

# This Or That

## Reks

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha  
(Am I a good man?)  
Yo  
(Am I a fool?)  
Am I a fool, y'all?  
Yo, nigga this, nigga that  
A nigga rap circles 'round the map  
Rap circles 'round these rap cats  
You are now in tuned to the facts  
The innovations in a state of lax  
My click clack tongie attack tracks  
Like Rihanna spreads gonorrhea  
Chris Brown beats the blacks on her peeper  
Give me freedom of speech to speak either  
That'll send these MC's to meet Aaliyah  
Free my flow, fever my soul seeker  
Little more they T-Pain and Wayne in my speaker  
My brain's in bleachers, thinkin with the fans  
Reks defeats his stretch like Lil' Kim's features  
Or Superhead's cheek, for the rappers that are weak  
All these rappers over beats, scary as jeepers creepers  
Jesus piece took 'cause you look hard  
But shook his knees like Yung Berg or Bow Wow divas  
Nigga this, nigga that  
A nigga rap circles 'round the map  
Rap circles 'round these rap cats  
You are now in tuned to the truth, when Reks in the booth  
Freedom is met and necessary hourly for you  
Bewary when R. Kelly in the buildin'  
He peein' on the chil'ren, peein' on the chil'ren  
Nigga this, nigga that  
A nigga rap circles 'round the map  
Rap circles 'round these rap cats  
You are now in tuned to the facts, Reks the black Aristotle  
With bottles of beer in the backpack  
I follow the cheers of the stairs to the stage  
Had it up to here with the ways  
Where cool kids turn to men in days  
These fuckin' hipsters spits are fakes

And tight pants for girls or gays  
Mama, I chew when your son spit rage  
Y'all still slaves tryin' to be free like 106 chicks suckin' Jay  
Make you gargle grenades, covered in semen from Aids  
Cover razor blades in your lemonade  
Y'all are Flavor Flav, hypin but your, writin fugaze  
My mic shall ignite a blaze  
Simon say, shoot yourself in the face  
Fuckin disgrace! Uh huh uh huh!  
Nigga this nigga that, check, yo!  
Nigga this, nigga that  
A nigga rap circles 'round the map  
Rap circles 'round these rap cats  
Someone tell these dudes to rap  
Over statik seleck beats, I'm too deep to be dumb to fact  
I come from the tracks where they slumber and slackin'  
Reks suggest you shut your motherfuckin' trap  
'Cause you don't rap you advertisin'  
Clothin' lines and since when is that dope rhymin'  
You screamin' no homo, but that's so homo  
Such a no, no, please swallow the fo' fo'  
Someone tell Kanye West to keep his clothes on  
And if Wayne E.T.ish than tell him phone home  
Nigga this, nigga that  
A nigga rap circles 'round the map  
Rap circles 'round these rap cats  
With they slave mind state fact  
Their crime rates increasin' police policin' Diddy's and 50's  
Inner city gang where you chase American dreams  
It's where you get chased by badge and the high beams  
My dreams to awake and find fiends  
Dressed in three piece suits, addicts livin' they life clean  
But I mean, this ain't 'gon happen, be happy it seems  
We free dumb, um, I mean  
Not to disrespect teens who chase black cream  
But black cream bloody from the backs of black teens  
Like Emmitt till we get it we sing, we sing, we sing  
Am I a good man? Am I a fool?  
Am I a good man? Am I a fool?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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