Yada, Yada, Yada

Tony Russell

Huh, my nigga Don Juan
Damn, been knowin' you for a long time, nigga
We did a lot of shit together, man on this music tip, man
Beautiful shit we did, dog
Remember when we went out to LA, man
With Quincy, man made all that shit pop
With Yuckmouth and everybody, Dub C, everybody
We had a lot of good times, dog, know what I'm sizzlin'
But that shit's about to come to an end, dog
Ya know never have I ever crossed anybody, y'all niggas know me
The sands of time have already started to pour against you, dog
So listen hard 'cause I'mma speak real softly like this
Just think, what if I could just
Just blink this shit away
Niggas think because a nigga bust
I got grips and grips of pay
The pain grows in fame and Kangols with change
And strange hoe's who bang in range roves for thangs
Same shows with lames, the rainbows will stain
Insane foes who drain and hang bro's with brains
If you caught it that means you got it
And if you brought it that means you should've shot it
'Cause I'm about to drop the real nina
Ya need a lot to kill a leader prop the nina
Nigga or pop the milli meter
De'marco I'm 'bout to spark flow
Your bark so harsh but parts gon' make you heart blow
Blood and don't be buzzin' me, cuzzin' me, buggin' me
'Bout dubs, I'll be mud till these clubs really lovin' me
It hurts my nigga to hurt my nigga, but hurt my nigga
Is what's inspirin' these spurts my nigga
At first my nigga, used to be my homey, used to be my ace
Yellin' you gon' slap the taste out my mouth
Nigga, I never scare, sebwafares everywhere
If you need me, believe me it's easy
To put holes in Shakra teasy, watch the weezy
These glocks'll talk for sheezy
Some say I should worry
And watch where I walk

(Yeah)
Yada, yada, yada
Nigga, that's just talk
I'm a friend, if I was a foe I would be
Knock, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock
Knock, knock, knockin' at yo' front door
Some say I should worry
And watch where I walk
(Yeah)
Yada, yada, yada
Nigga, that's just talk
I'm a friend, if I was a foe I would be
Knock, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock
Knock, knock, knockin' at yo' front door
The industries faulty, industry salty
Man
The industry cost me, industry brought me
Pain
The industry taught me, industry caught me
Strange
And you niggas know that the industries awfully
Vain
I ain't a snake, nigga, all I did is make niggas
Money was sunny, now it's funny, you playa hate
Niggas, over some cake the fate of a show me state
Nigga in my face will be Don Juan the great, to late nigga
I don't speak a lot, I peep a lot, I creep a lot
And people who speak are usually weak and out four
Peace and don't beef a lot remember we used to kick it like bros
Now you niggas act like bitches and hoe's with your licorice souls
Tecca9 I got the wickedest flows
No kid in his mold on misery
Never will get wit this rogue, I'm pissed
At his whole little facade of crip that is sold
Instead of a rap I should've twisted his nose
Who kept short nitty from killin' you? Me
Who kept Dyamund from drillin' you? Me
Who kept villain niggas from vill dealin' you? Me
So now you can take away me and keep on talkin'
Crazy and I'mma let 'em know
Where you keep yo baby
And where you stay D
Some say I should worry
And watch where I walk
(Yeah)

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Knock, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock
Knock, knock, knockin' at yo' front door
You can't turn enough mutha fuckers against me
You can't find a harder rapper that'll convince me
I'm wit the Canty's, the Ashby's, the Whitebears
LeJeunes, the Harrises and the mutha fuchkin' Timley's
The Theorys, the Byers, the Kennedies
You know the families that are known to be bad for humanity
Can he be bad? Can he be tough? Can he be rough
No cream puff suckas end up be rough enough
Nobody likes you, not even yo bitches, imma witness
They sick of yo disrespectful way of speakin'
Explicit always talkin' about how big yo dick is
Better hope Anghellic go multi platinum
And then get your riches
Blood, this is the end of men who were once friends
And then, one asshole thought he was somethin'
When punks bend over they get fucked
Get fucked
Hand over them Tech tapes or get stuck
Get stuck
You must think I'm soft for talkin' to Icy Roc
Bout knockin' the nina out, I'm trippin without a doubt
Imma tell you who really is ya friends Vell Barkardi
And maybe you and him can get together and tell it like it is again
It's over, man, I hope you brought ya Novocaine
I know the pain is slowly taking over brain
So calm that muthafuckin' wombat
I don't need no Don Juan tracks to come bomb on raps
Some say I should worry
And watch where I walk
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Knock, knock, knockin' at yo' front door
That's what I'm speakin' on dog thats real shit
Nigga once said to me, nigga walk around like his shit don't stink
Gonna cut ya nose off and stick up ya ass
So you can smell that shit, man ya know what I'm sizzlin', dog
You drew first blood man that was dog shit
You know what I'm sizzlin' that ain't no friend
Talkin' bout knockin' me out nigga
Ya know what are we, yo
Dr. Dre, here I come
Timbaland, here I come
Neptunes, here I come
Rik Rok, here I come
Alchemist, here I come
Sick Jack, here I come
Boscoe, here I come
Swizz Beats, here I come
Trackmasters here I come
Don Juan be done

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