

# Grown Man Business (Fresh Vintage Bottles)

## Mos Def

Hear me, see meWelcome to soundview projects  
Bronx new york, 10473Intersection 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 niggas wanna be pistol pete -without the penalty  
His last words, promise me this much in death  
Don't my boy live to retrace my stepsMinne stay safe move quiet and get it  
If you encounter opposition get a inch from they face with itLater 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  
Chess moves like barksdale, 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 awardsSee me, hear meWelcome 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 niggas stay sure on the mix  
I'ma show you where the pain and the poetry is  
Ghetto young'ns 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 q uran, 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  
We do not fuck around That's what it is (all day)  
That's what is niggas (official, official)  
That's how it is niggas  
Bx, bk live all day  
Get with it  
Grown man business

Songwriters

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