

What a Day

Jeru the Damaja

One day about six 'o clock I'm woke up
By the sound of my buzzer and a car or a truck
Screechin' off so I jump up scratch my nuts
But when I'm like "Who's that?" nobody speaks up
So I go to the door there's a note it says:
"We have Hip Hop hostage with guns to his throat
Do the right thing and we might let him go
But if you call the police that's all she wrote
You know what the motive is it's all about dough
And in case ya think we bullshittin' here's the photo."
I couldn't recognize the clows because they was all hooded down
But I peeped Foxy Brown sippin' Cristal in the background
With fake alligator boots on
And smack dab in the middle was hip-hop with a Versace suit on
I immediately called Primo
I said "Hip-Hop is in trouble, meet me at my rest on the double
Don't even jump in the shower, matta'fact scratch my rest
Meet me and D & D in an half an hour
And bring all ya shit wit' you 'cause you know what we got to do."
Yo Afu! (Whassup?) Lets jet-son like Elroy
If I recall correctly I last saw hip-hop down at Bad Boy
We'll see if Puff knows whassup
'cause he's the one gettin' him drunk and fuckin' his mind up
We go to the office, he's nowhere to be found
So we snatch up Jay Black and beat his bitch ass down
"Now where's Hip-Hop?!" "Aaight, aaight..." he confessed:
"Suge came and took him from Puff last night,
He said he'd give him up if a real nigga came to retrieve 'em..."
So we went to L.A. later that evenin'
When we got there, everything was aaight
And we brought Hip-Hop back home that night.
ONE DAY...

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