

# Family Business

## Fugees

Hey, son, you made the team this year?  
Aw th, they sayin' you weren't tall enough?  
Yeah, me, we gon' cook this up here okay  
Just come by, later, is that your new girlfriend?  
This is family business, an' this is for the family that can't be with us  
An' this is for my cousin locked down, know the answer's in it  
That's why I spit it in my songs  
So sweet like a photo of your granny's picture  
Now that you're gone, it hit us  
Super hard on Thanksgiving an' Christmas, this can't be right  
Yeah, you heard the track I did, man, this can't be life  
Somebody please say grace so I can save face  
And have a reason to cover my face  
I even made you a plate, soul food, know how Granny do it  
Monkey bread on the side, know how the family do it  
When I brought it, why had guard have to look all through it?  
As kids we used to laugh, who knew that life would move this fast?  
Who knew I'd have to look at you through a glass?  
An' look, you tell me you ain't did it, then you ain't did it  
An' if you did, then that's family business  
An' I don't care 'bout all the diamond rings  
They don't mean a thing, all these fancy things  
I tell you that all my weight in gold  
Now all I know, I know all these things  
This is family business an' this is for everybody standin' with us  
Come on, let's take a family Grammy picture  
Abby, remember when they ain't believe in me?  
Now she like, "See, that's my cousin on TV"  
Now, we gettin' it an' we gon' make it  
An' they gon' hate it, an' I'm his favorite  
I can't deny it, I'm a straight rider  
But when we get together, be electric slidin'  
Grandma, get 'em shook up  
Aw naw, don't open the photo book up  
I got a Aunt Ruth that can't remember your name  
But I bet them polaroids'll send her down memory lane  
You know that one auntie, ya' don't mean to be rude  
But every holiday nobody eatin' her food  
An' you don't wanna stay there 'cuz them your worst cousins

Got roaches at their crib like them your first cousins  
Act like you ain't took a bath with your cousins  
Fit three in the bed, if it's six of y'all  
I'm talkin' 'bout three by the head an' three by the leg  
But you ain't have to tell my girl I used to pee in the bed  
Rain, rain, rain go away  
Let the sun come out an' all the children say  
Rain, rain, rain go away  
Let the sun come out an' all the children say  
I woke up early this mornin' with a new state of mind  
A creative way to rhyme without usin' nines an' guns  
Keep your nose out the sky, keep your heart to God  
An' keep your face to the risin' sun  
All my niggas from the Chi, that's my family, dog  
An' my niggas ain't my guys, they my family, dog  
I feel like one day you'll understand me, dog  
You can still love your man an' be manly, dog  
You ain't got to get heated at every house warmin'  
Sittin' here, grillin' people like George Foreman  
Why Uncle Ray an' Aunt Shiela always performin'?  
Second she storm out, then he storm in  
Y'all gon' sit down, have a good time this reunion  
An' drink some wine like Communion  
An' act like everything fine an' if it isn't  
We ain't lettin' everybody in our family business  
All the diamond rings they don't mean a thing  
They don't mean a thing  
They don't mean a thing, a thing  
An' I don't care 'bout all the diamond rings  
They don't mean a thing, all these fancy things  
I tell you that all my weight in gold  
Now all I know, I know all these things  
All these things, all these things  
All these things, all these things  
All these things, all these things  
C.L.K Mercedes Benz  
A whole lotta money  
Mommy and Daddy please stop fighting  
Let's get Stevie outta jail

Lyrics provided by

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