I'm Back

Rakim

I do this for tha block, I do this for the hood
I do this for tha streets 'cause the streets keep me good
I do it for tha hustlas, I do it for tha thugs
I do it for the Gs 'cause tha Gs show me love
I came in tha game seventeen, real loud
Only thang on my mind, make my momma proud
Started rockin' crowds, gettin' dope from shows
And as tha fame rolls then came the hoes
Then came tha clothes, then came the cars
Next thang I know, I'm a ghetto supastar
So here come tha haters, travelin' by tha packs
But neva mind them 'cause a, bitch, I'm back
I pour up a cup, fill the swissa with cud
And fire it up so I can gatha my thoughts
Mo' money, mo' problems
They say that's how it is when ya live like a boss
You see, I been on my grind for some time
And tha streets thought a nigga fell off
(Hell no, nigga)
But if I decide not to rhyme, no more rhymes
I'm a still be well off 'cause, bitch, I'm back
A born boss, got nothin' to lose
Still shinin' in the game, got nothin' to prove
Got rich independent, didn't need no deal
Had paper before I signed, didn't need no meals
Got hustles on tha side, I ain't got to rap
And if all else fails, I still got tha trap
I don't, with you rappers, y'all fake to me
I don't, with you niggas, y'all snakes to me
I don't care 'bout fame fuck bein' a star
Let dem take all the pictures, just gimme his car
Then gimme his house and his watch and chain
On tha bank account, credit cards jot my name
But I guess one come with tha other
So here I go, I'm a writin' rap hustla
I'm too blessed to complain about that
So where I gotta sign? Take ya pictures
'Cause, bitch, I'm back
I pour up a cup, fill the swissa with cud

And fire it up so I can gatha my thoughts
Mo' money, mo' problems
They say that's how it is when ya live like a boss
You see, I been on my grind for some time
And tha streets thought a nigga fell off
(Hell no, nigga)
But if I decide not to rhyme, no more rhymes
I'm a still be well off 'cause, bitch, I'm back
They say tha truth will hit, so fuck it
I'm a go an' keep a hundred for tha public
I dropped already platinum but it only sold gold
And niggas lookin' at me like I sold my soul
'Cause I'm rappin' with D and not mista Lee
But when ya on ya grind, sometimes ya can't see
Before Mike came and Paul was signed
I was at interscope tryin' to find ma mind
Still tippin' wasn't toppin', three kings just dropped
And I'm a underground artist tryin' to get on top
So I listened to my label, playin' to break [Incomprehensible]
And learned a whole lotta game from that
Just stay true, my nigga and do you?
And, what another, tryin' to tell you to do
Continue to spit facts, you can bump in them lacs
And oh, yeah, this a Lee track
Bitch, I'm back
I pour up a cup, fill the swissa with cud
And fire it up so I can gatha my thoughts
Mo' money, mo' problems
They say that's how it is when ya live like a boss
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