

# They

## The Harvard-Radcliffe Veritones

\* send corrections to the typist

[Intro]Yea

Jealous niggaz and bitches

Yea

This for y'all

Uh uh

[Verse 1]So many of us, envy us

Enough to just make a fly bitch bust with disgust

No homo, sick of how they pick me playin this chick

And clam I copped my phat shit from playin a trick

And my outside appearance gotta stay straight

The first opportunity to seal my fate

Even well off they say I feel off

If they catch me rockless

Automatically assume I'm stopless

Bounty's on my head for info

Gossipers turn philosophers lie

My whole life is so strife

So I write to escape my memories

I got a sudden right to escape my enemies

Without rap I'd probably be a talk show guest

I guess my life interreges for haters when it's fucked up

Topics on my boyfriends and choppin less

Copped a Navigator then what?Guess I suck nuts

My luck up, I'm stuck up

When I'm down they feedin off a bitch

Parasitin, so I'm writin this song for them

Light skin Type Slim

Think I had shit easy?

So you wanna talk greasy?

Please be judgmental after the facts

Yall pouters get to live my life on this track

This goes out to all y'all jealous niggaz and bitches

FUCK Y'ALL!

[Chorus]They dream they have all the things I did

So I drop these words inspired by Big

Only love those who love you too

Only trust those who trust you too

Only hate those who hate you too  
And never ever ever be a fool  
And never ever ever be a fool  
And never ever ever be a fool  
[Verse 2]At 15 received ass kickins from niggaz  
At 18 cats was ass stickin my niggaz  
I figure I never had a chance for peace  
22 mom of two so the stress increased  
At 24 four people I love diseased  
In less then a year my life sweet from were?  
Fear my tears  
Cause they'll say its a break down  
I take down the pain with Hennesy  
But enemies shoot it up they veins high  
Make lives tumors in other brains  
I remain Tiffany Lane  
No doubt tryna sort out  
Fake friends fake men's  
Stressed to fuck  
They curious bout Notorious?  
"Glorious Day" like Springstein  
When I bring dreams alive  
Hatin can survive success  
It turns to envy  
And men be worse then bitches  
Mad when I surpass their riches  
But I hustle like niggaz do  
Cold nights to own Nikes and Polo  
But to own rights and hold mic's for Dolo  
I know hoes who suck dicks  
And niggaz alike  
Just to say that they got me high  
But despite all y'all and for y'all cause I ball y'all  
I never fall y'all I still fight all y'all  
Yall got balls after you hear this to ever talk slick  
Knowin half y'all jealous hoes go slit y'all wrists  
[Chorus 3x's (fade)]

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