Ends

clipping.

Some people will rob their mother for the ends
Rats snitch on one another for the ends
Sometimes kids get murdered for the ends
So before we go any further, I want my ends
Cat named Darrell, he didn't have a dollar
He was Harvard material, Ivy League scholar
Had a Ph.D., had an M.B.A.
But now he's waiting tables 'cause it's rent to pay
Companies downsizing, inflation's rising
Can't find a job, he's feeling kind of stressed
Don't even feel the effects when he says
Forgot to count how many times I've been blessed
So falls off track, starts smoking the Crack
And once it hits his brain, starts a chain react
Sells the shirt off his back, shoes off his feet
He's losing all his teeth, now he's out in the street
And all of sudden he's like, Jesse James
Trying to stick up kids for their watches and chains
But he's from Business School, he's nervous with the tool
So he ends up on his back in a bloody pool for the ends
Some people will rob their mother for the ends
Rats snitch on one another for the ends
And sometimes kids get murdered for the ends
So before we go any further, want my ends
I knew this chick named Sally, she had a nice strut
Everywhere that I went, she was on the cut
Swinging that butt like place your ad here
Only rapped the Benz and rocked the fly gear
Brand name wearing, champagne waving
Jewels around her neck, lotta style she's craving
Ain't no saving, she's doing enough spending
You do the lending, she'll do the bending
Straight machine vending, it's money for take
Shopping sprees get her on her knees
Hit her with the keys of your crib, you acting funny
Come home one day, find her counting out your money
From the Wetlands to the way to the Apollo
If you're broke she'll spit, you're rich
She might swallow for the ends

Some people will rob their mother for the ends
The rats snitch on one another for the ends
And sometimes kids get murdered for the ends
So before we go any further, want my ends
I knew those two homeboys, who made a lot of noise
Making money on the block, kids was on they jock
They were tougher than leather like Reverend Run
DMC, they was toting guns
And holdin' weight, goin' out of state
Stackin' mad chips and pushin' phat whips
Fly jewels, golds, got no job
And one disappeared, one got robbed for the ends
Some people will rob their mother for the ends
The rats snitch on one another for the ends
And sometimes kids get murdered for the ends
So before we go any further, I want my ends
I said, I want my ends
Some people will rob their mother for the ends
Rats snitch on one another for the ends
And sometimes kids get murdered for the ends

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