

Treat 'em Right

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 it Treat me right

I'll treat you good Kids 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 it Treat me right
I'll treat you good Party 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 it Treat me right
I'll treat you good Break Well 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
Peace Treat me right
Treat me right
Treat me right

Songwriters

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