Treat 'Em Right (Re-recorded / Remastered)

Chubb Rock

Nineteen ninety, Chubb Rock jumps up on the scene
with a lean and a pocket full of green
The green doesn't symbolize I made it on the top
But Robocop last year was a shock
The tone of the Popeye cut shook your butt
Kids are screaming; the media says, "What...
kind of music is this for you to dance to?"
The man with the plan and the man demands you
Leave the smack and the crack for the wack
Or the vile and the nine; keep a smile like that
Leave the knife and the gun in the store
and ignore temptation, sent by the nation
Racial gain causes pain; need a new rep
In your hearts and minds never forget Yusef
Hawkins
And you're walking
You don't just run
Black on black; remember that; it's important
Anyway the shunless one brings forth the fun
No hatred; the summer's almost done
No time for sleep
Jump in your Jeep
And pump up the funky beat a whole week
Beeper goes off yo smash it and trash it
You're too young to be plumped in a casket
Just get your boys and bring the noise
And just swing it
And party people, sing itTreat me right
I'll treat you goodKids in the crib want dibs on the big man
"Can he come out? Can he come out and slam a jam?
"I'm his number one fan, yes I am"
All these kids realize that I'm the man
Six foot three and maybe a quarter of an inch bigger
Than last year, but still a unique figure
Rob Swinger, Doc No, Dinky, and Hot Dog know
That I'm a man who was born to have a mic on
Next to me at all time; ready to kick a rhyme
That will keep me out of financial bind
That's why when it comes to fans I'm never mean

Kids on St. James between Gates and Greene
Always say hello, cause I'm a modest fellow
Never try to play a super star that's hollow
Cause if these kids don't go buy our records
We'll be has-beens - and plus naked
So we owe them, to pull out your pen
Sign an autograph; you might make a new friend
So just get your boys and bring the noise and just swing it
And party people in the house, sing itTreat me right
I'll treat you goodParty people in the house, listen up
I'm the man with the plan and the man rips it up
Peace to Howie Tee, good lookin', gee
Swinger, Hot Dog, Doc No, Bud, Ev Lover, Dinky
Fish and chips with the hippy hippy hips
Before the tune ends, give me some lips (ah!)
Sanity Crystal, my niece
And Lady Kazam, my homegirl, peace
And leave the guns and have fun; out!
And oh yeah, sing itTreat me right
I'll treat you goodBreakWell coming back
To nineteen ninety
Chubb Rock jumps up on the scene with a lean and a hardcore dream
The dream wasn't crafted to be pornographic
Decency started from the crib, plus kids
Don't need to hear all of that on the rap
The strength of my vibe placed Chubbs on the map
Cause authority, seniority goes far
My staff gives autographs plus gives nuff laughs
Read my mic, heed my sight, and definitely lead you right
Just treat me right
PeaceTreat me right
Treat me right
Treat me right

Songwriters
JACKSON/STEALS/STEALS/SIMPSON/THOMPSONPublished by
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/