

No Respect

Kool Moe Dee

What you want, you ain't gon' get it
What you need, you won't admit it
It really don't matter how hard you try
Cause money can't buy respect The material mind is enticed by the dollar bill
It makes some brothers fight, and some would even kill
Some will do anything for a bill
Cause they think they'll get respect Bought a big Mercedes, and you got about ten more cars
Now you impress the ladies, and you're a neighborhood star
Gold on your fingers and your neck
But you still get no respect Your mind is weak, so when you speak
You're obsolete, your mental peak
Is in the street, your mouth's a beak
Big like a bird, and your future's bleak
Now you should seek some help decree
You're sellin crack and livin cheap
Bought a brand-new ride to go beep-beep
Playin music outside loud in your jeep
But you should know, unless you're slow
There comes an end to the sidewalk show
And up the river's where you'll go
Wearin stripes from head to toe
No fancy gold, no fancy car
And the brothers inside don't care who you are
A 7-foot brother doin life
300 pounds, says you're his wife
Walks in your cell and says: "Fix it up"
Then you look up and say: "Not the butt"
He says: "Shut up" "But... but" No 'but'
Now what you gonna do, freaky-deaky or what? The money was good, the money was fast
No business mind and the money won't last
In the money rate you fell first to last
Now every night you fight for your ass
They say what goes up must come down
All hustlers know that sound
Cause you're here today, gone the next
And you'll find out the hard way: you get no respect [Old hustler:]
Man, you must be crazy and bugged
Whatcha mean I don't get no respect?
You crazy?

You got to respect me
 Cause I was the first millionaire off the streets, boy
 Ain't nobody ever had a hustle like mine
 In '72, I was killin em, boy
 [Young hustler:]
 Man, go 'head, go 'head
 [Old hustler:]
 I'm tellin ya, I was shittin on it
 Word up, I was the man
 And a car - these niggas ain't got no cars today, man
 My car was so pretty, I ride by, niggas' dicks get hard
 You dig what I'm sayin?
 [Young hustler:]
 Ha-ha, man, get outta here, go 'head
 [Old hustler:]
 Caddy, boy, Grand Daddy Caddy
 They used to call me Mackaroni Tony, boy
 [Young hustler:]
 Aw man, go 'head, shut yo broke ass up, man Word, I spell it out, I'll yell it out
 For those brothers that keep sellin out
 Cause local clout is all you're about
 A few bullshit bitches and hanging out
 And every day's like a title bout
 When the next man wants you taken out
 I'd like to know what you're thinkin about
 It sure ain't dyin without a doubt
 But you better wake up before it's too late
 Or they'll be doing your make-up down at the coroner's place
 And you will have lived just to die
 And you'll die with no respect [Young hustler:]
 Yo man, what about hoes, what about hoes?
 [Old hustler:]
 Hoes?
 Shit man, I had mo' bitches than muthafuckin Con-ed got switches, boy
 I had hoes, loads of hoes, you know what I'm sayin
 Hoes, hoes, you dig?
 [Young hustler:]
 You're just talkin shit
 [Old hustler:]
 I had all the money man, I was the man...
 Where you goin Sam? Hold up, hold up
 [Young hustler:]
 Yeah, yeah - well, I'm outta here
 I don't want to hear more of this shit
 [Old hustler:]

Wait, before you go - can I get a dollar, man?
[Young hustler:]
Aw, go 'head, you broke ass, I ain't hearin no more of that shit
What happened to all your money, boy?
[Old hustler:]
Aw go 'head, nigga, I thought you said you had all the money...
[Young hustler:]
I got all the money man, that shit ain't happenin to me
You just fucked up man, I know how to hustle
[Old hustler:]
I got respect, you crazy, man
I can go in any liquor store, anywhere, anytime 'the day
And get any bottle or anything for free, that's respect, boy!
[Young hustler:]
Aw go 'head with all that shit
[Old hustler:]
That's respect!
[Young hustler:]
I got the dollar boy, I'm the man nowadays, you understand?
You was killin em in '72, I'm killin em in '87, man
That shit ain't happenin to me, I'm the man!
Yeah, I'm a hustler's muthafucka
Me - I ain't never fallin off
[Old hustler:]
Aw man, I used to say the same thing, man...

Songwriters

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