Two Words (feat. Mos Def & Freeway)

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, sill nowhere to goTwo 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 downAnd 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 broadThrow (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)

Songwriters
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