Pay Ya Dues

Low Profile

Now here we go, y'all gotta play this
(Why?) Cause the others are so scared to say this
Now tell me, what am I supposed to do
About a sucker like you who ain't never paid dues?
Slapper, hip-happer, you're gettin wacker
Your girl better step, or I just might jack her
Smack her like a gangster, but I don't bang
I gank suckers like you for thick gold chains
He don't deserve it (Hell nah)
So take it off your neck
Cause goddamn, you ain't comin correct
What's this, a sucker duck holdin a mic?
Like Keith Sweat said, somethin just ain't right
Seems nowadays everybody wanna be a rapper, down with crews,
But they ain't never paid dues
Suckers perpatratin, playin hardcore
Punks, I bet you worked at a flower store
You know what eats me up the most?
Is when a sucker just started and thinks he's high post
You ain't pay a nann due in your life
Talkin bout a new style, you know who you sound like?
KRS, Chuck D, Kool Moe, as one
Yellin on the mic like the name was Run
You'se a peon, when I bought a pair of Lee's
Now all of a sudden you're supposed to be an MC?
Yo, that's wack, it just ain't right
You only stood on one stage in your whole damn life
Now you want respect, hey yo, you'se a fool
Everybody wanna rap, but they ain't paid dues
I can still remember way, way back in the days
The times me and Aladdin dreamed of gettin paid
Standin outside just pullin the jacks
To earn a little money to drop a dope track
Back in the days I drove a raggedy Dodge
Couldn't afford a studio, so we used a garage
Aladdin used to grab a gang of disco breaks
One turntable and a broken 808
My little brother Tunes and Frank, they hung around all night
To make sure that the demo was tight

Didn't have an enigneer, if you know what I mean
Aladdin did it all at the age of 16
Gifted, uplifted, I was mad as The Mack
Suckers had me playin the back
But thanks to Ice-T I got my foot in the door
Now I'ma rock the mutha-(uh) till it ain't no more
We paid dues
I knew a brother who used to dress just like a faggot
Real tight jeans, some boots and leather jackets
Homey as hell, he never came outside
Cause everytime I came around, he used to run and hide
Spoiled like a brat, had everything he wanted
And when he walked, he switched like a woman
Rode a pink bike, man, the sucker was soft
Had to be in before the street lights came on
Yo, just the other day I turned my radio on
The _Mack Attack_ kicked on a brand new song
I didn't know what it was, I never heard it before
But the record was smooth and hardcore
I said to myself, 'Hey yo, I gotta see this group'
So I called up Aladdin and the rest of the crew
Grabbed the nine with the hollow point tip
Stepped in the party with a gangster limp
Took a look at the stage, and yo, what do you know?
The same old faggot from a long time ago
From real tight jeans and a go-go boot
He went to Pendeltons and a khaki suit
Now tell me, ain't this a blip?
Somebody need to slap the perpetrator in the lip
Yesterday he was a mama boy, now he's rappin?
Foolin the crowd because he got you all clappin
And tappin, an example of what I'm tryin to prove
A sucker like this who ain't never paid dues
To those who wanna rap, I'm pertainin to you
Before you pick up a mic, you gotta pay duesLet the story be told
That's the way it is
You got to pay your duesLow Profile definitely payin the dues
W.C, DJ Aladdin
Frank, my little brother Crazy Tunes, Jazzy D
We in there, everypaid they dues
Abracadabra, DJ Aladdin
We outta here
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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