

Grown Man Business

Mos Def

Hear me, see me
Welcome to Soundview projects
Bronx, New York, 10473
Intersection action ribs touching
New gutter smacks replacing the whole Dutchman
Loose Mamis fucking, they definite land mines
Dudes with no right hustle throwing gang signs
Empty in the webbings broke and underpaid
Fighting federal cases with legal aids
The unlit stage tonight performing lime desires to eat
Can get you in a 8 by 5, the Corner's younger
I smell, feel, touch and taste they hunger
Next in line to rep these street signs to they blunder
Under, wiping tears from his eyes facing the felony
These niggaz wanna be pistol Pete without the penalty
His last words, promise me this much in death
Don't let my boy live to retrace my steps
Minne, stay safe, move quiet and get it
If you encounter opposition get a inch from they face with it
Later amigo, digest the day to end discreetly
Sex money and boss
My ties to hear me see me
True villain
Face covered, driving gloves
Commit by my lonely when push comes to shove
They say that grown men lay on they prey
Took shorts in the street
Came back and made up for that with that white sheet
Revenge is best served cold
Get it the same way you give it
This ain't fear I just need to get away with it
Son, stop over here, you looking at me like I'm lame
But I'm looking at y'all like y'all call this the drug game
Grand child hosing sims
Put the heroin in Queens
Put pops freeman on in the early seventies
I sat in rooms with money machines
Drugs sitting 3 feet off of the floor
Cover the smell of the raw

Chest moves like bars scale my connects untimely
King Henry from 12th street flooded the Bronx in the 90's
03 scene MVP and one accord
Boss makes decision, paper wins awards
See me, hear me
Welcome to Brooklyn, New York City 11206
Roosevelt projects, wild rose water the plant
Son, you know what it is
From the moment that you come over the bridge
And if you don't ride with me
I'm gonna show you some shit
I'ma show you where my niggaz stay sure on the mix
I'ma show you where the pain and the poetry is
Ghetto young's spend a lot of time alone in the crib
BET on the screen, walls and posters of big
Hustlers getting dough sitting low on the 6
Blazing up the ambro glow over they wrist
Hop in the game knowing the risk
Still down to load up they clip
Gamblers with hopes of rolling the trip
But when you hear head crack there ain't no rolling again
Snatch the dice and everything you want is going it in
This how it happens, good people, bad habits
Diabetics, crack addicts, asthmatics
Searching for the truth leaping through the holy tablet
The bible, the Quran, or the Ten crack Commandments
Speak on it God, what's today's mathematics
The five day forecast, the Dow Jones average
The price of beer, cigarettes, bread, milk and pampers
Life is a test and we all got the answer
The streets keep calling its hard not answer
And on my Government, my attribute, my all
So it's only natural I holla black and respond
Brooklyn stand up and make 'em all sit down
I call but no [Incomprehensible] we do not fuck around
That's what it is
All day
That's what is niggaz
Official, official
That's how it is niggaz
BX, Bk live all day
Get with it
Grown man business

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