

Nature Of The Business

Coolio

It's the roll of the dice
That you can't afford to lose
It's the nature of the business
It's the smugglers who lose
I got a little proposition, homey, check it out, we gonna put it down
Cause you and I go way back, and I know you done been around
These peeps that I know done put me up on some shit
Nigga, we could all come up loc, we could all make grips
Now I ain't talkin' bout no bullshit ass flippin' z's
I'm talkin' Trump type access, they comin' off a gang of keys
Now what excuse you got to play?
You got a wife and baby on the way?
Well, that makes it mo better
We gon work this shit together
We gonna stack enough loochie to get your girls gift from Gucci
And send your baby to college and ain't no gettin' caught
'Cause we gon use the type of knowledge that they never tripped off of before
They ain't even ready for this hellified shit we got in sto (That's right)
And I done used the G to hook up that manpower
Shit have the okay to folks taught Pillsbury how to push flour
Now all we gotta do is make sure this shit go through, partna (Right)
Now call your crew, cause we got work to do
It's a fifty-fifty chance that you can get stuck
And then snake eyes are crafted, and we shit outta luck
It's the roll of the dice
That you can't afford to lose
But if we make this shit work the whole crew gon come up
With thousands in the Seiko's, Dane's, and fat pocketbooks.
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Next level in the game, homey, it's time to get this shit movin
We went up fifty keys on 'spec' and now we got some shit to prove it (Right)
We got the contacts in Vegas that's where we go got our troops
They'll be the ones in the casino lines dressed in blue suits
And afta Shorty, Vic, and Spider done picked up the shit
They gon lay low a few days to make the trip look legit (That's right)
But, just in case them niggaz get any fucked up ideas
We gon send Wino and Big Homie to watch our back with the gear (Right)

And then them niggaz gonna take the midnight train to Dallas (Dallas)
We got to hook up them baggage plans to Ras Kass, Misses Alice
The cool thing about her is that if she get caught
It's still all in the family so she ain't gonna sell a nigga out
Aight, then, maybe they should get a you-Haul pack that shit in a mattress
Nah, they best go Greyhound, it's still the same as motherfuckin taxes
And all we gotta do is hold our breath about three more days
And cross our fingers, and hope nobody get popped along the way
You can make this quick lick and be set up for life
But if your ass get stuck, I hope it ain't your third strike
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And them things you last expect, sometimes out there waitin'
But I hope you understand if you caught then you ain't got shit to say
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Everything is goin' according to plan
This shit is on its way to the man, to the man
Sit next to the goddamned man (Right)
But there's one thing you should know
There's some bustas on the bus talkin' loud and drinkin' and actin the fool,
That shit ain't cool (Say what?)
Now, I don't want to have to switch this loc
So, send some bodies to the next stop to get this under control
(They on they way)
But be aware that they all wearin' navy uniforms
And they got medals and patches and shit, they think that say Desert Storm
And they got "Gung Ho" written all over they chest
So tell Lek Ratt, D-Dog, P.S. to wear they vest
It's gettin' kinda cold out here so I'ma have to be gone

Wait, here that? Oh, I think somethin' wrong
What's Up? Baby, what's goin' on, man? What! What the fuck happenin'?
Aw, shit, my nigga, I'ma have to face shit
I think somebody set us up, there's feds all over the place
That's the name of the game, that's the way the game go
Sometimes you rise high, and sometimes you sink low
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If you make it back to the hood then I'll see you around

But if they got somebody watchin', then stay your ass outta town

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