into two words, fast runners
Like Jackie Jurner, you better sleep with your burner
The heat skeet, blow a reef through ya car
My God, two words, no guns, break arms
Break necks, break backs, Steven Segal
Free young bars, fresh men of the Roc
Left the beef in the pot Jay sent for his dogs
And broads, forget ya squad, let 'em fend for yourself
Have you screamin' out four words, "Send for the Lord"
Two words, freeway's slightly retarded
Fuck around, throw a clip in ya artist, leave with his broad
Red, white
Blue, black
Calm down
Move back
Motherfuckers askin'
Who is that?
You know it's the
Almighty, mighty Blackjack
Mos Def
K West
There go people
Get this shit off ya chest
North to the south
To the east, to the west
Blackjack, Johnson
It's no contest

An' show it to 'em like
[Incomprehensible]

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