Nitty Gritty

Jayo Felony

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Oh, yeah, y'all know what's up with this right here
No playa, haters allowed so everybody's not invited
So y'all got to keep y'all distance
Mind your own you'll live long
Yeah, check me outThese judge mental cowards got they eyes closed
They didn't see me creeping up from behind they want to be me
But I ain't trippin', sippin' on something 90 proof
From the floor to the roof I spit this game to youthBy any means, dreams of being a lot more than poor
If you ain't helping your family, then what you living for?
You'd rather talk about the next man, like a busta
Fool, don't make me reach out and touch yaThen never sleep again, just comprehend, don't playa hate
And real ballers keep their pagers on vibrate
Never try to floss and show off your stacking
On the low, that's if you wanna stay away from the poposKnown to attract heat like DeNiro, scandalous federalizes
Got their eyes on the whole state of Cali
You wanna be a playa in this game but you gonna watch me win it
Trying to escape reality in four minutesFour minutes of funk, get off your rump
Move your bottom off the tree stump
Ladies looking pretty, from city to city
And now I'm getting down to the nitty gritty
From the bottom to the top, top to the bottom
Come on Bullet Loc and get funky while we got 'emGas or cash, ain't no free ride
Felony got love coming from both sides
About to blow it up and that's on me
Ready to bring it on, man, y'all gon' seeI tell my homie to give me a refill
'Cause I don't give a damn, they got me standing on Porkchop hill
With the most of my mind gone
just because a youngsta wanna get his grind on, fool kill thatI'm trying to feed my household, what should I do?
To survive, I got to work for you?
Increase the minimum wage
But you will never make me happy

Huh, but a real nigga keep it nappyYeah, so I connect with E-A-Ski for bomb song
When they hear the record they wanna sing along
My business straight now the industries about to be dealed
Soon as I hit the world up with four minutesFour minutes of funk, get off your rump
Move your bottom off the tree stump
Ladies looking pretty, from city to city
And now I'm getting down to the nitty gritty
From the bottom to the top, top to the bottom
Come on Bullet Loc and get funky while we got 'emAnd if you ever say you can see me, it don't compute
It's like walking through hell with a gasoline kachi suit
I'm unfadeble with this and about to show ya, time's up
I'm about to overthrow ya, it was nice to know yaI'm comin' with it to move 'em all, never be no coward
Keep hitting your enemy until they fall y'all
And to my females that's never faking and paper chasing
Time is just too valuable to be wastingOn the independent stroke or with a conquer
I'm down with ya, let's put our heads together and now we get richer
We got to get it while it's good to get
Let's put it down, hit 'em up by surprise and then we leave townDon't you like the sound of that? Him skinny and me fat
Count it up and split it 50/50 back at the flat
To the end we represent-we in it to win it
Trying to escape reality in four minutesFour minutes of funk, get off your rump
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