The Autobiography

WC

[CT] It's about that time nigga
[WC] For what?
[CT] Redo this motherfucker look I found it nigga
[WC] Ahh hell naw nigga!
[CT] Sheyitt
Now here we go, y'all gotta play this
Due to you bitch-ass niggaz I'ma maze this
rearranged funk and refreak the track
The Godfather of Underground Rap is back
Banged out the game as I ride with the Benji's
Fuck off the hook, nigga I'm off the fuckin hinges
No gimmicks, just a crew of driveby shooters
Coupe de Ville swoopers, looters and Stax loopers
I started off way back sick with a mentality
Wicked got down kickin it with the Syndicate
Just a lil' nigga seein ways to get paid
Levi cordueroy saggin with french braids
No overnight success, no tinted windows
No limos, just a hungry nigga doin demos
The year eighty-eight, the group was Low Pro
When niggaz used to swerve on Lincoln's and Vogues
Loc these niggaz ain't knowin about payin no dues, the shit I done been through
Gone through, put through, was bruised too so it's time to school these foes
Looka there, as I walk the rugged road of the path
I gets flashbacks, and thrash mash, enemies in my path
Hustler turn your page to nineteen eighty-nine
When a young nigga first signed the dotted line, I was
bang bang, boogie with the music
Took the old funk track, and relooped it
Dropped "Payin Dues" for a small amount of cheddar
The name of the LP was "We In This Together"
beeper sounds repeatedly
[CT] Awww shit, what the fuck why you sto
[WC] Man this motherfuckin pager keep goin off
Look I'm tired of these bitches!
[CT] Youse a cold nigga!
DJ scratches "Noooo shit!"

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