

# Two Words

## Kanye West

We in the streets player, get your 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 bustless, busters, boosters, hoes  
Everybody, fuck that  
Still nowhere to go, still nowhere to go 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, Bed-Stuy  
Two hawks, 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 bustless, busters (Throw your hands up high)  
Boostas, hoes, everybody, fuck that (oh)  
Still nowhere to go, still nowhere to go (oh) And keep ya hands up bustless, busters (Till they reach the sky)  
Boostas, hoes, everybody, fuck that (oh)  
Still nowhere to go, still nowhere to go (oh) Hey yo, two words, Chi town, South side, world wide  
Cause I, rep that, till I, fucking 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, should of been signed twice  
Most imitated, Grammy nominated  
Hotel accommodated, cheerleader, prom dated  
Barbershop, player 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"  
Screaming, 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  
I (Throw) basically know now (Your) we could (Up) racially profile (High)  
Cuffed up and hosed down, pimped up and hoe down (oh)  
Plus I got a whole city to hold down (oh)  
From the bottom to the top  
So only place to go down And keep ya hands up bustless, busters (Till they reach the sky)  
Boostas, hoes, everybody, fuck that (oh)  
Still nowhere to go, still nowhere to go (oh) Two words, Freeway, two letters, A-R  
Turn y'all rap niggas 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 Segul  
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 find for yourself  
Have you screaming 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  
Throw (red) Your (white) hands (blue) Up (black)  
Throw (calm) Your (down) hands (move) Up (back)  
Throw (motherfuckers) your (asking) hands (who is) up (that)  
Throw (you know) your (it's the) hands (almighty) up (Black Jack)  
Throw (Mos) your (Def) hands (K) up (West)  
Throw (there go) your (people) hands (get this) up (shit off ya chest)  
Throw (north) your (to the south) hands (to the east) up (to the west)  
Throw (we got) your (that concert) hands (it was no) up (contest)  
High! (an show it to 'em like)

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