22 Two's

Tru-Life

Yo whassup everybody? This is Maria Davis, Mad Wednesday's
We here tonight to have a good time
(Yo, start the show, start the show)
Wait a minute, I see my man over there Jay-Z
Jay-Z, Dame Dash let me hear that lil' tape of yours, and it's fat
Why don't you come up here and kick a lil' freestyle
Put that champagne down, and kick a lil' freestyle for me tonight
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Can I kick it?
(Yes you can)
Can I kick it?
(Yes you can)
Can I kick it?
(Yes you can)
Y'all motherfuckers musta hear that Tribe Called Quest, let's do it again
Can I kick it?
(Yes you can)
Can I kick it?
(Yes you can)
Can I kick it?
(Yes you can)
Well I'm gone, check this out
Too much West Coast dick-lickin' and too many niggaz on a mission
Doin' your best Jay-Z rendition
Too many rough motherfuckers, I got my suspicions
That you're just a fish in a pool of sharks nigga, listen
Too many bitches wanna be ladies, so if you a hoe
I'ma call you a hoe, too many bitches are shady
Too many ladies give these niggaz too many chances
Too many brothers wannabe lovers don't know what romance is
Too many bitches stuck up from too many sexual advances
No question, Jay-Z got too many answers
I been around this block, too many times
Rocked, too many rhymes, cocked, too many nines, too
To all my brothers it ain't too late to come together
'Cause too much black and too much love, equal forever
I don't follow any guidelines 'cause too many niggaz ride mine
So I change styles every two rhymes, what the fuck?
That's 22 two's for y'all motherfuckers out there, you know what I mean?

Shall I continue? Check it out, what?
Can I kick it?
(Yes you can)
Can I kick it?
(Yes you can)
Can I kick it?
(Yes you can)
Well I'm gone yo, yo, yo
Copped to reach my quota, push rock, roll up smooth like on you
Whole groove like hold-up, swallow up
Too many faggot niggaz, clockin' my spendin'
Exercisin' you're, gay like minds like Richard Simmons
If you could catch Jay right, on the late night
Without the eight right, maybe you could test my weight, right
I dip, speak quicker than you ever seen
Adminster pain, next the minister's screamin' your name
At your wake as I peak in, look in your casket
Feelin' sarcastic, look at him, still sleepin'
You never ready, forever petty minds stay petty
Mines thinkin' longevity until I'm seventy
Livin' heavenly, fuck, felony after felony, what?
Nigga you broke, what the fuck you gon' tell me?
Jay-Z, Jay-Z, now you know this is a fat track
Now this is comin' on your new album
On Roc-A-Fella Records in ninety-six
No doubt no doubt, well, it is definitely the bomb
But you know I do wanna say somethin' to you, I know
You've been havin' a lot of problems with the law
But I know you innocent, and I'm behind you 100 percent
Mad Wednesday's, Ruby King, DJ Ace, Dang Dash
Roc-A-Fella Records, we all behind you
You can come back anytime, thanks a lot
{Wait a minute, wait a minute, wait a minute, wait a minute
Ace, turn that music down, I smell some reefer, now you see?
That's why, our people don't have anything
Because we don't know how to go in places and act properly
(Hey shut the fuck up)}
{Wait a minute wait a minute who told me shut the F up?
Who told me to shut the F up? Get him out of here
I'm not gonna continue this show, until you throw him out
Get him out right now, then I'ma continue my speech
Thank you, he's out of here now, now like I was sayin'
We gotta build our own business, we gotta get our own
Record companies goin' like Roc-A-Fella Records, we got the}

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