

# Ends

## Ikebana

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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