Het verleden in hiphopmuziek

Verwijzingen naar het verleden van onderdrukking in de hiphopcultuur van de jaren negentig.

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Inleiding

In januari 2017 is er door de Harvard universiteit besloten een archief aan te leggen met als doel het behouden en vastleggen van hiphop. Grofweg 30 jaar na het ontstaan van hiphop krijgt het de herkenning die het volgens kenners al lange tijd verdient.[1] Het project is echter niet geheel verassend. In 2015 werd al een wetenschappelijk artikel gepubliceerd waarin hiphop bestempelt wordt als een van de meest invloedrijke muziekgenres van de laatste vijftig jaar.[2] De ontwikkeling van hiphop sinds haar ontstaan is opzienbarend. Hiphop is ontstaan in het midden van de jaren zeventig in de achterstandswijk de Bronx, New York, als culturele expressie van de gemarginaliseerde zwarte, stedelijke bevolking van de Verenigde Staten.[3] Deze lokale en cultureel geïsoleerde stroming heeft zich in de decennia hierop volgend ontwikkeld tot een miljoenenindustrie met luisteraars en beoefenaars wereldwijd. Door deze verschuiving is het duidelijk geworden dat hiphopcultuur serieus genomen dient te worden en net als andere Afro-Amerikaanse culturele bewegingen wetenschappelijk onderzoek verdient.

Hiphop als begrip is lastig te definiëren, omdat hiphop door de jaren heen voortdurend veranderd is.[4] Hiphop is het product van een Caribische, Afrikaanse en Afro-Amerikaanse culturele kruisbestuiving die plaatsgevonden heeft in de achterstandswijken van de Verenigde Staten. In deze cultuur lag de nadruk op het ritmisch vertellen van verhalen (rappen), op elektronisch geproduceerde muziek. Hierin neemt de artiest of rapper vaak het perspectief van verteller of waarnemer aan, en articuleert hij de problemen en genoegens van het leven in de achterstandswijken. Het breakdansen ontstond als reactie op deze nieuwe muziekstijl, en werd onherroepelijk verbonden met de muziek. Het ontstaan van deze nieuwe hiphopcultuur ging gepaard met technologische ontwikkelingen die het voor iedereen mogelijk maakte om relatief gemakkelijk muziek te produceren. Hiermee ontstond een podium voor hen die zich aan de rand van de samenleving bevonden. Een ander element dat al snel met hiphopcultuur verbonden werd, was graffiti. Graffiti wordt gekenmerkt door eenzelfde stijl als hiphopmuziek. Het illegaal beschilderen van wc's, muren en metro's gaf veel anonieme artiesten een miljoenenpubliek en maakte het zo mogelijk vanuit de marge de aandacht te trekken. In dit onderzoek zal de term hiphopcultuur gehanteerd worden, die als volgt te definiëren is: een culturele stroming die ontsprongen is aan het begin van de jaren zeventig in

[1] Kristin Toussaint, 'At Harvard, hip-hop is getting its place in history', *Metro* <http://www.metro.us/boston/at-harvard-hip-hop-is-getting-its-place-in-history/zsJqbo---xy252FAg2aqI> [geraadpleegd op 27-4-2017].
[2] Matthias Mauch, Robert MacCallum, Mark Levy en Armand Leroi, 'The evolution of popular music: 1960-2010', *Royal Society Open Society* 2 (2015), 1-10, alhier 5.
[3] Tricia Rose, *Black noise: rap music and black culture in contemporary America*, (London, 1994), xi.
[4] Derrick Alridge en James Stewart, 'Hiphop in history: past, present and future', *The Journal of African American History* 90:3 (2005), 190-195, alhier 190.

de overwegend zwarte achterstandswijken van de grote steden in de Verenigde Staten, bestaande uit tenminste vier elementen; rappen, beatproductie, breakdansen en graffiti en diepgeworteld is in andere Afro-Amerikaanse culturele uitingen. Sommige auteurs schrijven andere karakteristieken toe aan hiphopcultuur, maar in de literatuur bestaat er consensus over deze basis elementen.[5]

In de jaren negentig verschoof hiphopmuziek van de underground naar de mainstream, en werd het onderdeel van de Amerikaanse popcultuur. Deze verschuiving is van belang voor dit onderzoek. In de jaren zeventig en tachtig was hiphopcultuur fel gekant tegen commercialisering en de muziekindustrie *an sich*. Dit was in overeenstemming met kritische reflectie op de samenleving, en in het bijzonder op de sociaal-economische positie van Afro-Amerikanen. Deze maatschappijkritiek werd vaak onomwonden en op een agressieve toon gearticuleerd. Daarentegen werd hiphop in de loop van de jaren negentig een van de meest gecommercialiseerde en meest winstgevende subculturen.[6] De onomwonden maatschappijkritiek en de persoonlijke verhalen van de overwegend Afro-Amerikaanse artiesten zouden vermarkt worden door de vele, kleine, door Afro-Amerikanen geleide, platenmaatschappijen. Deze platenmaatschappijen zouden aan het eind van de jaren negentig de eerste hiphopmiljonairs hebben voortgebracht.[7]

Deze ontwikkeling roept vragen op omtrent het karakter van hiphopcultuur in de jaren negentig. Wat ontstaan is als een geïsoleerde, stedelijke, Afro-Amerikaanse culturele beweging werd gecommercialiseerd en onderdeel van de popcultuur. Hierom zal gebruikmakend van theorieën over culturele trauma's, de representatie van het verleden van onderdrukking onderzocht worden in de hiphopcultuur van de jaren negentig. Bovendien hebben opeenvolgende generaties de herinnering aan dit verleden aangepast aan hun behoeften en ingepast in hun belevingswereld.[8] Het is om deze reden relevant om de volgende onderzoeksvragen te beantwoorden: naar welke thema's uit het verleden van onderdrukking van de Afro-Amerikanen wordt er in de hiphopcultuur van de jaren negentig gerefereerd? En hoe worden deze thema's gerepresenteerd?

Het antwoord op deze vraag zal laten zien naar welke thema's uit het verleden van onderdrukking gerefereerd wordt. Daarnaast zal de representatie van deze thema's de

[5] Cheryl Keyes, 'The roots and aesthetic foundation of hiphop culture', in: Todd Boyd (red.) *African Americans and Popular Culture III* (London, 2008), 87-116, alhier 87; Alridge en James, 'Hiphop in history', 190; Rose, *Black noise*, 2.
[6] Christopher H. Smith, 'Hiphop moguls', in: Todd Boyd (red), *African Americans and Popular Culture III* (London, 2008), 62-81, alhier, 70.
[7] Smith, 'Hiphop moguls', 71.
[8] Ron Eyerman, *Cultural trauma, slavery and the formation of collective identity*, (Cambridge, 2003), 15.

motieven voor het verwijzen naar het verleden van onderdrukking verduidelijken. In de status quaestionis zal de literatuur over culturele trauma's en de positie van muziek in de Afro-Amerikaanse cultuur en hiphop verkend worden. Vervolgens wordt beargumenteerd op basis van welke criteria de bronnen geselecteerd zijn en hoe deze onderzocht zijn. Deze criteria bieden tevens handvatten voor de conclusie. Zo wordt de periodisering gebruikt om een ontwikkeling in tijd bloot te leggen, en de onderverdeling op basis van locatie om de verschillen per gedeelte van de Verenigde Staten te duiden. In de hoofdstukken zullen de thema's die uit de muziek naar voren komen benoemd en geanalyseerd worden. In de conclusie zijn de gevonden thema's samengevat en wordt de ontwikkeling in tijd blootgelegd. Ook worden de motieven voor het verwijzen naar het verleden nog kort toegelicht. Tot slot zijn hier nog aanbevelingen voor verder onderzoek aan toegevoegd.

Status Quaestionis

In dit onderzoek zullen verwijzingen naar het verleden van onderdrukking van Afro-Amerikanen in de hiphopcultuur onderzocht worden. Dit verleden van onderdrukking en de strijd daartegen kan gezien worden als een cultureel trauma. Om deze reden is eerst de relevante literatuur over culturele trauma's besproken. Uit de literatuur komt daarnaast naar voren dat deze culturele trauma's verwerkt worden in de publieke sfeer waarin muziek een belangrijke rol speelt. Allereerst worden daarom enkele klassieke perspectieven op Afro-Amerikaanse muziek besproken, waarna meer recente publicaties over Afro-Amerikaanse muziek worden behandeld. Tot slot zullen recente onderzoeken naar hiphop gepresenteerd worden om dit onderzoek te situeren in het wetenschappelijk debat.

Vanuit de sociologie is er veel onderzoek gedaan naar deze zogenaamde culturele trauma's en zij hebben theoretische veronderstellingen ontwikkeld waarmee culturele trauma's onderzocht kunnen worden.[9] Deze theoretische veronderstellingen benadrukken dat een cultureel trauma, en met name de verwerking daarvan, een cultureel proces is. In dit culturele proces spelen identiteitsvorming en het collectief geheugen een sleutelrol. Dit proces kan het best beschreven worden als: 'het trauma wordt actief herinnerd en op verschillende manieren gerepresenteerd en beïnvloed zo de voortdurende verandering van de collectieve identiteit en het collectief geheugen.'[10] Het trauma van het verleden van onderdrukking wordt dus vormgegeven in de publieke sfeer, waarin populaire representaties een belangrijke rol kunnen spelen.

[9] Eyerman, *Cultural Trauma*.
[10] Ibidem, 1.

Muziek, als onderdeel van de publieke sfeer, is een geschikt domein om de representaties van het verleden te onderzoeken. Muziek kan wanneer daarin verwezen wordt naar het verleden, emotionele reacties oproepen, en zo vormend zijn voor het individuele en collectieve geheugen.[11] Bovendien was muziek na de Reconstructie een van de weinige middelen waarmee Afro-Amerikanen zich cultureel konden uiten.[12] Hierom zijn vanaf de twintigste eeuw verschillende wetenschappers die het belang van kunst en in het bijzonder muziek binnen de Afro-Amerikaanse cultuur aanhalen.

Twee invloedrijke geleerden die een bijdrage hebben geleverd aan de perspectieven op Afro-Amerikaanse muziek zijn W.E.B. Du Bois (1868-1963) en Alain Locke (1885-1954). In het boek *The souls of black folks* van W.E.B. Du Bois (1903) beschrijft hij verschillende thema's rondom de rassenongelijkheid in Amerika en de identiteit van Afro-Amerikanen. In zijn laatste hoofdstuk *On the sorrow songs* vraagt Du Bois zich af wat deze, zo tot hem sprekende, slavenliederen zijn en wat zij eigenlijk betekenen. Hij beargumenteert dat de liederen de blik van de Afro-Amerikanen op de wereld weerspiegelden; het was de muziek van een ongelukkig maar tevens hoopvol volk, dat wenste ooit beoordeeld te worden op basis van hun kunnen in plaats van hun huidskleur. De muziek was volgens Du Bois de meest bruikbare documentatie van de lange geschiedenis van onderdrukking en de strijd tegen deze onderdrukking.[13] Zo werden de liederen een opslagplaats voor het collectief geheugen. De tweede auteur uit de vroeg twintigste-eeuw is Alain Locke. Deze filosoof toont in zijn boek *Negro art: past and present* (1936) aan hoe de ontwikkeling van Afro-Amerikaanse muziek samenhangt met grote veranderingen in de sociale, politieke en economische omstandigheden van Afro-Amerikanen.[14] De inhoud van de muziek zou daarom volgens Locke deze veranderingen weerspiegelen. Daarnaast betoogt hij dat de invloed van Afro-Amerikaanse muziek ver buiten de Afro-Amerikaanse gemeenschap reikt.

Door zowel Du Bois als Locke wordt een speciale rol toegewezen aan muziek in Afro-Amerikaanse cultuur. Du Bois benadrukt dat Afro-Amerikaanse muziek de beste documentatie is van de geschiedenis van onderdrukking en de strijd tegen de onderdrukking. Locke voegt daar aan toe dat veranderingen van de Afro-Amerikaanse sociaal-economische en politieke omstandigheden weergegeven worden in de Afro-Amerikaanse muziek. Hoewel de werken nog steeds onderdeel zijn van menig studie, is het belangrijk om de historische context waarin deze werken geschreven zijn kort toe te lichten. Beide werken zijn afkomstig

[11] Ibidem, 8.
[12] Ibidem, 13.
[13] W.E.B. Du Bois, *The souls of black folk*, (Chicago, 1903), 180.
[14] Alain Locke, *Negro art: past and present*, (Washington, 1936).

uit de periode na de slavernij en op dat moment werden de Afro-Amerikanen in het zuiden nog altijd gediscrimineerd. Beide auteurs geloofden dan ook dat de geschiedenis van de Afro-Amerikanen en de culturele uitingen ingezet konden worden om de Afro-Amerikanen te emanciperen.[15] Het is daarom dat deze onderzoeken een sterk emancipatoir karkater hebben en dat kan gezien worden als een normatief element. Toch hangen de ideeën nauw samen met de theoretische veronderstellingen over culturele trauma's. Het collectief geheugen en de collectieve identiteit worden vormgegeven in de publieke sfeer, onder andere in muziek, zoals Du Bois benadrukt. Daarnaast hebben ook de veranderende sociale omstandigheden invloed op de interpretatie van het verleden van onderdrukking. In andere woorden, elke generatie herinterpreteert en 're-presenteert' het verleden op een andere manier.

In recent onderzoek naar hiphopcultuur door Tricia Rose en Paul Gilroy resoneren deze klassieke perspectieven op Afro-Amerikaanse muziek, cultuur en identiteit. Paul Gilroy presenteert in zijn boek *The black atlantic* (1995) het gebied rondom de Atlantische oceaan als een culturele eenheid. In deze eenheid kwamen culturele invloeden uit Afrika, Amerika, de Caribische eilanden en Groot-Brittannië bij elkaar, en vormden een nieuwe hybride cultuur. De basis voor de cultuur is volgens Gilroy de gemeenschappelijke slavernij ervaring, die in deze cultuur dan ook actief herinnerd wordt. Deze these wordt ondersteund door een nadere bestudering van het gedachtegoed van Afro-Amerikaanse intellectuelen en kunstenaars, in het bijzonder muzikanten. Hij stelt dat het slavernijverleden een wederkerend thema is binnen Afro-Amerikaanse muziek, waardoor het een sociaal gebruik is geworden. Hier krijgen identiteit en herinneringscultuur vorm in het samenspel tussen artiest en luisteraar.[16]

In het boek *Black noise* (1994) van Trica Rose werd voor het eerst een uitgebreid onderzoek gedaan naar het fenomeen hiphop. Uit haar onderzoek komen een aantal elementen naar voren die de, in dit onderzoek gepresenteerde, definitie van hiphopcultuur verdiepen. Allereerst benadrukt Rose dat hiphop sterk verbonden is met de locatie. Zo vertegenwoordigen rappers hun steden, buurten en straten en verwijzen ze hier regelmatig naar. Hieruit trekt Rose de conclusie dat hiphop de spreekbuis is van de Afro-Amerikanen uit de achterstandswijken. Een ander belangrijk element dat Rose benadrukt is dat rappers allerlei beelden, geluiden, ideeën en iconen lenen of recyclen en van een nieuwe lading

[15] Jessie Guzman, 'W.E.B. Du Bois: the historian', *The Journal of Negro Education* 30:4 (1961), 377-385, alhier 383.
[16] Paul Gilroy, *The black Atlantic*, (Cambridge, 1995), 73.

voorzien, bespotten, verheerlijken of vieren.[17] Tot slot wijst ze op het paradoxale karakter van hiphop en hiphopartiesten. Het ene moment wordt de gangsterlevensstijl gevierd en op het andere moment wordt er gewaarschuwd voor de gevaren hiervan.

Tot zo ver kan worden vastgesteld dat een cultureel trauma collectief verwerkt wordt, en dat muziek als onderdeel van de publieke sfeer daar een belangrijke rol in speelt. Daarnaast is uit de literatuur naar voren gekomen dat muziek binnen de Afro-Amerikaanse cultuur een belangrijke positie inneemt. In deze Afro-Amerikaanse muziek is de documentatie van het heden en verleden van belang. Door een aantal onderzoekers, waaronder Derrick Alridge, Toby Jenkens en James Stewart wordt hiphop ook in deze traditie geplaatst. Vanuit dit perspectief hebben zij onderzoek gedaan naar hiphop en specifiek naar specifieke thema's in hiphop. Deze studies zullen besproken worden om allereerst inzicht te krijgen in wederkerende thema's in hiphop. Daarnaast om de verschillende methoden om hiphop muziek te onderzoeken, te verkennen.

In het artikel van Derrick Alridge (2005) wordt de invloed van de burgerrechtenbeweging op hiphopcultuur onderzocht. Om dit te onderzoeken hanteert hij een originele methode. Deze zal later in de paragraaf ´bronselectie en methode´ uiteen is gezet, omdat deze gebruikt is in dit onderzoek. Onder hiphopcultuur verstaat hij hiphopmuziek, populaire hiphopmagazines en muziekvideo's. Hij laat in zijn artikel zien dat de hiphopgeneratie wel degelijk dezelfde maatschappijkritiek heeft als de burgerrechtenbeweging, voornamelijk in de vroege fase van hiphop.[18]

James Stewart onderzoekt in zijn artikel (2011) een verwant thema, namelijk het politiek commentaar in verschillende Afro-Amerikaanse muziekgenres.[19] Stewart laat zien dat politiek commentaar in alle vormen van Afro-Amerikaanse muziek terug gevonden kan worden. Hiervoor heeft hij teksten van blues-, soul- en hiphopmuziek onderzocht. Stewart heeft een typologie ontwikkeld om de verschillende vormen van politiek commentaar te kunnen categoriseren. Deze categorisering maakt hij op basis van de inhoud van de muziek, maar ook op basis van de toon; agressief, defensief of positief.

Tot slot verdient de studie van Toby Jenkins (2011) bijzondere aandacht. Hij onderzoekt de intellectuele capaciteiten van hiphopartiesten.[20] Dit doet hij door de rapteksten

[17] Rose, *Black noise*, 9.
[18] Derrick Alridge, 'From civil rights to hiphop: Toward a nexus of ideas', *The Journal of African American History* 90:3 (2005), 226–253.
[19] James Stewart, 'Message in the music: political commentary in black popular music, from rhythm and blues to early hiphop', *Journal of African American History* 90:3 (2005), 196-225.
[20] Toby Jenkins, 'A beautiful mind: black male intellectual identity and hiphopculture', *Journal of Black Studies* 42:8 (2011), 1231-1251, alhier 1233.

te onderzoeken. In deze teksten probeert hij de intellectualiteit van artiesten te beoordelen en op waarde te schatten. Belangrijk voor dit onderzoek is dat Jenkins stelt dat rapteksten niet gezien worden als artistieke producten en daarom niet op dezelfde waarde wordt geschat als bijvoorbeeld een boek. Hierom concludeert hij dat de intellectualiteit in de teksten van hiphopartiesten onderschat wordt in vergelijking met andere onderdelen van de Amerikaanse popcultuur.

In navolging van Paul Gilroy en Tricia Rose wordt hiphopmuziek in dit onderzoek gepresenteerd als een Afro-Amerikaanse cultureel fenomeen. Binnen de Afro-Amerikaanse cultuur speelt het verleden van onderdrukking een belangrijke rol. Dit maakt hiphop tot een geschikt domein om verwijzingen naar het verleden van onderdrukking te onderzoeken. Zo zal in dit exploratief onderzoek duidelijk worden of binnen hiphopcultuur ook naar dit verleden verwezen wordt, naar welke thema's er verwezen wordt en hoe deze thema's worden gerepresenteerd.

Bronselectie en methode

Om te achterhalen naar welke thema's uit het verleden van onderdrukking verwezen wordt, en met welk doel er naar dit verleden gerefereerd wordt is een kwalitatief onderzoek uitgevoerd. Een kwalitatief onderzoek is geschikt omdat in dit onderzoek centraal staat 'naar welke thema's' en 'waarom' er naar het verleden verwezen wordt. De thema's die worden besproken en de redenen daarvoor zijn immers divers en daarom moeilijk in een kwantitatief onderzoek na te gaan. In dit onderzoek zijn niet alle gevonden referenties naar het verleden behandeld. In plaats daarvan zijn gevallen behandeld die exemplarisch zijn voor de presentatie van geschiedenis op de bestudeerde albums. Het doel van dit onderzoek is dan ook om patronen bloot te leggen in het verwijzen naar het verleden van onderdrukking.

Hiphopcultuur bestaat uit vier elementen; rappen, beatproductie, breakdancen en graffiti. In dit onderzoek is graffiti en breakdance niet onderzocht, omdat breakdansen geen schriftelijk materiaal achterlaat en graffiti een andere onderzoeksmethode vereist. Hierdoor zijn beide elementen niet geschikt voor dit onderzoek. De andere twee elementen rappen en beatproductie, hierna kortweg hiphopmuziek of hiphop, zijn uitermate geschikt voor onderzoek. Hiphopmuziek leent zich uitstekend voor onderzoek omdat het schriftelijk materiaal achterlaat in de vorm van de zangteksten. Bovendien is veel hiphopmuziek online te beluisteren, en ook zijn de teksten online te raadplegen.Hierdoor is het dus mogelijk om de verwijzingen naar de onderdrukkingsgeschiedenis te onderzoeken.

De hiphopmuziek is onderzocht aan de hand van de twee mechanismen *imaging* en *sampling*. Vanwege de omvang van de muziekindustrie en muziekconsumptie is er veel opgenomen hiphopmuziek beschikbaar voor analyse. Allereerst is er gekozen om niet afzonderlijk nummers te analyseren maar om albums als onderzoekseenheid te gebruiken. Dit om dat een album een artistieke eenheid vormt, en omdat op deze manier duidelijk wordt of een thema eenmalig aangesneden wordt, of wederkerend is. Om de legitimiteit en representativiteit van het onderzoek te waarborgen moeten de bronnen de verscheidenheid in het aanbod van hiphopmuziek representeren. Om dit te bewerkstelligen is een drietal criteria opgesteld die met representativiteit samenhangen: reikwijdte, locatie en tijd/periode.

Om het eerste element, de reikwijdte, vast te stellen zijn de verkoopcijfers gekozen. Het criterium is vastgesteld op tenminste een miljoen verkochte albums, wat in de VS de officiële platinastatus is en wordt vastgesteld door de *Recording Industry Association of America* (RIAA).[21] De locatie is als tweede element van belang om een representatief beeld te krijgen van de verscheidenheid van hiphopmuziek in de VS. Het is van belang dat niet enkel de grote steden van de west- en oostkust onderzocht worden, omdat hiphopmuziek ook in het binnenland en het zuiden werd gemaakt. Toch is het belangrijk om op te merken dat de zwaartepunten van de hiphopcultuur uit de jaren negentig zich wel degelijk aan de west- en oostkust van de VS bevonden. Het is om deze reden dat de meerderheid (twee derde) van de onderzochte albums afkomstig is uit deze gebieden. Tot slot is het van belang dat de albums de jaren negentig representeren. Uit de bestaande literatuur blijkt dat de hiphopcultuur in het midden van de jaren negentig tot de Amerikaanse popcultuur ging behoren. Om deze ontwikkeling in tijd bloot te leggen, zijn de jaren negentig in drie periodes onderverdeeld. De eerste periode is van 1990 tot en met 1993, de tweede periode van 1994 tot en met 1997 en de laatste van 1998 tot en met 2000. Op deze manier zal tijd/periode als element worden meegenomen.

Er zijn op basis van de reikwijdte, locatie en tijd/periode negen albums gekozen. Allereerst zijn alle albums met minder dan een miljoen verkochte exemplaren afgevallen. Vervolgens zijn er per periode drie albums geselecteerd afkomstig uit de verschillende gebieden. (hieronder schematisch weergegeven). Deze albums zijn willekeurig gekozen, dat wil zeggen niet op inhoud geselecteerd. Zij zouden dan ook vervangen kunnen worden door andere hiphopalbums met meer een miljoen verkochte exemplaren, afkomstig uit dezelfde regio en tijdsperiode.

[21] RIAA, 'Gold and platinum certification criteria' <https://www.riaa.com/gold-platinum/certification-criteria/> [geraadpleegd op 7 april].

Periode	Plaats	Album
1990-1993	West	Ice Cube – AmeriKKKa's Most Wanted (1990)
	Oost	KRS-One – Return of the Boom Bap (1993)
	Anders	Arrested Development – 3 Years, 5 Months & 2 Days in the Life Of (1992)
1994-1997	West	2pac – Me Against the World (1995)
	Oost	Nas – Illmatic (1994)
	Anders	Outkast – ATLiens (1996)
1997-2000	West	Dr. Dre – 2001 (1999)
	Oost	Lauryn Hill – The Miseducation of Lauryn Hill (1998)
	Anders	The Roots – Things Fall Apart (1999)

Om te bestuderen hoe er aan het verleden van onderdrukking gerefereerd wordt zullen de twee mechanismen *imaging* en *sampling,* ontwikkeld door Derrick Alridge, gebruikt worden. *Imaging* is het vocaal oproepen of reproduceren van gebeurtenissen, mensen en symbolen met als doel het verleden dichterbij het heden te brengen. *Sampling* is een onderdeel van imaging. Bij sampling worden bepaalde gebeurtenissen niet opgeroepen door deze te beschrijven of bepaalde termen te gebruiken die bij een tijdsperiode passen, maar door het digitaal hergebruiken van bepaald audio materiaal. Sampling kan dan ook beschreven worden als het digitaal reproduceren van geluiden of stemmen in een nummer, optreden of video. Deze referenties zijn soms subtiel en gaan soms niet verder dan enkel het noemen van een naam of het *samplen* van een frase.[22]

[22] Alridge, 'Civil rights to hiphop', 229.

Hoofdstuk 1: 'Verandering hangt in de lucht' 1990-1993

In het begin van de jaren negentig stonden de raciale verhoudingen in de Verenigde Staten ernstig onder druk en waren de omstandigheden in de achterstandswijken erbarmelijk. Als gevolg van deindustrialisering en een conservatieve president in de jaren tachtig verdwenen banen en sociale hulpprogramma's waar vooral de arme en laagopgeleide Afro-Amerikanen afhankelijk van waren. Hierdoor was er voornamelijk in de achterstandswijken een situatie ontstaan waarin geweld, drugsverslaving, eenoudergezinnen en armoede veel voorkwamen. Tegelijkertijd bestond er een zekere mate van opwaartse mobiliteit voor Afro-Amerikanen afkomstig uit de middenklassen, die al snel de achterstandswijken verlieten. Beide ontwikkelingen zorgden voor spanningen, enerzijds intra-raciaal en anderzijds interraciaal.[23] De Afro-Amerikaanse gemeenschap in de achterstandswijken werd uitgedaagd om het hoofd te bieden aan deze veranderingen. Hiphop was een van de reacties op deze veranderingen en creëerde hiermee nieuwe grenzen voor Afro-Amerikaanse cultuur.[24]

De bestudeerde albums uit deze periode kunnen dan ook het best worden gedefinieerd als sociaal-politiek bewust, in sommige gevallen, gecombineerd met agressief, grof en revolutionair taalgebruik. Onder leiding van de rappers afkomstig van de westkust werd in deze periode, de zogenaamde 'gangsterrap' populair. Niet iedereen was blij met deze ontwikkeling. De teksten waarin vaak geweld werd verheerlijkt en seksisme niet werd geschuwd zorgden voor de nodige ophef.[25] Er kwamen dan ook muzikale tegenreacties op de gangsterrap, voornamelijk vanuit andere gebieden zoals de oostkust en het zuiden.

Het eerste album dat hier is geanalyseerd, *AmeriKKKa's most wanted* is het solo debuut van rapper O'Shea "Ice Cube" Jackson, uitgegeven op 16 mei 1990. Het album was een groot succes maar kreeg tevens veel kritiek. Hierdoor was het een album dat hiphopmuziek in de jaren negentig definieerde.[26] Op het album wordt verwezen naar de Black Power beweging, raciale stereotypen en andere revolutionaire symbolen afkomstig uit het verleden. Het overkoepelende thema van het album is het diepgeworteld racisme in de Verenigde Staten. In de titel van het album wordt hier direct naar verwezen, gebruikmakend van het verleden. *America*, is namelijk expres verkeerd gespeld, de drie K's in AmeriKKKa

[23] Joe Trotter, *African American experience*, (Boston, 2001), 606.
[24] Trotter, *African American experience*, 607.
[25] Chuck Phillips, 'The uncivil war: the battle between the establishment and supporters of rap music reopens old wounds of race and class', *Los Angeles Times* (19 juli 1992) <http://articles.latimes.com/1992-07-19/entertainment/ca-4391_1_uncivil-war/2> [geraadpleegd op 25-5-2017].
[26] Dan Rys, 'Street knowledge: Ice Cube on 25 years of 'AmeriKKKa's most wanted', *XXL magazine* <http://www.xxlmag.com/news/2015/05/ice-cube-25-years-amerikkkas-most-wanted/> [geraadpleegd op 25-5-2017].

zijn een verwijzing naar de Ku Klux Klan.[27] De Ku Klux Klan is symbool geworden voor openlijk en wijdverspreid racisme in de Verenigde Staten. Met het benoemen van dit symbool probeert Ice Cube aan te geven dat er weinig is veranderd, en schept daarmee een continuüm.

Het moge duidelijk zijn dat rapper Ice Cube deze situatie niet wenselijk acht. Het is om deze reden dat Ice Cube oproept tot verzet en zelfs rebellie of revolutie. Dit doet hij in het nummer *The n*gga ya love to hate.* Om deze oproepkracht bij te zetten maakt hij gebruik van symbolen afkomstig uit de zogenaamde Black Power beweging. Deze beweging promootte een nieuw raciaal bewustzijn onder Afro-Amerikanen en daarnaast behartigde het collectieve belangen van de Afro-Amerikanen. Zij maakte gebruik van verschillende symbolen waaronder militair-geïnspireerde, zwarte kleding en de opgeheven gebalde vuist.[28] Ice Cube verwijst naar het laatste symbool, de gebalde vuist. Zo rapt hij:

"there's no pot to piss in
I put my fist in"[29]

Allereerst benadrukt hij met een gezegde dat hij in armoede leeft. Ice Cube wil de armoede waarmee zoveel problemen samenhangen beëindigen. Zo neemt hij het heft in eigen hand en balt zijn vuist. Hiermee verwijst hij naar de symboliek en het gedachtegoed van de Black power beweging.

In het nummer *Turn off the radio* stelt Ice Cube dat hiphopmuziek niet gedraaid wordt op de radio. De reden hiervoor is, dat er nog steeds veel racisme bestaat in de Verenigde Staten. Hij richt zich tot de Afro-Amerikanen die wel op de radio gedraaid worden. Zij zouden zich te veel conformeren aan een overheersend witte cultuur.[30] Ice Cube stelt dat het niet uitmaakt hoever je meegaat in deze witte cultuur. Als het er daadwerkelijk op aan komt zullen de Afro-Amerikanen toch als een stereotype gezien worden. Hierom adresseert Ice Cube de negatieve stereotypen van Afro-Amerikanen. In de *sample* worden een aantal van

[27] De Ku Klux Klan was een racistische organisatie uit het zuiden van de Verenigde Staten opgericht na de Amerikaanse Burgeroorlog (1861-1865). Zij hadden tot doel de 'traditionele' klassen te behouden, hierin was de Afro-Amerikaan ondergeschikt. Om dit doel te bereiken gebruikten de Ku Klux Klan excessief geweld. Bovendien waren veel van de lokale elite, zoals doctoren, advocaten en politici lid van deze organisatie. Hierdoor is de Ku Klux Klan een symbool geworden voor openlijk en wijdverspreid racisme in de Verenigde Staten.
Trotter, *African American experience*, 334.

[28] Trotter, *African American Experience,* 589.

[29] Ice Cube, 'The n*gga you love to hate', *AmeriKKKa's most wanted* (1990) zie bijlage pagina 34.

[30] Ice Cube, 'Turn of the radio', *AmeriKKKa's most wanted* (1990), zie bijlage pagina 42.

deze stereotypen en racistische uitlatingen opgesomd. Sommige hiervan kennen een lange traditie. Enkele goede voorbeelden hiervan zijn *titsun, spade* en *moulan yan.*[31]

Het tweede album dat geanalyseerd wordt is het eerste solo album van rapper KRS-One. Op het album worden verschillende thema's uit het verleden ingezet om hedendaagse problemen van context te voorzien. Zo koppelt hij de problematische relatie van de Afro-Amerikanen met de politie aan het slavernijverleden en wijt hij de algehele toestand van de Afro-Amerikaanse gemeenschap aan het aanhangen van de verkeerde religie.

In het nummer *Black cop* bespreekt KRS-One de situatie van een Afro-Amerikaanse agent. Hierin stelt hij dat dertig jaar geleden nog geen agenten van Afro-Amerikaanse komaf actief waren. Het is van belang om hierbij op te merken dat er al vanaf 1911 Afro-Amerikaanse agenten waren, het gaat hier dus om een onjuist beeld van het verleden.[32] De nieuwe Afro-Amerikaanse agenten zouden volgens hem expres ingezet worden om Afro-Amerikanen te controleren. KRS-One benadrukt de spanningen die dit oplevert in de Afro-Amerikaanse gemeenschap. Dezelfde thema's behandelt hij nogmaals in het nummer *Sound of the police*. Hierin maakt KRS-One de vergelijking tussen de politie agent en een plantageopzichter:

"Take the word overseer, like a sample

Repeat it very quickly in a crew, for example

Overseer, overseer, overseer, overseer

Officer, officer, officer, officer

Yeah, officer from overseer

You need a little clarity? Check the similarity!"[33]

KRS-One positioneert zich hier duidelijk tegenover de politie, die naar zijn mening mede verantwoordelijk is voor het geweld. Bovendien zouden zij de Afro-Amerikaanse bevolking in het algemeen behandelen als crimineel. De vergelijking met het verleden wordt hier

[31] Adela Catana, ´Stereotypes in Spike Lee´s *Do the right thing* and *Bamboozled*', *Journal of Romanian literary studies* 10 (2017) 316-320, alhier 318.
[32] Mosi Secret, 'the story of New York's first black police officer, told with the help of Langston Hughes', *The New York times* < *https*://www.nytimes.com/2015/06/28/nyregion/the-story-of-new-yorks-first-black-police-officer-told-with-the-help-of-langston-hughes.html?mtrref=query.nytimes.com&_r=0> [geraadpleegd op 17-5-2017].
[33] KRS-One, 'Sound of da police', the return of the boombap (1993), zie bijlage pagina 71.

gebruikt om de verhoudingen tussen de politie en de Afro-Amerikaanse bevolking te verklaren. Bovendien wordt de vergelijking tussen de plantage opzichter en politieagent ingezet om een zekere continuïteit aan te tonen tussen de onderdrukking van de slaven op de plantage en de ongelijke positie van Afro-Amerikanen in de samenleving.

KRS-One vindt, net als Ice Cube, de slechte situatie van de Afro-Amerikanen, veroorzaakt door armoede en geweld, onacceptabel. Waar Ice Cube oproept tot rebellie, onderzoekt KRS-One in het nummer *Higher Level* andere mogelijkheden om de positie van de Afro-Amerikaan te verbeteren. Hij zegt geen vertrouwen te hebben in de Amerikaanse politiek en ook deelname aan het Amerikaanse leger keurt hij af. De reden hiervoor is dat dienen voor het land dat naar de mening van KRS-One, verantwoordelijk is voor de slechte positie van de Afro-Amerikanen verwerpelijk is.[34] Eenzelfde analogie bestaat al sinds de Tweede Wereldoorlog, toen Afro-Amerikanen dienden in het Amerikaanse leger om Europa te bevrijden. Bij terugkomst hadden zij grootse verwachtingen dat hun positie zou worden verbeterd. Deze verbetering bleef echter uit.[35]

De enige manier waarop de Afro-Amerikanen hun positie kunnen verbeteren is door middel van religie, aldus KRS-One. Hij stelt dat de Afrikanen de verkeerde religie hebben aangenomen in het verleden: die van de onderdrukker. Namelijk het westelijk christendom dat lange tijd de slavernij niet afkeurde. Volgens KRS-One heeft de 'witte jezus' de Afrikaanse gelovigen bedrogen. Daarnaast trekt hij de notie van een blanke Jezus in twijfel. Hierbij haalt hij het werk van Michelangelo aan uit 1519. Toen schilderde Michelangelo God en Jezus naar het evenbeeld van de witte mens. KRS-One is daarom op zoek naar een god waarin hij zichzelf herkent en een god die voor hem opkomt.

Het laatste album uit deze periode is gemaakt door de alternatieve hiphopgroep Arrested Development. Dit was de eerste rapformatie uit het zuiden van de Verenigde Staten. Als gevolg van de toenemende populariteit van hiphop in de oost- en westkust van de Verenigde Staten verschenen aan het begin van de jaren negentig albums in andere gebieden. Deze waren veelal geïnspireerd op de gangsterrap van de westkust. Arrested Development was juist een duidelijk tegengeluid. Zij wilden zichzelf neerzetten als anti-gangsterrap. Dit was een onverwacht succes, en hiermee hebben zij de zuidelijke hiphop op de kaart gezet. Op dit album staan aanzienlijk minder verwijzingen naar het verleden. De referenties die aanwezig zijn in het album zijn subtieler dan de referenties die hier boven behandeld zijn. Desalniettemin worden er op het album een aantal thema's besproken, die Ice Cube en KRS-

[34] KRS-One, 'Higher level', the return of the boombap (1993), zie bijlage pagina 84.
[35] Trotter, *African American Experience*, 490.

One ook hebben verkend, zoals de relatie met de politie en religie. Wat echter nieuw is, zijn de verwijzingen naar Afrika op het album van Arrested Development.

Een goed voorbeeld hiervan is het nummer *Fishin' 4 religion*. Hierin herkennen we een zelfde thematiek als in het nummer *Higher level* van KRS-One. De religie die de Afro-Amerikanen hebben aangenomen is de verkeerde. De reden hiervoor is dat deze religie hen leert om het racisme te accepteren en zich hierbij neer te leggen (*to cope*). De juiste religie zou volgens Arrested Development een religie zijn die actief oproept en bijdraagt aan het bewerkstelligen van verandering. Het idee van 'de verkeerde' religie komt voor in meerdere Afro-Amerikaanse culturele bewegingen. De beste voorbeelden hiervan zijn de Nation of Gods on Earth en Nation of Islam: zij pretenderen eveneens de enige juiste religie te zijn voor de Afro-Amerikanen.[36]

Daarnaast zijn er een aantal subtiele verwijzingen naar het verleden. In het nummer *Mama's always on stage* komen er een aantal voor. De eerste is de presentatie van de Afro-Amerikaanse of Afrikaanse man of vrouw als respectievelijk koning en koningin, een wederkerend thema in hiphop dat later in dit onderzoek aan bod komt. Dit zou verwijzen naar de Afrikaanse koningen en koninginnen uit de oudheid. De tweede verwijzing naar het verleden is tevens een reactie op het gewelddadige, macho karakter van gangsterrap:

"Brothers talking revolution but leave their babies behind
Well sister, he's a sucker, just leave'em be
The revolution is now up to brothers like me
To step in your man stepped out
[The goal:] To raise the children, no doubt
So let's go to it and possibly
Bring a generation of Nat's in the future" [37]

Het gaat hier om de opvoeding van kinderen, die volgens Arrested Development opgevoed zouden moeten worden als 'Nat's'. Een verwijzing naar de slaaf Nat Turner die in 1831 de eerste opstand tegen de slavernij leidde. Een symbool voor heldhaftigheid en zelfbeschikking.[38]

[36] Trotter, *African American Experience,* 554.
[37] Arrested Development, 'Mama's always on stage', *3 years 5 months & 2 days in the life of* (1993), zie bijlage pagina 87.
[38] Trotter, *African American Experience,* 203.

Op basis van de bestudeerde albums uit de eerste periode kunnen we het volgende concluderen: er wordt regelmatig naar het verleden van onderdrukking verwezen en de thema's waar naar verwezen wordt zijn uiteenlopend. In het zuiden van de Verenigde Staten wordt het minst naar het verleden verwezen, terwijl dat aan de oostkust het meest gebeurt. Hoewel de gangsterrap uit het westen niet bekend staat om de inhoudelijke teksten, wordt er door Ice Cube relatief vaak naar het verleden verwezen. De thema's hangen nauw samen met de actualiteit. Zo worden hedendaagse problemen met de politie voorzien van historische context om deze situatie te kunnen begrijpen en verklaren. Dit zien we terug bij KRS-One en ook bij Ice Cube. De roep om verandering wordt extra dik aangezet met behulp van symbolen uit de Black Power beweging. Ook wordt er een beroep op het verleden gedaan om een vorm van cohesie te creëren. Dit zien we bij Arrested Development dat verwijst naar Afrika als gemeenschappelijke oorsprong. Hierbij moet wel worden opgemerkt dat op de bestudeerde albums ook duidelijk positie word genomen tegenover bijvoorbeeld Afro-Amerikanen die zicht te veel conformeren aan een 'witte cultuur'. Ook Afro-Amerikaanse christenen moeten het ontgelden, zij zouden een 'verkeerde' religie aanhouden. Er wordt dus ook op basis van geschiedenis duidelijk onderscheidt gemaakt.

Hoofdstuk 2: 'Hernieuwde assertiviteit' 1994-1997

De periode 1994-1997 kan gezien worden als een overgangsperiode, en kan gesitueerd worden tussen de meer sociaal en politiek bewuste albums van de vroege jaren negentig en de nihilistische viering en verheerlijking van de gangsterlevensstijl aan het eind van de jaren negentig. Voor het eerst kwamen rappers onder vuur te liggen voor de inhoud van hun nummers, onder andere vanwege de verwijzingen naar geweld en seksisme.[39] Dit deed daarentegen de populariteit van hiphopmuziek niet afnemen. Sterker nog: hiphop werd alsmaar groter. Zo hebben de rappers die in dit hoofdstuk aanbod komen, Tupac, Nas en Outkast, in deze periode grote bekendheid verworven. Daarnaast werden de bestudeerde albums gezamenlijk meer dan 6 miljoen keer verkocht en kunnen ze worden beschouwd als drie van de invloedrijkste albums uit de hiphopgeschiedenis.[40]

Bovendien kan deze periode gekenmerkt worden door voortgaande fragmentatie zowel binnen de Afro-Amerikaanse gemeenschap als in de Amerikaanse samenleving.[41] Twee rechtszaken waren hierbij van grote symbolische betekenis. In de Rodney King rechtszaak

[39] Trotter, *African American Experience*, 635.
[40] RIAA, 'Gold and platinum certification criteria' <https://www.riaa.com/gold-platinum/certification-criteria/> [geraadpleegd op 7 april].
[41] Trotter, *African American experience*, 627.

werden de agenten die King mishandelden vrijgesproken door een overwegend witte jury. De vrijspraak leidde tot grootschalige rellen in Los Angeles die de problematische raciale verhoudingen blootlegden.[42] De tweede rechtszaak die leidde tot grote verontwaardiging in de Amerikaanse samenleving was die van O.J. Simpson. Hierin werd Simpson vrijgesproken van moord door een overwegend Afro-Amerikaanse jury. Blanke Amerikanen reageerden geschokt op dit vonnis. Hoewel beide rechtszaken verschillend van aard waren, hebben zij grote invloed gehad op de Afro-Amerikaanse samenleving. De politieagenten die op video waren vastgelegd terwijl zij een Afro-Amerikaan mishandelden werden vrijgesproken en Simpson werd vrijgesproken omdat een van de rechercheurs met het bewijsmateriaal zou hebben geknoeid.[43] Veel Afro-Amerikanen zagen hun vooroordelen over de politie bevestigd, wat leidde tot meer assertiviteit.

Deze gebeurtenissen en de hernieuwde assertiviteit hadden hun weerslag in de hiphopmuziek in deze periode. Zo worden er in de verwijzingen naar het verleden een aantal nieuwe thema's aangesneden, zoals de verwijzingen naar het stereotype van de Afro-Amerikaanse vrouw Jezebel en het verwijzen naar de burgerrechtenbeweging. Anderzijds bouwen deze artiesten voort op thema's die eerder ook al aanbod zijn gekomen, zoals de verwijzingen naar de Black Power beweging, Nation of Islam en Afrikaanse wortels.

Ook het volgende album had een grote invloed op de hiphopcultuur van de jaren negentig. Het zou namelijk zorgen voor een heropleving van de New Yorkse hiphopscene en het zou tevens vele andere artiesten beïnvloeden. *Illmatic* is het debuut album van rapper Nasir "Nas" Jones afkomstig uit Queensbrigde, New York. Het werd uitgegeven op 19 april 1994. [44] Het album van Nas houdt precies het midden tussen gangsterrap en de meer maatschappelijk geëngageerde rap, waardoor het gezien kan worden als een typisch voorbeeld van het midden van de jaren negentig. Op het album vertelt Nas gedetailleerde persoonlijke verhalen, die de problemen van het leven in de achterstandswijk weergeven.

Op het album staat een aantal verwijzingen naar het verleden van onderdrukking en in het bijzonder naar het gedachtegoed van de Five Percent Nation of Gods on Earth, hierna kortweg Five Percent Nation.[45] Op maar liefst zes van de tien nummers wordt verwezen naar

[42] Ibidem, 628.
[43] Ibidem, 616.
[44] The Source, 'Read the original 5-mic review of 'Illmatic'' <http://thesource.com/2014/04/19/today-in-hip-hop-history-nas-released-illmatic/> [geraadpleegd op 6-6-2017].
[45] De Five Percent Nation of Gods on Earth is een kleine afscheiding van de meer bekende, religieuze beweging Nation of Islam opgericht aan het eind van de jaren zestig. De zogeheten Five Percenters, de aanhangers van deze beweging, geloven dat de Afrikaanse man goddelijk is. Tevens wordt de islamitische levensstijl aangenomen. Daarnaast heeft deze beweging negen basisprincipes en in het eigen *supreme alphabet* heeft elke letter een bepaalde betekenis.

ideeën of symbolen afkomstig uit deze culturele beweging.[46] Het is duidelijk van groot belang voor rapper Nas. Tevens sluit het gedachtegoed van de Five Percent aan bij hiphop. Zo past de voorstelling van de Afrikaanse man als god goed bij het opscheppende karakter van hiphop. Ook sluiten het creatieve gebruik van letters en cijfers, zoals dat teruggevonden kan worden in de negen basisprincipes en het eigen alfabet, goed aan bij het creatief gebruik van woorden; tevens kenmerkend voor hiphop. In een van de referenties beschrijft Nas' nummerhoe de Afro-Amerikanen in het verleden aanhangers waren van dit geloof. Later lieten de Afro-Amerikanen dit geloof los waardoor zij zondaars werden:

"'Cause yeah, we were beginners in the hood as Five Percenters

But somethin' must've got in us, 'cause all of us turned to sinners"[47]

Nas promoot op zijn album het gedachtegoed van de Five Percent Nation,. Toch is de frequentie waarmee er op het album van Nas aan dit thema wordt gerefereerd uitzonderlijk. Wel zijn er op het album *ATLiens* van Outkast ook een aantal verwijzingen te vinden.[48]

Het nummer *Halftime* staat bekend om haar verwijzingen naar het verleden. Er is zelfs een onderzoek gedaan naar de functie van Nas als publieke intellectueel op dit nummer.[49] Op het nummer wordt naar een groot aantal voorbeeldfiguren verwezen, zoals Martin Luther King, Malcolm X en Marcus Garvey.[50] Al deze figuren staan symbool voor de strijd tegen onderdrukking van de Afro-Amerikanen. Met het benoemen van deze voorbeeldfiguren brengt Nas een hommage. Bovendien blijkt Nas de politieke onderwerpen niet te schuwen, terwijl over het algemeen de hiphopcultuur aan het verschuiven was naar gangsterrap.[51] Hiermee positioneert Nas zichzelf in een uitzonderlijke positie. Hij combineert de gangsterverhalen van het leven op de straat met het verwijzen naar sleutelfiguren uit de strijd

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Kelefa Sanneh, 'The Secret Doctrine' *Transition* 74 (1997), 162-182, al hier 165.

[46] Nas, *'Life is a b*tch, The world is yours, Halftime, One Love, Represent, It ain't hard to tell', Illmatic* (1994), zie bijlage pagina's 172, 173, 176, 181, 185, 188.

[47] Nas, 'Life is a b*tch', *Illmatic* (1994), zie bijlage pagina 172.

[48] Outkast, 'Wailin', 13th floor/ growing old' *ATLiens* (1997), zie bijlage pagina 154 en 164.

[49] Marc Hill, 'Critical pedagogy comes at halftime: Nas as black intellectual' In: Michael Dyson en Sohail Daulatzi (red.), *Born to use mics* (New York, 2011), 97-114, alhier 104.

[50] Marcus Garvey was de grondlegger van het Pan-Afrikanisme, Martin Luther King was de leider van de burgerrechtenbeweging en Malcolm X was de leider van de Nation of Islam. Allen hebben een sleutelrol vervuld in de emancipatiestrijd van de Afro-Amerikanen.

JBHE Readers, 'The most important African Americans of the Twentieth Century', *The Journal of Blacks in Higher Education* 25 (1999), 101-105, alhier 101 en 104.

[51] Hill, 'Nas as black public intellectual', 98.

tegen onderdrukking. Hiermee verenigt Nas twee, op het eerste gezicht, onverzoenbare kampen in hiphop; de maatschappelijk bewuste rap en de gangsterrap.

Op het album verwijst Nas ook twee keer naar Afrika als het moederland van alle Afro-Amerikanen. Dit doet hij op het nummer *Halftime* door het benoemen van Marcus Garvey, een van de grondleggers van de filosofie van het Pan-Afrikanisme. Hierin wordt de culturele eenheid van alle mensen van Afrikaanse afkomst benadrukt. Deze eenheid is van groot belang voor de sociale, economische en politieke emancipatie van de mensen van Afrikaanse komaf.[52] Hij verwijst tevens op een andere manier naar Afrika, zoals in de volgende zin op het nummer *The world is yours*:

"I'm deep by sound alone, caved inside, 1,000 miles from home"[53]

Nas beschrijft in deze zin dat hij Afrika nog steeds als thuis ziet. Door de gemeenschappelijke oorsprong van alle Afro-Amerikanen te benoemen schept hij eenheid. Tevens heeft het gedachtegoed van het Pan-Afrikanisme een duidelijk emancipatoir karakter, dat hij op deze manier ook ondersteunt. Het verleden wordt hier dus gebruikt om eenheid te creëren. Bovendien wordt Afrika aangedragen als de basis van de gemeenschappelijke identiteit van Afro-Amerikanen. Op basis van deze gemeenschappelijke identiteit probeert Nas ook solidariteit uit te dragen en op te roepen. Wederom is dat tegen de achtergrond van deze periode, waarin de Afro-Amerikaanse gemeenschap fragmenteert, een duidelijk tegengeluid.

Hoewel Nas opriep tot verbroedering en eenheid, was daarvan binnen de hiphopscene geen sprake. De hiphopscene in de west- en oostkust had zich inmiddels gevestigd in zowel de hiphopcultuur als in de Amerikaanse populaire cultuur. De hiphopmuziek afkomstig van het zuiden van de Verenigde Staten werd nog altijd minder gewaardeerd. Gevoed door de frustraties veroorzaakt door deze onderwaardering, produceerde het hiphopduo Outkast het album *ATLiens*. [54] Het duo bestaat uit André "André3000" Benjamin en Antwan "Big Boi" Patton. De titel van het album is een combinatie van de afkorting van Atlanta; 'ATL', en het woord *Aliens*. Outkast positioneerde zich hiermee duidelijk buiten de hiphopscene met haar nadruk op de west- en oostkust, en benoemde tegelijk hun eigen afkomst. Op het album worden verschillende thema's rondom het verleden van onderdrukking besproken, zoals het stereotype van de Afro-Amerikaanse vrouw Jezebel, het gedachtegoed van de Nation of

[52] Trotter, *African American experience*, 587.
[53] Nas, 'The world is yours', *Illmatic* (1994), zie bijlage pagina 173.
[54] Ben Westhoff, *Dirty South* (Chicago, 2011), 113.

Islam, de burgerrechtenbeweging onder leiding van Martin Luther King en religieuze symboliek.[55] [56]

Met name de religieuze symboliek en het commentaar op stereotypen van Afro-Amerikaanse vrouwen zijn wederkerende thema's in de verwijzingen naar het verleden van onderdrukking. De kritiek op de stereotypen van Afro-Amerikaanse vrouwen gaat vaak gepaard met kritiek op de dubbele seksuele moraal. Een voorbeeld van deze kritiek is te vinden op het nummer *Jazzy belle*. Dit is een woordspeling en daarmee een verwijzing naar het stereotype van de Afro-Amerikaanse vrouw als Jezebel. Hoewel het stereotype afkomstig is uit het begin van de negentiende eeuw, stelt Outkast dat dit stereotype tegenwoordig geïnternaliseerd is. De Afro-Amerikaanse vrouw is volgens hen te veel op seks uit en zij zouden hun eigen lichaam niet met respect behandelen. Andre3000 en Big Boi zouden daarom graag zien dat de Afro-Amerikaanse vrouw zich meer zou gedragen als een zogeheten *natural woman*.[57] Dat is volgens Outkast het tegenovergestelde van *Jazzy Belle*: een vrouw met respect voor haar eigen lichaam.

Er zijn ook twee noemenswaardige verwijzingen naar de burgerrechtenbeweging onder leiding van Martin Luther King. Hier wordt naar verwezen op de nummers *Mainstream* en *Millenium*. Wat direct opvalt is dat de verwijzingen naar dit onderdeel van het verleden een enigszins negatieve connotatie hebben. Zo wordt op het nummer *Mainstream* de gewelddadige situatie in de achterstandswijken besproken. In deze gewelddadige context is er geen ruimte voor het verzoenende en vredelievende gedachtegoed van Martin Luther King. Dit wordt als volgt gearticuleerd:

"Ain't thinking about no hope no more
I got my boots I kick it 'til I get with
Adapt and overcome, oh hum hum
Go get my gun, load up for fun, and put down with the frown

[55] Outkast, 'Jazzy Belle, Wailin', Mainstream, Millenium en 13th floor/growing old', *ATLiens* (1997), zie bijlage pagina's 146, 154, 156, 160 en 164.
[56] Jezebel: de naam is afgeleid van een vrouwelijk personage uit de bijbel en werd aan het begin van de negentiende eeuw ingezet door blanke Amerikanen om seksueel misbruik en verkrachting van Afro-Amerikaanse vrouwen te rechtvaardigen. De Afro-Amerikaanse vrouw was volgens dit stereotype nymfomaan en kon bovendien niet van anderen houden en was daardoor niet echt menselijk.
Jennifer Woodward en Teresa Matin, 'Black womanhood: "essence" and its treatment of stereotypical images of black woman', *Journal of Black Studies* 36:2 (2005) 264-481, alhier 272; Elaine Richardson, 'To protect and serve: African American female literacies', *College Composition and Communication* 53:4 (2002) 675-704, alhier 676; Trotter, *African American Experience*, 205.
[57] Outkast, 'Jazzy Belle', *ATLiens* (1997), zie bijlage pagina 146.

What goes round comes round from M.L.K. to Cascade"[58]

Uit dit fragment blijkt een zekere, nieuwe assertiviteit en apathie. Het aanpassen aan de bestaande situatie en het hopen op een nieuwe, betere situatie is geen bevredigende gedachte meer. Eenzelfde soort redenatie valt te ontdekken op het nummer *Millenium*:

"Now or never, let's stick together and overcome
But they don't feel like marching, 'cause they shoes is overrun
Ain't that a b*tch."[59]

Enerzijds wordt aangegeven dat het bijeenbrengen van mensen van groot belang is. Anderzijds zijn veel Afro-Amerikanen van mening dat zelfs de wereldberoemde marsen onder leiding van Martin Luther King te weinig verandering teweeg hebben gebracht. Dit geeft Big Boi aan met de beeldspraak waarin een 'hardloper moe is van het rennen'. De machteloosheid die veel Afro-Amerikanen ervaren wordt vertaald naar een zekere mate van onverschilligheid.

Machteloosheid is tevens een wederkerend thema op het album van Tupac "2pac" Shakur. Het album *Me against the world* werd uitgegeven op 14 maart 1995. Op het moment van uitgave zat 2pac in de gevangenis voor een seksueel misdrijf.[60] Dit is ook terug te zien in de verschillende thema's die hij behandeld op het album, zoals problemen met de politie en armoede. Het album laat de ontwikkeling die hiphopcultuur doormaakt in de jaren negentig duidelijk zien. Het lijkt op dit album namelijk alsof 2pac de gangsterlevensstijl nog niet volledig heeft omarmd, zoals hij later zou doen op het album *All eyez on me*.[61]

Het album is hoe dan ook het best te karakteriseren als introvert. Verschillende thema's zoals paranoia en depressiviteit worden op het album besproken. De persoonlijke verhalen over het leven op straat, zoals bekend van bijvoorbeeld Nas en Ice Cube, zien we hier ook terug. Er is echter een verschil. Waar de persoonlijke verhalen door Ice Cube en Nas nog gecombineerd werden met een aanzienlijk aantal verwijzingen naar het verleden van onderdrukking, is dit bij 2pac niet meer het geval. 2pac verwijst wel meerdere malen naar zijn

[58] Outkast, 'Mainstream', *ATLiens* (1997) zie bijlage pagina 156.
[59] Outkast, 'Millenium', *ATLiens* (1997) zie bijlage pagina 160.
[60] George James, 'Rapper faces prison term for sex abuse', *The New York times* (8 februari 1995), <http://www.nytimes.com/1995/02/08/nyregion/rapper-faces-prison-term-for-sex-abuse.html> [geraadpleegd op 8-6-2017].
[61] Laura Jamison, 'Tupac Shakur: All eyez on me', *The Rolling Stone* <http://www.rollingstone.com/music/albumreviews/all-eyez-on-me-19960404> [geraadpleegd op 8-6-2017].

persoonlijke verleden. Zo beschrijft hij op het nummer *So many tears* het verlies van zijn vriend Kato.[62] Hierna benadrukt 2pac dat hij niet in het verleden wil leven. Het nummer *Young n*ggaz* draagt Tupac op aan Robert 'Yummy' Sandifer. Hij werd in 1994 symbool voor het gang-gerelateerde geweld in de achterstandswijken van de Verenigde Staten, het gebrek aan een sociaal vangnet en de tekortkomingen van het rechtssysteem.[63] Het geweld op de straten en de veelzijdige gevolgen daarvan, zoals drugsgebruik, depressiviteit, paranoia en uitzichtloosheid, staan centraal op het album. Tevens wordt er op dit album voor het eerst gerapt over de *gangs* of bendes. Dit is een thema dat ook terug te vinden is in andere gangsterrap afkomstig uit het Westen.

Nu kan geconcludeerd worden dat ook in de tweede periode regelmatig naar het verleden wordt verwezen. Zo wordt er naar thema's verwezen die bekend zijn uit hoofdstuk een, zoals het gedachte goed van de Nation of Islam en Afrika als gemeenschappelijke oorsprong. Tevens komen in deze periode nieuwe thema's aan de orde, bijvoorbeeld de verwijzingen naar stereotypen, de burgerrechtenbeweging en een aantal voorbeeldfiguren. Het album van de rapper afkomstig van de westkust, 2pac, is een uitzondering. Hij verwijst op zijn album geen enkele keer naar het verleden. Het ontbreken van verwijzingen naar het verleden op het album van 2pac hangt samen met het verschuiven het zwaartepunt binnen hiphop. De westkust nam de dominantie over van de oostkust, en hiermee werd ook de gangsterrap het dominante genre. Binnen dit genre werd door Ice Cube nog wel naar het verleden verwezen, bij 2pac is dat niet meer het geval. De invloed van de gangsterrap is ook te merken in andere delen van de VS. De assertiviteit en apathie die deze periode én daarmee ook gangsterrap kenmerken komen ook in het oosten en zuiden van de Verenigde Staten naar voren. Zo combineert Nas in zijn muziek de gangsterrap met de meer maatschappelijk bewuste rap. Hierin probeert Nas Afro-Amerikanen bewust te maken van hun uitzonderlijk verleden. Ook bij Outkast valt deze tendens te ontdekken. Zij verwerpen deels het vredelievende gedachtegoed van Marin Luther King.

[62] 2pac, 'So many tears', *Me against the world* (1995), zie bijlage pagina 110.
[63] Stephen Braun en Judy Pasternak, 'Life of violence catches up to suspected murderer', *The Los Angeles Times* (2 september 1994) <http://articles.latimes.com/1994-09-02/news/mn-33853_1_robert-sandifer> [geraadpleegd op 8-6-2017].

Hoofdstuk 3: ‘Over de grenzen van het genre heen kijken’ 1998-2000

De verkoopcijfers van de albums uit deze periode laten de ontwikkeling zien die hiphop in de jaren negentig heeft doorgemaakt. De albums die in dit hoofdstuk worden behandeld zijn gezamenlijk 15 miljoen keer verkocht.[64] Na het ontstaan van hiphop in New York en de populariteit en vervolgens de dominantie van de westelijke gangsterrap heeft hiphop zich in de jaren negentig doorontwikkeld tot volwaardig onderdeel van de populaire cultuur van de Verenigde Staten. De successen van verschillende artiesten zoals Arrested Development, Outkast, Scarface en Twista veranderden de houding ten opzichte van de muziek afkomstig uit de andere gebieden. Deze gebieden werden nu gezien als volwaardig onderdeel van de Amerikaanse hiphopgemeenschap. Door deze ontwikkelingen ontstonden er nieuwe, muzikale kansen om over de grenzen van het genre hiphop heen te kijken en invloeden uit andere genres en gebieden van Amerika te incorporeren.[65] Hierdoor brak er aan het eind van de jaren negentig een periode aan waarin veel geëxperimenteerd werd met nieuwe stijlen en muziek. De in dit hoofdstuk bestudeerde albums, kunnen ook deels zo gekarakteriseerd worden. Zo is het album van Lauryn Hill sterk geïnspireerd door reggae en kunnen de Roots gezien worden als de eerste hiphop-band. Tegelijkertijd bleven sommige dingen hetzelfde. Zo bracht Dr. Dre een typisch gangsterrap album uit dat maar liefst zes keer de platina status bereikte.[66]

Het album van André “Dr. Dre” Young *2001* was dus overduidelijk een commercieel succes. Ook de producties, grotendeels gedaan door de rapper afkomstig uit Los Angeles zelf, werden positief ontvangen. De teksten op het album daarentegen zijn controversieel en hebben daarom ook de nodige kritiek gekregen.[67] Op het album worden typische gangsterrapthema’s besproken, zoals geweld, criminaliteit, drugsgebruik en seks. Ook op dit album verschijnen weer verschillende verwijzingen naar straatbendes of *gangs* zoals 2pac dat op zijn album uit 1995 al deed. Op het album wordt het leven op de straat en het daarbij behorende geweld verheerlijkt. Een van de weinige verwijzingen op het album naar het verleden van onderdrukking is afkomstig van Brian “Hittman” Bailey op het nummer *bang*

[64] RIAA, ‘Gold and platinum certification criteria’ <https://www.riaa.com/gold-platinum/certification-criteria/> [geraadpleegd op 7 april].

[65] Westhoff, *Dirty South*, 113.
[66] RIAA, ‘Gold and platinum certification criteria’ <https://www.riaa.com/gold-platinum/certification-criteria/> [geraadpleegd op 7 april].

[67] Jon Pareles, ´The streets talk, he says, is a bum rap´, *The New York Times* (14 november 1999) <http://www.nytimes.com/1999/11/14/arts/the-street-talk-he-says-is-a-bum-rap.html> [geraadpleegd op 7-6-2017].

bang. Zo rapt Dr. Dre dat de situatie alleen maar slechter is geworden in vergelijking met zijn jeugd en de huidige situatie dwingt hem tot het leven van een veilig familieleven:

"I think the attitudes are twice as worst
It takes half the time to get your whole life reversed
Always trying to play Rambo with they ammo
Make a nigga wanna stay in family mode" [68]

Hittman gaat hier later in het nummer op door en rapt het volgende:

"Now tell me, what the f*ck is this man?
N*ggas doing brothers in worse than the Klan" [69]

In deze zin benoemt Hittman het geweld van Afro-Amerikanen jegens Afro-Amerikanen. Dit geweld zou zelfs erger zijn dan de terreur van de Ku Klux Klan. Voor de rest wordt er op het album een enkele keer verwezen naar het zogeheten *lynchen*, dat ook gekoppeld kan worden aan de Ku Klux Klan en geweld tegen Afro-Amerikanen.[70] Toch moet worden geconcludeerd dat er op dit typische gangsterrap album weinig aan het verleden wordt gerefereerd.

Waar Dr. Dre voornamelijk bij de al bestaande thema's van de gangsterrap bleef, overstegen de Roots met hun hiphopband de grenzen van hiphop. Aan het eind van de jaren negentig werd er door veel artiesten gebruik gemaakt van pakkende pop *samples*. De Roots speelde daarentegen alles zelf waardoor het album *All thing fall apart* als een gewaagd project werd gezien. Bovendien waren de politieke en informatieve teksten zeer swingend, iets wat zeer gewaardeerd werd door zowel muziekcritici als de hiphopliefhebbers.[71] Op het album wordt verschillende keren naar het verleden verwezen. Verschillende thema's zoals het stereotype Jezebel, de Afrikaanse vrouw als koningin en de Five Percent Nation zijn bekend. De Roots presenteren echter ook een nieuw thema uit het verleden, namelijk het koloniaal verleden en de daarmee gepaard gaande uitbuiting. De reden dat zij dit thema nu aanhalen is

[68] Hittmann, 'Bang bang', *2001* (1999), zie bijlage pagina 225.
[69] Dr. Dre, 'Bang bang', *2001* (1999), zie bijlage pagina 225.
[70] Dr. Dre, 'The watcher', *2001* (1999), zie bijlage pagina 190.
[71] Steven Heuy, 'All things fall apart review by allmusic', *All music* <http://www.allmusic.com/album/things-fall-apart-mw0000039775> [geraadpleegd op 7-6-2017].

echter moeilijk te achterhalen. Het kan enerzijds aan de bronselectie liggen, anderzijds is het mogelijk dat in deze periode, waarin veel geëxperimenteerd werd met hiphop ook nieuwe thema's aangesneden werden.

Op het nummer *Table of contents* wordt verwezen naar het koloniaal verleden.[72] Dit systeem van uitbuiting veroordeelt rapper Malik "Malik B" Basit. Uit zijn volledige tekst kun je opmaken dat hij dit koloniaal systeem vergelijkt met de gewelddadige situatie op de straten waarin veel Afro-Amerikanen zich bevinden. De gangster zwerft over de straten, zoals de kolonisten over de wereld zwierven. Dit doen zij zonder ontzag voor de samenleving(en) waarmee zij in aanraking komen. Zo als de kolonisten hele gebieden overheersten, zo beheersen de gangsters de straten. In deze vergelijking wordt het verleden gebruikt als negatief voorbeeld. De gelijkenis wordt tevens ook benadrukt: zo als de Afrikanen en Afro-Amerikanen onder het kolonialisme hebben geleden, zo lijden ze ook onder het geweld in het hedendaagse systeem. De onderdrukker is echter niet meer de blanke man, maar de Afro-Amerikaan zelf. Dit is een duidelijk verschil met de eerste periode, waarin het geweld van blanke agenten jegens Afro-Amerikanen centraal stond. Nu wordt veeleer het geweld van Afro-Amerikanen op Afro-Amerikanen uitvergroot. Het nummer wordt verder gekarakteriseerd door een sterke roep om bewustwording en verandering.

Deze roep om bewustwording is een wederkerend thema op het album van de Roots. Zo wordt er op het nummer *Step into the realm* het stereotype Sambo besproken. Sambo is een raciaal stereotype, dat zijn oorsprong vindt in de *ministrel shows* uit de periode 1850 tot 1920. In deze shows werden Afro-Amerikaanse mannen gespeeld door blanke mensen, die hun gezichten zwart en hun lippen overdreven groot en knalrood schminkten. Naast de creatie van deze karikatuur, werden er ook andere negatieve connotaties toegevoegd. Zo zou de Afro-Amerikaanse man de hele dag zingen en dansen, watermeloenen stelen en zijn blanke meester liefhebben.[73] Malik B verwijst naar dit stereotype om de hedendaagse populaire cultuur, die wordt gesymboliseerd door Hollywood, te bekritiseren. Volgens de Roots worden de stereotypen van Afro-Amerikanen bevestigd en versterkt. Ook de zogenaamde onschuldige 'grapjes' spreken hem niet aan. Vervolgens vergelijkt rapper Malik B zich met Martin Luther King.

"Hollywood Sambos and jokes

[72] De Roots, 'Table of contents', *All things fall apart* (1999), zie bijlage pagina 230.
[73] Richard Siegesmund, 'On the persistence of memory: the legacy of visual African-American stereotypes', *Studies in Art Education* 48:3 (2007), 323-328, alhier 323.

just like Martin

I'm the type of n*gga that belong in a war"[74]

Met deze opmerkingen probeert hij mensen ervan bewust te maken dat er in de hedendaagse populaire cultuur, nog steeds gebruik wordt gemaakt van stereotypen. Malik B ziet zich als Martin Luther King: iemand die dit soort onrecht aankaart en bevecht.

Ook aan het eind van de jaren negentig wordt er nog steeds verwezen naar het gedachtegoed van de Nation of Islam en, een sleutelfiguur uit deze beweging, Malcolm X. Dit wordt gedaan door zowel de Roots als Lauryn Hill op de nummers *Act too .. the love of my life* en respectievelijk *Everything is everything.* Op het nummer van de Roots wordt een vergelijking gemaakt tussen de rust die Malcolm X vond in Mekka, en de rust die de Roots gevonden hebben in het maken van hiphop. Mekka staat hier symbool voor het gedachtegoed van de Nation of Islam.[75] Op het album van Lauryn Hill wordt gesteld dat de Afro-Amerikanen nieuwe kennis nodig hebben. Lauryn Hill werpt zich in dit nummer als brenger van deze kennis en misschien zelfs wel als een profeet. Ze maakt hierbij gebruik van het verleden, dat volgens haar een ander, positief verhaal vertelt:

"Now hear this mixture, where Hip Hop meets scripture

Develop a negative into a positive picture"[76]

Scripture kan hier staan voor de bijbel of andere historische teksten, waarin het verleden besloten ligt. Lauryn Hill wil op haar album de onderbelichte onderdelen van de Afro-Amerikaanse geschiedenis aandacht geven. Zo verwijst ze op het nummer naar de vrouw 'achter' Malcom X, Betty Shabazz, waarmee ze wil laten zien dat er binnen de Nation of Islam wel degelijk ook vrouwelijke voorbeeldfiguren waren. Ook de verwijzing naar Cleopatra als Afrikaanse koningin, gebruikt ze om een nieuw bewustzijn te creëren waarin de Afrikaanse vrouw gezien wordt als sterk of machtig.

Het verwijzen naar vrouwelijke voorbeeldfiguren uit het verleden en naar Afrikaanse geschiedenis is kenmerkend voor Lauryn Hill. Op haar solodebuut presenteert de uit New Jersey afkomstige rapper een vrouwelijk perspectief op hiphop. Hiphop wordt vaak gezien als een door mannen overheerst genre. Toch zijn er al sinds de jaren tachtig vrouwelijke rappers

[74] De Roots, 'Step into the realm', *All things fall apart* (1999), zie bijlage pagina 234.
[75] De Roots, 'Act too .. the love of my life', *All things fall apart* (1999), zie bijlage pagina 248.
[76] Lauryn Hill, 'Everything is everything', *The mis-education of Lauryn Hill* (1998), zie bijlage pagina 283.

actief. Vrouwelijke rappers hadden daarentegen wel grote moeite om dezelfde successen te behalen als hun mannelijke tegenpolen.[77] Vrouwelijke rappers moesten nieuwe manieren vinden om in de overwegend mannelijke cultuur te gedijen. Lauryn Hill deed dat met het uitbrengen van een maatschappelijk bewust album. Zo verwijst de titel van haar album, *The mis-education of Lauryn Hill*, naar het boek *The mis-education of the negro* van de bekende Afro-Amerikaanse historicus Carter. G. Woodson. De these van Woodson is dat Afro-Amerikanen cultureel geïndoctrineerd worden in plaats van daadwerkelijk onderwezen.[78] Hill neemt een soortgelijke positie in. Zij stelt dat wat de Afro-Amerikaanse identiteit zou zijn, drastisch bijgesteld dient te worden. Om deze identiteit bij te stellen maakt ze gebruik van het verleden.

Er is een beeld in het bijzonder waarvan Lauryn Hill vindt dat het bijgesteld dient te worden. Dit is het (zelf)beeld van Afro-Amerikaanse vrouwen. Dit doet zij op de nummers *Doo Wop*, *Everything is everything*, *I used to love him* en *to zion*. Op het nummer *Doo Wop* adresseert zij de mannen en vrouwen die enkel uit zijn op *that thing*, oftewel seks. Het nastreven van het hebben van seks ziet zij als een zonde. Hierbij maakt ze gebruik van het stereotype Jezebel. Ze herinnert haar publiek aan het feit dat het nastreven van seks, de zonde is waaraan Jezebel haar naam aan te danken heeft. Het zou volgens Lauryn Hill beginnen bij zelfrespect en respect van mannen voor vrouwen.

"Now that was the sin that did Jezebel in
Who you gon' tell when the repercussions spin?
Showing off your ass cause you're thinking it's a trend
Girlfriend, let me break it down for you again
You know I only say it cause I'm truly genuine
Don't be a hard rock when you really are a gem
Baby girl, respect is just a minimum"[79]

Op de nummers *Everything is everything*, *I used to love him* en *To zion* refereert Lauryn Hill aan haarzelf als koningin. Het verwijzen naar de Afro-Amerikaanse vrouw als

[77] Cheryl Keyes, 'Empowering self, making choices, creating spaces: black female identity via rap music performance', *The journal of American Folklore* 113:449 (2002), 255-269, al hier 255.
[78] Simon Witter, 'Lauryn hill: 'I'm not afraid to be the person I am', *The Guardian* (21 augustus 2013) <https://www.theguardian.com/music/2013/aug/21/rocks-back-pages-lauryn-hill> [geraadpleegd op 7-6-2017].
[79] Lauryn Hill, 'Doo wop', *The mis-education of Lauryn Hill* (1998) zie bijlage pagina 271.

koningin is een wederkerend thema. Zo werd dit ook gedaan door KRS-One, Arrested Development, Outkast en de Roots.[80] Lauryn Hill verwijst hier echter het meest naar en bovendien doet zij dit uitvoerig. Zij wil met haar verwijzingen naar een Afrikaanse koningin het (zelf)beeld van Afro-Amerikaanse vrouwen opwaarderen. Hierom construeert zij een beeld van de Afrikaanse koningin als machtig, knap, bijzonder intelligent en bovendien wijs. Hoewel het bekend is dat er wel degelijk Afrikaanse koninkrijken bestonden waarin vrouwen belangrijke posities vervulden, is het beeld dat Hill hier schetst niet helemaal historisch correct.[81] Dit is van ondergeschikt belang, aangezien het doel is om het beeld van Afro-Amerikaanse vrouwen op te waarderen.

Aan de hand van de laatste drie albums die in dit onderzoek zijn geanalyseerd kunnen we concluderen dat er ook in de laatste periode naar het verleden wordt verwezen. Het aantal verwijzingen naar het verleden is in vergelijking met de andere periodes aanzienlijk meer. Naast de thema's die al eerder aan bod zijn gekomen, worden zelfs nog nieuwe thema's aangesneden zoals het koloniaal verleden en het stereotype Sambo. Op het album afkomstig van de westkust wordt het minst naar het verleden gerefereerd, dit hangt opnieuw samen met het gangsterrap genre. Op het album van de vrouwelijke rapper Lauryn Hill wordt het meest verwezen naar het verleden, dit is niet toevallig. Zij probeert op haar album een nieuw perspectief op Afro-Amerikaanse en Afrikaanse geschiedenis te creëren, waarmee ook de Afro-Amerikaanse identiteit wordt opgewaardeerd. Een ander motief om naar het verleden te verwijzen kan gevonden worden bij de Roots, zij verwijzen naar Sambo in combinatie met Hollywood, om mensen bewust te maken van de stereotypen in hedendaagse cultuur. Tot slot kan worden opgemerkt dat ook aan het eind van de jaren negentig de verwijzingen naar het verleden sterk samenhangen met de actualiteit.

Conclusie

Binnen de hiphopcultuur van de jaren negentig wordt het verleden van onderdrukking actief herinnert. Deze stelling wordt ondersteunt door het feit dat er binnen de hiphopcultuur van de jaren negentig regelmatig naar dit verleden wordt verwezen. De thema's waarnaar verwezen wordt zijn weliswaar uiteenlopend, maar bijna alle artiesten verwijzen wel eens naar het

[80] De Roots, 'You got me' en 'Don't see us', *All things fall apart* (1999) zie bijlage pagina 256, 258; Outkast, 'Jazzy Belle', *ATLiens* (1997), zie bijlage pagina 146.

[81] Keyes, 'Empowering self', 256.

verleden. Daarnaast blijkt, in overeenstemming met de these van Alain Locke, dat veranderingen in de sociale, politieke en economische omstandigheden van de Afro-Amerikanen resoneren in hiphopmuziek. De reflectie op, en herinnering van, belangrijke thema's uit het verleden van onderdrukking gaan daarnaast binnen hiphopcultuur vaak gepaard met strategische en politieke belangen. Dit is in overeenstemming met de opvattingen van W.E.B. Du Bois, die met zijn geschiedenis van de Afro-Amerikanen tot doel had de emancipatie te bevorderen.

De hiphopmuziek uit de eerste periode is het best te definiëren als sociaal-politiek bewust, gecombineerd met een radicale roep om verandering. De oorzaak voor deze revolutionaire sfeer was de erbarmelijke situatie waarin veel Afro-Amerikanen uit de achterstandswijken zich bevonden. Om deze situatie te verklaren en begrijpen werd er veel gebruik gemaakt van het verleden. Dit gebeurde in alle gebieden van de Verenigde Staten. Zo zag Ice Cube het racisme als een van de oorzaken van deze erbarmelijke situatie. Om dit op een prikkelende manier duidelijk te maken, verwijst hij naar de Ku Klux Klan. Ook de problematische verhouding met de politie wordt van historische context voorzien door KRS-One en Ice Cube. Alternatieve verklaringen voor deze situatie vinden we terug bij Arrested Development en KRS-One, zij halen beiden het westers christendom aan. Dit presenteren zij als de religie van de onderdrukker, en daarom de verkeerde religie voor de Afro-Amerikanen. Daarnaast wordt de roep om verandering kracht bijgezet door symbolen uit de radicale en militante Black Power beweging.

De veranderingen waar de Afro-Amerikanen op hoopten bleven uit. Door de teleurstelling en het gevoel van machteloosheid ontstond hernieuwde assertiviteit, die zich vertaalde naar het steeds populairder worden van gangsterrap. De invloeden van dit genre waren merkbaar in alle gebieden van de Verenigde Staten. De invloed was vanzelfsprekend het grootst, in het westen, waar dit genre is ontstaan. 2pac bracht hier een album uit zonder referenties naar het verleden. De hernieuwde assertiviteit zorgde er niet alleen voor dat verwijzingen naar het verleden achterwege gelaten werden. Zij zorgden er juist ook voor dat er anders gekeken werd naar bepaalde perioden uit het verleden van onderdrukking. De burgerrechtenbeweging is hiervan een goed voorbeeld. Deze beweging met haar nadruk op verzoening en vredelievendheid had geen plaats in de hiphopcultuur waar op dat moment gangsterrap dominant was. Dit wordt duidelijk naar voren gebracht door Outkast. Tegelijkertijd lukt het artiesten als Nas om een succesvolle combinatie te maken tussen maatschappelijk bewuste rap en de gangsterrap. Hierin blijven verwijzingen naar het verleden een belangrijke rol spelen. Zo verwijst Nas naar sleutelfiguren uit de strijd tegen

onderdrukking van de Afro-Amerikanen en naar het gedachtegoed van de Five Percent Nation.

Aan het eind van de jaren negentig heeft hiphop zich ontwikkeld tot een volwaardig deel van de Amerikaanse popcultuur. Daarnaast werden andere gebieden als het zuiden en midden van de Verenigde Staten voor het eerst gezien als volwaardig onderdeel van de hiphopcultuur. Deze ontwikkeling hadden tot gevolg dat er geëxperimenteerd werd met hiphop en over de grenzen van het genre heen werd gekeken. Dit had ook gevolgen voor de verwijzingen naar het verleden. Op de albums die niet afkomstig waren uit het westen, werd nog steeds veel naar het verleden gerefereerd. Bovendien kwamen er nieuwe perspectieven en thema's aanbod. Zo presenteert Lauryn Hill op haar album een vrouwelijk perspectief op hiphop. Hierin probeert ze bepaalde onderdelen uit de Afro-Amerikaanse geschiedenis van een nieuwe lading te voorzien. Zo gebruikt ze Afrikaanse koninginnen uit de middeleeuwen om de stereotypen over Afro-Amerikaanse vrouwen te bestrijden. Daarnaast wordt er door de Roots een nieuw thema gepresenteerd, zij verwijzen namelijk naar het koloniaal verleden. Het is opvallend dat hier pas aan het eind van de jaren negentig naar verwezen wordt.

Tot slot worden hier nog twee thema's gepresenteerd waar gedurende de hele jaren negentig regelmatig naar wordt verwezen. Allereerst worden raciale stereotypen in elke periode bekritiseerd, specifiek het vrouwelijk stereotype Jezebel en het mannelijk stereotype Sambo. Ook wordt in elke periode verwezen naar Afrika als zijnde de gemeenschappelijke oorsprong van de Afro-Amerikanen. Dit wordt gedaan om de eenheid van de Afro-Amerikanen te benadrukken. Al met al kunnen we concluderen dat bijna alle artiesten vewijzen naar het verleden van onderdrukking en dat de thema's waarnaar verwezen wordt uiteenlopend zijn. De populariteit van de gangsterrap heeft het aantal verwijzingen in het midden van de jaren negentig iets doen afnemen. De invloed van gangsterrap was echter aan het eind van de jaren negentig alweer afgenomen, waardoor er weer meer naar het verleden verwezen werd. Verder onderzoek zou kunnen uitwijzen wat de precieze relatie is tussen gangsterrap en de verwijzingen naar het verleden.

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Alle teksten zijn afkomstig van de site rapgenius.com, doorgaans een betrouwbare site voor zangteksten.

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Album 1: Ice Cube – AmeriKKKa’s most wanted (1990)

1. Better off dead (intro)	
[Intro] [Footsteps] [Prison Guard:] Heheh.. Heheh. Yeah! Got him now. [keys clinking] Hey, Cube! Cube, boy! [Ice Cube:] What, what? Whattup? [cell door closing] [Prison Guard:] Get your ass UP! [Ice Cube:] Aiii... Ohh, shit! [Prison Guard:] Time to go! [Ice Cube:] Whassup? Ooh, man, shit! [Prison Guard:] We goin' for a 'little walk Close 7! [footsteps] [Ice Cube:] 'Ey, man. 'Ey, man! [Prison Guard:]	In de intro van het album wordt Ice Cube naar de elektrische stoel begeleid, waarna hij geëxecuteerd wordt. In het nummer wordt Ice Cube slecht behandeld door de bewaker, dit symboliseert de slechte behandeling van gevangenen. In de laatste zin van het nummer komt een nieuwslezer aan het woord, die de vraag stelt hoever Amerika bereid is te gaan om orde te bewaren. Het antwoord is de behandeling van Ice Cube; Amerika zal om de orde te bewaren zelfs de doodstraf niet schuwen.

What? [Ice Cube:] I never did like you. [footsteps] [Prison Guard:] Open it up! [cell door opening] [cameras clicking] [Prison Guard:] Strap him in! All right... Calm down! You got any last words? [talking] [Ice Cube:] Yeah. Yeah, I got some last words... FUCK ALL Y'ALL! [Prison Guard:] Switch [electric shock] [Unknown news anchor speaks:] "Was America willing to maintain order... No matter what the cost?"	

2. The n*gga you love to hate	
[Verse 1: Ice Cube] I heard payback's a motherfucking nigga That's why I'm sick of getting treated like a goddamn stepchild Fuck a punk cause I ain't him You gotta deal with the nine-double-M The day is coming that you'll all hate Just think if niggas decide to retaliate They try to keep me from running up I never tell you to get down—it's all about coming up So what they do? Go and ban the AK My shit wasn't registered any fucking way So you better duck away, run and hide out When I'm rolling real slow and the lights out Cause I'm about to fuck up the program Shooting out the window of a drop-top Brougham When I'm shooting, let's see who drop The police, the media, and suckers that went pop And motherfuckers that say they too black Put 'em overseas they be begging to come back And say we promote gangs and drugs You wanna sweep a nigga like me up under the rug	In het tweede nummer van het album gebruikt Ice Cube de polemische zin “you love to hate” voor het eerst. Het nummer is duidelijk een oproep tot protest, dit is het wederkerend thema in het nummer. Het is belangrijk om op te merken dat in het begin van de jaren negentig de raciale verhoudingen in de Verenigde Staten erg gespannen waren. De criminaliteitscijfers stegen en er heerste veel onvrede onder Afro-Amerikanen. Tegen deze achtergrond uit Ice Cube zijn kritiek over de positie van Afro-Amerikanen, zij zouden behandelt worden als ‘stiefzoon’ en daarom moeten rebelleren. Hij noemt enkele voorbeelden, zoals het aantal Afro-Amerikanen in de gevangenis. Hij refereert in het nummer een aantal keer naar het verleden. Eerst verwijst hij naar het Black Power symbool; de opgeheven vuist. Daarnaast roept hij op tot rebellie zodat de Afro-Amerikanen het rechtssysteem kunnen omvormen en zo kunnen voorkomen dat er onevenredig veel Afro-Amerikanen gevangen gezet worden.

Kicking shit called street knowledge Why more niggas in the pen than in college? Now cause of that line I might be your cellmate That's from the nigga ya love to hate [Hook] [Fuck you Ice Cube] Yeah haha it's the nigga you love to hate [Fuck you Ice Cube] [Ay yo baby, your mother warned you about me] It's the nigga you love to hate [Yo you ain't doin' nothin positive. Yo, you ain't doin' nothin positive for the brothers what you gotta say for yourself.] You don't like how I'm living? Well, fuck you [Verse 2: Ice Cube] Once again it's on, the motherfucking psycho Ice Cube the bitch killa, cap peeler Yo, running through the line like Bo, there's no pot to piss in I put my fist in Now, who do ya love to hate? Cause I talk shit and down the eight-ball cause I don't fake You're begging I fall off The crossover, might as well cut them balls off And get your ass ready for the Lenching The Mob is dropping common sense and We'll gank in the pen, we'll shank Any Tom, Dick and Hank, and get the ass Spanked -- it ain't about how right or wrong you live But how long you live I ain't with the bullshit I meet mo' bitches, mo' hoes Don't wanna sleep so I keep popping No-Doz And tell the young people what they gotta know Cause I hate when niggas gotta live low And if you're locked up I dedicate my stylin' From San Quentin to Rikers Island We got 'em afraid of the funky shit I like to clown so pump up the sound In the jeep, make the old ladies say "Oh my god—break, it's the nigga ya love to hate" [Hook] [Fuck you Ice Cube] Yeah come on fool it's the nigga you love to hate [Fuck you Ice Cube] Yeah what up punk it's the nigga you love to hate	Verwijzing naar het rechtssysteem in de Verenigde Staten. Verwijzing naar het symbool van de Black Power beweging, de gebalde vuist.

[Yo, who the fuck you think you are callin' us bitches. You ain't all that, all I hear is this bitch. I ain't nobody's bitch] A bitch is a...ohhhh [Verse 3: Ice Cube] Soul Train done lost they soul Just call it train cause the bitches look like hoes I see a lotta others damn It almost look like the Bandstand You ask me: "did I like Arsenio?" About as much as the Bicentennial I don't give a fuck about dissing these fools Cause they all scared of the Ice Cube And what I say, what I portray and all that And ain't even seen the gat I don't wanna see no dancing I'm sick of that shit -- listen to the hit Cause yo if I look and see another brother On the video trying to out-dance each other I'ma tell T-Bone to pass the bottle And don't give me that shit about role model It ain't wise to chastise and preach Just open the eyes of each Cause laws are made to be broken up What niggas need to do is start loc-ing up And build mold and fold theyself into shape Of the nigga you love to hate	

3. Amerikka's most wanted	
[Verse 1: Ice Cube] Ice Cube with The Lench Mob, I got it goin on A nigga that's livin in the city of the criminal zone One-time can't keep the law in order Cos everybody's goin crazy for a quarter You're tuned in to the number one crew in the area The way I'm talkin I'm scarin ya I'm darin ya to raise hell and bail and brag and sag Or beat down for ya flag Cos if you is or you ain't a gangbanger Keep one in the chamber Cos you'll get them thangs put on ya son Ice Cube has got the 4-1-1 All the ol' school house fellows are crooks So I get jealous looks They keep thinkin did my head grow? Will the boys 'n' the hood have to beat down Ice Cube? Hell no, I'll static son, you'll see it's okay I keep my 9 anyway For the day one of my homies wanna squab	De titel van het album en dit nummer is hetzelfde, hierin is *America* bewust verkeerd gespeld. AmeriKKKa is een satirische verwijzing naar de Ku Klux Klan, en verwijst naar het (dieper liggend) racisme in de Verenigde Staten. Dit is tevens het overkoepelende thema van het hele album.

I'm still rollin wit The Lench Mob [Bridge] (AmeriKKKa's Most Wanted) [Verse 2: Ice Cube] Back in the day I did my share of dirt Sometimes I got away clean, sometimes people got hurt But if you know me, you know that I'm liable To bust a cap cos it's all about survival of the fittest I'm a menace crook I did so much dirt I need to be in the Guinness Book From the shit I took from people I repo your Vette, then jet Back to the criminal set I leave clue after clue but they can't catch me yet Cos I'm slick as slippery They can't get wit me, cops ain't shit to me I can't dig a pig so I drop the dogs And sweat em like sweathogs And get mad, mad cos I'm the nigga that flaunt it AmeriKKKa's Most Wanted [Verse 3: Ice Cube] Aiyo, here's what the poster read: 'Ice Cube is wanted dead' That's all it said I put heads to bed and fled the scene wit all the green Hear shots and si-reens When I fiend first they yo' rings, now they my rings So give it up punk and then I just Put another jack in progress It's the American way Cos I'm the G-A-N-G-S-T-A Ice Cube - a motherfuckin klepto And tried to catch the early bird but they slept, so Who gets the worm? And if I'm caught in a trap You know I'mma beat the wack With a payoff, cop gotta lay off FBI on my dick, stay off! I'm not a rebel or a renegade on a quest I'm a nigga with a 'S' on his chest So get the Kryptonite cos I'm a rip tonight Cos I'm scarin ya, wanted by America [Interlude] (Aiyo Cube man, they on your ass)	AmeriKKKa's most wanted, verwijzing naar Ku Klux Klan. AmeriKKKa's most wanted, verwijzing naar Ku Klux Klan.

[Verse 4: Ice Cube] Word, but who the fuck is Herb? It's time to take a trip to the suburbs Let em see a nigga invasion Point blank on a caucasian Cocked the hammer didn't crack no smile Take me to your house, pal Got to the house, my pockets got fat, see Crack the safe, got the money and the jewellry Three weeks later, I'm at the P-A-D Had a little fly ass bitch wit me Sittin in the den, yo it couldn't be (Whattup G?) Saw my face on TV Damn (oh shit!) I didn't know I lucked out Struck out, I gotta get the fuck out Packed my bags and tried to hit the door when The ol' bitch down the street must've turned me in Cos the feds was out there ten deep I got hassled and gaffled in the back seat I think back when I was robbin my own kind The police didn't pay it no mind But when I start robbin the white folks Now I'm in the pen wit the soap-on-a-rope I said it before and I'll still taught it Every motherfucker with a colour is most wanted	

4. What they hittin' foe?	
[Verse 1: Ice Cube] Fucking around in a crap game Niggas think I'm soft cause now I'm in the rap game And I don't hang out as much, bang out dope cuts Standing on stage and I'm grabbing my nuts But when it comes to getting in a circle I'm hitting sevens turning broke niggas purple Looking for Little Joe and the dumb nigga scream and choke When deuce-deuce hit the floor yo Now which of ya wanna fade the twenty? I'm turnin your fat pockets skinny Ah yeah I'm shaking the ivory And boom it's like they die for me Fool you can get loud, get mad, hit the joint But don't forget my point There it is yo I put my Nike on the bet so it won't slide Money gone cause I'm never hitting deuce-five I'm never hitting four-trey no way You wanna leave but come on ho stay Nigga fever that'll work Poppa needs brand-new shoes and a sweatshirt	Relatief kort nummer dat het dobbelen beschrijft, geen referenties naar het verleden.

Fool you can't even fuck with that And now that I'm winning I gots to get my gat Cause I see your homies starting to look And broke motherfuckers they make the best crooks And I'm feeling like a baller Bucking fools now the circles getting smaller Now you wanna go and scheme Punk niggas like you just love to triple-team So I pick up my money and start walking Cause now I let the gat start talking Now since ya'll lost you wanna go out like a sucker Take that motherfuckers	

5. You can't fade me / JD's Gafflin	
[Verse 1: Ice Cube] Now the taste of alcohol is filling up my bladder What's the date and time, it don't matter Had a pocket full of phone numbers, I was trying to sort To make a long story short Ran into, this girl named Carla Knew her from the back seat of my homie's Impala She said what's up, yeah what's the deal Check the hairdo of course it ain't real Then I looked down she was fat in the front I asked how long, well about seven months Oh how time flies when you're having fun She said "Yeah but the damage is done Where you been?" "On a little vacation Oh by the way, congratulations Who's the lucky man?" I don't have a clue Then she said "The lucky man is you." I dropped my brew And everything looked fuzzy Not a baby by you, the neighborhood hussy She said "Yeah remember that date?" I thought back and tried to calculate Then I said "Damn, are you sure it's mine? Cause I know you been tossed plenty of times" She said "That day, no I wasn't whoring Your ass is mine," that's when the sweat started pouring Cause all I saw was Ice Cube in court Paying a gang on child support Then I thought deep about giving up the money What I need to do is kick the bitch in the tummy Naw cause then I'd really get faded That's murder one cause it was premeditated So what I'mma do, I don't have a clue How many months left, damn only two I'm gettin faded	Dit nummer beschrijft het verhaal van een dame uit de buurt. Zij denkt dat Ice Cube de vader is van haar kind. Geen referenties naar het verleden.

No cigar, G
Ay yo homey man I'm getting faded

[Hook]
("Livin' and jivin' and diggin' the skin he's in"
"Whoa yeah")

[Verse 2: Ice Cube]
It's crazy cause before I could sleep with her
I had to duck and dodge and try to creep with her
See the booty and the front was all in place
But the girl had the pitbull face
So we ran jumped drove swam crawled hid
Oh lord god forbid
My homies see me at the motel
Cause those fools would love to just go tell
Everybody in the hood that knows your rep
So jump in the back seat and quiet is kept
And hold your big fat butt steady
Cause yo ho I got the paper bag ready
She started moaning and gobbling like a turkey
I knocked the boots from here to Albuquerque
I dropped her off man and I'm knowing
That I'm a hate myself in the morning
I got drunk to help me forget
Yo another day another hit, shit
I'm gettin faded
Ay yo you know what time it is

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Ice Cube]
Nine months later she's ready to drop the load
And everybody in the hood already knows
It's supposed to be mine so they laughing at me
You know Ice Cube can't be having that, G
I'm thinking to myself why did I bang her
Now I'm in the closet looking for the hanger
JD and Jinx and T-Bone won't let up, they won't shut up
I'm gettin fed up, bitch
Cause I know you're tryin to break me
But if I find out your tryin to fake me
I'm a buff that duff and hoot
Beat ya down and leave a crown or two
That night she went into labor
And the shit is getting kinda major
The baby came out damn it was a lifesaver
Looking like my next-door neighbor
She said it was mine that was her best guess
But let's check the results of the blood test
I started smiling yeah cause it read negative

Damn why did I let her live? After that I should've got the gat And bust and rushed and illed and peeled the cap But no I just told the ho who laid me Excuse me bitch it's a switch You can't fade me [Outro] Naw baby not this way. Yo you ain't playing Ice Cube out like no booger. I don't fall for the okey-doke. And before I fall for the okey-doke, I let the pistol smoke. Now sing it. Yeah baby, you can't fade me. Nah, unfadable baby [Segue, "JD's Gafflin'"] I ain't never got gaffled like that, I used to do the gafflin'. McDonald's is my spot. Jack them motherfuckers for their Nissan trucks. Right in the drive-thru. "Nigga, get your motherfuckin' food, leave it in the car, nigga, and get out." Straight jackin'	

6. Once upon a time in the projects	
Verse 1: Ice Cube] Once upon a time in the projects, yo I damn near had to wreck a ho I knocked on the door - "Who is it?" It's Ice Cube, come to pay a little visit to ya And what's up with the niggas in the parking lot She said "Fuck em, cause they get sparked alot" I sat on the couch but it wasn't stable And then I put my Nikes on the coffee table Her brother came in, he's into gangbangin Cause he walked up and said "What set you claimin?" I don't bang I write the good rhymes	In het nummer bezoekt Ice Cube een bekende, en beschrijft hij de situatie waarin hij zich bevindt.
The whole scenery reminded me of Good Times I don't like to feel that I'm put in a rut By a young nigga that needs to pull his pants up He threw up a set and then he was gone I'm thinkin to myself, won't this bitch bring her ass on Her mother came in with a joint in her mouth And fired up the sess, it was sess no doubt She said please excuse my house and all that I said yeah cause I was buzzed from the contact Lookin at a fucked up black and white Her mom's bitchin cause the county check wasn't right She had another brother that was three years old And had a bad case of the runny nose He asked me who I was then I had to pause It smelled like he took a shit in his little drawers	De scene doet hem denken aan een populaire sitcom “Good Times” uit de jaren zeventig. Het was een van de enige series uit die tijd met een Afro-Amerikaanse cast en speelde zich bovendien af in een achterstandswijk. Ice Cube doet dit om een bepaalde sfeer op te roepen, die veel Afro-Amerikanen van zijn generatie zullen herkennen.

I saw her sister who really needs her ass kicked Only thirteen and already pregnant I grabbed my forty out the bag and took a swig Cause I was getting overwhelmed by BeBe Kids They was runnin' and yellin' and playin' and cussin' And tellin' and look at this young punk bailin' I heard a knock on the door without the password And her mom's got the 12 guage Mossberg The nigga said "yo, what's for sale" And the bitch came out with a bag of yayo She made the drop and got the 20 dollars From a smoked-out fool with ring around the collar The girl I was waiting for came out I said "Bitch, I didn't know this was a crack house" I got my coat and suddenly ... (police breaking into house annoucing themselves) The cop busted in and had a Mac-10 pointed at my dome And I said to myself once again it's on He threw me on the carpet and wasn't cuttin no slack Jumped on my head and put his knee in my back First he tried to slap me up, wrap me up, rough me up They couldn't do it so they cuffed me up I said FUCK how much abuse can a nigga take Hey yo officer you're making a big mistake Since I had on a shirt that said I was dope He thought I was selling base and couldn't hear my case He said "Get out my face" and musta had a grudge His reply, "Tell that bullshit to the judge" The girl I was with wasn't sayin nothin' I said "Aiyyo bitch you better tell em somethin'" She started draggin and all of a sudden We all got tossed in the paddy wagon Now I beat the rap but that ain't the point I had a warrant so I spent 2 weeks in the joint Now the story you heard has one little object: Don't fuck with a bitch from the projects	Daarnaast verwijst hij naar de Afro-Amerikaanse cabaretier Robin Harris, en zijn term Bebe Kids die hij bedacht als grap. Bebe kids zijn kinderen die opgegroeid zijn in de achterstandswijken. Deze kinderen hebben een slechte of geen opvoeding gehad en daardoor niet luisteren en zich misdragen. De zogenaamde BeBe kids, staan symbool voor het falend ouderschap in de Afro-Amerikaanse gemeenschap.

7. Turn of the radio	
[Intro] A message to the Oreo cookie: No matter how much you wanna switch Here's what they think about you [Sample]	In dit nummer snijdt Ice Cube het probleem aan dat zijn nummers niet afgespeeld worden op de radio. De reden hiervoor is volgens hem, dat er nog steeds veel racisme bestaat in de Verenigde staten.

“You gold teeth, gold chain wearing, fried chicken and biscuit eating monkey, ape, baboon, big thigh, fast running, high jumping, spear chucking, three-hundred-and-sixty-degree basketball dunking, titsun, spade, Moulan Yan. go the fuck back to Africa. go the fuck back to Africa. go the fuck back to Africa.” [Interlude] Think about it, fuckin' sellout Here we go on station 103.787 and we're listening to… We won't be listening to, uh. Ice Cube, Amerikkka’s Most Wanted Because that’s bullshit get that shit outta here Straight R&B, straight R&B, straight R&B Where the motherfucking plug at? I'm about to disconnect his ass Turn off that motherfucking radio [Verse 1] Turn on the radio take a listen What you're missing Personally I'm sick of the ass-kissing What I'm kicking to you won't get rotation Nowhere in the nation Program directors and DJ's ignored me Cause I simply said fuck Top Forty And top thirty top twenty and top ten Until you put more hip-hop in Then I might grin but don't pretend that you're down with the C And go and dis me in a magazine How could you figure the brother could dig ya DJ face down in the river No it's not a threat but a promise I'm as Crazy as they come see Mama didn't love me All I got is my nine And to calm the savage beast here's the Alpine [Interlude] [Turn off that bullshit! Turn off that motherfucking radio! Turn off that bullshit! Turn off that motherfucking radio! Turn off that bullshit! Play the music motherfucker put the music on Damn!] [Verse 2] Tune in to the radio listen for a minute Yo G stick a fucking tape in it Cause all the radio do is gangle	Hierom adresseert Ice Cube de negatieve stereotypen over Afro-Amerikanen. Het nummer begint met een sample, uit een film van Spike Lee uit 1989. Hierin worden een aantal stereotypen en racistische uitlatingen opgesomd, sommige hiervan hebben een lange traditie. Een aantal goede voorbeelden van deze uitlatingen zijn; baboon, titsun, moulan yan en spade, deze hebben allemaal een negatieve connotatie.

That R&B love triangle If you're out there kicking it with the brothers You don't care about lovers You wanna hear a young nigga on the mic Going buck wild Throwing and flowing and showing new styles That's where I'm coming from Reality that's what they're running from So if you're down with Ice Cube let me know that you know Yo turn off the radio [Interlude] You know what? You know what? Basically those black guys and those rap guys They don't know what the fuck they're doing I hate those fuckers I hate em Especially that one guy The AmeriKKKa's most wanted Ice Cube--I hate that fucker Get him off the air, get him off, get him off Get that rap shit out of here!] [Just get me a gat so I can smoke this motherfucker!]	

8. Endangered species (tales from the darkside) (ft. Chuck D)	
[Intro: Female News Reporter] "At the bottom of our news tonight, there's been a new animal aimed at falling off the face of our Earth. Yes, young black teenagers are reported to be the oldest, and the newest, creatures added to the endangered species list. As of now, no efforts have been made to preserve the Blacks. When asked why, a top top law official adds, "Because they make good game"" (A young nigga got it bad cause I'm brown) [Verse 1: Ice Cube] Peace? Hahaha, don't make me laugh! All I hear is motherfuckers rappin' succotash Livin' large, tellin' me to get out the gang I'm a nigga, gotta live by the trigga How the fuck do you figure That I can say "Peace" and the gunshots will cease? Every cop killer goes ignored They just send another nigga to the morgue A point scored, they could give a fuck about us They rather catch us with guns and white powder If I was old, they'd probably be a friend of me Since I'm young, they consider me the enemy	Nogmaals een nummer dat het racisme en de verhoudingen tussen Afro-Amerikanen centraal stelt. In dit nummer vergelijkt Ice Cube de Afro-Amerikaanse jeugd uit de achterstandswijken met een beschermde diersoort. Volgens Ice Cube zou de politie jacht maken op de jeugd, iets wat in 1992 later werkelijkheid werd, toen beelden van Rodney King op nationale televisie verschenen. Even later vergelijkt Ice Cube zijn situatie met die van Afrikanen. Hij stelt dat de Afro-Amerikanen het niet beter hebben dan Afrikanen, en dat de Amerikanen die de Afrikanen willen helpen, hypocriet zijn. De reden hiervoor is dat de Afro-Amerikanen wel vrij zijn (in tegenstelling tot veel Afrikanen) maar tegelijkertijd er voor de misère van de eigen Afro-Amerikaanse bevolking geen aandacht is.

They kill ten of me to get the job correct To serve, protect, and break a nigga's neck Cuz I'm the one with the trunk of funk And "Fuck tha Police" in the tape deck You should listen to me cuz there's more to see Call my neighborhood a ghetto cuz it houses minorities The other color don't know you can run but not hide These are tales from the darkside [Interlude: Chuck D + sample] All of us are endangered, damn! (A young nigga got it bad cause I'm brown) (A young nigga got it bad cause I'm brown) [Verse 2: Ice Cube] You wanna free Africa? I'll stare at ya Cuz we ain't got it too good in America I can't fuck with them overseas My homeboy died over keys Of cocaine, it was plain and simple The 9mm went (buck) to the temple (Buck, buck, buck) was the sound I put the bitch down And ran to the schoolyard bathroom Looked in the trash can, yo it had room So I ducked my ass in it for a minute Covered with trash I had to lay back Mad as fuck, thinkin' about the payback Tonight the crew gonna have a little fun I went home and cut the barrel of my shotgun It's gettin' critical - I stole a 5.0 I let it go - drive real slow I yelled out "Ice Cube, sucka" The shotgun kicked, and it murdered motherfuckers I told you last album "When I got a sawed-off, bodies are hauled off" Its a shame, that niggas die young But to the light side it don't matter none It'll be a drive by homicide But to me its just another tale from the darkside	

9. A gangsta's fairytale	
Intro: Little Russ, Ice Cube [Story-teller] Once upon a time, in the black part of the city [Young kid] Yo G, yo G you better get out of here man, 5-0 [Door swings shut, car peels out] [Russ] Yo Ice Cube, man	In dit nummer spreekt hij de jeugd van Los Angeles toe, en bespreekt de misstanden waarmee zij geconfronteerd worden. Het is een van de typische beschrijvingen van het leven in de achterstandswijken. Geen referenties naar het verleden.

[Cube] Whassup man?
[Russ] Why you...
[Cube] Whassup?
[Russ] Yo Ice Cube man, why you always kickin the shit about the bitches and the niggas? Why don't you kick some shit about the kids, man? The fuckin kids?!
[Cube] Word

[Verse One: Ice Cube]
Little boys and girls, they all love me
Come sit on the lap of I-C-E
And let me tell ya a story or two
About a punk-ass nigga I knew
Named Jack, he wasn't that nimble, wasn't that quick
Jumped over the candlestick and burnt his dick
Ran up the street cause he was piping hot
Met a bitch named Jill on the bus stop
Dropped a line or two, and he had the ho
At that type of shit he's a pro
So Jack and Jill ran up the hill to catch a lil nap
Dumb bitch, gave him the claps
Then he had to go see Dr. Bombay
Got a shot in the ass, and he was on his way
To make some money, why not?
Down on Sesame Street, the dope spot
There he saw the lady who lived in a shoe
Sold dope out the front, but in back, marijuana grew
For the man that was really important
Who lived down the street in a Air Jordan
Ride to the fellow Mister Rogers and hoes
Drove a 500 sittin on Lorenzoes
He broke out, Little Bo Peep, smoked out
Saw, her and her friends sellin sheepskins
[Little Bo Peep] Yo yo I got them sheepskins
Yo, my empty sheepskins
Yo baby, what's up with that?
Hickory dickory dock, it was twelve o'clock
Cinderella ain't home must be givin up the cock
I don't doubt it, she is kind of freaky of course
Had a fight with Snow White, she was fuckin her dwarfs
Saw a fight over colors, too
Red Riding Hood, and Little Boy Blue
A bad influence? Yo I don't know
But Ice Cube'll tell the kids how the story should go

[Interlude: Little Russ]
Yeah money, that's it, yeah money, that's it
This is Little Russ in the house
Rock that shit homey, rock that shit!
[Well, you know the rest]

[Ice Cube] Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall With a joint, drinkin some 8-ball Three little pigs in a Coup de Ville Lookin for, the wolf to kill They're fucked up and they want revenge Them and Humpty used to be friends Now they're enemies cause he's a traitor Pulled out the Uzi cruised by and sprayed him Cinderella hoeing for the fellas And Mister Rogers is gettin mighty jealous Of the cash that the pigs were makin Time for the pigs to get turned to bacon Cause Mister Rogers found out quick That Humpty Dumpty was blown to bits They said that the motherfuckin wolf was next So Mister Rogers better watch his step So he let the wolf know We're gonna fuck up the pigs, and take their ho Cause Cinderella is much too fast Before twelve, givin up ass Double barrels all loaded and cocked As soon as they show, they gonna get popped They bailed down Sesame Street and caught em Little Boy Blue is up front givin orders Little did they know Cinderella was a fink She called the cops and got thrown in the clink A bad influence? Yo, I don't know But Ice Cube'll tell the kids how the stories should go [Outro: Little Russ, Ice Cube] [Cube] Aiyyo man was that dope enough for you? [Russ] Yeah you aight, you in the house We outta here, seeeee-yaaaaa [Cube] Yeah you better go home before I whoop your little bad ass [Barney Rubble] Some bedtime story huh? [Bugs Bunny] It's a nice place to visit, but I wouldn't wanna live here [Andrew Dice Clay] Ay, good ol' Mother Goose, remember her? I fucked her	

10. I'm only out for on thang (ft. Flava Flav)	
[Intro: Flavor Flav] Hey yo Cube, man, hey yo Cube, check this out Yo, motherfuckers be on the dick and shit, right? Check this out, you know what I tell 'em, man? [Verse 1: Flavor Flav]	Geen referenties naar het verleden

Well two peas in a bucket Mother motherfuck it You either Flavor Flav it Or you Chuck Chuck Chuck it Kiss my ass and suck the D.I.C.- K. stands for kill so don't fuck with me I fucked that lady in the bed I missed that pussy and the butt was spread I tried it again in a thumping wagon The bottom fell out and her ass started dragging Tried it again in a field of grass I missed that pussy and I bust my ass Then I fucked this lady in the tree The baby came out and said "Run-DMC" Yeah, and you don't stop Flavor Flav in the house, and you don't stop Ice Cube's in the house, and you don't stop Hey, my sugar (Hey, yo, rock that shit G!) [Verse 2: Ice Cube] I knew this girl who looked just like you Light brown and a fly hairdo I wanted to do her, screw her So I stepped to her on key Bitch had more ass than a donkey I said you're the type of girl that I can't pass over Give me one chance and I'll bend your ass over Just call me the plumber at the end of the night Cause a nigga like me'll lay plenty of pipe She didn't get offended it was splendid to me Cause mister nice guy is what I pretended to be I guess I'll just wine her and dine her And by the end of the night I'll be behind her Waxing that ass like Raindance On the bumper get the pussy then I dump her Took her to the Comfort Inn, tucked her in Pulled out the third leg pumped it in She said 'Will you call me?' Yeah, I'll call you a bitch or a ho after I ball you Naw I'm just playin' but it's still the same Cause a nigga like Ice Cube is only out for one thang [Outro: both] FF: Yeah, what you out for? IC: Yo, I'm only out for one thing FF: You out for what, man? IC: Yo, I'm out for the pussy, the money, and the mic, and I'm straight. What are we out for? FF: I pledge allegiance to the uh... to the fuckin', all of that shit. Know what I'm saying? IC: Five thousand! FF: Five thousand, G IC: We out	

FF: Yo, we out of here, five thousand Yo, this is for my boy Ice Cube, you know what I'm saying Yo, check this out	

11. Get of my dick and tell yo b*tch to come here	
[Flava Flav] Stay off his dick [Ice Cube] Some don't think I can flow So here we go To a new track To show the wack That I can throw styles that show up I blow up and blast here Niggas still tripping off the shit I said last year About a bitch is bitch is a bitch is a bitch Then I got rich but I'll never switch So I dedicate this one to the groupie And the Charlie all on my Snoopy Brothers keep asking Ice Cube yo when will you bust They surround me and make a big fuss Now I was taught back on my block That you don't ride on nobody's jock For anything they do Fuck him and his crew Unless you were gettin paid too I'm not saying this to dis each and every fan Women you can ride but man be a man Shake my hand and make it a firm shake Say "What's up Ice Cube?" and then break Cause if you're hangin there I'm a tell you loud and clear: Get off my my dick nigga—and tell your bitch to come here	Geen referenties naar het verleden

12. The drive-by	
Intro: Sir Jinx] And now, "The Drive-By" [Interlude:] [Hustler 1:] Yo, money! The mothafuckas around the corners, till we trippin', man! [Hustler 2:] Whassup, man? What are they doin', man? [Hustler 1:] Yo, man! I just don't LIKE THEM mothafuckas! [Hustler 2:] Alright, man [Hustler 1:] Fuck it, man! [Hustler 2:] Let's get in the car, man! [Hustler 1:] Aiight! Yo, yo, yo! Let's SMOKE	Geen referenties naar het verleden

those mothafuckas! [car door slam shuts] [Engine starts] [music starts playin' "Bust a Move" by Young MC] [Hustler 1:] There they go! [Hustler 2:] Aight! Turn up the headlights, man! Turn the radio down! Turn the radio down... [Hustler 1:] Yo, yo, yo, yo! We gon' bring death to them! [Hustler 2:] Hehehh! locin' up motherfucka let it go Ayo, man! Roll the window down! [music stops] [Hustler 1:] Aight! [Hustler 2:] We finna get this mothafucka! 'EY, 'EY, 'EY, MAN! WHASSUP, NIGGA? [Enemy] Yo! [Hustler 2:] THIS WILDEST NIGGA, MY NIGGA! [People] [screams] [shouts] [Hustler 1:] JUST SMOKE THE MOTHAFUCKA, MAN! [Hustler 2:] SHOOT THAT MOTHAFUCKA, MAN! [4 shots] [automatic gunshots] [People] [screams] [shouts] [Hustler 1:] 'EY, 'EY, 'EY! I'm SHOOTIN' 'EM RIGHT NOW, MAN! LET'S GET 'EM, MAN! [4 shots] [Hustler 2:] FUCK THAT! SMOKE THE MOTHAFUCKAS! [automatic gunshots] [Hustler 1:] OWWW, SHIT, MAN! I SHOOT THE MOTHAFUCKAS! [Hustler 2:] GET FUCK OUTTA HERE, MAN! GET THE FUCK...! [car pulls away] [People] [screams] [shouts] [Hustler 2:]... FUCK OUTTA HERE [People] [screams] [shouts] [Tom Brokaw newcaster sample:] "Outside the South Central area... Few cared about the violence because... it didn't affect them."	

13. Rollin'wit the lench mob	
[Intro] Yo, T-Bone (What up, D?) Yo man these motherfuckers stepping to me man talking about The Lench Mob ain't in the physa (Motherfuckers pc yo boy tyrna fit everybody panic) Word to mother, matter of fact had a couple like a brand new pair of Levine (Like a brought motherfuckers up like a fat ass joint)	

Word to mother [Verse 1] You can't fuck with the criminal rapping over gangsta shit First I load the clip and then I make the hit I know some y'all can't fade this Lench Mob niggas are the craziest So you and your boys are ass-out When I'm rollin in a seven-deuce glass house The Mob ain't nothing but a menace When we get the motherfucking dog in us Playing them old beats I'm pouring out some of my beer for my homies Ready to peel your cap You can't believe "Faces of Death" on wax Some say the Mob ain't positive Man fuck that shit cause I gots to live How I live and you could either give a fuck punk Yo or get your ass bucked Some rappers are heaven-sent But Self-Destruction don't pay the fucking rent So you can either sell dope or get your ass a job I'd rather roll it wit the Lench Mob [Hook] Lench Mob! Lench Mob! Lench Mob! For lynching any sucker (x4) (The Lench Mob is taking the 9 to ya mind all the motherfucking time!) (Yeah, motherfucker!) (Do it!) [Verse 2] To be down with the Mob is simple Mind your own you want a spot find your own And take mine if you're badder than the strong man I do the right thing I do the wrong thing Do anything cause I ain't faking the scene It's all about how much bacon you bring And if you see something from the gat I will stuff it Yo you ain't seen nothing Cause if you testify you're living blind Cause in the city you live and let die Rolling with the fools One Time can't beat On my knees in the street interlock my hands and feet He said "I know you" I said "you might My name is Ice Cube I did a song you didn't like" So he soaked me up like Bounty Had to do a week in the county	Seven-Deuce is de benaming voor een auto die veel gereden werd in de achterstandswijken in de Verenigde Staten. Daarnaast verwijst Ice Cube naar de Stop The Violence Movement, dit was een beweging die het geweld in de achterstandswijken probeerde tegen te gaan. Ice Cube is kritisch ten opzichte van deze beweging, omdat deze niet echt zijn vruchten afwerpt. De reden hiervoor is volgens hem dat het gebruiken van geweld en het handelen in drugs geld opleveren.

A piece of cake it was just like a party Cause in the county you know everybody No I didn't kill or steal or rob Locked up for what cause I'm rollin' wit the Lench Mob [Hook] [Verse 3] If you know a female that's rollin' with the Lench Mob Watch your step cause the gat is kept In the purse like my homegirl Yo-Yo You gotta be down and you can't be a ho no Cause if you are I'll be the first one to bust you out After my crew I'll be the first one to rush you out Get the picture or bitch You'll get the eighty-six If she wanna try and mix Business and pleasure make up your own mind You gotta be a ho on your own time Don't sleep cause even on a solo creep Yo the Mob is still deep And we'll play ya just like a nit-wit You thought you got with the crew you can't get with So get the noose ready for the lynching Now 235 is what I'm benching But nowadays it's still not enough I got something guaranteed to stop the bum rush Give me the gat, step back, and watch me do the job Rolling with the motherfucking Lench Mob [Hook] [Outro] Ayo, fuck that man I'm not going back to jail Fuck that, Ice Cube Man, I'm rollin' wit the Lench Mob	

14. Who's the mack?	
[Intro] One of these motherfuckers is different Straight gangsta mack Straight gangsta mack Straight gangsta mack Straight gangsta mack [Verse 1] Who's the mack?	Geen referenties naar het verleden.

Is it some brother in a big hat Thinking he can get any bitch with a good rap? Rolling in a fucked-up Lincoln Leaning to the side so it looks like he's sinking Into that leopard interior This nigga think every girl's inferior To his tongue, get a dumb bitch sprung As she's selling more butt Don't even get a cut of the money His name is Sonny And he know the play And hope to god that he don't find a runaway That's looking to become a star He'll have your ass in and out of every car With every Ron and Rick, sucking every john's dick Come short of the money, get your ass kicked You don't like it but you still call him hunk Last night the nigga put yo' ass in the trunk You wanna leave but Sonny started talking fast And it make you wanna go and sell more ass He's getting rich, you his bitch and it's like that Now ask yourself Who's the mack? [Verse 2] Who's the mack? It is that fool that wanna pump the gas Give you a sad story and you give him cash? He starts macking and macking and you sucking Quick to say I'm down on my luck And you give a dollar or a quarter and he's on his way Then you see his sorry ass the next day Are you the one getting played like a sucka? Or do you say, "Get a job, motherfucker"? Every day, the story gets better He's wearing dirty pants and a funky-assed sweater He claims he wants to get something to eat But every day you find yourself getting beat He gets your money and you run across the street don't look both ways Cause he's in a daze And almost get his ass hit for the crack Now ask yourself Who's the mack? [Verse 3] Who's the Mack? Is it that nigga in that club asking Have you ever been in a hot tub? I know the game so I watch it unfold When I see the boy pinned to your earlobe He's talking shit and you crack a smile	

When he tell you that he can go buck wild For a girl like you and make it feel good You know it's drama but it sound real good He started dragging and hopefully he can start tagging The pussy so he can keep bragging He say, "I'm 'a leave baby, can you go with me?" You wanna do it but you feeling like a H-O-E You grab his hand, you leave and it's over Cause the nigga ain't nothing but a rover Ya knew the game and you still ended up on your back Now ask yourself Who's the Mack? [Verse 4] Macking is the game and everybody's playing And as long as you believe what they saying Consider the a M.A.C.K. and with no delay They are gonna get all the play But when it comes to me, save the drama for your momma It's Ice Cube and you know that I'm a Mack in my own right When it comes to rhyme and rap Cause all I do is kick facts Unlike Iceberg Slim And all of them be claimin' be P.I.M.P No, I'm not going out that way I'm just a straight up N I double G A Next time U get over on a fool And you did the shit like real smooth Thank Ice Cube for giving up the facts And ask yourself Who's the Mack? [Outro] Straight gangsta Mack Straight gangsta Mack Straight gangsta Mack Straight gangsta Mack Straight gangsta Mack Straight gangsta Mack Straight gangsta Mack	

15. It’s a man’s world (ft. Yo-Yo	
[Intro] [Ice Cube] Women, they're good for - Wait wait wait wait, Cube, trip this We gonna dedicate this to the pretty young ladies	In dit nummer dat Ice Cube heeft gemaakt in samenwerking met een vrouwelijke rapper, behandelen zij de man-vrouw verhouding in de achterstandswijken. Ice Cube neemt het op voor de man en YoYo voor de vrouw. Er zijn verder niet echt referenties naar het verleden, het thema sluit wel aan bij een wederkerend thema in

You know, them pretty young ladies that wouldn't give us the play before the album, this is for you [Mashup] [Verse 1] [IC] Women, they're good for nothing, no maybe one thing To serve needs to my ding-a-ling I'm a man who loves the one-night stand Cause after I do ya, huh, I never knew ya Cause to kick it man it gives me the fits They wanna lay with they nose under your armpits Ice Cube won't wait so give it up cow After we do it you can go home now (see ya!) I'm a brother with a big long... (Come on, wait, what the hell you think you talkin' about?) [YY] First of all let me tell you my name, it's Yo-Yo And downing a girl, first offense, and that's a no-no Yo-Yo thinks the kitchen sink should be thrown in Niggas be scheming and fiending to stick the bone in (yep) No, Yo-Yo's not a ho or a whore And if that's what you're here for, exit through the door, there's more To see of me but you're blind so Women like me are fading brothers in the 9-0 (Wait, first of all how you gon' come on my record and talk?) I'm tryna say all women are superior over men (Yeah yeah) But wait how you gon rule the world when you broke as a joke? (With yo county check baby) [IC] Ay what up, buttercupper Miss Yo-Yo (that's me) I know you like to rap and like to flow so But when it comes to hip-hop this is a man's world Stay down and play the playground you little girl [YY] What you're saying I don't consider it as rapping Cause you're a rerun and I'm the new what's-	hiphopmuziek namelijk de man-vrouw verhouding. In dit nummer wordt de sample van het nummer van James Brown gebruikt.

happening It never fails, I'll always get respect And you lose, so take a rain check [IC] Hell no cause you know that I'm first and you're second If it wasn't for me, you'd probably be pregnant And barefoot, complaining that your back is aching Shaking and faking while I'm bringing home the bacon [YY] Well you're mistaken, it's not going that far I make brothers like you play the backyard You used to flow with the title but I took it Bring home the bacon but find another ho to cook it [IC] Damn it lookit, cause you're talking a lot of bull [YY] Well I'm not your puppet so don't even try to pull [IC] This is a man's world thank you very much [YY] But it wouldn't be a damn thing without a woman's touch [Hook] This, this is, this is a man's world This, this is, this is a man's world This, this is, this is a man's world This is a man's world [Verse 2] [IC] Ah Miss Yo-Yo, so what gives? I hear females always talking about Women's Lib Well get your own crib, and stay there Instead of having more babies for the welfare Cause if you don't I'll label you a gold digger The name is Ice Cube you know that I ain't the nigga For you to look at when your hair get nappy So take a piece of the pole and be happy	

[YY] Hell no, because to me you're not a thriller You come in the room with your three-inch killer Thinking you can do damage to my backbone Leave your child in the yard until it's full-grown I'm a put it like this my man Without us your hand would be your best friend So give us credit like you know you should If I don't look good, you don't look good [IC] I doubt it baby cause we're still most dominant [YY] But you don't know how funky that I can get [IC] This is a man's world thank you very much [YY] But it wouldn't be a damn thing without a woman's touch [Hook] This, this is, this is a man's world This, this is, this is a man's world This, this is, this is a man's world This is a man's world This, this is, this is a man's world This, this is, this is a man's world [Verse 3] [IC] Man, women, I put a lot of fear in em (Why is that?) Cause I had it up to here with em Drink a beer with em? No way Cause I can only deal with em about an hour every day Yeah if you know what I mean baby [YY] Well I guess, now that I think about it I think maybe If you was more of a man instead of faking it Women deserve the credit when they're making it [IC] Yeah so what's the problem? [YY] Well I think we solved it I know they know the best male from who's	

doggin it [IC] Yeah I admit you can flow [YY] Well that's true [IC] But you see I'm a pro with the bank too [YY] Yeah I can see you got it good [IC] Oh that I know [YY] But you see you're not better than Yo-Yo The brand-new intelligent black lady [IC] You're kinda dope but you still can't fade me [YY] So what up then? [IC] Girl, what you tryna do? [YY] To prove a black woman like me can bring the funk through [IC] This is a man's world thank you very much [YY] But it wouldn't be a damn thing without a woman's touch [IC] Or a big butt... [Hook] This, this is, this is a man's world This, this is, this is a man's world This, this is, this is a man's world This is a man's world This, this is, this is a man's world This, this is, this is a man's world This, this is, this is a man's world This is a man's world This, this is, this is a man's world This, this is, this is a man's world	

This, this is, this is a man's world This is a man's world This, this is, this is a man's world This, this is, this is a man's world This, this is, this is a man's world This is a man's world	

16. The Bomb	
[Verse 1] It's like a holocaust to the boss when I toss Too much knowledge kicked then you're lost In a shuffle of feet, Jinx the fiddler And I control your mind like Hitler You bow and vow to authority See now, a sucker with a style just boring me So I show K.N.O.W L.E.D.G.E. it might trouble you Then I transform like a Decepticon With a mic as a bomb In my right palm But I don't stay calm So panic Others can't flow so they go schizophrenic You thought I dropped a dud in your face Until you taste the blood of the bass Then you faint, or better yet pass out When I'm on the mic, believe it's ass out You think you're raw so you draw You lose, you're hung, you bite your tongue The whole town saw in awe as you strangle A noose on your neck, and you dangle From side to side in the blazing heat You're beat, you're dead, the boots fell off your feet You're turning red, it's said That your head burst And this is only the first verse Of the bomb (Break) [Verse 2] Don't break up the fight let them rumble Over the years I've watched some go super-bad quick Now the smell of the pen has got them sick to the stomach Now ask yourself, who's stupid? I take funky funky beats and I loop it And pimp slap you in the face with the bass And the boom from the bomb that I drop Stop You have a flat top as a fashion I love Black women with a passion	Verwijzing naar het rechtssysteem in Amerika, waarin onevenredig veel Afro-Amerikanen opgesloten worden.

But when they gotta go and show their ass in I gotta clown the hoes, yeah You gotta watch the ones with the big derrieres They'll steer you wrong Ice Cube's got it going on, hit me For the gangster boogie two times for the gangster rhyme The sister ain't wholesome They want to put a young brother in Folsom And others see me on lockdown But I come up foul then they get knocked out, word To the brother that rolls the herb Everybody getting knocked to the curb like that Jinx got the gat, and it's a fact He'll kick a funky beat to peel your cap Now who's the mack? Who's the ho? Who's the trick? I got many, many styles won't you take a pick But don't be alarmed When I trip and stumble and fumble And drop the (rewind) Drop the bomb (Break) [Verse 3] I'm solo, you ask how I'm living Still dropping more shit than a pigeon With the L, the E, the N, the C, the H The M, the O, the B, the great Lyrics that make the beat swing and I gotcha It's the hip-hopper that don't like coppers And if you try to upset the pot son You get kicked in the chest like a shotgun I make the beats, I make the breaks I make the rhymes that make you shake Make you find Ice Cube never caught in the middle I make shit to kick you in the ass a little And still never hesitate to stutter step Or bust a repitition on the mic Still dissing all the hype From left to right How many left to fight? So what that Lench Mob like?	

Album 2: KRS-One – The return of the boom bap (1993)

1. KRS-One attacks	
Spoken Intro: We will be here forever Do you understand?	In deze intro maakt KRS-One duidelijk dat hij denkt dat hiphop geen hype is, maar voor altijd zal bestaan.

FOREVER Forever and ever And ever and ever We will be here forever Do you understand that? Get what I'm saying? FOREVER! "How many REAL Hip-hoppers in the place right about now?" "Party people in the place to be, KRS-ONE attacks"	

2. Outta here	
[Intro] "Boogie Down was performing, hey they ain't no joke" "Down with the sound called B-D-P" [Verse 1: KRS-ONE] Back in the days I knew rap would never die I used to listen to Awesome-2 on WHBI I used to hear all kind of rap groups before sampling loops Rappers wore bell-bottom Lee suits Me and Kenny couldn't afford that So we would go to the park when they was jammin' to hear rap I used to listen till the cops broke it up I always thought to myself "Damn, why they fucked it up?" But nevertheless I was in love with the microphone And it stayed that way until I left home On the streets of New York, now I'm free But with freedom comes big responsibility I used to walk around driven by the force I remember how large Super Rhymes was when he fell off I used to wonder about crews that used to rock They were large, but none of them could manage to stay on top [Bridge: KRS-ONE] Do you ever think about when you outta here? Record deal and video outta here? Mercedes Benz and Range Rover outta here? No doubt BDP is old school, but we ain't goin' out! [Verse 2: KRS-ONE] After livin' on the streets alone Some years went by, I signed myself into a group home	In dit nummer beschrijft KRS-One zijn persoonlijke verleden, en zijn ambities voor de toekomst. Hij benoemt twee albums uit het verleden in het bijzonder die een grote invloed op hem hebben gehad. Dit waren volgens KRS-One twee albums die met hun muziek bewustwording probeerden te creëren. Hierin ziet hij een belangrijke taak voor hiphop. Door het gehele nummer heeft KRS-One het over de ontberingen van het leven in de achterstandswijken. Persoonlijk verleden.

I used to watch the show "I Dream of Jeannie" And dreamt about "When will I be large like Whodini?" But I was messin' with graffiti on the subway And gettin' chased by the cops almost everyday I knew it had to bea better way see So I would go to my room, blast RUN DMC Around 1984 I left the group home, again alone Still dreamin' about the microphone Gimme a chance man, I know I can rock it But I had to worry about puttin' money in my pocket So when I reached the shelter I met my helper DJ Scott La Rock And we both loved hip-hop I was takin' suckas out in the shelter system Yeah there was rappers in the shelter but I had to diss 'em But all along, my vision was never lost I kept seeing all these rap groups fallin' off [Bridge: KRS-ONE] Do you ever think about when you're outta here? Fly girl and fresh gear outta here? Five-thousand dollar love seat outta here? No doubt BDP is old school, but we ain't goin' out! [Verse 3: KRS-ONE] While I'm battling these rival crews Yes, BDP would stay in the Street News Some said, All they wanna do is battle They can't write a song, so their careers won't last long! Around this time I used to hang with Ced Gee And DJ Scott La Rock used to buy gold with Eric B I didn't meet Rakim till later with Scott I remember we were jammin' at the rooftop It used to irk me when these critics had opinions Scott would say "Just keep rappin', I'll keep spinnin'" We had a fucked up contract, but we signed it And dropped the hip-hop album Criminal Minded We told the critics your opinions are bull Same time Eric B and Rakim dropped Paid in Full Hip-hop pioneers we didn't ask to be But right then hip-hop changed drastically People didn't wanna hear the old rap sound We started samplin' beats by James Brown In the middle of doin' "My Philosophy" Scott was killed and that shit got to me But knowin' the laws of life and death	

I knew his breath, was one with my breath I had nothin' left and it was scary So I dropped By All Means Necessary Another hip-hop group that was a friend of me Was a revolution crew called Public Enemy It Takes A Nation of Millions to Hold Us Back These two albums set off consciousness in rap But all along, I'm still lookin' around And all I can see are these rap groups fallin' down [Outro] Do you ever think about when you outta here? Condominium and beach house outta here? Credit cards and bank accounts outta here? No doubt BDP is old school, be we ain't goin' out!	

3. Black cop	
Buck buck buck-buck-buck, buck-buck buck buck! All rude bwoy lissen up! Black cop!! Black cop black cop black cop Stop shootin black people, we all gonna drop You don't even get, paid a whole lot So take your M-60 and put it 'pon lock! Take your four-five and you put it 'pon lock! Lookin for your people when you walk down a block Here in America you have drug spot They get the black cop, to watch the drug spot The black drug dealer just avoid black cop They're killin each other on a East Coast block Killin each other on a West Coast block White police, don't give a care about dat Dem want us killin each other over crack Anyway you put it it's a black on BLACK Black cop black cop black cop Black cop black cop black cop Thirty years ago, there were no black cops You couldn't even run, drive round the block Recently police trained black cop To stand on the corner, and take gunshot This type of warfare isn't new or a shock It's black on black crime again nonSTOP Black cop!! Black cop black cop Black cop black cop black cop "Don't be the sucker.. Don't be the sucker comin into my face.. Don't be the sucker.." Here's what the West and the East have in	In dit nummer beschrijft KRS-One de verhouding tussen de Afro-Amerikaanse bevolking, en Afro-Amerikaanse politie agenten. Hierin benadrukt hij dat dertig jaar geleden, nog geen agenten van Afro-Amerikaanse komaf actief waren. Deze nieuwe zwarte agenten zouden volgens hem de vuile werkjes van de witte agenten op knappen. KRS-One benadrukt de spanningen de dit oplevert in de Afro-Amerikaanse gemeenschap. Hij verwijst naar de paradoxale verhouding tussen de slavernij en de afro-Amerikaanse politie agenten. Bovendien verwijst hij naar de Apartheid in Zuid-Afrika (1948-1990). Hier werd de zwarte bevolking ook onderdrukt door zwarte politie agenten.

common Both have black cops in cars profilin Hardcore kids in the West got stress In the East we are chased by the same black beast The black cop is the only real obstacle Black slave turned black cop is not logical But very psychological, haven't you heard? It's the BLACK COP killin black kids in Johannesburg Whassup black cop, yo, whassup?! Your authorization says shoot your nation You wanna uphold the law, what could you do to me? The same law dissed the whole black community You can't play both sides of the fence 1993 mad kids are gettin tense Black cop!! Black cop black cop black cop Stop shootin black people we all gonna drop You don't even get, paid a whole lot Take your four-five and you put it 'pon lock! Take your M-60 and put it 'pon lock! Take your uzi, put it 'pon lock! Black cop black cop black cop Black cop black cop black cop "Don't be the sucker.. Don't be the sucker.. Don't be the sucker.. Don't be the sucker comin into my face Don't.. don't be the sucker comin into my face Don't-don't-don't be the sucker comin into my face Don't-don't-don't-don't Don't be the sucker comin into my face Don't-don't, don't-don't Don't be the sucker comin into my face Don't-don't-don't! Don't be the sucker comin into my face with that yang-yang!"	

4. Mortal thought	
You never will conquer the champion You never will conquer the champion Calm down my selecta Adjust that treble right now adjust the bass Turn it up, stop frontin', c'mon, turn it up Alright, check it out ninety-three lyrics, here we go [Hook] I never want a jheri curl up under my hat	In dit nummer benadrukt KRS-One de relatie tussen reggea en hiphop als twee subculturen voortgekomen uit de Afrikaanse diaspora. Daarnaast benadrukt hij zijn eigen activisme in het verleden, met zijn Stop The Violence Movement. Bovendien zit in dit nummer een sterk revolutionair karakter, zoals we dat gezien hebben bij Ice Cube. Hij beschrijft zichzelf al lyrische terrorist.

The woman in my bed has got to be strictly black I never want money if my lyrics are wack So I must, rock, the mic I play only the reggae and I play only rap I rock the African, the European, and Jap Beneath I got to show you that I am all that So I must, rock, the mic [Verse 1] Are you tired of lyrical liars, passing fliers Wannabe MC's, but really good triers Tripping over mic cords, getting you bored A total fraud, this kind of thing I can't afford, so I Pick up the mic and kill it ill it top bill it The club is a skillet, where MC's get fried in it You got beef chill it, blood I spill it After seven long years of ripping the party and I'm still widdit You call my name I don't think about suing ya I come to the club with that BOOYAKA Laughin' while I'm doin ya the crowd is booin' ya Gimme one month, record for record on tape I'll ruin ya Some likkle awl pon sound bwoy wan fi rule de city His style is lookin pretty beats and rhymes are dibby dibby Here comes the rootical ratical teacha I'll eat ya defeat ya beat ya till ya stagger and ya teeth chatter You'll be goin through convulsions as I flash data Any rapper can be a decapitated rapper now what's the matter You're full of more junk than a sausage Let me show you what a real hip-hop artist is *DJ Premier cuts and scratches "My posse from the Bronx is thick!"* [Hook] [Verse 2] Of course yeah I'm the most brilliant recording artist in your life Never have to repeat a rhyme style twice, precise In a lyrical drought like water to your lips oh yes my lyrics will suffice I'm nice, like beans and rice, I am delicious Who's the freshest lyricist on the mic, you don't want to fuck with KRS is	

Lyric for lyric, rhyme for rhyme, style for style I break you like dishes Either you come fully correct or the lyrics you simply makin' wishes We got no time for fake black leaders and dreamers blowin' wishes Youse a fraud, I mean a fraud like in fraudulation I know what it is, the crown of rhyme supremacy you're tastin' And yes, before the flavor hits your greedy tongue You get ripped up by KRS-One Now, lyrics, somebody want lyrics, from the lyrical terrorist Here's a little somethin for you all to remember KRS, and remember this I am no pessimist, more of an optimist Activist revolutionist, yes the hardest artist And the smartest, Premier spark this *Premier cuts and scratches "My posse from the Bronx is thick!"* [Hook]	

5. I can't wake up	
[Intro] What I want you to do is count to ten Nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two On one, you will be asleep - one [Hook] I'm a blunt gettin smoked and I can't wake up I'm a blunt gettin smoked and I can't wake up I'm a blunt gettin smoked and I can't wake up I'm a blunt gettin smoked and I can't wake up [KRS-One] I'm dreamin.. about bein a blunt I'm runnin around and I just can't wake up, hah! I'm dreamin.. about bein a blunt, ho! I'm walkin around and I just can't wake up [Verse One] I'm tryin to wake up, I can't wake up So I run and jump, someone yelled, "Get that blunt!" Get that blunt - now I'm thinking this is major I've got a bunch of people chasin me with a razor?! I don't like this dream as a blunt But I can't get out of it and I can't seem to wake up	In dit nummer beschrijft KRS-One een nachtmerrie. Hierin is hij een blunt die wordt opgerookt door andere artiesten uit de hiphopscene.

So I'm runnin and racin, blunt smokers are chasin This is insane, I'm caught by House of Pain I'm picked up, they said they gonna +Put My Head Out+ They slit my back and all the tobacco fell out Now I'm hollowed wet thin and yes ready They poured the shumpang gently and re-wet me I'm in the mouth yo, I can't wake up Yo I'm a blunt gettin smoked and I can't wake up [Hook] [Verse Two] Check it out now, in the same attire here comes the fire OW they lit it, now I'm burnin by the minute But check it out, more heads came to chill Everlast took a pull and passed me to Cypress Hill Cypress Hill took a pull, lungs are full Who's next? I'm bein passed to Das EFX As they took a mad pull, smoke blows in heaps It's really smoky but I can still see Black Sheep Whoa! Black Sheep gets me, relights me Room is proper, now I'm passed off to Shabba Shabba's voice gets low like a tuba He said, "Me no follow no rumor" and passed me to Grand Puba I wasn't burnin right so Puba got mad at me And said, "Who rolled this?" and passed it to Kid Capri Kid Capri said, "I won't front! Pass it to Redman, he knows how to roll a blunt" Redman said, "No need to re-roll" He hit, relit it, and passed me to De La Soul De La Soul took a hit and kept hittin Now they're buggin cause they passed me to Bill Clinton Bill Clinton said, "I'll smoke but I won't inhale I'll only hit it twice," he got slapped by Greg Nice Now I fell on the floor, Greg Nice picked me up I'm bein smoked and I can't wake up [Hook] [Verse Three] Get me out of this, somebody wake me up I'm still on fire and I'm still bein smoked up Half my body is gone, now they're comin to my head	

Now my head is being pinched by Teddy Ted A crazy nightmare I got to go I got to wake up and I'm passed off to Yo-Yo Yo-Yo gets respect as a lady She didn't smoke, she passed me to Showbiz & A.G A.G. said, "Respect due seen" He got one big pull and passed me to Smooth B Smooth B, although he's talking to Teddy Took a hit and passed me to Fab 5 Freddy Freddy said, "Yo! There's nothing left pop" Looked at me in my face and passed me to Chubb Rock Chubb Rock said, "Yo Freddy chill! If you ever catch me smoking, just kick me in the grill" [Hook] I'm DREAMIN!!!	

6. Slap them up (ft. Ill Will)	
Intro [D.J. Premier] Tellin' it like it is, right about now D.J. Premier is in the Motherfuckin' house and shit, ya know what I'm sayin'? But yo Yo Kris, run that shit, ya know what I'm sayin'? That, that shit My joint. Run that motherfucker...it's only right kid... [KRS-One] (Do it, do it, do it...) Drop that bassline... You want lyrics? We give ya lyrics. Check it out now, one time... (Do it, do it, do it...) When we come in all de dance 'nuff D.J.'s shut up, woy! Gal! Will ya come slap dem up When we come in all de dance 'nuff D.J.'s shut up, woy! Ill Will, slap dem up Verse [Ill Will]	In dit nummer is een verwijzing naar een burgerrechten activist genaamd Jesse Jackson, hij deed in de jaren tachtig tweemaal een poging om presidentskandidaat voor de Democratische partij te worden. Hiermee werd duidelijk dat de Afro-Amerikanen een duidelijke factor waren geworden binnen de Democratische partij.

MC's get ate, get broken like a pretzel
And get dissed if they ever try to step to
They can't take a MC with loose lips
Talk a lotta shit [but sink no motherfuckin' ships]
Lyrics make bigger holes than hollow tips
Watch another rapper body get stiff
Just like in church, we pass the basket
As I preach over his casket
Fuck it, kick the body right over
And say "See ya, hmm...nice to know ya"
Got another rapper to see
Yo Kris, bust that ass [certainly]

[KRS-One]

Either shit or get off the pot
Let the original rapper rock the spot
You stand there and jock, goin' [mumbles]
This is absolutely ludicrous, what can you do to Kris
Chattin' foolishness, step along quick with that stupidness
It's me reppin' this for self, where else ya lookin'?
I got more rhymes than all the Jamaicans in Brooklyn
So beat it or be seated, gee, I'm mad undefeated
Young boy, you can't see me, run along and make pee-pee
I was rockin' rhymes when "La-Di-Da-Di" was a demo
Admit you been on my tip for years and just can't seem to let go
Go, go call your mother, tell her you wanna battle KRS quick
I bet the minute you get home you'll get your ass whipped
Crazy ill mad styles is what I give'em
Not a run-of-the-mill'em, I drill'em, I got ridiculous rhythm
None of my styles you can get with'em
Still um, will um, your crew come get some so I can kill'em

[Ill Will]

Well I roll by myself but don't let it fool ya
If I got beef my crew'll damn step to ya
We don't play no games, I'll come straight to your rest
Lift up your shirt and blast you in your chest
[Well that was fresh]

[KRS-One] A fad doesn't fill the bill, but mad skills will Don't let me have to kill you kid, god forbid still Greed will lead your need to succeed But your speed, your speech Your outreach is a breach of what I teach For lyrical styles you're a leech If I was Spanish I'd say, ["You rhyme like a beech"] Wow-wow-wow-wow, wow-wow-wow, wow-wow-wow... Wow, for a amateur you really looked hard But you're really a bitch, when you get it together Call me, here's my card Check the list: you lack breath control, mental behaviour Lyrical talent, imagination and flavour I got no time for amateur rhyme, you could be hurt Thinkin' you're hard because you wear a gangsta T-Shirt I'll smash your wanna-be ass in the deep dirt Black, you'll come up dizzy sayin' "How da fuck he do dat?" Cause you're yappin' like you can't be reached If your name ain't Arrested Development, well save your speech Time to ill, I got mad skills to fill Not a fake, I got more styles than Drake's got tasty cakes Gotta be the best, gee. Don't try to test me You'll get jacked son, even if your name is not Jesse Let's be up front when I meet ya Peace, uh, I'm the motherfuckin' teacher Outro When we come in all de dance 'nuff D.J.'s shut up, woy! Gal! Will ya come slap dem up When we come in all de dance 'nuff D.J.'s shut up, woy! Gal! Will ya come slap dem up, up, up, up, up... (Do it, do it, do it...) x2 Yo...South Bronx, South South Bronx South Bronx, South South...yo, Uptown Brooklyn's in the house, lemme tell ya 'bout Staten Island What about...Queens?	een verwijzing naar een burgerrechten activist genaamd Jesse Jackson.

7. Sound of da police	
[Produced by Showbiz] [Refrain] Woop-woop! That's the sound of da police Woop-woop! That's the sound of da beast Woop-woop! That's the sound of da police Woop-woop! That's the sound of da beast [Verse 1] Stand clear, Don man'll talk You can't stand where I stand, you can't walk where I walk Watch out, we run New York Policeman come, we bust him out the park I know this for a fact, you don't like how I act You claim I'm sellin' crack, but you be doin' that I'd rather say see ya, 'cause I would never be ya Be an officer? You wicked overseer! You hotshot, wanna get props and be a savior First show a little respect, change your behavior Change your attitude, change your plan There could never really be justice on stolen land Are you really for peace and equality? Or when my car is hooked up, you know you wanna follow me Your laws are minimal 'Cause you won't even think about lookin' at the real criminal This has got to cease 'Cause we be getting hyped to the sound of da police [Refrain] Woop-woop! That's the sound of da police Woop-woop! That's the sound of da beast Woop-woop! That's the sound of da police Woop-woop! That's the sound of da beast [Verse 2] Now here's a likkle truth, open up your eye While you're checkin' out the boom-bap, check the exercise Take the word overseer, like a sample Repeat it very quickly in a crew, for example Overseer, overseer, overseer, overseer Officer, officer, officer, officer Yeah, officer from overseer You need a little clarity? Check the similarity! The overseer rode around the plantation The officer is off, patrollin' all the nation The overseer could stop you, "What you're	Dit nummer refereert naar de politie en is een protest tegen het geinstitutionaliseerd racisme in Amerika. Wederom gekenmerkt door revolutionaire taal. In het nummer wordt een vergelijking gemaakt tussen een politie officier, en een plantage opzichter. Hij wijst op de overeenkomsten en benadrukt dat er in 400 weinig veranderd is. In het nummer stelt hij dat slavernij nog niet voorbij is aangezien Afro-Afrikanen nog steeds zonder reden doodgeschoten kunnen worden. vergelijking gemaakt tussen een politie officier, en een plantage opzichter.

doing?" The officer will pull you over just when he's pursuing The overseer had the right to get ill And if you fought back, the overseer had the right to kill The officer has the right to arrest And if you fight back they put a hole in your chest (Woop!) They both ride horses After 400 years, I've got no choices The police them have a likkle gun So when I'm on the streets, I walk around with a bigger one (Woop-woop!) I hear it all day Just so they can run the light and be upon their way [Refrain] Woop-woop! That's the sound of da police Woop-woop! That's the sound of da beast Woop-woop! That's the sound of da police Woop-woop! That's the sound of da beast [Verse 3] Check out the message in a rough stylee The real criminal are the C-O-P You check for undercover and the one P.D But just a mere Black man, them wann check me Them check out me car, for it shine like the sun But them jealous or them vexed, 'cause them can't afford one Black people still slaves up 'til today But the Black police officer nah see it that way Him want a salary, him want it So he put on a badge and kill people for it My grandfather had to deal with the cops My great-grandfather dealt with the cops My great-grandfather had to deal with the cops And then my great, great, great, great—when it's gonna stop?! [Refrain] Woop-woop! That's the sound of da police Woop-woop! That's the sound of da beast Woop-woop! That's the sound of da police Woop-woop! That's the sound of da beast	

8. Mad crew	
[Intro] Buck buck buck buck booyakasha! Of course all the hardcore heads This one goes out to you Crank up the volume one time	Op dit nummer haalt KRS-One uit naar de rest van de hiphoipscene.

Peace to all the real DJs out there Cause I don't send my music to no garbage DJs They get me (mad) So in the clubs I get (mad) On the mic I get (mad) On the beats I get (mad) [Hook] Yo, I got the (Mad, mad crew up in the house) I'm with the (Mad, mad crew up in the house) I be chillin' with the (Mad, mad crew up in the house) I'm rollin' with the (Mad, mad crew up in the house) [Verse 1] See, this is what I'm sayin' and I know you don't see this Wack, underpriveledged MCs think they can see Kris They watchin' too much television and they rocka This ain't the TV show "Taxi," and I ain't Lotka I break an MC off proper, yo don't check me Ask your Moms and Pops, yo they respect me But here you stand, tryin' to get yours, but gettin' NOTHIN' You probably can't spell "Boogie Down" or "Productions" I play for jeeps, I play for keeps, I play for streets, believe me Put down the microphone and consider a squeegee You're rated PG Again I win when I begin I'm slammin' again, no win, try to comprehend I don't bend I ravage and damage I'm wild like a savage, kickin' asses Hot flashes, your style's with trash's Stay out of my classes, punk Stay out of my classes, yo [Hook] [Verse 2] Twinkle, twinkle to the little rap star I got all type of MC tongue in a pickle jar So here's a quick freestyle to my target: My core audience, *fuck* the rest of the market! Cause I spark it, styles I loanshark it Then break your legs if you try to chart it I got heart, it	

Doesn't take a lot to rock a record, get wit it Some MCs can't rock for five minutes Sorry, that's not the way to approach me Use caution I rip up lyrical crews and MCs often You probably don't know this: I give birth to MCs And I also give abortions I'll do a number to your body structure You look like supper And I'm that hungry motherfucker! You don't wanna be on the menu! I'll end you, twist you up and bend you Like Gestapo Pick up the microphone and crush up MC like a taco No, we're never sad because we nah deal with sorrow That's why dem challenge me, jah man you know dem challenge trouble Me are number one of me there is no double! And you don't want no trouble Cause Blastmaster KRS is flashin' lyrics on the double [Hook] [Verse 3] Check Me comin' on quick, me comin' a dance, now me a sing KRS-One in a party, man me do me own ting Nuff MC test, but you don't hear vowel one All you hear is when the BDP crew slap them up We have the champion belt and lyrical cup Any DJ they want my title filled, no way now man step up But when you lose, now understand you get fucked up This ain't no game upon the mic Me bring the noise to you like Chuck [Hook] [Hook 2] Kid Capri got the (Mad, mad crew up in the house) Gang Starr got the (Mad, mad crew up in the house) Ill Will got the (Mad, mad crew up in the house) Flavor Unit got the (Mad, mad crew up in the house) Check it out!	

[Outro] (Make some noise!) Big shout out to all the real hip-hoppers in the house! And to all the phony DJ's that tried to battle BDP this year... Understand I got the (Mad, mad crew up in the house)	

9. Uh oh	
[Intro] Buck buck buck buck booyakasha! Of course all the hardcore heads This one goes out to you Crank up the volume one time Peace to all the real DJs out there Cause I don't send my music to no garbage DJs They get me (mad) So in the clubs I get (mad) On the mic I get (mad) On the beats I get (mad) [Hook] Yo, I got the (Mad, mad crew up in the house) I'm with the (Mad, mad crew up in the house) I be chillin' with the (Mad, mad crew up in the house) I'm rollin' with the (Mad, mad crew up in the house) [Verse 1] See, this is what I'm sayin' and I know you don't see this Wack, underpriveledged MCs think they can see Kris They watchin' too much television and they rocka This ain't the TV show "Taxi," and I ain't Lotka I break an MC off proper, yo don't check me Ask your Moms and Pops, yo they respect me But here you stand, tryin' to get yours, but gettin' NOTHIN' You probably can't spell "Boogie Down" or "Productions" I play for jeeps, I play for keeps, I play for streets, believe me Put down the microphone and consider a squeegee You're rated PG Again I win when I begin	Op dit nummer adresseert hij de gevaren van het leven op straat, dit is een hard bestaan dat niet voor iedereen is weggelegd.

I'm slammin' again, no win, try to comprehend I don't bend I ravage and damage I'm wild like a savage, kickin' asses Hot flashes, your style's with trash's Stay out of my classes, punk Stay out of my classes, yo [Hook] [Verse 2] Twinkle, twinkle to the little rap star I got all type of MC tongue in a pickle jar So here's a quick freestyle to my target: My core audience, *fuck* the rest of the market! Cause I spark it, styles I loanshark it Then break your legs if you try to chart it I got heart, it Doesn't take a lot to rock a record, get wit it Some MCs can't rock for five minutes Sorry, that's not the way to approach me Use caution I rip up lyrical crews and MCs often You probably don't know this: I give birth to MCs And I also give abortions I'll do a number to your body structure You look like supper And I'm that hungry motherfucker! You don't wanna be on the menu! I'll end you, twist you up and bend you Like Gestapo Pick up the microphone and crush up MC like a taco No, we're never sad because we nah deal with sorrow That's why dem challenge me, jah man you know dem challenge trouble Me are number one of me there is no double! And you don't want no trouble Cause Blastmaster KRS is flashin' lyrics on the double [Hook] [Verse 3] Check Me comin' on quick, me comin' a dance, now me a sing KRS-One in a party, man me do me own ting Nuff MC test, but you don't hear vowel one All you hear is when the BDP crew slap them up We have the champion belt and lyrical cup Any DJ they want my title filled, no way now	

man step up But when you lose, now understand you get fucked up This ain't no game upon the mic Me bring the noise to you like Chuck [Hook] [Hook 2] Kid Capri got the (Mad, mad crew up in the house) Gang Starr got the (Mad, mad crew up in the house) Ill Will got the (Mad, mad crew up in the house) Flavor Unit got the (Mad, mad crew up in the house) Check it out! [Outro] (Make some noise!) Big shout out to all the real hip-hoppers in the house! And to all the phony DJ's that tried to battle BDP this year... Understand I got the (Mad, mad crew up in the house)	

10. Brown skin woman (ft. Kid Capri)	
{Kid Capri} Aiyyo Kris, yo yo yo! That was fresh, come with that next shit Uhh! Fat fat fat fat beats! .. How refreshing is it really? How refreshing is it really?! Ha ha ha ha ha ha! Whoo! .. Big shout out to Philly in the house G. Simone, you know you're not alone KRS-One on the micraphone Now we gonna come down ruffneck like this now seen? Mad Lion hold tight Chorus: Brown skin woman, you a queen, not a HOE Any man that drop the lyric what we give them the BO Brown skin woman you a queen and not a HOE Any man that drop the lyric what we give them the BO	In dit nummer presenteert KRS-one zijn visie op de man-vrouw verhoudingen in de Afro-Amerikaanse gemeenschap. Hij stelt dat het niet alleen om seks gaat maar ook om de dag daarna, in andere woorden, over zie de consequenties.

Verse One: We don't come with disrespect, we come with intellect If you come with disrespect you get a rope around your neck Some people don't expect me, to be so violent But me NAH violent, just myself I protect Too many time I see, young gwal pickadee Pay five ten twenty thirty dollar to see Some rapper some singer some .. celebrity Talk bout they wan fi sex up and fill up you body But them NAH talk about peelin off some money For the pumpin onna bed, when you haf the baby Whattaya think can happen next? After you're done havin sex? Too much of ignorance, not enough intellence Mahn me NOT against sex, but too many DJ Talk sex but them not talk about the next day Cause the next day them gone, and you sit alone Got em soup up your mic, pon de micraphone Chorus (w/ minor variations) Verse Two: Brown skin gwal them can't diss yo Cause you run the show-ow-ow! Them call you all type of bimbo But you know you're not a ho-oe-oe! Bwoy pickade, check out your history Brown man is a God in any ci-ty White, man knew dat, and dat was a shock So dem whip up your bod', and dem whippin not stop But dem NAH can't stop us wit de whip and de chain So dem take away your history, erase your name STILL, with no name, with no fight, with no fuss We just, take on the name, that MASSA give us That name is NI-GGA, the correct is NE-GRO It's spa-nish for BLACK, white mahn call us DAT There is also NE-GROID, also NE-GRO Now, all nigga pon the corner playin cee-lo Man you're not a ne-gro, cause you're skin is not black Take a look at yourself, you're brown and that's a fact You not jump from no tree, you not live in no	In het tweede couplet, gaat KRS-One specifiek in op de geschiedenis van de Afro-Amerikanen. Hij hangt het idee van de ‘five procent nation’ aan waarin de zwarte man gezien wordt als god. Dit zou volgens KRS-One de reden zijn waarom de witte mens hen overheersen. Dit doen zij met de zweep en de kettingen. Een duidelijke referentie naar het slavernij verleden. geschiedenis te hebben verwijderd, een veel voorkomend verwijt. Een voorbeeld van het veranderen van de Afro-Amerikaanse geschiedenis is het veranderen van de naam. Hierna gaat hij door op racistische uitingen, en bespreekt het woord negro of nigga. Wat volgens KRS-One staat voor zwarte. Hij roept iedereen op om goed naar zichzelf te kijken en te beseffen dat afro-Amerikanen niet zwart zijn maar bruin. Hierop voortbordurend stelt hij dat alle stereotypen verbonden aan het zwartzijn

cave That's some GARBAGE dem print, dem want you to behave! You a African man, some say Asian You must respect your love, all brown skin 'oman! If you diss your 'oman, you not come wit no plan So shut up your mowf, til you must understand! Chorus (w/ minor variations) Outro: I know you want me to call you a nigga.. NO! I know you want me to call you a ho.. NO! I know you want me to call you a bitch.. NO! This is how it go! {Kid Capri} Yes Kris, you're large! Another fat production by the KIIIIID Capri Big shouts to the engineer Naughty Big shouts to Luca, and we OUTTTTTTTTA here! Peeeeeeeeeeace!	verworpen dienen te worden. Gedraag je als een Afrikaan, als een god.

11. Return of the boom bap	
[Intro] Boom Bap Original Rap Boom Bap Original Rap See how it sounds(bo!) a little unrational(bo!)*4 [Verse 1] Now bad boy squad and bad boy crew Everything I do, I do just for you Another silly sucker wants the champion belt But like a microwave, these days I make em melt Return Of The Boom Bap means just that It means return of the real hard beats and real rap The ladies in the place like it just like that I'm a around the way guy with a baseball cap You know my style, you know my name I'm chillin' at the top, but I'm still the same I never crossed over, never went pop You know Krs will give you real hip hop so [Hook] See how it sounds(bo!) a little unrational(bo!) [x4]	Geen referenties naar het verleden.

[Verse 2]
People always callin me a top celebrity
Cause when I'm on the mic
I like to speak freely
You hear me chattin' lyric but Im not an MC
A one poetic member of the crew B.D.P
I looked around the nation but I simply couldn't find
Another entertainer with a rhyme like mine
I pick up the mic and I tear up the phone
At this point in the party I should be left alone
But uh-oh uh-oh I've come to show
A brand new flow, is the flow wack? NO!
Listen to the pro, come to the show in a b-boy stance
Bogle in the dance
Bogle and a bogle and a bogle in the party
Here's a little stylee, come an wake up everybody
Boom bap original rap
Boom bap, boom bap original rap
Refreshin' when you hear it hard rap is all that so

[Hook]

[Verse 3]
Bogle in the dance, bogle in the dance
Bogle in a, bogle in a, bogle in the party
Bogle in the dance, bogle in the dance
Bogle in a, bogle in a, bogle in the party
On and on to the PM Dawn
I buck two shots and you squad is gone
You add a little street in your r-a-p
But never do you wanna challenge B.D.P
Cause smashin' up a crew, one-two is the least
When a sucka wants to battle that just gets me geesed
I never backed down from to an MC feud
Never on stage KRS got booed
Stayed hardcore never changed my attitude
I got the hip-hop juice for the hip-hop food
I eat when I drink, an I drink when I eat
When I speak, what I speak, what I speak is not weak
Now Boogie-down, boogie down, boogie down produc
With the buck buck buck buck buck buck BUCK!
Throw ya hands high in the sky
Wave em around, cause I get down
Down to the nitty, to the nitty, to the gritty
Peace to all the hardcore kids in the city so

[Hook] [Outro] Fresh for 1993 you S U C K A S	

12. P is still free	
[Intro] Awww yeah! All ruffneck rudebwoy hold tight Just a little somethin for the Jeep Turn my voice up a little bit and let's get this started Comin to you live and direct from the 1986 version Comin up to 1993 Of course, Premier on the beat Now check it out [Hook] The girlies is FREEE-EEE, cause the crack cost money, oh yeah! I said the girlies is FREEE-EEE, cause the crack cost money, oh yeah! [Verse 1] Ridin one day in a '92 Beamer After seven years I seen Denise she still a skeezer But look what she did, she went and had a kid -- no dad And just released her ass out the rehab You think she'd act like she don't know She's still a ho, but umm check my man for the show "Hiiiii, DJ K-R-S" She tried to shake her butt, I rolled my window up! She got pissed and said, "You ain't all that!" And went and got some other girl schemin for crack In my car, I couldn't hear what they spoke about I hit the ac-celerator and I was out! I never check my man but I knew the plan Come to the jam MC's in there be thinkin they Superman Sure enough, the place is packed with no breeze Crazy girls -- and wall to wall MC's I'm like a cat these MC's are Fancy Feast I'm thinkin of rhymes but I'm interrupted by Denise She said, "Kris I really need a favor honey My girlfriend here really needs some quick money!" I looked at her girlfriend and her girlfriend was	Beschrijving van het leven in de achterstandswijken, en de confrontaties met junks.

fly
But I ain't stupid, she had that LOOK in her eye
I touched her back, she said, "Denise has he got the crack?
Is he the one? I gotta run back and feed my son"
I said, "How old is your son?" She said, "Three months"
I walked away but my man cold bust her fronts
So she pulled out a gun and shot him in the party
Except for the MC's, I knew EVERYBODY
She tried to let off a shot, one more time
But got stomped so bad, she turned to wine
No one could find Denise for several weeks
You know the time, on this '93 beat

[Hook]

[Verse 2]
I knew a group that had a dope lead singer
Swinger, single guy, that knew his style was fly
After the show he was tired sweaty and kinda sloppy
But of course, a million girls are in the lobby!
He saw a group of girls hangin out and lookin good
So he took one to his room because he knew he could
Inside the room he said, "Make love to me and never stop"
She said, "Sure, but how's about a crack rock?"
I knew my man down the hall had it all
So he called, down the hall, but homeboy wasn't there at all
He turned to the girl and said, "My man ain't there"
So she let down her hair, unzipped his pants down right there
Oral sex in effect, or rather deep throat
But just before he came she bit his dick and slit his throat
As he fell back dizzy, he began to choke
She took his wallet and said, "You ain't broke!"

[Hook]

* DJ Premier cuts n scratches "Oh yeahhh!" *

Yes Premier you know you rule hip-hop, an'
Yes Ced Gee you know you run hip-hop, an'
Yes Kenny bwoy you run hip-hop, an'
But KRS-One'll rock it non-stop!
When I'm Brooklyn, we rulin HIP-HOP!
When I'm in Jersey, we runnin hip-hop
Over in Brazil yes we rulin HIP-HOP!
Over in Germany we rulin hip-hop

But in New York, we rulin y'all tonight badda-bye-bye-bye In New York, we rulin y'all to-NIGHT! We come to rock you whether you black or you white Cause KRS-One, you know I'm never frank, come catch the style [Hook] * DJ Premier cuts n scratches "Boogie Down Productions" *	

13. Stop frontin' (ft. Kid Capri)	
[KRS-One] Bo! Boom bye bye, hip-hop will never die Despite the fact that I'm fly I'm never dry You could beat me, cheat me, when you meet me try to defeat me But nevertheless you'll have stress, cause I don't rest You wanna know what my problem is, if you're curious?? I take this hip-hop shit too serious!! I forget that other rappers ain't true to this So when they grab the mic I get hyped like LET'S DO THIS!! All my rhymes are fat, while rappers are skimpy, wimpy So I simply chew they crew like a Blimpie Skip me when you dissin, skip me when you on a ego mission.. I blow up, like nitroglycerin! You better tune in to Teddy Ted "Yo stop frontin', and use your head" [KRS-One] Well if you ain't called it hip-hop, there's a door, I ain't stoppin I got more flavors than Baskin Robbins! I flash the funky fresh flavors force-fully Freak the phonies and flip philosophy constantly (true!) That reminds me, rappers rock drip-drop Not hip-hop, they wanna SING and all dem ting Thank God KRS is still rappin; all that "ooh I love you baby" And "blink blink blink" - this ain't happenin [Kid Capri] Yo this is curtains for these rappers that be frontin on the next man Lookin down at brothers just because they gettin checks and	Geen referenties naar het verleden.

Haven't got a skill but they're LARGE on the hum-bum You wanna step to Kid Capri, COME COME COME!! I break em up, just for actin like a superstar Around the way, we got a neighborhood trooper car We ride by, and spray your crew, and your honies too And rip you open and drink your blood like a Mountain Dew [KRS-One] I descend I lend a friend a helping hand To stop a trend, again and again and again, I just can't say when I beg to confess my sins to other men Reverands guard lips, within there I'll begin I'll always win, over-sakin The party is ripped, without a hit or with a hit I'm rippin shit You must admit, I'll never quit the lyrics I flip I'm tough like licorice, battlin Kid Capri? It's ridiculous We come to the party inconspicuous..	

14. Higher level	
[Produced by DJ Premier] [Verse 1: KRS-ONE] After seven years of rockin', how do you rate me? Poorly or greatly? Everybody seems to be goin' for their's lately Yo mad heads be needin' money So listen very close as I conduct this little study See it's, funny to me, you can watch TV And give up your life trying to be all you can be in the Army Not knowin' your history, you either fight and die or come back home in misery Yo get with me, I deal with reality Loosen your mind to the truth, and don't get mad at me No politician can give you peace If you trust Jesus, why do you vote for a beast? Emancipation is long over due So overcome procrastination Because freedom is within you For some reason we think we're free So we'll never be, because we haven't recognized slavery You're still a slave, look at how you behave Debatin' on where and when and how and what	In dit nummer onderzoekt KRS-One de mogelijkheden om de positie van Afro-Afrikanen te verbeteren. ` Allereerst behandelt hij deelname aan het Amerikaanse leger. De slogan van dat leger was van 1980 tot 2001; *be all you can be*. KRS-One stelt; *Not knowing your history, you either fight and die or come back home in misery.* In andere woorden hij vind het geen goede indeling van het leven, omdat wanneer je terug komt uit het leger, je weer terug op je plaats gezet wordt. Deze anologie bestaat al sinds de Tweede Wereldoorlog, toen Afro-Amerikanen ingezet werden om Europa te bevrijden. Bij terugkomst hadden zij grootse verwachtingen deze werden echter niet ingewilligd en alles bleef bij het oude. In het tweede gedeelte van het nummer

Massa gave You wanna know how we screwed up from the beginning? We accepted our oppressor's religion So in the case of slavery it ain't hard Because it's right in the eyes of THEIR God Where is our God, the God that represents us? The God that looks like me, the God that I can trust? A God of peace and love, not mass hysteria I don't want a God that blesses America I could never really vote for the devil Let me take you to a higher level [Verse 2: KRS-ONE] Title, take the title from the Bible we can get there Rip the title from off the front of the Bible, God don't live there Too many inconsistencies, too many mysteries Picture the Pope and the Vatican, laughing and drinking and singing and kissing me I stand with God whether I'm paid or whether I'm cryin' broke I like to ask these politicians would Jesus vote? The way we view God is a freakin' shame Church is to blame. We trust God, but bomb Hussein We simply lovin' the scripture, same scripture that whipped 'cha Sooner it'll hit 'cha, religion's gettin' richer With that European version of Christ made into a picture Our society's gettin' sicker, and sicker, and sicker... Like liquor, we are God-Intoxicated Not to the true God, but the one the government created The same governments tellin' people to vote I pray to God because the people have lost hope You either vote for the mumps or the measles Whether you vote for the lesser of two evils, you vote for evil Politics and God are not equal But the education if you don't guard, is really lethal People have more respect for a holy book Than they do for a cow on a meat hook Believers of Jesus be denouncing Satan on every level But every Halloween they're dressin' like devils I pray to you for the light you might give them Mother make them know that you're livin' within them You begin them and end them in silence	behandelt hij politici die zeggen in naam van het geloof te handelen, en het geloof op zichzelf. De Amerikaanse politici zijn niet te vertrouwen volgens KRS-One, deze zou de belangen van de Afro-Amerikanen niet behartigen. Hij roept op tot emancipatie en verwijst naar de Power To The People idee. Hij stelt dat de Afikanen de verkeerde religie hebben aangenomen in het verleden, die van de onderdrukker. Namelijk, westelijk christendom, dat lange tijd de slavernij legitimeerde. KRS-One is opzoek naar een god, waarin hij zichzelf erkent, en die voor hem opkomt. De ‘witte jezus’ heeft de Afrikaanse man al lang bedrogen, al vanaf 1519 toen michaelangelo God en Jezus schilderde naar het evenbeeld van de witte mens.

Frankly, if they knew you, they would understand violence I pray to you for the Pope and the Vatican Have mercy Mother, cause I know that you're mad at them The White Jesus deceived us awhile ago And Pope Julius the Second paid Michelangelo I know this happened in 1519 yet This is the image we can't seem to forget Vote for God, don't vote for the Devil Let me take you to a higher level	

Album 3: Arrested Development – 3 years, 5 months & 2 days in the Life Of (1992)

1. Man's final frontier	
Ladies and gentlemen, there are seven acknowledged wonders of the world You are about to witness the eighth Space ain't man's final frontier. Man's final frontier is the soul Guided by someone more powerful than any human being Someone felt but never seen. You will be surprised of what resides In your insides... (beats and scratching) Do it again C'mon y'all Do it One two three four Three...four With a rhythm as complex as life itself and a soul that's in boom like The speakers in your ride, you never thought it would happen It's Arrested Development y'all ! Yo Stop...hold it...free...now Yeah C'mon y'all This is the country...deep in the country...deep south, man	Met deze intro maken de leden van Arrested Development direct duidelijk, dat zij duidelijk een alternatieve visie op de maatschappij hebben. Zij stellen dat niet de ruimte maar juist de ziel van de mens de zogenaamde *Final Frontier* is.

2. Mama's always on stage	
Brand new mama, I understand It's hard as hell being a young mother and You need support your conscious told you not to abort So to your child you're a hero of some sort But, hey, the worst is over	Dit nummer gaat over tienermoeders, een veel voorkomend fenomeen in de achterstandswijken van de VS. Arrested Development toont respect voor de situatie waarin veel van deze vrouwen zich bevinden.

You're ready to do this I got faith and your baby renewed this Faith that everything will be fine Now an adult, no more youth time [Anytime you need help sister] We'll be there just give us a ring We will help you raise that king Word to the mother cause it's a black thing I respect you in a strong way Super late nights cause your baby slept all day But mama don't sleep, your life's a turning page [Hook:] Mama's always on stage (4x) Hey, let me guess, you're bored Wanna get loose, attack the dance floor Cool, I'll hold her, you have a good time I'll keep your baby awake so baby sleeps after nine This is reality, we need to turn our minds Brothers talking revolution but leave their babies behind Well sister, he's a sucker, just leave'em be The revolution is now up to brothers like me To step in cause your man stepped out [The goal:] To raise the children, no doubt So let's go to it and possibly Bring a generation of nat's in the future, see I respect you in a strong way Super late nights cause your baby slept all day But mama don't sleep, your life's a turning page Mama's always on stage Keep up your strength now cause we must grow somehow Baby, mama is always on staaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaage! [Hook:] Mama's always on stage (4x) Can't be a revolution without women Can't be a revolution without children I improved throughout my life All of this just to soothe a wife Brothers wear your black clothes Talk your 5% talk Words of wisdom should be ways of wisdom That's exactly how you must walk Life's too short, your mission's too dire Nurture another mind before yours expires Pass it on, push it along Like the brother said it in that one song We respect you all the way Late, late nights cause your baby slept all day	In het nummer referentie naar Afro-Amerikaanse man als koning. Het nummer gaat in tegen andere hiphopartiesten, die wel revolutie prediken, maar vervolgens het nalaten om hun eigen kinderen op te voeden. Arrested Development betoogt om een nieuwe generatie “Nat’s” te creeeren, ik dnek dat hij hierbij verwijst naar Nat Turner. Het gaat echter niet verder dan de naam noemen, in combinatie met de context van revolutie. In het laatste couplet wordt de tegenstrijdigheid tussen wat er gezegd wordt, en hoe er gehandeld wordt door andere Afro-Amerikanen bekritiseerd. Hier wordt de Black Power beweging aangehaald en ook de The Nation of Islam.

But mama's got to stay strong, carry it on Hey, mama's on stage [Hook:] Mama's always on stage	

3. People everyday	
[Verse 1: Speech] See I was resting at the park minding my own Business as I kick up the treble tone On my radio tape player box, right Just loud enough so folks could hear it's hype, see? Outta nowhere comes the woman I'm dating Investigation maybe she was demonstrating But nevertheless I was pleased My day was going great and my soul was at ease Until a group of brothers started bugging out Drinking the 40 oz, going the nigga route Disrespecting my black queen Holding their crotches and being obscene At first I ignored them cause see I know their type They got drunk and got guns and they wanna fight And they see a young couple having a time that's good And their egos wanna test a brother's manhood So they came to test Speech cause of my hair-do And the loud bright colors that I wear [Boo !] I was a target cause I'm a fashion misfit And the outfit that I'm wearing brothers dissing it Well I stay calm and pray the niggas leave me be But they're squeezing parts of my date's anatomy Why, Lord, do brothers have to drill me ? Cause if I start to hit this man he'll have to kill me [Hook] I am everyday people (2x) [Verse 2: Speech] I told the niggas please let us pass, friend I said please cause I don't like killing Africans But he wouldn't stop and I ain't Ice Cube But I had to take the brother out for being rude And like I said before I was mad by then It took three or four cops to pull me off of him But that's the story y'all of a black man Acting like a nigga and get stomped by an	In het nummer beschrijft Speech, hoe hij lastig gevallen wordt door ander Afro-Amerikanen. Die hij beschrijft als Nigga's in tegenstelling tot deze Nigga's, beschrijft hij zichzelf als Afrikaan. De zwarte man of Nigga, is volgens Speech agressief en hypermasculien. De Afrikaan daarentegen is respectvol en vredelievend. Hij stelt dat het geweld van Afro-Amerikanen op Afro-Amerikanen moet stoppen, want alle Afro-Amerikanen kennen een gedeelde geschiedenis, als zijnde afkomstig uit Afrika.

African [Hook] The moral of the story is you better look very hard at who you're stepping to, cause you might get killed or shot and it's not worth it. Africans need to be loving each other and unite	

4. Blues Happy	
Hey, yes indeed, this is Speech from Arrested Development I'm the leader, ha ha My nose is stuffed up, though Check it out, I'm the leader Homeboy, right over there, Headliner, is the turntable instrumentalist We got Aerle Taree over there with her crazy set, over there, chillin' Rasa Don is chillin', he's in the house That's the man, he designs all our logos And then we got Baba Oje in the house He's just, he's like the papa, the father figure As what, what's her name would say India? Of course, I can't forget Eshe Lady smiley, over here, always smilin' And, of course, Larry's on the guitar This song is for you, brother	Geen referenties naar het verleden.

5. Mr. Wendal	
[Verse 1 - Arrested Development] Here, have a dollar In fact, no brotherman - here, have two Two dollars means a snack for me But it means a big deal to you Be strong, serve God only Know that if you do, beautiful heaven awaits That's the poem I wrote for the first time I saw a man with no clothes, no money, no plate Mr.Wendal, that's his name No one ever knew his name cause he's a no-one Never thought twice about spending on a ol' bum Until I had the chance to really get to know one Now that I know him, to give him money isn't charity He gives me some knowledge, I buy him some	Dit nummer gaat over een dakloze man, die volgens de leden van Arrested Development respect verdiend. Hij stelt dat de behandeling van daklozen slecht is, en vraagt zich hierdoor af wie er nou geciviliseerd is. Hij concludeert; wij amerikanen, wij hebben duizenden onschuldige mensen tot slaaf gemaakt.

shoes And to think blacks spend all that money on big colleges Still most of y'all come out confused [Hook - Arrested Development] Go ahead, Mr.Wendal Go ahead, Mr.Wendal [Verse 2 - Arrested Development] Mr.Wendal has freedom A free that you and I think is dumb Free to be without the worries of a quick to diss society For Mr.Wendal's a bum His only worries are sickness And an occasional harassment by the police and their chase Uncivilized we call him But I just saw him eat off the food we waste Civilization, are we really civilized, yes or no Who are we to judge When thousands of innocent men could be brutally enslaved And killed over a racist grudge Mr. Wendal has tried to warn us about our ways But we don't hear him talk Is it his fault when we've gone too far And we got too far, cause on him we walk Mr. Wendal, a man, a human in flesh But not by law I feed you dignity to stand with pride Realize that all in all you stand tall [Hook - Arrested Development] Mr.Wendal Lord, Mr.Wendal	

6. Children play with earth	
Okay, the way kids are living is 100% European African boys and girls: Set down your Nintendo joysticks right now Unplug the television and make way for an old vision Which will now be a new vision Yes, Headliner, lay the foundation Dig your hands in the dirt (that's right) Children play with earth (that's right) Dig your hands in the dirt (that's right) Children play with earth (that's right) Dig your hands in the dirt (that's right) Children play with earth (that's right) Dig your hands in the dirt (that's right)	De Afro-Amerikaanse kinderen worden Europees opgevoed, maar zij zouden juist Afrikaans opgevoed moeten worden, waardoor zij een nieuwe visie op de maatschappij zouden kunnen ontwikkelen.

Children play with earth (that's right) Dig your hands in the dirt (that's right) Children play with earth (that's right) Dig your hands in the dirt (that's right) Children play with earth (that's right) Dig your hands in the dirt (that's right) Children play with earth (that's right) Dig your hands in the dirt (that's right) Children play with earth (that's right) Dig your hands in the dirt (that's right) Children play with earth (that's right) Dig your hands in the dirt (that's right) Children play with earth (that's right) Gain knowledge of the big but small earth around you Dig your hands into the dirt, the dirt that made you Get acquainted with the earth, the earth that eventually will take you And the world that hopefully will appear to wake you Children Play in the fields Play in the grass Climb Mr. Tree Get to know each branch Give it a name For the branches resemble the many decisions you will have to make in life Eat of the earth children Grow an apple tree Taste the apple Communicate Watch and listen to the neglected mother of all Short tall children play with earth Eat rhubarb wet from the rain Beautiful fruits all the same Pears, oranges, and grapes from the vine Children it is the earth's time	

7. Raining revolution	
This is Headliner from Arrested Development, and I come here tonight To give thanks to ithe rain, so brothers and sisters please put down your Umbrellas, you won't be needing those today... Look to the clouds with the most rain coming from it, for without the Rain there's no me and there's no you... I said a drip-drop, a drip-drop, drip-drop Viva bum bum bum drip-drop ...	Geen referenties naar het verleden.

Let it rain, let it rain, let God's water feed me
The water of life, mentally rinsing me,
physically drenching me
Most are frowning upon your arrival
But I need you for survival
And when you fall on my community
I run outside to properly
Greet you
Let it rain, take my pain, I'm glad to meet you
Fill my eyes with a colorful rainbow
Every drop that hits me fills me
With an unmeasurable amount of security
Knowing my God acknowledges me
As if each drop of rain is aimed toward me
My Lord: Thanks for life [Thanks for my rain]
My Lord: Thanks for life [Thanks for my rain]

[Hook:]
It's raining revolution
It's raining solutions

It's raining revolution (7x)

I struttle strut thru the ghetto
The rain this time I feel is mental
The goal of this rain I feel is spiritual
Saw thru the eyes of the inflicted people
Their eyes are hard as a million tombstones
Marked with the names of the millions of kin
thrown
To the dust that gave them their colored skin
Fade to black is the scene they're embalmed in
The rain many nights have witnessed her
Receiving the sperm of a brother into a sister
And blessed that life to guaranteed existence
A conscious baby for a black resistance
I feel the rain enhances the revolution
And reminds us of a spiritual solution
And reminds us of an unnatural supernatural
solu-lu-lu-lution

[Hook]

Lost between reality and psychology
1990's mentality is described
By the honorable truth message which is
'True Knowledge Is So Priceless'
Which is so true...
Rain, rain, stay here ! Wow !
Love that power !
Brothers and sisters -haha-
Raise your hands up high and let me see the
colors of your beautiful skin
Now the ceremony begins

Lord, let the heavenly rains cleanse Run into your nearest rainbow To grab, hold, to ride on Each color, learn it ! The importance of each color...oh yeah Let it rain (repeats till end) Haha Yes Oh yeah	

8. Fishin' 4 religion	
Grab the hook, grab the line Grab the bait, grab the box and wait Tackle and shackle the topic the faculty has chosen Chosen by many, chosen by plenty, chosen by any Man or woman who understand The topic that's known and [Go by the dock] flock and clock the topic As I drop my hook and get a bite The reason I'm fishin' 4 a new religion Is my church makes me fall asleep They're praising a God that watches you weep And doesn't want you to do a damn thing about it When they want change the preacher says "shout it" Does shouting bring about change ? I doubt it All shouting does is make you lose your voice So on the dock I sit in silence Staring at a sea that's full of violence Scared to put my line in that water Coz it seems like there's no religion in there Naively so I give it another go Sitting in church hearing legitimate woes Pastor tells the lady it'll be alright Just pray so you can see the pearly gates so white The lady prays and prays and prays and prays And prays and prays and prays and prays...it's everlasting "There's nothing wrong with praying ?" It's what she's asking She's asking the Lord to let her cope So one day she can see the golden ropes What you pray for God will give To be able to cope in this world we live The word "cope" and the word "change" Is directly opposite, not the same She should have been praying to change her woes But pastor said "Pray to cope with those" The government is happy with most baptist	In dit nummer herkennen we een zelfde thematiek als in het nummer van KRS-One in higher level. De religie die Afro-Amerikanen hebben aangenomen, doet niks voor hen. Het leert de Afro-Amerikanen om, om te gaan met racisme (to cope). In plaats van dat het actief bijdraagt aan het bewerkstelligen van verandering (to change).

churches Coz they don't do a damn thing to try to nurture Brothers and sisters on a revolution Baptist teaches dying is the only solution Passiveness causes others to pass us by I throw my line till I've made my decision Until then, I'm still fishin' 4 religion Fishin' 4 religion (11x) Fish [Believe !] [Everybody in the house tonight...C'mon let me hear you say] [Fishin' !]	

9. Give a man a fish (ft. Dionne Farris)	
Lately I've been in a life like limbo Looking out of a smudged up window We're not sure where our lives are going Friends, it's summer outside but yet we're snowed in Don't know where our next dollar's coming from Living the life of a poor musician Headliner's strong so he keeps his 9 to 5 Cutting brothers' hair as a means of staying alive If it wasn't for the rhythm I think we would have given up by now This system has gotten the best of me Now I pray for God to invest in me My dignity, invest his glory Give me the strength so I can finish the story Keep on searching for the right way to go out Coz going out is what it's all about Huh! You can't be passive, gotta be active Can't go with what looks attractive Gotta learn all I can while I'm able Headliner expresses his feeling on those turntables When we get our chance To make a good living of the music we program We don't sell out just to be sold out Brothers and sisters, do you know what I'm yapping about ? Coz if they take away our contract We still got talent and we still got contacts Coz we're worked real hard to get this far We were catching the bus before we bought the car Ya see ! [Hook:] [Give a man a fish, and he'll eat for a day Teach him how to fish and he'll eat forever] (2x)	Nummer dat oproept tot revolutie. Maar geen gewapende ‘gangster’ revolutie. In het nummer een referentie naar ‘raising your fist’, het symbool van de blackpower beweging.

Got to get political Political I gotta get Grown but can't hold my own So this government needs to be overthrown Brothers with the AKs and the 9 MMs Need to learn how to correctly shoot'em Save those rounds for a revolution Poor whites and blacks bumrushing the system But I tell you: Ain't no room for gangstaz Coz ganstaz do dirty work and get pimped by mobsters Some fat Italian eating pasta 'n lobster Brothers getting jailed and mobsters own the coppers So you you want out of the ghetto First the political prisoners must be let go And you must let go of your power master You'll never get out without much discipline Raise your fist but also raise your children So when you die the movement moves on Coz with no revolution, ain't no future in front o' y'all Haha! Direct your anger, love Nothing's ever built on hate, instead love Love your life, tackle the government The spooks that break down the door are heaven sent And my phrase went... [Hook] (2x) Alright ! Rhythm makes you move your body, rhythm makes you move your mind Rhythm makes your elbows groove, rhythm makes that behind move Rhythm makes the people move, rhythm makes you want to move Rhythm makes your mind soothe, next stop is Jerusalem	referentie naar ‘raising your fist’.

10. U	
Lonely, Lonely, Oh Woe Is Me Oh Owe is me I say The complex cycle i go through almost everyday To my dismay, I imagine being in this set Me holdin' the 21st letter in the alphabet All my life I've been searchin' as if it's my obligation To find who? You but my patience grows thin Cuz U is just a letter surrounded by a better	Geen referenties naar het verleden.

image Of a sister who's new but overdue for marriage Marriage takes disipline A problem that exist within' The American culture I resist against But I must recall and I trust that all I've learned thru life is givin' way to a wife y'all Cuz I want, not need a companion to feed The knowledge I read and the lovin' I've received Through moms and my palms read a long life So hey I pray for the day I have a strong wife Or a strong son or daughter or strong both Give them a foundation of values I think I'll make a great coach for them And warn 'em of sin and maybe by then they can nip it in the bud Before it begins So hey, if you're listening and yo wishin For a U like me that you have in store Maybe I could be the U for U And U could be the U for me too (Baby) I could be the U for U (Baby) And U could be the U for me too (Baby) I could be the U for U (Baby) And U could be the U for me too (Baby) I could be the U for U (Baby) And U could be the U for me too (Baby) I could be the U for U (Baby) And U could be the U for me too I know you're there I just haven't found U yet Gonna getcha five cent I'll bet If I lose it's five cents, if I win it's five decades or more Of a life with a new wife an 2 or 3 kids My parents want grandkids wit big heads like mine Runnin' and jumpin' on the bed with my brownish eyes There's sort of a pressure to be married and chilled With terry gone emotional gaps need to be filled So I'm sort of searchin' but only in my spare time Most of the time I'm busy workin' on a beat or rhyme I don't want a sex partner, a female friend or	

buddy To be played with like silly puddy I want to be played with like clay on a spindle Wet it, mold it, bend it, hard it, never dwindle That's called longevity, different than what U read and see On TV So hey if yo listenin' and your wishin' for a U like me That U have in store Maybe I could be the U for U And U could be the U for me too (Baby) I could be the U for U (Baby) And U could be the U for me too (Baby) I could be the U for U (Baby) And U could be the U for me too (Baby) I could be the U for U (Baby) And U could be the U for me too (Baby) I could be the U for U (Baby) And U could be the U for me too ??? (Baby) I could be the U for U (Baby) And U could be the U for me too (Baby) I could be the U for U (Baby) And U could be the U for me too (Baby) I could be the U for U (Baby) And U could be the U for me too (Baby) I could be the U for U (Baby) And U could be the U for me too	

11. Eve of reality	
	Geen referenties naar het verleden.

12. Natural	
[Intro] Choice You know I'm saying In this lust with two beautiful women But at the same time, you know Every man has this ideal image Of just loving one [Verse 1] I'm checking you out, you're all alone No one is clocking you, but I'm scoping you Staring right through you, staring into you Your beauty is endless and I'm hoping to Explore, brothers may say you're ugly but I disagree	Referentie naar natuurlijke uitstraling van de Afro-Amerikaanse vrouw.

But in a way that's fine with me Cause I want to travel with you Travel in your mind 'cause you seem like a virgin Free as the wind blows, tall as a tree grows Wild like nature, yet calm as a field Hair is natural, lips are natural Face wins first place, you appeal to me, girl Let me ask you for some time For you to unwind together et cetera I have nothing but pure intentions Everything we'll be will be natural [Hook] Natural Natural [Verse 2] I'd like to hold your waist as we chase The wind down the shores of the southern ocean Run my fingers through your hair Slowly rub and caress your forehead and bare Our problems, as we lay on the bed called Earth Holding hands, gently touching each and every finger As the ocean water wets us both In the center of the crossroads Spiritual bonds are connected What an erection Well, let's drive to the city And walk among the lights of the city streets You're making me weak And it's scary, 'cause you've played no games All you've been is very natural That's why I'm scared to fall in love with you 'Cause girl you just are so natural [Hook] I wanna be natural I wanna be natural I wanna be sleeping in you I wanna be inside you I wanna be sleeping deep in you I wanna be sleeping deep in you I wanna be in you I wanna be in you Natural, natural Love your lips Love the way you do the things you say Natural Your lips	

13. Dawn of the dreads

Yo man, hit me with one of those funky basslines One bassline at a time [Verse 1: Speech] The sun takes a bow for a day well lit Next act is night with an audience of brothers and sisters Having a celebration of sorts Meeting one another Hoping soon to be lovers Sisters have always fascinated me The many shades, the many sizes and features Such a wide variety of African women Sometimes leaves me frustrated And speechless I try not to admire what I can't obtain or have Things beyond my reach don't exist to Speech Seeing how I'm a bit shorter than the average man I patiently wait for someone I CAN reach Many sisters don't understand my style I live my life in an outcast tribe A tribe that strives to see a brighter day I foresee that I'll walk with closed eyyyyes, until dawn [Hook x2] Dawn of the dreads Dawn of the dreads Dawn of the dreads D-d-d-dawn of the dreads Dawn of the dreads Dawn of the dreads Dawn of the dreads Dawn...of...the dreads D-d-d-dawn of the dreads It's dawn [Speech] Rejection is a fear of mine, for one reason or another But I still asked for a date with this woman She said no I said oh I forgot, there's a gap between the richer and the poorer po' Slowly, all, the shades, sizes, and features Became less different, and more, the same Except a certain female with all new featurrrres But I knew not her name By this time the sun was preparing For another appearance the sky was pure red The night grabbed the moon and soon The darkness was almost dead	In dit nummer komt het afrocentrische karkater van Arrested Development naar voren. Het taalgebruik, van deze lofzang op Afrikaanse vrouwen, is hiermee in overeenstemming, dit doen zij door tet spreken van ‘African Women’, en te spreken van ‘outcast tribe’, een stam.

The sky now is orange and the night Has left the stage, the curtains open wide And the bright sun yawns To signify a glorious bright new day The glorious day I would meet Dawn The natural dread Also of the outcast tribe Knowledgeable enough to understand my style And as we kiss in the name of rejection The sky looks at us, and warmly smiles [Hook] [Speech] Yeah, the dread symbolizes the natural growth Of not just the hair, but also of the mind And also the bond, that keeps us in love The struggle, enhances that bond, throughout time When I see her I see life! The vast scope of life In her eyes of no wrong Faith plays a big ass part, I'm still kinda young But I could feel I could really run with, Dawn [Hook 2X and break] [Speech] The name is "Dawn of the Dreads" "Dawn of the Dreads" "Dawn of the Dreads", uh-huh It's a brand-new song by Arrested Development Entitled "Dawn of the Dreads" (Dawn of the Dreads!) I hope you enjoy it, but all you can do now Is put both feet up in the air and swing 'em back and forth to the music...thank you! I say - Dawn of the Dreads! I say - Dawn of the Dreads! I say - Dawn of the Dreads! D-D-D-Dawn of the Dreads!	

14. Tennessee	
[Verse 1: Speech] Lord I've really been real stressed Down and out, losing ground Although I am Black and proud Problems got me pessimistic Brothers and sisters keep messin up Why does it have to be so damn tough I don't know where I can go To let these ghosts out of my skull	In dit nummer komt wederom de verhouding met god aan bod. De problemen in de maatschappij hebben Speech pessimistisch gemaakt. God zou hem geleid hebben naar zijn thuis. Hierna gaat Speech over op het beschrijven van zijn thuis; Ripley, Tennessee. Hier jaagt ‘de geest’ van zijn kinderjaren hem na. Hij beschrijft de velden waar zijn voorvaders gewerkt hebben en hij verteld dat hij in de

My grandma's passed, my brother's gone I never at once felt so alone I know you're supposed to be my steering wheel Not just my spare tire (home) But Lord I ask you (home) To be my guiding force and truth (home) For some strange reason it had to be (home) He guided me to Tennessee (home) [Hook] Take me to another place Take me to another land Make me forget all that hurts me Let me understand your plan [Verse Two] Lord it's obvious we got a relationship Talking to each other every night and day Although you're superior over me We talk to each other in a friendship way Then outta nowhere you tell me to break Outta the country and into more country Past Dyersburg into Ripley Where the ghost of childhood haunts me Walk the roads my forefathers walked Climbed the trees my forefathers hung from Ask those trees for all their wisdom They tell me my ears are so young (home) Go back to from whence you came (home) My family tree my family name (home) For some strange reason it had to be (home) He guided me to Tennessee (home) [Hook] [Interlude: Aerle Taree] Eshe, she went down to Holly Springs Rasadon and Baba, they went down to Peachtree Headliner, I challenge you to a game of horseshoes, a game of horseshoes [Verse 3: Speech] Now I see the importance of history Why my people be in the mess that they be Many journeys to freedom made in vain By brothers on the corner playing ghetto games I ask you Lord why you enlightened me Without the enlightment of all my folks He said cause I set myself on a quest for truth And he was there to quench my thirst But I am still thirsty The Lord allowed me to drink some more He said what I am searching for are The answers to all which are in front of me The ultimate truth started to get blurry	bomen klom waar zijn voorvaderen opgehangen zijn. Een tweede referentie wordt gemaakt in het derde couplet waar hij het belang van geschiedenis beschrijft. Geschiedenis verklaart de positie waarin veel Afro-Amerikanen zich in bevinden.

For some strange reason it had to be It was all a dream about Tennessee [Hook] [Outro: Aerle Taree] Headliner, I won the game of horseshoes Now you owe me a watermelon Let's go climb trees and skip over rocks Do like they do below the border Speech's hair Don't it look like the roots of the tree that the ancestors were hung from But that's okay, get it cause he's down to Earth	

15. Washed away	
[Verse 1] Pebble by pebble Sand grain by sand grain Shore turns to sea Shore turns to ocean Serpent creates the high tides To assure all good is floating Good and righteousness is not intellectual And the fabric that's good cannot be proven And so that fabric is washed away Far from the shore from which it was woven The shore is a place where persons live Sowing fabrics that's a tangent of the real one Not wearable to most of the persons on shore In fact, it's only wearable to the person of one One person under an oath An oath to a serpent, an evil snake In search for being as powerful as God And all God's good he'll try to take [Hook] He'll try to take He'll try to take Good being washed away Love being washed away [Verse 2] Most of the persons follow the serpent Cause the serpent preaches all for self But why follow someone in search of something When you'll get nothing Serpent's all for self Some are dumb, some know no better Some believe there is no Lord The serpent uses this knowledge to help him	Verwijzing naar de bijbelse slang, die gelijk staat aan Satan, de gangsters van deze tijd volgen hem. Satan zou volgen Speech het individualisme verspreiden. Daarnaast maakt hij een verwijzing naar het slavernij verleden. De spreekwoordelijke paden die de Afrikanen naar Amerika hebben geleid, zijn weggespoeld. De paden kunnen ook synoniem zij voor de geschiedenis, die verloren is gegaan. Het idee is volgens mij in ieder geval dat de Afro-Amerikanen terug moeten gaan naar hun oorsprong.

And wash away more of the shore Serpent knows once shores are gone There's nothing left but ocean and sea A few persons trying to save the shore Some of those persons are A.D Saving the shores means saving the faith The faith that there is a mighty someone Someone much more mighty that created everyone Up the ocean without a paddle Is the fabric of God, the righteous clothing And you wear non-righteous clothes of the serpent Naively we keep on serving [Hook] The ocean's owned by the serpent (4x) We can stop being washed away (6x) [Verse 3] Why we let them wash it away Why are we allowing them to take what's good Why don't we teach our children what's good Why don't we collect and save what is real Look very hard and swim the ocean We must find what needs to be found Look all around and find a wise man To feed us the truth and keep us sound All of us must swim the seas Coz our path's been washed away All of us must swim the seas Cause our path's been washed away My only purpose is to swim the seas Find the truth and spread it around Give it to the children that know how to listen So they can pass it after I drown We can stop being washed away (6x) Sand grain by sand grain, pebble by pebble We can stop this, we can stop Can you help us Will you help us Please Help us stop being washed away All of us must swim the sea All of us Hey Can you help us Will you help us Oooh please help us	

Album 4: 2pac – Me against the world (1995)

1. Intro	
[Male Reporter]	In de intro zijn verschillende nieuwsfragmenten

At 12:25 AM Wednesday, 2Pac was on his way into a time square building to record at an eight floor studio to record with another rapper. But in the lobby, Shakur was shot several times, including two graze wounds to the head. 2Pac's lawyers said the attack appeared to be a setup [Female Reporter] Against doctors orders, 2Pac Shakur checked himself out of the hospital less than 24 hours after being shot 5 times on the way into a Manhattan recording studio [Male Reporter] 2Pac Shakur secures one clean legal victory this year, as he's dismissed of assault charges brought against him when he allegedly shot at two off-duty Atlantic cops on Halloween last year. The case was dismissed due to insufficient evidence [Male Reporter] More controvery surrounding 2Pac Shakur ... [Female Reporter] Meanwhile, in 2Pac news, at about 6:45 tonight, Shakur may have lowered his own chances of surviving the attack by checking himself out of the hospital that probably saved his life [Male Reporter] 2Pac Shakur checked into the Metropolitan Hospital yesterday under an assumed name. His lawyers said that he had connections, but wouldn't say what kind, that could provide top notch security for the injured rap star [Female Reporter] Shakur underwent surgery today ... [Male Reporter] The shooting of 2Pac Shakur here in New York City once again underscores the violence that has surrounded this man since he shot to superstardom in the world of music and entertainment	te horen, waarin beschreven wordt hoe Tupac beschoten wordt.

2. If I die 2nite	
[Intro] A coward dies a thousand deaths A soldier dies but once [Verse 1] They say pussy and paper is poetry, power and	Beroemd nummer door de vele alliteraties, waardoor het nummer erg soepel klinkt. Het nummer beschrijft te gevaren van het leven op de straat, waar elke avond zomaar eens je laatste kan zijn. Het nummer begint met de volgende twee zinnen:

pistols Plotting on murdering motherfuckers 'fore they get you Picturing pitiful punk niggas copping pleas Puffing weed as I position myself to clock G's My enemies scatter in suicidal situations Never to witness the wicked shit that they was facin' Pockets is packed with presidents, pursue your riches Evading the playa hating tricks while hitting switches Bitches is bad-mouth, 'cause brawling motherfuckers is bold But charge them hoes; the game should be sold I'm sick of psychotic society, somebody save me Addicted to drama, so even Mama couldn't raise me Even the preacher and all my teachers couldn't reach me I run in the streets and puffing weed with my peeps I'm duckin' the cops, I hit the weed as I'm clutchin' my Glock Niggas is hot when I hit the block; what if I die tonight? [Hook: 2Pac + Dr. Dre] If I die tonight If I die tonight Fuck it, If I die tonight Tonight's the night I get in some shit [Verse 2] Polish your pistols, prepare for battle, pass the pump When I get to poppin', niggas is droppin' then they done Calling the coroner, come collect the fucking corpse He got hit by a killer, preoccupied with being boss Revenge is the method Whenever steppin', keep a weapon close Adversaries are overdosed over deadly notes Jealous niggas and broke bitches equal packed jails Hit the block and fill your pockets, making crack sales Picture perfection, pursuing paper with a passion Visions of prisons for all the pussies that I blasted	Tupac "A coward dies a thousand deaths A soldier dies but once".[82] Caesar: "Cowards die many times before their deaths; The valiant never taste of death but once."[83] Dit zou een verwijzing zijn naar het historische theaterstuk van William Shakespear, Julius Caesar. Het is welbekend dat Tupac voordat hij verhuisde naar de westkust, grote affiniteit had met klassieke theaterstukken en literatuur. In combinatie met de thematiek van het nummer zou men hier de volgende les uit kunnen trekken; in de achterstandswijken moeten de Afro-Amerikanen geen angst voor zijn leven hebben anders heeft hij geen leven. Dit hangt nauw samen met de omslag naar de zogenaamde *gangster* leefstijl. Hiermee ook een verschuiving naar het persoonlijke verheden, het gaat hier om Tupac die in het reine moet komen met zijn levensstijl.

[82] Tupac in if I Die Tonight zie bijlage
[83] William Shakespear in Julius Caesar

Running with criminals individuals with no remorse Try to stop me, my pistol posse's using deadly force In my brain all I can think about is fame The police know my name A different game, ain't a thing changed I'm seeing cemetery photos of my peers Conversating like they still here; if I die tonight [Hook: 2Pac + Dr. Dre] If I die tonight Scare to die nigga, is ya, ha? If I die tonight Never fear, never worry If I die tonight Tonight's the night I get in some shit [Verse 3] Pussy and paper is poetry, power and pistols Plotting on murdering motherfuckers 'fore they get you Pray to the Heaven's, .357's to the sky And I hope I'm forgiven for thug livin' when I die I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto for thug niggas A stress free life and a spot for drug dealers Pissing while practicing how to pimp and be a playa Overdose of a dick while drinking liquor when I lay her Pistol whippin' these simps, for being petrified and lame Disrespecting the game, praying for punishment and pain Going insane, never die, I live eternal, who shall I fear? Don't shed a tear for me, nigga, I ain't happy here I hope they bury me and send me to my rest Headlines reading 'Murdered to death', my last breath Take a look, picture a crook on his last stand Motherfuckers don't understand; if I die tonight [Hook: 2Pac + Dr. Dre] Nigga!, If I die tonight No fear nigga, never worry If I die tonight Bury me a motherfucking G, closed casket fuck it If I die tonight You know Tonight's the night I get in some shit	

Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder "Tonight's the night I get in some shit" Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder	

3. Me against the world (ft. Dramacydal, Outlawz & Puff Johnson)	
[Hook: 2Pac] It's just me against the world Nothin' to lose It's just me against the world, baby I got nothin' to lose It's just me against the world Stuck in the game Me against the world, baby [Verse 1: 2Pac] Can you picture my prophecy? Stress in the city, the cops is on top of me The projects is full of bullets; though bodies is droppin' There ain't no stoppin' me Constantly movin' while makin' millions Witnessin' killings, leavin' dead bodies in abandoned buildings Can't reach the children, 'cause they're illin' Addicted to killin' and the appeal from the cap peelin' Without feelin', but will they last or be blasted? Hard-headed bastard, maybe he'll listen in his casket The aftermath: more bodies bein' buried I'm losin' my homies in a hurry, they're relocatin' to the cemetery Got me worried, stressin', my vision's blurry The question is, will I live? No one in the world loves me I'm headed for danger, don't trust strangers Put one in the chamber whenever I'm feelin' this anger Don't wanna make excuses 'Cause this is how it is; what's the use? Unless we're shootin', no one notices the youth It's just me against the world, baby [Hook: 2Pac & Puff Johnson] Me against the world It's just me against the world It's just me against the world Me against the world 'Cause it's just me against the world, baby	Dit is de titelsong van het album, waarin Tupac zijn eenzaamheid beschrijft. Weer een egocentrisch nummer met veel aandacht voor zijn persoonlijke situatie. Hij denkt dat de politie en andere vijanden van de straat het op hem gemunt hebben. Daarnaast snijd hij het geweld tegen de Afro-Amerikanen aan en ook verslavingen. Hij beschrijft hoe hij zijn vrienden verliest in de 'oorlog op de straten'. Hij vraagt zich af hoe lang hij nog te leven heeft. In het nummer een verwijzing naar veteranen. De Afro-Amerikanen zijn veteranen van 'de oorlog op de straat'. Tupac vraagt zich af of hij bij zijn dood eindelijk de rust krijgt die hij zoekt, of de hemel hem de verlossing van onderdrukking zal brengen. Een verwijzing naar de gekoesterde gedachte, dat macht bij de mensen ligt en zij zich verzetten tegen de politiek. Een Amerikaanse, veel voorkomende gedachte. Maar tegen de achtergrond van de straat cultuur krijgt het eenzelfde lading zoals we die kennen van de Black Panther beweging. De laatste regels van het nummer is een oproep naar de Afro-Amerikanen om hoop te houden.

Me against the world I got nothin' to lose It's just me against the world, baby I got nothin' to lose [Verse 2: Yaki Kadafi] Could somebody help me? I'm out here all by myself See ladies in stores, Baby Capone's, livin' wealthy Pictures of my birth on this Earth is what I'm dreamin' Seein' Daddy's semen, full of crooked demons Already crazy and screamin', I guess them nightmares as a child Had me scared, but left me prepared for a while Is there another route? For a crooked Outlaw Veteran, a villain, a young thug, who one day shall fall [Verse 3: E.D.I. Mean] Everyday there's mo' death, and plus I'm dough-less I'm seein' more reasons for me to proceed with thievin' Scheme on the schemin' and leave they peeps grievin' 'Cause ain't no bucks to stack up My nuts is backed up, I'm about to act up Go load the MAC up, now watch me klacka Tried makin' fat cuts, but yo, it ain't workin' And evil's lurkin', I can see him smirkin' when I gets to pervin' So what? Go put some work in, and make my mail Makin' sales, riskin' 25 with a L, but oh well [Hook: 2Pac & Puff Johnson] Me against the world With nothin' to lose It's just me against the world It's just me against the world, baby Me against the world I got nothin' to lose It's just me against the world It's just me against the world, baby With nothin' to lose It's just me against the world, baby Me against the world Me against the world I got nothin' to lose It's just me against the world, baby [Verse 4: 2Pac] With all this extra stressin'	

The question I wonder is after death, after my last breath When will I finally get to rest through this oppression? They punish the people that's askin' questions And those that possess steal from the ones without possessions The message I stress: to make it stop, study your lessons Don't settle for less, even the genius asks his questions Be grateful for blessings Don't ever change, keep your essence The power is in the people and politics we address Always do your best, don't let the pressure make you panic And when you get stranded And things don't go the way you planned it Dreamin' of riches, in a position of makin' a difference Politicians are hypocrites, they don't wanna listen If I'm insane, it's the fame made a brother change It wasn't nothin' like the game; it's just me against the world [Hook: 2Pac & Puff Johnson] [Me against the world Nothin' to lose It's just me against the world, baby Me against the world Got me stuck in the game It's just me against the world Nothin' to lose It's just me against the world, baby Me against the world(11047986) [Outro: 2Pac] Hahaha, that's right I know it seem hard sometimes But uh, remember one thing Through every dark night, there's a bright day after that So no matter how hard it get Stick your chest out, keep your head up, and handle it!	

4. So many tears	
[Intro] I shall not fear no man but God Though I walk through the valley of death	Weer een zeer persoonlijk nummer waarin Tupac verdriet uit zijn jeugd bespreekt, maar ook de pijn van de een adolescent die zijn

I shed so many tears If I should die before I wake Please God walk with me Grab a nigga and take me to Heaven [Verse 1] Back in elementary, I thrived on misery Left me alone I grew up amongst a dying breed Inside my mind couldn't find a place to rest Until I got that Thug Life tatted on my chest Tell me can you feel me I'm not living in the past, you wanna last? Be the first to blast Remember Kato No longer with us; he's deceased Call on the sirens, seen him murdered in the streets, now rest in peace Is there heaven for a G? Remember me So many homies in the cemetery, shed so many tears [Refrain] I!, I suffered through the years, and shed so many tears... Lord!, I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears [Verse 2] Now that I'm struggling in this business, by any means Label me greedy gettin' green, but seldom seen And fuck the world cause I'm cursed, I'm having visions Of leaving here in a hearse, God can you feel me? Take me away from all the pressure and all the pain Show me some happiness again, I'm going blind I spend my time in this cell, ain't living well I know my destiny is Hell Where did I fail? My life is in denial and when I die Baptized in eternal fire, shed so many tears [Refrain] Lord!, I suffered through the years, and shed so many tears... Lord!, I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears [Verse 3] Now I'm lost and I'm weary, so many tears I'm suicidal so don't stand near me My every move is a calculated step, to bring me closer To embrace an early death, now there's nothing left	vrienden verliest aan geweld. De problemen worden hem bijna te veel. Wederom verwijzingen naar zijn persoonlijke verleden; een verwijzing in het bijzonder naar de moord op zijn vriend Kato. Bovendien zegt hij niet in het verleden willen te leven, hij wil overleven, daarvoor is hij bereid zijn persoonlijke leven achter zich te laten. In het tweede couplet, benadrukt Tupac dat hij gered wil worden van de druk en pijn, iemand moet hem weer echt geluk laten zien, want hier is hij blind voor geworden.

There was no mercy on the streets, I couldn't rest I'm barely standing, bout to go to pieces, screamin' peace And though my soul was deleted, I couldn't see it I had my mind full of demons trying to break free They planted seeds and they hatched, sparking the flame Inside my brain like a match, such a dirty game No memories, just a misery Painting a picture of my enemies killing me, in my sleep Will I survive 'til the mornin' to see the sun Please Lord forgive me for my sins, cause here I come [Refrain] Lord! (God!), I suffered through the years, and shed so many tears... God!, I lost so many peers [Verse 4] And Lord knows I tried, been a witness to homicide Seen drive-bys takin' lives, little kids die Wonder why as I walk by Broken-hearted as I glance at the chalk line, getting high This ain't the life for me, I wanna change But ain't no future bright for me, I'm stuck in the game I'm trapped inside a maze See this Tanqueray influenced me to getting crazy Disillusioned lately, I've been really wanting babies So I could see a part of me that wasn't always shady Don't trust my lady cause she's a product of this poison I'm hearing noises, think she's fuckin' all my boys, can't take no more I'm fallin' to the floor; beggin' for the Lord to let me in To Heaven's door -- Shed so many tears [Refrain] Lord!, lost so many peers, and shed so many tears.. I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears.. Lord!, I suffered many years, and shed so many tears.. God!, I lost so many peers, and shed so many	

tears	

5. Temptations	
[Sample] Heyyyy! Heyy-ayyaahhyy [Intro: 2Pac] Yo Mo Bee mayn!, drop that shit! You know what time, boo-yaow, I know it's time for you So grab one by the hand you know what I'm sayin' And uhh, throw up that finger Ayo throw y'all fingers up! Thug style baby, Thug style y'know? [Verse 1: 2Pac] Tell me baby are you lonely? Don't wanna rush ya, I can help ya if ya only Let me touch ya, If I'm wrong love tell me 'cause I get caught up, and the life I live is Hell see I never thought I'd see, the day when I would calm down You ain't heard, I've been known to clown and Get Around That's my word, see you walkin' and you lookin' good Yes indeed, got a body like a sex fiend, you're killin' me With your attitude to match right? Don't be phony, 'cause I hate when you act like You don't know me I've be stressin' in the spotlight I want the fame, but the industry's a lot like A crap game, ain't no time for commitment, I gotta go Can't be with you every minute miss, another show And even though I'm known for my one night stand (Look here) I wanna be an honest man But temptations go [Interlude: 2Pac] Throw up the finger! And all my homies go Throw them the finger! Ya know what baby it's like [Hook: Easy Mo Bee] I know you've been searchin' for someone To make you happy, and get the job done You say you needed, a man with money But I can't be there, and will you still care	Dit is een nummer waarin hij beschrijft zich aangetrokken te voelen tot een dame. Erg tegenstrijdig; het ene moment wil hij haar veel liefde geven, twee regels later is hij er klaar mee en klaar om uit haar leven te lopen.

[Verse 2: 2Pac]
Will I cheat or will I be committed, Heaven knows
Gettin' weak and I wanna hit it, so here I go
In my ride and I'm all in
Gettin' high, I can hear the people callin'
I'm passin' by, everybody knows I'm ballin'
And to God, gotta keep myself from fall-in
But it's hard, all the cuties know I'm under pressure
What do I do, gettin' shaky when she pull the dress up
And say it's cool, should I stroke or should I wait a while, you decide
If you tell me that you don't want it, that's a lie
Move close and let me whisper
Some dirty words In your ears as I kiss ya
On every curve, slow down baby don't rush, I like it slow
Can't hold it any longer, so let it go
Open the gates to your waterfall up in heaven
And don't worry, I let myself in, all I heard was

[Interlude: 2Pac]
Give 'em the finger!
All my homies go, throw your fingers up
That's just the Thug in me girl, you know
Peep out all my homies, y'know, it's like

[Hook: Easy Mo Bee]
I know you've been searchin' for someone
To make you happy, and get the job done
You say you needed, a man with money
But I can't be there, and will you still care

[Verse 3: 2Pac]
A lotta people think it's easy
To settle down, got a woman that'll please me
In every town, I don't wanna but I gotta do it
The temptation got me ready to release the fluid
Sensation, sit down and conversate like you know me, take my hand
'Cause even Thugs get lonely, understand
Even the hardest of my homies need attention
Catch you blowin' up the telephone, reminiscin'
I wanna take you to the movies, and the park
Let's find a spot for you to do me, in the dark
Now that it's passion, hold me tight
Don't need lights, I can see you by the moonlight
I know your man ain't lovin' you right
You're lonely and depressed you need a Thug in your life
Enough talkin', you want me to leave, I'll get to

walkin' See you later, 'cause baby I'm a player, and all I heard was [Interlude: 2Pac] Give 'em the finger, and all my homies go Yo this how we gonna do this in the nine-trey y'know? Throw your fingers up You know? They gonna peep this, this how we run game on you (Everybody, heyy, alright Heyy, heyyyeah, heyyyayy, ohh) All my niggas go, uptown in the, give 'em the finger! Throw your hands up, give em the finger!	

6. Young n*ggaz	
[Intro] I wanna dedicate this one to Robert 'Yummy' Sandifer And all other lil' Young Niggas that's in a rush to be gangstas [Verse 1] As a Young nigga, I'm almost runnin' in the wind Give anything, to be that innocent again, when I was ten I didn't bang but I was hangin' with the homies 'Til them niggas started slangin', now they don't know me I got my hustle on, learned to ignore what couldn't pay me Lately I've been tryin' to make a mill-ion, can you blame me? With that jealousy they need to miss me, don't sweat me If them cowards really want me, come get me, and even I Someday will die but I'm cautious, I'm fin' to ride Put down the top, now we flossin' Hit the freeway, let the wind blow, drop the window Workin' with a twenty sack of indo, feelin' good Stop through the hood, grab the young thugs And I can't help but reminisce back when we slung drugs, though it's bad But all we had was our hopes and dreams Couldn't see unless we learned to slang dope to fiends	Dit nummer draagt Tupac op aan Robert 'Yummy' Sandifer; hij werd in 1994 symbool voor het gang-gerelateerd geweld in de achterstandswijken van de Verenigde Staten, het gebrek aan een sociaal vangnet en de tekortkomingen van het rechtssysteem. Het nummer is een waarschuwing aan jonge Afro-Amerikanen die denken dat het geweld erbij hoort. Het is belangrijk om hierin het paradoxale karakter van hiphop te zien. Enerzijds proberen zij de jeugd in de goede richting te bewegen, tegelijkertijd verheerlijken zij zelf ook het geweld en de gangster levensstijl. In het nummer denkt hij terug aan zijn eigen jeugd. Wederom haalt hij onderdelen uit zijn persoonlijke verleden aan. Hierin verwijt hij de gangsters de jeugd te verzieken te hoort te spelen. Een verwijzing naar het de Afro-Amerikaan als een statistiek; vermoord of in de gevangenis. Misschien zit hier een verleden in.

As Young Niggas

[Hook]
He's the kind of G like everybody knows
(As a strung nigga)
He's always G'd up, from head to toe
(My memories as a young nigga)
Always got it blown like Al Capone
(Strung nigga)
He's the downest G I've ever known

[Verse 2]
Back in Junior High, when we was barely gettin' by, when daddy died
That's when my momma started gettin' high
My neighborhood was full of drive-bys, couldn't survive
All our homies livin' short lives, I couldn't cry
Told my momma if I did die, just put a blunt in my casket
Let me get my dead homies high
Come follow me throughout my history, it's just Me Against the World stuck in misery; as a young nigga
My only thing was to be paid
Life full of riches avoid snitches cause they shady, back in the days
We always found the time to play
But that's before they taught them gangbangers how to spray
Not just L.A., but in the Bay and in Chicago and even St. Louis
Every stadium that I go, when will they change?
Stuck in the game like a dumb nigga
Remember how it was, to be a young nigga

[Hook]
He's the kind of G like everybody knows
(As a young nigga)
He's always G'd up, from head to toe
(My memories as a young nigga)
Always got it blown like Al Capone
(young nigga)
He's the downest G I've ever known

[Ad-lib]
I'm tellin' you..
.. to be young, have your brains and have every limb and all that
Yo, y'all niggas don't know how good you really do got it
Muh'fuckers need to just calm down
And peep what the fuck they wanna do for the rest of the life

'Fore you end your life before you begin your life You dumb nigga [Verse 3] Now that I'm grown, I got my mind on bein' somethin' Don't wanna be another statistic, out here doin' nuttin Tryin' to maintain in this dirty game, keep it real And I will even if it kills me, my Young Niggas Break away from these dumb niggas Put down the guns and have some fun nigga, the rest'll come figure Fame is a fast thang, that gangbangin' Puttin' niggas in a casket, murdered for hangin' At the wrong place at the wrong time, no longer livin' Cause he threw up the wrong sign, and every day I watch the murder rate increases, and even worse The epidemic and diseases, what is the future? The projects lookin' hopeless, where More and more brothers givin' up and don't care Sometimes I hate when brothers act up, I hit the weed And I proceed to blow the track up, for Young Niggas	

7. Heavy in the game (ft. Eboni Foster, Lady Levi & Richie Rich	
[Intro: Lady Levi] Oh, you Thug Life is yours? Life ain't no something you can rap with Ooh come no ordinary game The game no something you can rap with Me's a player you know? I do not, play in no game Me just, make money, dollars.. Every time, seen? [Verse 1: 2Pac] Now how can I explain how this game laced me, plus with this fame I got enemies do anything to break me, my attitude changed Got to the point where I was driven, twenty-four/seven Money's my mission, just a nigga tryin' to make a livin' These busta tricks don't want no mail They spendin' they riches on skanless bitches, who'll stay petrified in jail It's hell, plus all the dealers want a meal ticket	Geen referenties naar het verleden.

Jealous-ass bitches, player-hatin' but we still kick it Always keep my eyes on the prize, watch the police Seen so much murder, neighborhoods gettin' no sleep But still, I get my money on major, continuously Communicatin' through my pager, niggas know me Don't have no homies since they jealous, I hustle solo Cause when I'm broke I got no time for the fellas listen Ain't nothin' poppin' 'bout no broke nigga, I ain't no joke Fuck what they say and get your dough nigga Heavy in the game [Ad-libs: Lady Levi & (Eboni Foster)] (Game's been good to me) Who the bumba clat him a come try take mine? Oh, me see you rushin' up (Game's been good to me) I throw I'm blood claat P.M. to A.M All, all the bumba come ya take dis ting For ya take dis ting for joke? Oh, that's right (I don't care what it did to them The game's been good to me) [Verse 2: Richie Rich] (Well let me shoot some of this how heavy type of shit) Certain niggas wanna stick to the game, you's a trick to the game Waitin' upon your turn, son when will you learn? Ain't no turns given, niggas be twistin' and takin' shit Puttin' they sack down, then puttin' they mack down Me myself I hustle with finesse yes I'm an Oakland baller Rule number one: check game, and fo' sho' you gon' respect game Be your own nigga meanin' buy your own dope Cause that front shit is punk shit, something I never funked with Be true to this game and this game will be true to you That's real shit; disrespect, see what this here do to you That jackin' and robbin', despisin' your homie Ain't healthy, niggas be endin' up dead 'fore they get wealthy But not me though, I'm sewin' somethin' major	

So what I reap is boss -- that's why my public status is floss Went from a, young nigga livin' residential To a, young nigga workin' presidential [Ad-libs: Lady Levi & (Eboni Foster)] (Game's been good to me) Me nigga Tu-pac always look good You know that's true I'm look good every time Ooh, pussy war?, step up (Game's been good to me) Can yi know I'm serving up blood claat Playing yi fucking games Ooh, we take game, we won! (I don't care what it did to them) Any by now (the game's been good to me) All, yi haffa forget fi we won! Every time [Verse 3: 2Pac] I'm just a young black male, cursed since my birth Had to turn to crack sales, if worse come to worse Headed for them packed, jails, or maybe it's a hearse My only way to stack mail, is out here doin' dirt My decisions do or die, been hustlin' since junior high No time for askin' why, gettin' high, gettin' mine Put away my nine, cause these times call for four-five shells Cause life is hell, and everybody dies What about these niggas I despise Them loud talkin', cowards shootin' guns into crowds, jeopardizin' lives Shoot 'em right between them niggas' eyes, it's time to realize Follow the rules or follow them fools that die Everybody's tryin' to make the news Niggas confused, quit tryin' to be an O.G. and pay your dues If you choose to apply yourself Go with the grain then, come into riches and the bitches and the fame Heavy in the game [Outro/ad-libs: Lady Levi & (Eboni Foster)] (Game's been good to me) Boy, ya nah bitch! Major that's true we look good every time When we at Beers Diamond And 2Pac drives vintage car (Game's been good	

to me) And fi them frame them look good, oh no? This whole world ya call on Gonna mass on a face For any, section of bumba ras claat, oh! (I don't care what it did to them) (the game's been good to me) Flush it!.. Oh! Nobody wan come test me ya know True them we a drive pretty car Wanna no part of any ting And now you wan come drown a gun But ya see we know, you haffa show I'm maximum respect For when a blood clat run or when a pussy walk up We look good every time 'Nough dollars, dollars! Ya know about dollars , them right? But we nah talk no shit We haffa walk de walk for we a talk, see it? 'Cause action, action speak louder dan words You n who the record partner Don't blood claat ting at, ALL	

8. Lord Knows	
[Intro: 2Pac] Damn, another funeral, another motherfucker Lord knows ['Pac is choking on blunt smoke] Lord knows [Coughing harder] Lord knows [One final cough] [Verse 1] I smoke a blunt to take the pain out And if I wasn't high, I'd probably try to blow my brains out I'm hopeless, they should've killed me as a baby And now they got me trapped in the storm, I'm goin' crazy Forgive me; they wanna see me in my casket And if I don't blast I'll be the victim of them bastards I'm losin' hope, they got me stressin', can the Lord forgive me Got the spirit of a thug in me Another sip of that drink, this Hennessey got me queasy Don't wanna hurl, young nigga take it easy Picture your dreams on a triple beam, and it seems Don't underestimate the power of a fiend	In dit nummer beschrijft hij zijn depressie en de uitweg die hij daarvoor gevonden heeft; namelijk alcohol en wiet. Wederom kaart hij de trauma's aan die hij heeft overgehouden uit het leven in de achterstandswijk. Ook de verhoudingen met de politie komen aanbod.

To my homies on the block Slangin' rocks with your Glocks put this tape in your box When you're runnin from the cops -- and never look back If they could be black, then they would switch Open fire on them busta-ass bitches, and Lord knows... [Hook] (Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!) Lord knows [Coughing again] (He knows! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!) The Lord knows [Still coughing] (He knows! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!) The Lord knows (He knows! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!) [Verse 2] I wonder if the Lord will forgive me or bury me a G I couldn't let my adversaries worry me And every single day it's a test, wear a bulletproof vest And still a nigga stressin' over death If I could choose when a nigga die, figure I'd Take a puff on the blunt, and let my trigga fly When everyday it's another death, with every breath It's a constant threat, so watch yo' step! You could be next if you want to, who do you run to? Murderin' niggas, look what it's come to My memories bring me misery, and life is hard In the ghetto, it's insanity, I can't breathe Got me thinking, what do Hell got? Cause I done suffered so much, I'm feelin' shell-shocked And driveby's an everyday thang I done lost too many homies to this motherfuckin' game And Lord knows... [Hook] [Verse 3] One-time! One-time! Fuck the 5-0 cause they after me Kill me if they could, I'll never let 'em capture	

me Done lost too many niggas to this gangbangin' Homies died in my arms, with his brains hangin', fucked up! I had to tell him it was alright, and that's a lie And he knew it when he shook and died, my God Even though I know I'm wrong man Hennesey make a nigga think he strong, man (heh heh) I can't sleep, so I stay up, don't wanna fuck them bitches Try to calm me down, I ain't givin' up I'm gettin' lost in the weed, man, gettin' high Livin' every day, like I'm gon' die (gon' die, gon' die) I smoke a blunt to take the pain out And if I wasn't high, I'd probably try to blow my brains out Lord knows... [Outro] (Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!) Lord knows! (He knows! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!) Lord knows.. Jesus.. (He knows! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!) (He is listening! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!) (Lord knows.. Lord knows.. he he.. he.. he.. heeee...) (Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!) (Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!) (Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!) (Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)	

9. Dear mama	
[Verse 1: 2Pac] When I was young, me and my mama had beef Seventeen years old, kicked out on the streets Though back at the time I never thought I'd see her face Ain't a woman alive that could take my mama's place Suspended from school, and scared to go home, I was a fool With the big boys breakin' all the rules I shed tears with my baby sister, over the years We was poorer than the other little kids And even though we had different daddies, the same drama	Op dit nummer beschrijft hij het respect dat hij voor zijn moeder heeft. Weer zijn persoonlijk leven dat aanbod komt. Het opgroeien in de jaren tachtig, toen zijn moeder verslaafd was aan heroine. Ook vertelt tupac hoe hij zelf terecht is gekomen in de drugswereld.

When things went wrong we'd blame Mama I reminisce on the stress I caused, it was hell Huggin' on my mama from a jail cell And who'd think in elementary, hey I'd see the penitentiary one day? And runnin' from the police, that's right Mama catch me, put a whoopin' to my backside And even as a crack fiend, Mama You always was a black queen, Mama I finally understand For a woman it ain't easy tryin' to raise a man You always was committed A poor single mother on welfare, tell me how you did it There's no way I can pay you back, but the plan Is to show you that I understand: you are appreciated [Hook: Reggie Green & "Sweet Franklin" + 2Pac] Lady, don't you know we love ya? (Dear Mama) Sweet lady, place no one above ya (You are appreciated) Sweet lady, don't you know we love ya? [Verse 2: 2Pac] Now, ain't nobody tell us it was fair No love from my daddy, ‘cause the coward wasn't there He passed away and I didn't cry, ‘cause my anger Wouldn't let me feel for a stranger They say I'm wrong and I'm heartless, but all along I was lookin' for a father, he was gone I hung around with the thugs And even though they sold drugs They showed a young brother love I moved out and started really hangin' I needed money of my own, so I started slangin' I ain't guilty, ‘cause even though I sell rocks It feels good puttin' money in your mailbox I love payin' rent when the rent is due I hope you got the diamond necklace that I sent to you ‘Cause when I was low you was there for me And never left me alone, because you cared for me And I could see you comin' home after work late You're in the kitchen, tryin' to fix us a hot plate You just workin' with the scraps you was given And Mama made miracles every Thanksgivin' But now the road got rough, you're alone You're tryin' to raise two bad kids on your own And there's no way I can pay you back, but my	

plan Is to show you that I understand: you are appreciated [Hook: Reggie Green & "Sweet Franklin" + 2Pac] Lady, don't you know we love ya? (Dear Mama) Sweet lady, place no one above ya (You are appreciated) Sweet lady, don't you know we love ya? [Verse 3: 2Pac] Pour out some liquor and I reminisce 'Cause through the drama I can always depend on my mama And when it seems that I'm hopeless You say the words that can get me back in focus When I was sick as a little kid To keep me happy there's no limit to the things you did And all my childhood memories Are full of all the sweet things you did for me And even though I act crazy I gotta thank the Lord that you made me There are no words that can express how I feel You never kept a secret, always stayed real And I appreciate how you raised me And all the extra love that you gave me I wish I could take the pain away If you can make it through the night, there's a brighter day Everything will be alright if you hold on It's a struggle every day, gotta roll on And there's no way I can pay you back, but my plan Is to show you that I understand: you are appreciated [Hook: Reggie Green & Sweet Franklin + 2Pac] Lady, don't you know we love ya? (Dear Mama) Sweet lady, place no one above ya (You are appreciated) Sweet lady, don't you know we love ya? (Dear Mama) Sweet lady, lady (Dear Mama) Lady, lady	

10. It ain't easy	
[Ad-lib] Keepin' it real [Verse 1]	Angst om in de gevangenis terecht te komen.Verwijzing naar Mike Tyson (voorbeeldfiguur), benadrukt stereotypen; they rather have you behind bars.

I take a shot of Hennessy, now I'm strong enough to face the madness Nickel bag full of cess weed laced with hash Phone calls from my niggas on the, other side Two childhood friends just died, I couldn't cry A damn shame, when will we ever change? And what remains from a twelve gauge to the brain? Arguments with my Boo, it's true I spend mo' time with my niggas than I do with you But everywhere it's the same thang, that's the game I'll be damned if a thang changed, fuck the fame I'll be hustlin' to make a mill-ion Lord knows ain't no love for us ghetto children So we cold, Rag-top slowin' down, time to stop for gas Beep my horn for a hoochie with a proper ass, uhh It ain't easy, that's my motto Drinkin' Tanqueray straight out the bottle Everybody wanna know if I'm insane My baby mama gotta mind full of silly games And all the drama got me stressin' like I'm hopeless I can't cope me and the homies smokin' roaches Cause we broke late night hangin' out 'til the sunrise gettin' high Watchin' the cops roll by It ain't easy... that's right... it ain't easy [Hook] ...easy, being me Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free? It ain't easy, being me Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free? It ain't easy, being me Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free? [Verse 2] I can't sleep, niggas plottin' on me, kill me while I'm dreamin' Wake up sweaty and screamin', cause I can hear them suckers schemin' Probably paranoid, problem is, them punks be fantasizin' A brother bite the bullet, open fire and I died I wonder why this just the way it is Even now lookin' out for these killa kids Cause they wild Bill Clinton can you recognize a nigga representin' Doin' twenty to life in San Quentin Gettin' calls from my nigga Mike Tyson, ain't	

nuttin' nice Yo 'Pac, do something righteous witcha life And even though you're innocent you still a nigga, so they figure, rather have you behind bars than triggers But I'm hold ya down and holla Thug Life Lickin' shots 'til I see my niggas free on the block But no it ain't easy, hahahah 'Til I see my niggas free on the block, uh It ain't easy [Hook] It ain't easy, being me Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free? It ain't easy, being me Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free? It ain't easy, being me Will I see the penitentiary?.. [Verse 3] Lately been reminiscin' 'Bout Peppermint Schnapps in Junior High hit the block Keep an eye on the cops while D-Boys slang rocks Just a project kid without a conscience, I'm havin' dreams Of hearin' screams at my concerts Me and all my childhood peers through the years tryin' to stack a little green I was only seventeen, when I started servin' fiends And I wish there was another way to stack a dolla Sold my Impala cause these hard times make me wanna holla Will I live to see tomorrow, am I fallin' off? I hit the weed and then proceed to say fuck all of y'all Ain't nobody down with me I'm thuggin' I can't go home 'cause muh-fuckers think I'm buggin' So now I'm in this high powered cell at the county jail Punk judge got a grudge, can't post no bail What, do I do in these county blues Gettin' battered and bruised by the you know who And these fakes get to shakin' when they face me Snakes ain't got enough nuts to replace me Sittin' in this, livin' hell, listenin' to niggas yell Tryna torture 'em to tell, I'm gettin' mail But ain't nobody sayin' much, the same old nuts	

Is makin' bucks while these sluts is gettin' fucked They violated my probation And it seems I'll be goin' on a long vacation Meanwhile it ain't easy.. No it ain't easy [Hook] It ain't easy, being me Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free? It ain't easy, being me Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free? It ain't easy, being me Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free? It ain't easy, being me Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free? It ain't easy, being me Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free? It ain't easy, being me Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?	

11. Can u get away (ft. Anya Pinto)	
[Intro: 2Pac and Anya talking] Whassup? It's 2Pac. Can you get away? Let me come swoop you up (You know I got a man) I know you got a man, but he ain't gon' mind if I take you out (Of course he gon' mind) Let me take you to lunch, I'll have you back before he even get home, before anybody see (I can't, he ain't gon' let me Aww c'mon! Pleeeeeease... (Nah) Oh aight – what's wrong with your eye? Why you got on glasses? [Verse 1: 2Pac] Ever since I met ya I could peep the pressure It's like your man don't understand, all he does is stress ya I can see your state of misery from the introduction Ain't 'bout no suckin' and touchin', just harmless discussion Maybe we can see a better way, find a brighter day Late night phone conversations – would that be OK? I don't wanna take up all your time, be the next in line Tell me your size, let me find you things with you in mind I can see you're cautious and I'm careful not to	Een verwijzing naar *Ebony* een eeuwen oude verwijzing naar 'zwartheid'.

scare you The anticipation of love makin' Got you shakin' when I'm standin' near you News of precision will prepare ya In case you get scared, just ask the man in the mirror Now the picture's gettin' clearer All he does is hit you hard I tell you to leave him, and you tell me keep my faith in God I don't understand, I just wanna bring ya home I wonder should I leave you alone And find a woman of my own All the homies tell me that you don't deserve it I contemplate – but in my heart I know you worth it Tell me, can you get away? Ebony, can you get away? C'mon… Let's go… Can you get away? Can you get away? [Hook: Anya Pinto & (2Pac)] So much pressure in the air (I know, I know) And I can't get away (Just for a little while love) I'm not happy here (I know it's hard but, can you get away?) So much pressure in the air (Let's go man, get up outta there, can you get away?) And I can't get away (Do you love him?) I'm not happy here (Do you love that man?) [Verse 2: 2Pac] Could it be my destiny to be lonely? Ain't checkin' for these hoochies that be on me 'Cause they phony But you was different, I got no need to be suspicious 'Cause I can tell, my life with you would be delicious The way you lick your lips and shake your hips got me addicted I'm sittin' here hopin' that we can find some way to kick it Even though I got your digits, gotta struggle to resist it Slowly advance when it's my chance not to miss it You blow me kisses when he ain't lookin' Now your heart's tooken My only wish is that you change your mind and he get shook Wanna take you there but you scared to follow Come see tomorrow	

Hopin' I can take you through the pain and sorrow Let you know I care – that someone's there for your struggle Depend on me, when you have needs or there's trouble I wanna give you happiness and maybe even more I told you before, no time to waste We can hook up at the store. Can you get away? [Hook: Anya Pinto & (2Pac)] So much pressure in the air (I know it is) And I can't get away (Yeah, you can) I'm not happy here (You ain't happy, huh? Can you get away?) So much pressure in the air (I know… is he beatin' on you?) And I can't get away (Did he punch you?) I'm not happy here (Throwin' you around the house?) [Verse 3: 2Pac] I sit here reminiscin' and I hope you listenin' In the position to pressure and offer competition Me and you was meant to be my destiny, no longer lonely 'Cause now it's on for you and me, all I can see A happy home – that's my fantasy But my reality is problems with your man and me What can I do? Don't wanna lose you to this sucker 'Cause if he touch ya, I got some drama for that busta Don't wanna rush ya, but make your mind up fast Nobody knows, on who controls will it last? Before I ask, I hope you see that I'm sincere And even if you stay with him today I'm still here I refuse to give up, 'cause I believe in what we share You're livin' in prison and what he's givin' can't compare 'Cause everything I feel for you I wanna let you know Passionately yours and I'll never let you go Tell me, can you get away? [Hook: Anya Pinto & (2Pac)] So much pressure in the air (Can't get away why?)	

And I can't get away I'm not happy here (Let me take you away, all I wanna know, can you get away?) So much pressure in the air (Man) And I can't get away (Course you can get away) I'm not happy here (If you really wanted to get away, you could get away) [Outro: 2Pac] You ain't got to go through all this drama and this stress With this old half a man, ya know what I'm sayin'? I ain't tryin' to put you in a position Where you gotta give up your lifestyle for everything You need, but now… he ain't even takin' care of you He beatin' on you and shit; look how you look! You too motherfuckin' raw to be with that nigga Ya know what I'm sayin'? Shake that sucker to the left Let me show you what this life is really about Ya know what I'm sayin'? You need to be on first class Need to be goin' to Hawaii, seein' the world Seein' what this world got to offer you Not goin' to, ya know what I'm sayin'? The emergency room, gettin' stitches 'Cause this nigga done got jealous. Don't cry, it's all good [2Pac and Anya talking again] Can you take me from here? Shake that man, get away Can you take me from here? I'ahhhhhm unhappy here And I need you to show me love Because it's so much pressure now And I neeeeed to get awayyyheyyyeahhh	

12. Old school	
[Intro: 2Pac] Here we go; we gonna send this one out to the old school All these motherfuckers in the Bronx, and Brooklyn, and Staten Island Queens, and all the motherfuckers that laid it down, the foundation Ya know what I'm saying? Nothing but love for the old school That's who were going do this one for, ya feel	In dit nummer brengt Tupac een hommage aan hiphop artiesten die hem voor zijn gegaan. Daarmee een hommage aan het verleden van hiphop en een verwijzing naar het verleden van hiphop.

me?

[Hook: Grand Puba sample] (x5)
"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today
If the old school didn't pave the way"

[Verse 1: 2Pac]
I remember Mr. Magic, Flash, Grandmaster Caz
LL, Raising Hell, but, that didn't last
Eric B. & Rakim was, the shit to me
I flip to see a Doug E. Fresh show, with Ricky D
And Red Alert was puttin in work, with Chuck Chill
Had my homies on the hill getting ill, when shit was real
Went out to steal. Remember Raw, with Daddy Kane?!
When De La Soul was puttin Potholes in the game
I can't explain how it was, Whodini
Had me puffin on that buddha gettin buzzed, cause there I was
Them block parties in the projects, and on my block
You diggy don't stop, sippin on that Private Stock
Through my speaker Queen Latifah, and MC Lyte
Listen to Treach, KRS to get me through the night
With T La Rock and Mantronix, to Stetsasonic
Remember "Push It" was the bomb shit, nuttin like the old school

[Hook: Grand Puba]

[Verse 2: 2Pac]
I had, Shell Toes, and BVD's
A killer crease inside my Lee's when I hit the streets
I'm playing skelly, Ringolevio, or catch a kiss
Before the homies in my hood learned to smack a bitch
I remember. way back, the weak weed they had
Too many seeds in the trey bag
I'm on the train headin uptown, freestyling
With some wild kids from Bucktown, profiling
Cus the hoochies was starin, thinking "what them niggas wearing?"
I'm wondering if that's her hair, I remember
Stickball, humpin hoochies on the wall
Or taking leaks on the steps, stinking up the hall
Through my childhood, wild as a juvenile
A young nigga tryin to stay away from Rikers

Isle Me and my homies breakin nights, tryin to keep it true Out on the roof sipping 90 proof, ain't nuttin like the old school [Hook: Grand Puba] [Verse 3: 2Pac] Remember popping and locking to Kurtis Blow, the name belts And Scott LaRock the Super Ho back in Latin Quarters When Slick Rick was spittin La Di Da Di Gaming the hoochies at the neighborhood block parties I remember, breakdancing to Melle Mel Jekyll and Hyde, LL when he Rocks the Bells Forget the TV, I'd rather hit the streets and do graffiti Be careful don't let the transit cops see me It ain't nothing like the old school! [Hook: Grand Puba] [Outro: 2Pac] Haha, on the real though Remember seeing Brooklyn go crazy up in the motherfucking party? Remember motherfuckers used to go, "Is Brooklyn in the house?" And motherfuckers would lose they God Damn Mind! That's the old school to me; that's what I'm sayin (Super, Sperm) I remember goin places that motherfuckers was scared to say They was from anywhere but Brooklyn; that shit was the bomb Back in the motherfucking old school nigga Remember skelly nigga? Knocking niggas out the box, popping boxes? Remember stickball? Member niggas to run that shit like that? Remember the block-- 'Member screaming up at your moms from the window? (LL Cool J is hard as Hell...) The ice cream truck, remember all the mother-- 'Member the Italian Ices, yo? Yo, remember the Italian Ices?! The Spanish Niggas comin' down with the coconut ices and shit? I came through the door, said it before That was the shit!	

13. F*ck the world	
[Verse 1: 2Pac] (Haha, what you say?) Who you callin' rapist? Ain't that a bitch You devils are so two faced Wanna see me locked in chains, dropped in shame And gettin' stalked by these crooked cops again Fuckin' with the young Black male, tryin' to stack bail And um, stay away from the packed jails I told the judge I'm in danger And that's why I had that four-five with one in the chamber Fuck the world! [Hook: Shock G & 2Pac] They tryna say that I don't care I woke up screamin' "Fuck the world!" They tryna say that I don't care Just woke up and screamed "Fuck the world!" They tryna say that I don't care Uhh, I woke up and screamed "Fuck the world!" They're tryna say that I don't care Just got up and screamed "Fuck the world!" [Verse 2: 2Pac] When I was comin' up rough that wasn't even what you called it That's why I smoke blunts now and run with alcoholics I'm gettin' flex to me, comin' from my enemies And in their dreams it's hell where they sendin' me Have I lost control or just another soul? A car full of motherfuckers when we roll Sippin' on yak as I sit back Life as a big mack Brothers come up and say "you did that?" Never take your eyes off the prize and even if you gettin' high Don't ever hesitate to try Cause you can fall off or stay ballin', niggas we all in And them my motherfuckers callin' Fuck the world! [Hook: Shock G & 2Pac] They tryna say that I don't care Woke up screamed "Fuck the world!" They tryna say that I don't care Just woke up and screamed "Fuck the world!"	Tupac vertelt zijn kant van het verhaal. Hij is net veroordeeld om naar de gevangenis te gaan, de hele wereld ziet hem als een verkrachter.

They tryna say that I don't care
I got up and screamed "Fuck the world!"
They're tryna say that I don't care
I woke up and screamed "Fuck the world!"
They're tryna say that I don't care

[Verse 3: 2Pac]
(Man, Fuck the world)
Damn, they wanna label me a menace
Cause I'm sittin' here sippin' on Guinness
Weighin' 165 and these tricks should die
For being jealous of a brother when he rise
I can see it in your eyes, you wanna see a young playa fallin'
They hate to see a nigga ballin'
Some of you suckers is rotten, plottin' on what I got
And then you wonder why I shot him (Booyeah)
Stop givin' game for free, you wanna hang with me
Like being a thug is the thang to be
But I got love for my homies, the G's and macks
And if you're black, you better stay strapped
Nigga, Fuck the world!

[Hook: Shock G & 2Pac]
[They tryna say that I don't care
I woke up screamed "Fuck the world!"
They tryna say that I don't care
I woke up and screamed "Fuck the world!"
They tryna say that I don't care
I got up and screamed "Fuck the world!"

Haha, Fuck the world!
Fuck it
I hear my niggas screamin' "Fuck the world"

[Verse 4: 2Pac]
They wanna know if I claim the clique that I'm hangin' with
And if I'm down with this bangin' shit
Well homie I don't give a fuck if you Blood or Cuz
Long as you got love for thugs
But don't try to test me out, stall that
Homie this is Thug Life nigga and we all strapped
I been through hell and back and if I fail, black
Then it's back to the corner where we sell crack
Some of you niggas is bustas, you runnin' round
With these tramp-ass bitches, don't trust her
But don't cry, this world ain't prepared for us
A straight thug motherfucker who ain't scared to bust

Fuck the world! [Hook: Shock G & 2Pac] [They tryna say that I don't care I woke up screamed "Fuck the world!" They tryna say that I don't care I woke up screamin' "Fuck the world!" They tryna say that I don't care (They tryna say that I don't care) I woke up and screamed "Fuck the world!" (Yeah what's goin on y'all?) Uhh, uhh, uhh.. Fuck the world! [Shock G singing] I don't care.. I don't care, I don't care!	

14. Death around the corner	
[Intro] Child: Why you by the window? What's wrong daddy? Mother: I know what's wrong with that crazy motherfucker He just stand by the goddamn window With that fuckin' AK all day (there you go) You don't work, you don't fuck, you don't You don't do a goddamn thing [Verse 1] I see death around the corner, gotta stay high while I survive In the city where the skinny niggas die If they bury me, bury me as a G nigga, no need to worry I expect retaliation in a hurry I see death around the - corner, any day Tryin to keep it together, no one lives forever anyway Strugglin' and strivin', my destiny's to die Keep my finger on the trigger, no mercy in my eyes In a ball of confusion, I'm thinkin' 'bout my daddy Madder than a motherfucker, they never shoulda had me I guess I seen too many murders, the doctors can't help me Got me stressin' with my pistol in my sheets, it ain't healthy Am I paranoid? - Tell me the truth I'm out the window with my AK, ready to shoot Ran out of indo and my mind can't take the	Hij beschrijft zijn paranoïde gedachten. Hij stelt dat hij nooit geboren had mogen worden, dat zijn vader hem niet had mogen verlaten. Dit maakt hem nog steeds heel boos. Persoonlijk verleden van zijn moeder als junk; hierdoor is hij meteen verslaafd aan drank/crack.

stress, I'm out of breath Make me wanna kill my damn self; but I see death around the corner [Hook] ("When we were kids, belonging felt good..") I see death around the corner ("But having respect, that feels even better..") I see death around the corner ("When we were kids, belonging felt good..") I see death around the corner ("But having respect, that feels even better..") [Verse 2] I see death around the corner, the pressure's gettin' to me I no longer trust my homies - them phonies tried to do me Smokin' too much weed, got me paranoid, stressed Pack a gat and my vest, under my clothes when I dress Here's hopin' I die the way I lived, straight thuggin' Huggin' my trigger for all them niggas that was buggin' My homie told me once, don't you trust them other suckers They front like they your homies but they phony motherfuckers And even if I did die young, who'd care All I ever got was mean mugs and cold stares Got homies in my head that done passed away screamin', please Young nigga, make G's I can't give up, although I'm hopeless, I think my mind's gone All I can do is get my grind on, death around the corner [Hook] ("When we were kids, belonging felt good..") I see death around the corner ("But having respect, that feels even better..") I see death around the corner ("When we were kids, belonging felt good..") I see death around the corner ("But having respect, that feels even better..") [Verse 3] (I was raised) I was raised in the city, shitty Ever since I was an itty bitty kitty Drinkin' liquor out my momma's titty And smokin' weed was an everyday thang in my household	

And drinkin' liquor til' you out cold And though I'm grown now, nigga it's still on - Pow! Bustin on them niggas 'til they gone How many more jealous ass bitches, comin' for my riches Now I gotta be suspicious when I bone Cause if I ain't sharp and heartless, them bitches'll start shit Excuse me, but this is where we part bitch No more game for free, please explain to me Why niggas trip bitch, who you came to see? Murder me now but see me later man, that's on my pops I got homies that will hunt you 'til you drop I hope the Lord can forgive me, I was a G And gettin' high was a way of bein' free; I see death around the corner [Hook] ("When we were kids, belonging felt good..") I see death around the corner ("But having respect, that feels even better..") I see death around the corner ("When we were kids, belonging felt good..") I see death around the corner ("But having respect, that feels even better..") I see death around the corner [Outro] This is for all the real motherfuckin' niggas out there I know you ain't scared to die; we all gotta go, y'know? A real motherfucker will pick the time he goes And make sure he handles his motherfuckin' business ("You think you're gonna live long enough to spend that money You fuckin hump?" -) Y'all niggas stop actin' like pussies out there, all right {*movie samples*} "If any of you.. Are tired of gettin' ripped off by guys like that.." - "I want his family dead! I want his house burnt to the ground! I wanna go there in the middle of the night I wanna piss on his ashes!" "I want his family dead! I want his house burnt to the ground! I wanna go there in the middle of the night I	

wanna piss on his ashes!" "I want that son of a bitch dead, I want him dead! I want him dead, I don't care.."	

15. Outlaw	
Intro: 2Pac & RahRah] That's right nigga you gotta get your papers in this motherfucker I ain't mad at ya at all (damn) Aiyyo, what the fuck you wanna be when you grow up RahRah? Nigga, is you stupid, I wanna be a motherfuckin' Outlaw That's right nigga, hahaha.. housin' these hoes, you feel me? Aight, you know what I'm sayin'? You got to do that shit, keepin' it real nigga or what? Keepin' it real! How old are you nigga? I'm eleven [Verse 1: 2Pac] Cause all I see is, murder murder, my mind state Preoccupied with homicide, tryin' to survive through this crime rate Dead bodies at block parties, those unlucky bastards Gunfire now they require many closed caskets Who can you blame? It's insane what we been through Witnessin' evil that these men do, bitches sin too In fact they be the reasons niggas get to bleedin' Pull 'n' fuckin' fire when I leave 'em, you shoulda seen 'em Hostile hoes catch elbows (beotch!) negroes disposed of And snitches get dealt with, with no love Body bags of adversaries that I had to bury I broke the law and they jaw, all in the same flurry But never worry, they'll remember me through history Causin' motherfuckers to bleed, they'll label me a [Hook] Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (They came in to sin) Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (Dear God, I wonder could you save me?) [Verse 2: 2Pac]	Geen referenties naar het verleden.

Before I close my eyes I fantasize I'm livin' well When I awake and realize I'm just a prisoner in hell Just as well, cause in my cell I'm keepin' pictures of these bastards Exercisin', visualizin', everyone inside a casket Picture me blasted, surrounded by niggas in masks Sent with the task to harass and murder my ass Will I last? Heaven or Hell? Freedom or jail? Shit's hard, who can you tell? And if we fail? High speeds, and Thai weed on the freeway When will they learn to take it easy? Uh Drive-by's and niggas die, murder without a motive By makin' motherfuckers fry Got me runnin' from these coward-ass crooked-ass cops Helicopters tryna hover over niggas 'til we drop Got no time for the courts, my only thought is open fire Hit the district attorney, but fuck that bitch, cause she's a liar Now it's time to expire, I see the judge, spray the bitch "Motherfuckers is crooked," is what I scream, and hit the fence I commence to get wicked, spittin' rounds as the plot thickens Never missin', an early grave is my only mission If I die, never worry, bury me beside my four-five May God forgive me, I was high, label me a [Hook] Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (They came in to sin) Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (Dear God, I wonder could you save me?) [Verse 3: Dramacydal] [Kadafi] Society lied to me, I ain't never gonna try to be My mob'll be doin' robberies, and stickups on these wannabe's I witnessed niggas lose they chest For ordinary reasons niggas bodies put to rest [Kastro] So I just ... swallow my Beck's and holla, "Fuck 'em!" And if I'm next ... just let a nigga step with somethin' I ain't fearin' nuttin' [EDI Amin(Kastro)]	

Young and thuggin', prepared for bustin' if that's my destiny Ready for whatever, see you niggas can't get the best of me (hold me down) Definitely no need for askin' (now he mashin') Top speed (smokin' weed) laughin' (biotch!) [Napoleon] Cause when I bust 'em they gonna shiver, the killers cry Soldiers got bodies floatin' in the river, what is they sayin'? Talkin' 'bout prayin' [Kadafi] They need to stop, that ain't gon' help These niggas sprayin' up my block [Napolean] Tryin' to take my wealth [Hook] Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (They came in to sin) Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (Dear God, I wonder could you save me?) Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (They came in to sin) Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (Dear God, I wonder could you save me?) [Outro: 2Pac] Fuck the judge, I gotta grudge Punk police, niggas run the streets Hahah, it ain't nuttin' but muuuusic Shit's changed 1995 the game has changed, motherfuckers is actin REAL strange The rules is all rearranged You got babies lyin' dead in the streets These punk police is crooked as me But all I see is motherfuckers actin less than G's Stop bein' a playa-hater, be a innovator nigga Fuck that shit, don't be no entertainer and a stranger Be a real motherfucker keep it real pack that steel Cause you know these streets is real ill Muh'fuckers wanna see me in my casket Jealous, motherfuckin' bastards I never die, thug niggas multiply Cause after me is Thug Life baby Then the young thugs Then the youngest thug of all, my nigga RahRah!	

Album 5: Outkast – ATLiens (1997)

1. You may die (intro)	
Nada de novo vem do sol Tudo de novo vem do nosso senhor A vida é uma continuação O nosso senhor é que dá a nossa vida, ámen You can be sure Some go low to get high You may hurt till you cry You may die (You may die) Keep on trying (Keep on trying) Till it's summer, in the city Till it's summer, in the city	Beschrijving van zomer in de binnenstad. Sample van een Portugees gebed.

2. Two dope boyz (in a Cadillac)	
[Intro] Greetings, earthlings [Verse 1: Big Boi] From the bottom of my lungs a nigga be blowing Spitting his game Coming up on ya from the South, the A-T-Liens ain't changed Cooler than most players claim to be A nigga that's from the A-Town see The home of the Bankhead Bounce Campbellton Road and other city streets Enough of the verality, fallacy, butter we speak not fiction Speaking of pulling yo girl looking at Jheri curls you bitches Everytime I rhyme for y'all, I'm looking to prove a point Kicking a freestyle every now and then But mostly off the joint See I smoke good cause see it go good wit them flows, bwoi The nigga the B-I-G like Tony Rich nobody knows why But me and my folks, cause y'all niggas jokes like the Joker I'm sick of these wack ass rappers like I'm tired of hoes in chokers [Hook : André 3000 & (Peaches)] Who them boys that be having it crunk every occasion This side niggas dusting, that side niggas lacing But in the middle we stay calm, we just drop bombs	Outkast positioneert zich duidelijk buiten de rapscene. Dit is gedeeltelijk ook waar, het zwaartepunt van hiphop lag aan de west- en oostkust van de VS, en zij waren afkomstig uit Atlanta, het zuiden. Ook wel *the dirty South* genoemd. Geen referenties naar het verleden.

Asking where we come from? South Post slums (Its Just Two Dope Boyz In A Cadillac (2X)) [Verse 2: Andre 3000] This ol' sucka MC stepped up to me Challenged Andre to a battle and I stood there patiently As he spit and stumbled over cliches, so called freestyling Whole purpose just to make me feel low, I guess you wilding I say look boi, I ain't for that fuck shit; so fuck this Let me explain "only child" style so you don't dis' I grew up to myself not round no park bench Just a nigga busting flows off in apartments [Hook] [Verse 3: Big Boi] It goes Broughams to the Fleetwoods, Coupes to the Villes Hitting Girbauds and off these flows we having the playa chill In this atmosphere this ain't no practice here We cutting the fool now I'm doing ya at the house and throwing you out because I'm through now Don't you love the way we claiming Bankhead, stankhead Looking around the SWATS for the herb that's never tainted Fainted when you heard the burban serving on the block And all you biting individuals need to check yourselfs and stop [Verse 4: Andre 3000] Yeah tight like nuts and bolts, sluts and hoes they get evicted I'm dealing wit Queens in my castle ain't worth it to risk it Now tricks be looking at me like I'm they way up out the pro-jects Can't put you on my payroll, and no I ain't got no Rolex Or no diamond at the exit with a sign saying "We'll rap for food" My face is bawled up cause I ain't in a happy mood While my partner got the squeegee and the windex Cause somewhere in my life I done went wrong just like a syntax	

Error, bring the terror to your dome like P.E Prone to finish this out cause this be a free-style Now who them boyz that be having the crunk every occasion This side niggas dustin, that side niggas lacing But in the middle we stay calm We just drop.....	

3. ATLiens	
[Verse 1: Big Boi] Well it's the M-I-crooked letter, ain't no one better And when I'm on the microphone you best to wear your sweater Cause I'm cooler than a polar bear's toenails "Oh hell, there he go again talking that shit" Bend, corners like I was a curve, I struck a nerve And now you 'bout to see this Southern playa serve I heard it's not where you're from but where you pay rent Then I heard it's not what you make but how much you spent You got me bent like elbows, amongst other things, but I'm not worried Cause when we step up in the party; like a mouse, you scurry So go get your fucking shine box and your sack of nickels It tickles to see you try to be like Mr. Pickles Daddy Fat Sax, B-I-G B-O-I It's that same motherfucka that took them knuckles to your eye And I try, to warn you not to test but you don't listen Giving the shout-out to my Uncle Darnell locked up in prison [Hook] Now throw your hands in the air And wave 'em like you just don't care And if you like fish and grits and all that pimp shit Everybody let me hear you say, "O-Yea-yer" Now throw your hands in the air And wave 'em like you just don't care And if you like fish and grits and all that pimp shit Everybody let me hear you say, "O-Yea-yer" [Verse 2: Andre 3000] Now, my oral illustration be like clitoral	Andre3000 vraagt zich af of hij kinderen moet krijgen, want deze zouden kunnen leiden aan het ‘Nigga Syndrome’; het ondermaats presteren van jonge Afro-Amerikanen. Verwijzing naar Sounds of Blacknes; you can win as long as you keep your head in the sky.

stimulation To the female gender, ain't nothing better Let me know when it's wet enough to enter If not I'll wait, because the future of the world depends on If or if not the child we raise gon' have that nigga syndrome Or will it know to beat the odds regardless of the skin tone? Or will it feel that if we tune it, it just might get picked on? Or will it give a fuck about what others say and get gone? They alienate-us cause we different keep your hands to the sky Like Sounds of Blackness when I practice what I preach ain't no lie I'll be the baker and the maker of the piece of my pie Now breaker, breaker 10-4 can I get some reply? Now everybody say [Hook] Now throw your hands in the air And wave 'em like you just don't care And if you like fish and grits and all that pimp shit Everybody let me hear you say, "O-Yea-yer" Now throw your hands in the air And wave 'em like you just don't care And if you like fish and grits and all that pimp shit Everybody let me hear you say, "O-Yea-yer" [Verse 3: Big Boi] Every day I sit while my nigga be in school Thinking about the second album at the Dungeon shooting pool Like E-S to the P-N, cause we adjust to the beat in the zone (zone) Honey, I'm home but I'm not married Carried a lot of problems around being frustrated And now I'm sitting at the end of the month I just made it Like you made the B team, and like your daddy's wife you making that coffee You heard the ATLiens, so back the hell up off me [Verse 4: Andre 3000] Softly as if I played piano in the dark Found a way to channel my anger now to embark The world's a stage and everybody's got to play	

their part God works in mysterious ways so when he starts The job of speaking through us we be so sincere with this here No drugs or alcohol so I can get the signal clear as day Put my Glock away I got a stronger weapon That never runs out of ammunition so I'm ready for war okay [Hook] Now throw your hands in the air And wave 'em like you just don't care And if you like fish and grits and all that pimp shit Everybody let me hear you say, "O-Yea-yer" Now throw your hands in the air And wave 'em like you just don't care And if you like fish and grits and all that pimp shit Everybody let me hear you say, "O-Yea-yer"	

4. Wheelz of steel	
[Intro: Big Boi] Uhh, as I sit in my b-boy stance With flip-flops and socks, and sweatpants We finna enhance your brain, check it out [Verse 1: Big Boi] Once upon a time not long ago When the playa from the Point didn't have no flow A nigga hit me for my tennis shoes, walking to the store Caught a nigga slipping, but now I lay it to the flo' Just like carpet, cause I got the heat in my baby Momma name now, never bragging just to stay knot Even when I was a younger lad I learned my lesson Never talked to strangers in the trap and answer questions [Verse 2: André 3000] The Pope and his folks got us under a scope But for unknown reasons cause we don't sell dope That you distribute, we don't contribute, to your clandestine Activity, my soliloquy, may be hard for some to swallow But so is cod liver oil You went behind my back like Bluto when he	In de intro van het nummer kondigt Big Boi aan dat dit nummer de gemoedstoestand zal verbeteren. Verwijzing naar shout, een nummer uit 1984; hiermee roept hij op om het allemaal te laten gaan.

cut up Olive Oyl
Two things I hate liars and thieves they make my blood boil
Boa constricted, on my soul that they coil

[Hook: André 3000]
Touched by the wheelz of steel...
Now show me how you feel...

[Verse 2: Big Boi]
It took your momma nine months to make it
But it only took a nigga thirty minutes to take it
Cut that kronk clean up I did, but I did so not safely
Don't want no AIDS, *clapping* no claps, or no rabies

[André 3000]
Yo, we take no shit, like ummm, stopped up commodes
Gotta collect call, they done locked up my folks
Low blow, hit me in the left ventricle
We won't be able to ride out till two thousand fo'

[Big Boi]
But not for long cause we got a better sack to serve
Trying to take you other people for your rims at the curb
Fore you swerve and bust ya forehead, go head, go head
More head for me, while you ride to the beat

[André 3000]
Drop, like Tears, like For Fears, you know
Shout Shout let it all out, just for my peers
And peoples who feel it's time to unwind
Like December 31st, on nineteen-ninety-nine

[Hook]

[Verse 3: André 3000]
Okay, like this, yeah yeah
One time for my boys doing King shit
Two times for legit and it don't quit
Three times for my folks in the drop top
Four times OutKast and it don't stop
One time for my girls doing Queen thangs
Dead fresh to the T eating chicken wings
Three times for my guhls in the beauty shop
Four times OutKast and it don't stop

[Interlude]

[Hook]

5. Jazzy belle	
[Verse 1: Andre 3000] Oh yes I love her like Egyptian, want a description? My royal highness So many plusses when I bust that there can't be no minus Went from yelling crickets and crows Bitches and hoes to queen thangs Over the years I been up on my toes and yes I seen thangs Like Kilroy, chill boi because them folks might think you soft Talking like that man fuck them niggas I'm going off And coming right back like boomerangs when you throw em With these old ghetto poems Thinking it's better for em When they can let they thumb down from hitch hiking Inviting niggas into the temple they call the body Now everybody got it, had it, talked about it amongst they friends Coming around my crew looking Jazzy, wanna pretend Like you Ms. Goody Four-Shoes Even Bo knew that you got poked Like acupuncture patients While our nation is a boat, straight sinking I hate thinking that these the future mommas of our chill'un They fucking a different nigga every time They get the feeling to I'm willing to go the extra kilo-meter Just to see my señorita get her pillow On the side of my bed where no good ever stay House and doctor was the games we used to play But now it's real Jazzy Belle [Verse 2: Big Boi] See what if you was a playa, real playa not no flaw Having the very best of life lots of steak and Perignon Smoking an ounce of weed and every single day was personal FreakNik Freaking these hoes in Polo clothes, life as you conceived it But your conception, deception, looking into your eyes I see	De titel is een verwijzing naar het stereotype van een Afro-Amerikaanse vrouw als zijnde op seks gericht. Dit was een counter-image van het midden negentiende eeuwse ideaal van de Victoriaanse vrouw. De Afro-Amerikaanse vrouw werd zo bestempeld als immoreel en als veel relaties hebbend. Jazzy Belle is een woordspeling op dit stereotype. Het verwijst dus enerijds naar Jezebel en anderzijds naar southern belle, de zuidelijke schoonheid. Verwijzing naar *Kilroy was Here*.. In het nummer kaart hij deze negatieve stereotypen aan, en hoe deze het gedrag van vrouwen tegenwoordig heeft beïnvloed. Vrouwen zouden zich volgens Andre3000 en Big Boi anders moeten gedragen; meer zoals een 'Natural Woman'. Verwijzing naar Bo Jackson; wereldberoemd Afro-Amerikaanse atleet.

You weapon and it's depressing They're digging up in your thighs Leaving deposits keep your closets open knocking your boots and drawers Hoping to get you sprung like bail-bonds Steadily calling me Antwan Cause you thinking that you my lady bitch don't play me cause you're janky I wanted to hit that ass but me and the Goodie we got danky So thank thee, for running that Southerplayalistic game You was the only one to blame A nigga don't even know your name It's a shame, you cracking em up and fucking a nigga like 2Pac up I'm leaving these foes to be the flowers and wake don't get me see I gotta be feeding my daughter Teach her to be that Natural Woman Cause you'll be Waiting to Exhale while you other hoes be Dumb and Dumber, yeah you know what I'm saying	
[Verse 3: Andre 3000] See me and ol' girl, in the black on black 'Llac no star Windows are tinted so that no one knows who us are Talk bad about her nigga guaranteed to snap like bra Strap, sticking together like grandma and grandpa-pa In this dog-eat-dog world Kitty cats be scratching on my Furry coat to curl Up with me and my bowl of kibbles and bits I want to earl Cause most of the girls that we was liking in high school Now they dykeing	Verwijzing naar film met overwegend Afro-Amerikaanse cast; waiting to exhale.
[Big Boi] Having no mercy for the disrespect-ful ones, some Be hanging around the crew looking for funds, dumb Deaf and fine, they be asking me all about mine How she doing how she be I know she's sipping that wine Behind my back they squawk like vultures Off and On like Trends of Cultures baby Hey he, faking it like these sculptured nails	Bovendien zegt Andre3000 zelf veranderd te zijn, hij was eerst ook enkel op seks uit; nu ziet hij de Afro-Amerikaanse vrouw als 'Queen'.

But they can go to hell and lay with Lucifer Cause they burning anyway, Big Boi use 'er and abuse 'er	Toch heeft hij problemen met de seksuele moraal van het moment; want dit zijn de ouders van de toekomst. Hiermee zal de samenleving nog verder zinken.

6. Elevators (me & you)	
[Verse 1: André 3000] One for the money, yes, sir, two for the show A couple of years ago on Headland and Delowe Was the start of something good Where me and my nigga rode the MARTA through the hood Just tryna find that hook up Now everyday we looked up at the ceiling Watching ceiling fans go 'round, tryna catch that feeling Off instrumentals, had my pencil and plus my paper We caught the 86 Lithonia headed to Decatur Writing rhymes, tryna find our spot off in that light Light off in that spot, knowing that we could rock Doing the hole in the wall clubs This shit here must stop, like "Freeze!" We making the crowd move, but we not making no G's And that's a no-no [Verse 2: Big Boi] Check it, a one-two, a one-two dope niggas in the Cadillac They call us, went from Player's Ball to ballers Putting the South up on the map was like Little Rock to banging Niggas say mothafuck that playing, they paying, we staying laying vocals Locales done made it with them big boys up in this industry "OutKast, yeah, them niggas, they making big noise" Over a million sold to this day, niggas they take it lightly '96 gon' be that year that all y'all playa haters can bite me, I'm out this bitch [Hook] Me and you Your momma and your cousin too Rolling down the strip on Vogues Coming up, slamming Cadillac doors Me and you Your momma and your cousin too	De eerste referentie lijkt op het eerste gezicht een beetje ver gezocht, maar in de context van dit nummer lijkt het zeer aannemelijk dat er een historisch lading achter zit. De buslijk 86 staat tevens symbool voor de verplaatsing van het overwegend, witte gedeelte van de stad met goede voorzieningen naar de achterbuurt, met slechte voorzieningen waar overwegend Afro-Amerikanen wonen. Verwijzing naar Little Rock Arkansas; Little Rock werd in 1956 wereldberoemd. De segregatie was officieel opgeheven in het Zuiden, maar de Governeur van Arkansas, Orval E. Faubus weerhield negen Afro-Amerikaanse leerlingen van het betreden van de voormalig witte school. Kan ook verwijzen naar een documentaire uit 1992 die het geweld in Little Rock nationale bekendheid gaf.

Rolling down the strip on Vogues Coming up, slamming Cadillac doors [Verse 3: Big Boi] Back in the day, when I was younger, hunger Looking to fill me belly with that Rally's bullshit Pull shit off, like it was supposed to be pulled Full as a tick, I was stoned like them white boys Smoking them white girls, before them blunts, got crunk, chunky asses Passes getting thrown like Hail Mary's And they looking like Halle Berry's So so fine, intertwined, but we ain't sipping wine We's just chilling, I'm the rabid villain, and I'm so high Smoking freely, me, Lil B, Reek, Mone and Shug And my little brother James, thangs changed in the hood Where I live at, them rats know, "Momma I want to sing But momma I want to trick, and momma I'm sucking dick now" We moving on up in the world like elevators Me and the crew, we pimps like '82, me and you like Tony Toni Tone (Like this, East Point and we gone) [Hook] Me and you Your momma and your cousin too Rolling down the strip on Vogues Coming up, slamming Cadillac doors Me and you Your momma and your cousin too Rolling down the strip on Vogues Coming up, slamming Cadillac doors [Verse 4: André 3000] Got stopped at the mall the other day Heard a call from the other way that I just came from Some nigga was saying something, talking 'bout smoke something "Hey man, you remember me from school?" "No not really" But he kept smiling like a clown, facial expression looking silly And he kept asking me, "What kinda car you drive? I know you paid, I know y'all got beaucoup of hoes From all them songs that y'all done made" And I replied that I had been going through the same things that he had	

True, I've got more fans than the average man But not enough loot to last me To the end of the week, I live by the beat Like you live check-to-check If it don't move your feet then I don't eat So we like neck-to-neck Yes, we done come a long way like them slim-ass cigarettes From Virginia, this ain't gon' stop, so we just gon' continue [Hook] Me and you Your momma and your cousin too Rolling down the strip on Vogues Coming up, slamming Cadillac doors Me and you Your momma and your cousin too Rolling down the strip on Vogues Coming up, slamming Cadillac doors Me and you Your momma and your cousin too Rolling down the strip on Vogues Coming up, slamming Cadillac doors Me and you Your momma and your cousin too Rolling down the strip on Vogues Coming up, slamming Cadillac doors Me and you	

7. Ova da wudz	
[Intro] Something's gotta give! Yeah, you know what I'm sayin? Uhh Herndon Homes, unh, Martel Homes, Carver Homes, Techwood Martin Luther King, Bankhead [Verse 1: Big Boi] Under-cover, over the hills and through the woods I go Like green lights, a Southern nigga that's comin' for your throat But not no guillotine see, we be them Southern playas Remember the football socks, aerobic Reeboks and Decaturs, now You up to par and ready for your lesson I got an ounce of dank and a couple of drinks so let's crank up a session Like Tri-Cities High School, was pulling 'em in a broke down Rabbit I spit a couple of words and laying em down was	Geen referenties. Beschrijving van de ‘projects’ waar Big Boi en Andre zijn opgegroeid.

just a habit Just like Smokey, choking off da pee-wee that we rolled up Talking about the clique will get you laid down hella swoled up Hootie Hoo slapped you boys across the cheek with Isotoners And went to tell yo momma and yo pop that you was a goner Tell 'em Big Boi did it; I swear that nigga be rhyming Every lyric that he spit be turning charcoals into Diamonds and Pearls Girl, when you giving up them drawers, 'cause I got a couple of niggas down the hall That wanna hit it too, I'm not the type to be acting selfish Set it out and let it out and I'll be right back just like Elvis 'Cause the postman rings twice... Hey Mr. Postman... [Hook: Witchdoctor (x2)] Power, power, I come, gimme some The deadly voice over drums, we from, ATL Put tha SWATS SWATS on yo' car Let's travel far, tha Southern star shines [Verse 2: André 3000] Everybody wanna get signed, but (I'm here to tell you) Record companies act like pimps Getting paid off what we made when we the ones that's fly like blimps But ain't no Goodyear, I tell it like it is so I'm like look here Just willing to get what I deserve, my kids do have a mother And a little house, with a dog in the backyard going "woof-woof" Who knows what I must face when I leave this recording booth? Poof, back in the real world where birds fly From Miami by way of Cuba to whoever wants to get that high There's clouds of clowns, seas of G's Pro-jects, packed with playas meditating on their knees Just to make them ends meet, like ground beef, you won't believe The shit that niggas attempt 'cause they got other mouths to feed Besides they own [Hook: Witchdoctor (x2)]	

Power, power, I come, gimme some The deadly voice over drums, we from, ATL Put tha SWATS SWATS on yo' car Let's travel far, tha Southern star shines [Verse 3: Big Boi] It's some hoes in this house, damn right I'm thinking about the way you skull me, girls be Sucking me dry like deserts Mojave, Gotti, hotties and honeydips Liking the way you do me, screw me and make my money flip Shaking that ass for daddy, putting this gas off in my Cadi-llac Back, don't ever snap, packing the gats and pimping whores Hors d'oeuvres, swerve, hit the curb because I'm reckless Back in the days when I was broke I'd snatch your fucking necklace You ol' pussy-ass nigga... yeah	

8. Babylon	
[Verse 1: André 3000] I came into this world high as a bird From second hand cocaine powder I know it sounds absurd I never tooted but its in my veins While the rest of the country bungies off bridges Without no snap back And bitches they say they need that To shake they fannies in the ass clubs They go the other route Turn each other out Burn each other out Where a bona fide nigga like me Can't even get no back rub these days Ain't that bleak on they part But let me hold it down, cause they shut you down When you speak from your heart Now that's hard While we ranting and raving bout gats Nigga, they made them gats They got some shit that'll blow out our backs From where they stay at [Hook] Ooooh, I fear the battle's just begun Ooooh, though we're here someday we will be gone So I'm hoping, wishing, praying	Gaat over de religiositeit van Andre3000. In het nummer is Babylon synoniem voor Amerika, waar hebzucht, lust en het kwaad overheersen. Analogie gebruikt om wederom de seksuele moraal in de VS aan te kaarten.

To keep my faith in you, in you,in you [Verse 2: André 3000] I'm fascinated by the way yo Nipples peak at me through yo blouse Freaky me, freaky you Can't help but be aroused 'Scuse me, Lord lustful thinking But that's the way we was brought up Sneaking to watch Playboy at night We all must be caught up in worldly ways Chemistry between boys and girls Is a lot like when we went to the woods And laid with the squirrels During P.E., we'd be Exploring each others privates Hunching with all our clothes on Until we felt excited then, aaaah Oh now its on from here on out Put yo hands in the atmosphere If you know what I'm talking bout Now if too harsh then walk on out And I'll see you on the next song They call it horny Because its devilish Now see we dead wrong [Hook] Ooooh, I fear the battle's just begun Ooooh, though we're here someday we will be gone So I'm hoping, wishing, praying To keep my faith in you, in you,in you [Verse 3: Big Boi] People don't know the stress I'm dealing with day to day Speaking about the feeling I'm possessing for Renee Moping around and wondering where she stay Saw her last that she lay Give it another day I say But the lord he taketh away Now give it back lawd Cause that's like backboards without the rims Me and my auntie was tight like Southwest Before the pinks moved in Like the niggas who owned the liquor store Crack cocaine, pimps and whores Living up on this earth Before a nigga like daddy was born But they be making it seem That my music and crime are a team But I'm speaking the truth not dreams	

So what in the fuck they mean My lyrics ain't clean Ooooh, I fear the battle's just begun Ooooh, though we're here someday we will be gone So I'm hoping, wishing, praying To keep my faith in you, in you Ooooh, I fear the battle's just begun Ooooh, though we're here someday we will be gone So I'm hoping, wishing, praying To keep my faith in you, in you Ooooh, I fear the battle's just begun Ooooh, though we're here someday we will be gone So I'm hoping, wishing, praying To keep my faith in you,my faith in you, my faith in you My faith in you,my faith in you,my faith in you,my faith in you My faith..	

9. Wailin’	
[Verse 1: Big Boi] In the zone like Keyser Söze Always the Usual Suspect No check, all I got in this game is my respect And Southern pride, I'd be Checking my fucking head Scared, looking up in your face, boy, I see dead If you test like SAT, then I guess that we may be Enemies in the P's, freestyles be freebies I be that wrong nigga to fuck with, wouldn't I? Wouldn't I be the wrong one to try Never eating chicken thighs Only the twenty piece mojo Flows on like Flo Jo I wanted to figure out, just how low could your hoe go The beat hit like Beat Street Krush Groove and Breakin' Never baking, rebuking Satan We had you waiting For the Second Coming, funny how time flies when you're rhyming LaFace Records, I think they got that perfect timing To be doper than Saddam, believe the Nation of Islam Fuck the police and the dogs, sniffing that dope up out your car I think they overstep they boundaries OJ, not guilty, that's how they found he	Wederom verwijzingen naar Afro-Amerikaanse films zoals eerder. Een verwijzing naar Nation of Islam. Big Boi roept op om dit geloof aan te hangen. Daarna een woordspeling over de politie en privacy. Het is belangrijk om op te merken dat de zaak tegen OJ Simpson en de Rodney King rellen nog vers

[Interlude: Cee-Lo] Mmm, yeah, mmm, mmm (Repeat 4X) [Verse 2: Andre] I felt the pressure like sun shining While raining at the same time I kept on rhyming Not complaining Storm braining cats and dogs My catalog be the size of golf balls Throw up your Daisy Dukes I'm Hazzard-ous to all you Boss Hoggs And Rosco P. Col' people Who caboose my locomotive But enough of that, everyone can rap but let's say gift's a motive I use my gift of gab to boast and brag in every rhyme I Compose won't y'all get sick of that, 'cause I know I do when I hear those Flows that ain't hip-hop You find that shit in the gift shop But to each his own, my speech is born Keep that shit up outta my zone Long as you happy then I'm happy Even if you just hate my fucking guts go 'head and dap me 'Cause I'm gon' dap you anyway And then go home and pray for your ass later 'Cause we might need you in this war, I'm wailing on you traitors Like that	in het geheugen liggen. Waar racistische agenten ontmaskerd werden. In het nummer wederom een verwijzing naar corrupte politie. Nu naar een film uit de jaren tachtig, een verwijzing naar een corrupte agent. Verwijzing naar de emancipatie strijd als zijnde een oorlog van alle Afro-Amerikanen.

10. Mainstream (ft. Khujo Goodie & T-Mo)	
[Verse 1: T-Mo Goodie] Revolutionary, scary Thought provoking, spoken Words of a change I don't feel but I see Visions from me at 23 Making it free in my community One day is what I live for Ain't thinking about no hope no more I got my boots I kick it 'til I get with Adapt and overcome, oh hum hum Go get my gun, load up for fun, and put down with the frown What goes round comes round from M.L.K. to Cascade I know it's through them plenty figures Cocaine dealers walk the wrong side	Het nummer snijdt het leven op de straten aan, waar criminaliteit gebruikt wordt om geld en respect te verwerven. Dit is tegelijker tijd mainstream geworden, men denkt er niet meer over na.

Up in they rides Looking cleaner then I seen them the last time Then selling dimes, now its quarter ki's, stacking G's In the South Indies My nigga them folks riding bicycles among vehicles Off in the hood Knowing each and every nigga selling, but can you blame The fact the only way a brother can survive the game The block hard to get by the dope dealing Fatal killings, and fed time, to writing rhymes It ain't just the police We kill each other just lost another brother Fast living will get you took Thinking it can't happen to you and then it do Off crooked schemes it's just a dream Floating face down in the mainstream [Hook] Think it is when it ain't all peaches and cream That's why some are found floating face down in the mainstream [Verse 2: Andre 3000] They swan diving Fit they name be Gretchen von Ivan Volkoff rushin' to finish their album then you find them Lost, dog paddling, backstroking, what done happened? Be rhyming "catch of the day" when the recipe calls for "blackened" Wrong ingredients Maybe too much herbs and spices Maybe you got hungry for the wrong dish Of them greens and it's enticing how them Jones's sing So I'm gonna sing just like them to get where they at I'll even break my by back to touch their rim, if I gotta My alta mater be that I follow I bite whatever that's looking tasty, water it down then swallow I hope you vomit, won't call no names cause that's not my job It just applies to whom it may concern, you know who you are But if you don't you never will, you just receive the steel But then it might get ugly 'cause trust me niggas do feel	

The way that I felt when I wrote this, but we must stay in focus We kings and queens up in this thing, get rid of all them jokers Face down, face down, face down [Hook] Think it is when it ain't all peaches and cream That's why some are found floating face down in the mainstream [Verse 3: Khujo Goodie] I let you stay in my crib, now you know where I live When you was hungry, fed you a hot meal Look at the hand you deal Me crudball business, niggas giving inches, so here, take a foot Luck only counts in rabbit's feet and horseshoes Experience is sometimes the best teacher until we get our own plate I hope you don't mind me eating off of yours Process sm-m-moking like Jerry Meanwhile, fairies up the street sprinkling pixie dust over greenery Never to attain another level of conscience Only to test, the potency Why laying here, they scheme over one another mouth to feed Deceased with a decision to make, now words shake your destiny But one miss will take it all the way, just as quick as you can say "I wish I never did what I did", now face this bid It was the company you kept, the many places you slept When you shouldn't have, geeking like a rat, jumping like a trap Contributing to sin and your nigga bitch in the club showing pink for 10 Got you niggas where they want you again Floating face down in the mainstream That's why, that's why, that's why [Hook] Think it is when it ain't all peaches and cream That's why some are found floating face down in the mainstream [Verse 4: Big Boi] Everybody's a player, wearing them Kangols on their head Thinking it's all about your clothes, nigga, it's all	

about your self The way you feel about your life, the times that you done shared with Your friends and family, up and down like hoes give head To dicks oh, six, serving them in the mix, but ain't no mystery You know the history about this clique, bitch Oh, what, you want me to call you slut? Then why you fucking all them niggas letting them all up in your guts But see that AIDS I'm afraid that's why I play the quiet role I lay in the cut, every month thinking I'll let that fire roll Like chimneys, and smoke signals, maybe peace pipes even My partners call me Big Boi and my first name is not Steven In the mainstream, home team banging them with these hits In the mix, flowing like some motherfucking swordfish [Hook 4X] Think it is when it ain't all peaches and cream That's why some are found floating face down in the mainstream	

11. Decatur Psalm (ft. Big Gipp & Cool Breeze)	
[Verse 1: Cool Breeze] I call the crib they say "Breeze you ain't know?" I say "What?" "Big Time got popped in his Benzo!" I said "Damn man, I'm riding in his Lexus I'm bout to dump this nigga's shit in New Dimensions Get to the crib so I can call Big Slate up And tell em the money man done slipped and got his throat cut And everything that we took from the warehouse I heard somebody talking 'bout it at the White House Man I thought you said that this job was for me and you I ain't know that Bill Clampett wanted some too You tell his folks that I'm sorry bout that Lexus I'm 'bout to dip and see my sister up in... naaah! Can't even tell you where I put my extra playa card Cause them Red Dog police know we homeboys Just tell everybody who owe us a dime It's the "great ho round up yo money" time	Verwijzing naar Red Dog unit; een controversiële politie eenheid uit Atlanta.

I got to have mine, then I'm outta here! Take a loss, come back up just like Coco Grier Ain't got to worry bout yo' partner getting caught like a lame It won't be over til that big girl from Decatur sang" (It won't be over till that big girl from Decatur sang! East Point police don't know a damn thang...) [Verse 2: Big Boi] Yeah, it won't be over, check this out Can you see what I be hearing talking to spirits when I sleep Peep this out real quick Slick, we gets on this beat and speak About that pimp shit, that walk with dat limp shit, that hemp shit Looking up in your face I see a coward and a dimwit Looking to run up in my private home just like you was the folks Serving a warrant to a baby daddy, who didn't come to court On a Tuesday, April Fool's Day, don't get caught slipping Leaving the keys off in the ignition, making me guilty by suspicion Penny pinchers trying to stack for ninety-six Buying another Fleetwood, Diamond took it, so know we's in the mix I need to take my ass to the crib and drop the baby off Cause them niggas at the corner sto' been looking at me for too long Staring like accidents on highways, high days are better than sober ones Don't be biased, but I know it has to come So I put two in the sky to let them know I'm babysitting Y'all don't know nothing bout Big Boi cause that nigga steady dipping It ain't over (why that, why that) till the bitch open her mouth up And sang... [Verse 3: Big Gipp] Took me a long time to get here Long time man I'm talking about, years, and years Riding past funeral fields holding bodies of my peers If you don't educate yourself Now how the fuck you gonna understand how you supposed to get paid?	

Niggas walk around get with shade tree ass ways Fuck a fade, let my hair drag Back and forth like a see-saw Jumping Lily, to lilypad dag Looking to get my Goodie feel I'm broke in like some old men Who'd stop dem or would stop I'm dropping lines for the big plot Sixteen is when I started this dream It's ninety-six I'm in your face Can you hear that bitch scream? (It won't be over til that big girl from Decatur sang...)	

12. Millenium	
[Verse 1: André 3000] Me and everything around me, is unstable like Chernobyl Ready to go at any moment, jumping like a pogo stick Life never lived up to my expectations, so I accept the patience Expect the worse but now I'm pacing, back and forth Inside I'm melting like water on wicked witches A monster truck done came and ran over my picket fences I had the best of life in my clenches, but monkey wrenches was thrown Like chairs kings sit on, my prayers seem too long I fall asleep before the ending, don't even get to say Amen I hope He understand I be on bended knees At times, I think I'm crazy, then I say 'forget it' Or maybe it's the devil infiltrating and like Riddick...Bowe I've been fighting this since them fetus days I count from one to twenty, when I'm through, repeat the phrase It's just a phase, it's gon' all pass, but that gets old too I'm weakening like a deacon doing dirt What am I s'posed do? [Hook: André 3000] Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh uh, uh uh uh uh uh (Planets and stars) Uh uh uh uh uh, uh uh uh uh uh uh (Earth, Jupiter, Mars) Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh uh, uh uh uh uh uh (Clothes, hoes, cars) Uh uh uh uh uh, uh uh uh uh uh uh (It's who you	Verwijzing naar Picket Fences dat symbool staat voor de American Dream; die is nu verwoest voor Andre 3000.

are) [Verse 2: Big Boi] See, from bedknobs to broomsticks, we looking to start some new shit I'm writing this rhyme in faith, so when you hear it, hope you true it My nigga, you do it like swooshes, the lyrical cleanse and new sense Wiping away your germs and filling your cranium with juices See Mo goes on, my slick flow flows on Straight from West Savannah, Georgia, but the S.W.A.T.S. is my home Never go wrong cause the click is tighter than gnat ass and that bad Mosquito, now we goes, "I'm proud of you people For selling your crack in sacks, I'm glad I'm white not Black" Shit, on the real, that's how them whiteys really act When your back was turned, them slackers learned and now we falling apart You looking me in my eye, but you ain't feeling me in your heart Yes, yes Lord, give me the power within the final hour These niggas, they leaving me stranded like Rapunzel in the tower Now or never, let's stick together and overcome But they don't feel like marching, 'cause they shoes is overrun Ain't that a bitch [Hook] Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh uh, uh uh uh uh uh (Planets and stars) Uh uh uh uh uh, uh uh uh uh uh uh (Earth, Jupiter, Mars) Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh uh, uh uh uh uh uh (Clothes, hoes, cars) Uh uh uh uh uh, uh uh uh uh uh uh (It's who you are) [Bridge] Planets and stars Earth, Jupiter, Mars Clothes, hoes, cars It's who you are [Hook] Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh uh, uh uh uh uh uh (Planets and stars) Uh uh uh uh uh, uh uh uh uh uh uh (Earth,	De Afro-Amerikaanse gemeenschap zou opmoeten komen voor hun rechten. Tegelijk verwijst hij naar de burgerrechtenbeweging waar het ‘marchen’ een bekend fenomeen is geworden Maar tegelijker tijd heeft de burgerrechten beweging niet gebracht wat het moest brengen waardoor het geloof in ongewapend protest is verdwenen.

Jupiter, Mars) Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh uh, uh uh uh uh uh (Clothes, hoes, cars) Uh uh uh uh uh, uh uh uh uh uh uh (It's who you are) [Bridge] Planets and stars Earth, Jupiter, Mars Clothes, hoes, cars It's who you are	

13. E.T. (Extraterrestrial)	
[Verse 1: Big Boi] Peep what I say Everyday - the sun sets just like clockwork To put the Glock to work And putting the body to standstills Man it kills me Taking that life is like taking a shit Hit or miss, niggas are playing God Trying to rob and steal That's why ya gotta guard ya grill Like a barbecue cause them harming you Are just like honeybees swarming you Vocally arming you was my responsibility It's killing me thinking that all these niggas see they flauging Thinking they Steven Seagal and balling Falling to the wayside when ya try to call, I've fallen When we was little nappy headed niggas in the projects But now they carjacks, wait on income tax and unsafe sex Still yet they tend to flex - like solo for tha lo-lo Smoke same thing -- no-no, not this time Niggas around my way can rhyme So fuck that country shit - we done a bunch of shit And yes ya heard of this out of this world like E.T Coming across ya T.V Extraterrestrial - straight from ATL [Hook] Out of this world Are you alien? Out of this world... [Verse 2: André 3000] Right now I'm smiling, taking advantage of this moment Cause there might not be another soon	verwijzing naar klassieke literatuur

Holding on to memories like roller coaster handle bars Tightly cause I'm slightly off my rocker But to you I may appear to be your average Joe But little do you know that even Joe got problems that he gots to joust with Floating in this game of life despite how out of place you may feel In this race oh you just can't quit Ain't that a bitch that be in heat I'm on the beat like cops Only cultivate the stable dirt when I skeet my drops No concentrating knocking other niggas out the box Why? Cause in a sense see we all be kind of fly Just can't be scared to spread your wings, head to better things Maybe the mockingbird and nightingale they want to sing Keeping this thing alive, to the table's what we bring We like hailstorms and blizzards in the middle of the spring Extraterrestrial [Hook]	

14. 13th floor / growing old	
[Intro: Big Rube] Conceive true deception multiplied a million fold Visualize the yin and yang in a battle so intense That we get em confused The resident evil specialize in misconstruing We wanna be at a presidential level -- what are we doin' Fooling ourselves, clowning ourselves, playing ourselves By not being ourselves We can't babble no more than we can bob our head offbeat Nimrod by the time we forty cause we can't get off meat While we ask no reason for the misplacement of the season Look at the picture that's painted Tainted as the mind who's blinded to the point Where Sodomites get all the rights We fall for fights with fisticuffs Get pissed enough to miss the bus It disgusts me to see my folks run up on I say stand upon this section of time marked Revelations	Laatste nummer van het album. Weer een verwijzing naar de bijbel; en symboliseert in de bijbel de aanname van cultuur en taal door de Babyloniers. Nimrod was de tiran van Babylon. Nimrod betekent in normale taal ook wel idioot. Volgens Big Rube zijn mensen idioot bezig omdat zij nog steeds vlees eten. Dit hang wederom samen met het aanhangen van de Nation of Islam.

And recognize this mind-numbing reality of horror Known as mankind Jesus and his twelve disciples make thirteen A righteous number of righteous men Even Judas the Betrayer came true in the end The Devil say the end is the beginning They teach that we were the product of incest Invest no level of self into their system of Paganomics Stand with us and don't look back upon it Just face this mindstate Otherwise Babylon [Hook: Debra Killings] Like memories of yesterday... "Ninety-six gonna be that year"... [Verse 1: Andre 3000] I bet you never heard of a playa with no game Told the truth to get what I want, but shot it with no shame Take this music dead serious while others entertain I see they're making their paper so I guess I can't complain Or can I? I feel they're disrespecting the whole thang Them hooks like selling dope to black folks And I choke when the food they serving ain't tasting right My stomach can't digest it even when I bless it I'm confessing one more lesson from the South, we in the house tonight Now hootie who wants to oppose? Suppose We rolls through Headland and Delowe Where me and my niggas would pass the flow And got down for ours like hind catchers My mind catches flashbacks to the black past While mind close niggas laugh at The Southern slang, finger waves and Mojo chicken wangs I grew up on booty shake we did not know no better thang So go 'head and, diss it, while real hop-hippers listen Started by Afrika Bambaata, so you and your partner Gather your thoughts [Hook: Debra Killings] Something's gotta change Sounds of laughter and happiness turn my	Verwijzing naar Reaganomics als Paganomics; dit overheerst Amerika (babylon in zijn verhaal). Reagan en de jaren tachtig staat in afro-amerikaanse cultuur tevens symbool voor het korten op de sociale welvaart en de crack epidemie.

teardrops to rain Been bearing this burden for too many of my days Looks like breezes of Autumn done finally blew my way Like memories of yesterday [Verse 2: Big Boi] Uhh, born Antwan Patton but my partners they call me Big Boi It's the nigga the B-I-G, be speaking the truth not talking that shit boy I'm thinking of checking my traps and busting my raps And throwing them craps 7 Eleven is no convenience, you pumping your gas but watching your back For the robbing crew; thinking they're robbing you, you must be cautious To staying up on your game and pimping these crows, you must be flawless Like Mortal Kombat, but fucking these wombats got you dizzy My nigga you know if I wanna be playin But runnin up on me like you miss me You catching the wrong vibe, packing your shit and rolling your eyes back Flexin up on the corner tossin your dice and rollin your Cadillac But man it seems I'm reaching out and touching the wrong nigga Don't expect it to be pimping get your index off the trigger As we bust, us, we leavin em in the dust So keep that caine up out of your nose I said my piece and then I hush As the calendar keeps flippin', niggas dippin' [Hook] [Verse 3: Andre 3000] Dearly beloved we are gathered like soap is to lather we come clean Some issues need to be addressed like envelopes I mean Oh, like Liberty Bells, yes them bullets keep on ringing On fire like the Georgia Mass Choir, we keep on sanging Bringing our folks closer together cause they severed us from the get green Light and we ain't gon' stop until we hit the big screen Psych, because no one is free when others are	

oppressed So, we hit the stage and then we fly back to our nest Growing old [Verse 4: Big Boi] Like some eagles, people don't understand Just like their parents don't be caring I'm speaking bout you playing with that phony stuff you sharing In your raps Mercedes Benz and all your riches Thinking you got it but get it, get it but you ain't pimping no bitches 'Cause you flauging; falling like leaves into driveways Isn't it lovely smoking good and sloppy head on highways Fridays are tight but Saturday just makes it old Winter nights are hot warm enough to feed your soul Growing old [Hook] [Outro] See all them leaves must fall down, growing old Fat titties turn to teardrops as fat ass turns to flab Sores that was open wounds eventually turn to scab Trees bright and green turn yellow brown Autumn caught em, see all them leaves must fall down, growin' old	Verwijzing naar de Liberty Bells; een symbool van de Amerikaanse onafhakelijkheids oorlog en voor vrijheid an sich. Hier vergelijkt hijhet geluid van de liberty bells met de geweerschoten in de achterstandswijken. De vrijheid die de Liberty Bells representeert is in zijn omgeving niet aanwezig.

Album 6: Nas - Illmatic (1994)

1. The Genesis (ft. AZ & Jungle)	
[Nas] Street's disciple, my raps are trifle I shoot slugs from my brain just like a rifle Stampede the stage, I leave the microphone split Play Mr. Tuffy while I'm on some Pretty Tone shit Verbal assassin, my architect pleases When I was 12, I went to… [Hector] And you're sitting at home doing this shit I should be earning a medal for this Stop fuckin' around and be a man There ain't nothin' out here for you [Zoro] Oh yes, there is… This	In het begin van het album wordt zijn eerste uitgegeven verse, het begin van zijn rapcarrière, gesampled. Hiermee verwijst hij terug naar zijn eigen verleden. Hierop volgt een sample van de eerste ‘hiphopfilm’ Wild Style (1983), Nas heeft later in een interview aangegeven dat deze film een van de redenen was waarom hij uiteindelijk ging rappen. De manier waarop de jeugd zich uitdrukte in deze film was erg inspirerend voor hem.

[Jungle] Yo, Nas, yo, what the fuck is this bullshit on the radio, son? [Nas] Chill, chill! That's the shit, God, chill [AZ] Ayo, yo, pull down the shade, man Let's count this money, nigga Ayo, Nas, put the Jacksons and the Grants over there! You know what I'm sayin'? 'Cause we spendin' the Jacksons You know how we get down, baby [Nas] True, true [Jungle] Nas, yo, Nas, man Shit is mad real right now in the projects For a nigga, yo, word to mother All them crab-ass rappers be comin' up to me Man, word to mother, man I think we need to let them niggas know it's real, man [Nas] True indeed, knamsayin'? But when it's real you doin' this Even without a record contract, knamsayin'? [AZ] No question [Nas] Been doing this since back then [AZ] I'm sayin' regardless how it go down we gon' keep it real We tryin' to see many mansions and Coupes, kid [Nas] No doubt, we gon' keep it real, true, true [Jungle] Ayo, where's Grand Wizard and Mayo at, man? Takin' niggas a long time, man [Nas] Who got the Phillies? Take this Hennessy	Hierop volgt een conversatie tussen Nas en een aantal vrienden, ze bespreken wat er zoal te vinden is op de straten. Ze bespreken dat ze geld hebben en verwijzen hier naar terug als de 'Jacksons' en de 'Grants' verwijzend naar de namen van de presidenten die afgebeeld staan op de biljetten.

[AZ] Ayo, dunn C'mon, c'mon, man, stop wavin' that, man! Stop pointin' that at me, dunn, take the clip out! [Nas] Nigga, alright, but take this Hennessy, man! [AZ] I'm sayin' take the clip, man, c'mon, take it out! [Nas] Light them Phillies up, man! Niggas stop fuckin' burnin' Phillies, man Light some Phillies up then! [Jungle] Pass that henrock, pass that henrock! Nigga, act like you know! [AZ] Yo, we drinkin' this straight up with no chaser I ain't fuckin' with you, nigga [Nas] I'm saying though, man [AZ] What is it, what is it, baby? [Jungle] What is it, son, what is it? [AZ] You know what time it is [Nas] I'm saying, man, you know what I'm saying? Niggas don't listen, man Representin', it's Illmatic	Hierop bespreken ze drank en drugs. Hierbij een verwijzing naar Thelonius Monk, met het nummer *straight no chaser*.

2. N.Y. state of mind	
[Intro] Yeah, yeah Ayo, black, it's time, word (Word, it's time, man) It's time, man (Aight, man, begin) Straight out the fucking dungeons of rap Where fake niggas don't make it back I don't know how to start this shit, yo... now [Verse 1] Rappers, I monkey flip 'em, with the funky rhythm I be kickin'	Het bekendste nummer van het album. Waarin hij zijn en daarmee ook de *mindstate* van New York in het jaar 1994 beschrijft.

Musician, inflictin' composition of pain I'm like Scarface sniffin' cocaine Holdin' an M16, see with the pen I'm extreme Now, bullet holes left in my peepholes I'm suited up in street clothes Hand me a 9 and I'll defeat foes Y'all know my steelo with or without the airplay I keep some E&J, sittin' bent up in the stairway Or either on the corner bettin' Grants with the cee-lo champs Laughin' at baseheads tryna sell some broken amps G-packs get off quick, forever niggas talk shit Reminiscin' about the last time the task force flipped Niggas be runnin' through the block shootin' Time to start the revolution, catch a body, head for Houston Once they caught us off-guard, the MAC-10 was in the grass and I ran like a cheetah, with thoughts of an assassin Picked the MAC up, told brothers, "Back up!" — the MAC spit Lead was hittin' niggas, one ran, I made him backflip Heard a few chicks scream, my arm shook, couldn't look Gave another squeeze, heard it click, "Yo, my shit is stuck!" Try to cock it, it wouldn't shoot, now I'm in danger Finally pulled it back and saw Three bullets caught up in the chamber So now I'm jettin' to the building lobby And it was full of children prob'ly, couldn't see as high as I be (So what you sayin'?) It's like the game ain't the same Got younger niggas pullin' the triggers, bringin' fame to their name And claim some corners, crews without guns are goners In broad daylight, stick-up kids, they run up on us 45's and gauges, MAC's in fact Same niggas will catch you back-to-back Snatchin' your cracks in black There was a snitch on the block gettin' niggas knocked So hold your stash 'til the coke price drop I know this crackhead who said she got to smoke nice rock And if it's good, she'll bring you customers in measuring pots But yo, you gotta slide on a vacation	Persoonlijk verhaal over hoe hij verrast werd en moest rennen voor zijn leven. Hij benadrukt dat er altijd onschuldige mensen in de buurt zijn. Daarnaast vertelt hij verhalen over gevechten met de politie.

Inside information keeps large niggas erasin' and their wives basin' It drops deep as it does in my breath I never sleep, ‘cause sleep is the cousin of death Beyond the walls of intelligence, life is defined I think of crime when I'm in a New York state of mind [Hook] "New York state of mind" [Verse 2] Be havin' dreams that I'm a gangsta Drinkin' Moëts, holdin' TEC's Makin' sure the cash came correct, then I stepped Investments in stocks, sewin' up the blocks to sell rocks Winnin' gunfights with mega-cops But just a nigga walkin' with his finger on the trigger Make enough figures until my pockets get bigger I ain't the type of brother made for you to start testin' Give me a Smith & Wesson, I have niggas undressin' Thinkin' of cash flow, buddha and shelter Whenever frustrated, I'm a hijack Delta In the PJ's, my blend tape plays, bullets are strays Young bitches is grazed, each block is like a maze Full of black rats trapped plus the Island is packed From what I hear in all the stories when my peoples come back Black, I'm livin' where the nights is jet-black The fiends fight to get crack I just max, I dream I can sit back And lamp like Capone, with drug scripts sewn Or the legal luxury life, rings flooded with stones, holmes I got so many rhymes, I don't think I'm too sane Life is parallel to Hell, but I must maintain And be prosperous, though we live dangerous Cops could just arrest me, blamin' us: we're held like hostages It's only right that I was born to use mics And the stuff that I write is even tougher than dykes I've taken rappers to a new plateau Through rap slow, my rhymin' is a vitamin held without a capsule	Referentie naar de vele vliegtuig kapingen van de jaren 70 en 80. Nas stelt dat wanneer hij gefrustreerd is, bereid is om tot terrorisme over te gaan. Dit is een wederkerend thema in hiphop; Grandmaster Flash and the Furius Five *the message* kenteen zelfde soort verwijzin. Het kan een specifieke verwijzing zijn naar het kapen van Delta Ailines 841 door de *Black Liberation Army* in 1972. Hij beschrijft de social housing projects als zijnde een soort sociaal experiment voor het beleid. De Afro-Amerikanen waren in dit experiment de ‘lab-ratten’.

The smooth criminal on beat breaks Never put me in your box if your shit eats tapes The city never sleeps, full of villains and creeps That's where I learned to do my hustle, had to scuffle with freaks I'm an addict for sneakers 20's of buddha and bitches with beepers In the streets I can greet ya, about blunts I teach ya Inhale deep like the words of my breath I never sleep, 'cause sleep is the cousin of death I lay puzzle as I backtrack to earlier times Nothing's equivalent to the New York state of mind [Hook] "New York state of mind" [Outro] "Nasty Nas" Delete me! Me too!	

3. Life is a b*tch (ft. AZ)	
[Intro: AZ + Nas)] Ayo, what's up, what's up? Let's keep it real, son, count this money You know what I'm sayin'? Yeah yeah Ayo, put the Grants over there in the safe You know what I'm sayin'? 'Cause we spendin' these Jacksons The Washingtons go to wifey, you know how that go I'm sayin' that's what this is all about right Clothes, bankrolls, and hoes You know what I'm sayin'? Yo, then what man, what?! [Verse 1: AZ] Visualizin' the realism of life in actuality Fuck who's the baddest, a person's status depends on salary And my mentality is money-orientated I'm destined to live the dream for all my peeps who never made it 'Cause yeah, we were beginners in the hood as Five Percenters But somethin' must've got in us, 'cause all of us turned to sinners Now some restin' in peace and some are sittin' in San Quentin Others, such as myself, are tryin' to carry on tradition Keepin' this Schweppervescent street ghetto	Op dit nummer staat een gastbijdrage van de vader van Nas, Olu Dara. Het gaat over het leven dat is volgens Nas en gastrapper AZ zuur. Zelfde verse als op de intro. Hij stelt dat veel Afro-Amerikanen voorheen de Five Percent Nation aanhingen, maar de hedendaagse situatie is sterk veranderd. Iedereen is van een voorbeeldige Five Percenter naar een zonderaar gegaan.

essence inside us 'Cause it provides us with the proper insight to guide us Even though we know, somehow we all gotta go But as long as we leavin' thievin' We'll be leavin' with some kind of dough So, until that day we expire and turn to vapors Me and my capers will be somewhere stackin' plenty papers Keepin' it real, packin' steel, gettin' high ‘Cause life's a bitch and then you die [Hook: AZ] (x2) Life's a bitch and then you die That's why we get high ‘Cause you never know when you're gonna go Life's a bitch and then you die That's why we puff lye ‘Cause you never know when you're gonna go [Verse 2: Nas] I woke up early on my born day; I'm 20, it's a blessin' The essence of adolescence leaves my body, now I'm fresh and My physical frame is celebrated ‘cause I made it One quarter through life, some godly-like thing created Got rhymes 365 days annual, plus some Load up the mic and bust one, cuss while I pus from My skull, ‘cause it's pain in my brain vein, money maintain Don't go against the grain, simple and plain When I was young at this I used to do my thing hard Robbin' foreigners, take they wallets, they jewels and rip they green cards Dipped to the projects, flashin' my quick cash And got my first piece of ass, smokin' blunts with hash Now it's all about cash in abundance Niggas I used to run with is rich or doin' years in the hundreds I switched my motto; instead of sayin', "Fuck tomorrow!" That buck that bought a bottle could've struck the lotto Once I stood on the block, loose cracks produce stacks I cooked up and cut small pieces to get my loot back Time is illmatic, keep static like wool fabric Pack a 4-matic to crack your whole cabbage	

[Hook: AZ] Life's a bitch and then you die That's why we get high 'Cause you never know when you're gonna go Life's a bitch and then you die That's why we puff lye 'Cause you never know when you're gonna go Life's a bitch and then you die [Trumpet Outro: Olu Dara] Delete me! Me too!	

4. The world is your	
[Hook: Pete Rock + Nas] {It's yours} Whose world is this? The world is yours, the world is yours It's mine, it's mine, it's mine—whose world is this? It's mine, it's mine, it's mine—whose world is this? The world is yours, the world is yours It's mine, it's mine, it's mine—whose world is this?	In dit nummer maakt hij duidelijk dat hij geen vertrouwen heeft in de politiek, daarentegen wel in het geld dat invloed kan kopen.
[Verse 1: Nas] I sip the Dom P, watchin' Gandhi 'til I'm charged, then Writin' in my book of rhymes, all the words past the margin Behold the mic I'm throbbin', mechanical movement Understandable smooth shit that murderers move with The thief's theme; play me at night, they won't act right The fiend of hip-hop has got me stuck like a crack pipe The mind activation, react like I'm facin' Time like Pappy Mason, with pens I'm embracin' Wipe the sweat off my dome, spit the phlegm on the streets Suede Timbs on my feet makes my cipher complete Whether cruisin' in a Six cab or Montero Jeep I can't call it; the beats make me fallin' asleep I keep fallin', but never fallin' six feet deep I'm out for presidents to represent me (Say what?) I'm out for presidents to represent me (Say what?) I'm out for dead presidents to represent me	Nas beschrijft dat hij zich klaar maakt om ongelijkheid de bestrijden. Dit doet hij met een verwijzing naar de biografische film Gandhi. Nas stelt dat hij mensen aan het denken wil zetten.

[Hook: Pete Rock + Nas] {It's yours} Whose world is this? The world is yours, the world is yours It's mine, it's mine, it's mine — whose world is this? It's mine, it's mine, it's mine — whose world is this? The world is yours, the world is yours It's mine, it's mine, it's mine — whose world is this? [Bridge: Nas] To my man Ill Will God bless your life To my peoples throughout Queens God bless your life [Verse 2: Nas] I trip, we box up crazy bitches Aimin' guns in all my baby pictures Beef with housing police, release scriptures that's maybe Hitler's Yet I'm the mild, money-gettin' style, rollin' foul The versatile, honey-stickin', wild, golden child Dwellin' in the Rotten Apple, you get tackled Or caught by the devil's lasso, shit is a hassle There's no days for broke days We sell it, smoke pays, while all the old folks pray To Jesús, soakin' their sins in trays of holy water Odds against Nas are slaughter Thinkin' a word best describin' my life to name my daughter My strength, my son, the star will be my resurrection Born in correction, all the wrong shit I did He'll lead a right direction How you livin'? Large, a broker charge, cards are mediocre You flippin' coke or playin' spit, spades, and strip poker? [Hook: Pete Rock + Nas] {It's yours} Whose world is this? The world is yours, the world is yours It's mine, it's mine, it's mine — whose world is this? It's mine, it's mine, it's mine — whose world is this? The world is yours, the world is yours It's mine, it's mine, it's mine — whose world is this? [Verse 3: Nas] I'm the young city bandit, hold myself down	Nas wijst op een generatie verschil; de hiphopgeneratie als Coke verkopend en de generatie daarvoor biddend dat hun kinderen veilig thuiskomen. Verwijzing naar ideen van de five percent beweging.

single-handed For murder raps, I kick my thoughts alone, get remanded Born alone, die alone; no crew to keep my crown or throne I'm deep by sound alone, caved inside, 1,000 miles from home I need a new nigga for this black cloud to follow 'Cause while it's over me it's too dark to see tomorrow Tryin' to maintain, I flip, fill the clip to the tip Picturin' my peeps not eatin' can make my heartbeat skip And I'm amped up, they locked the champ up Even my brain's in handcuffs Headed for Indiana, stabbin' women like the Phantom The crew is lampin', Big Willie style Check the chip-toothed smile, plus I profile wild Stash loot in fly clothes, burnin' dollars to light my stoge Walk the blocks with a bop, checkin' dames Plus the games people play bust the problems of the world today [Hook: Pete Rock + Nas] {It's yours} Whose world is this? The world is yours, the world is yours It's mine, it's mine, it's mine — whose world is this? It's mine, it's mine, it's mine — whose world is this? The world is yours, the world is yours It's mine, it's mine, it's mine — whose world is this? [Outro: Nas] Yeah, a'ight? To everybody in Queens, the foundation (It's yours!) The world is yours To everybody uptown, yo, the world is yours (It's yours!) The world is yours To everybody in Brooklyn Y'all know the world is yours (It's yours!) The world is yours Everybody in Mount Vernon, the world is yours (It's yours!) Long Island, the world is yours (It's yours!) Staten Island, yeah, the world is yours (It's yours!) South Bronx, the world is yours (It's yours!) Aight	Verwijst naar zijn Afrikaanse roots; *1000 miles from home.*

5. Halftime	
[Intro] Check me out, y'all Nasty Nas in your area About to cause mass hysteria [Verse 1] Before a blunt, I take out my fronts Then I start to front; matter of fact, I be on a manhunt You couldn't catch me in the streets without a ton of reefer That's like Malcolm X catching the Jungle Fever King poetic; too much flavor, I'm major Atlanta ain't Brave-r, I'll pull a number, like a pager 'Cause I'm an ace when I face the bass 40-side is the place that is giving me grace Now wait, another dose and you might be dead And I'm a Nike-head, I wear chains that excite the Feds And ain't a damn thing gonna change I'm a performer, strange So the mic warmer was born to gain Nas, why did you do it? You know You got the mad-phat fluid when you rhyme; it's halftime [Hook] It's halftime This is how it feel Check it out, how it feel [Verse 2] It's like that, you know it's like that I got it hemmed, now you never get the mic back When I attack, there ain't an army that could strike back So I react never calmly on a hype track I set it off with my own rhyme 'Cause I'm as ill as a convict who kills for phone time I'm max like cassettes, I flex like sex In your stereo sets, Nas'll catch wreck I used to hustle; now all I do is relax and strive When I was young I was a fan of the Jackson 5 I drop jewels, wear jewels, hope to never run it With more kicks than a baby in a mother's stomach Nasty Nas has to rise, 'cause I'm wise This is exercise 'til the microphone dies Back in '83 I was an MC sparkin' But I was too scared to grab the mics in the parks, and	Een typisch nummer met een jaren 80 klank. Dit was de eerste single. Nas is hier publieke intellectueel; hij verbond engagement met kennis en het leven ansich samen met engagement met het publiek en problemen van dat publiek. Hij brengt in dit nummer het bewuste karakter van hiphop en het commerciele karakter bij elkaar. Hij beschrijft dat wanneer hij in de achterbuurt is altijd veel wiet bij heeft. Als hij dit niet zou hebben dan zou dat net zo raar zijn als wanneer je malcolm X zou betrappen met 'Jungle Fever'. Deze term werd in de jaren zestig gebruikt door leden van de Black Power beweging om Afro-Amerikanen die een relatie met blanken aangingen te bekritiseren. Vervolgens noemt hij zich 'King Poetic', een verwijzing naar het talent van MLK.

Kick my little raps ‘cause I thought niggas wouldn't understand And now in every jam I'm the fuckin' man I rap in front of more niggas than in the slave ships I used to watch "CHiPs", now I load Glock clips I got to have it, I miss Mr. Magic Versatile, my style switches, like a faggot But not bisexual; I'm an intellectual Of rap I'm a professional, and that's no question, yo These are the lyrics of the man You can't near it, understand? ‘Cause in the streets I'm well-known, like the number man Am I in place with the bass and format? Explore rap and tell me, "Nas ain't all that." And next time I rhyme, I be foul Whenever I freestyle I see trial, niggas say I'm wild I hate a rhyme-biter's rhyme Stay tuned, I assume; the real rap comes at halftime [Hook] It's halftime This is how it feel Check it out, how it feel [Verse 3] I got it going on, even flip a morning song Every afternoon, I kick half the tune And in the darkness, I'm heartless, like when the NARC's hit Word to Marcus Garvey; I hardly sparked it ‘Cause when I blast the herb, that's my word I be slayin' them fast, doing this that and the third But chill, pass the Andre, and let's slay I bag bitches up at John Jay, and hit a matinee Putting hits on 5-0 ‘Cause when it's my time to go, I wait for God with the .44 And biters can't come near And yo, go to hell to the foul cop who shot Garcia I won't plant seeds Don't need an extra mouth I can't feed That's extra Phillie change, more cash for damp weed This goes out to Manhattan, the island of Staten Brooklyn and Queens is living fat, and The Boogie Down, enough props, enough clout Ill Will, rest in peace! Yo, I'm out	“I rap in front of more niggas than in the slave ships” Nas heeft nu een groter publiek dan dat er mensen in de slavenschepen zaten. Verwijzing naar Marcus Garvey de geestelijk vader van de pan-afrikanisme beweging. Hij werd later vervolg door de Amerikaanse overheid. “And yo, go to hell to the foul cop who shot Garcia” Verwijzing naar een Afro-Amerikaan vermoord tijdens protesten in 1992, de agent die hem vermoordde is uiteindelijk veroordeeld.

6. Memory Lane (sittin' in da park)	
[Intro] Aight, fuck that shit! Word, word Fuck that other shit, y'know what I'm sayin'? We gonna do a lil somethin' like this Y'know what I'm sayin'? (Y'all doing that other shit) Keep it on and on and on and on and Know'm sayin'? Big Nas, Grand Wizard, what is it? (It's like…) Haha, you know what I'm sayin'? Yo, go ahead and rip that shit, dun!	Nas neemt ons mee naar zijn jeugd op een van de rustigste nummers van het album. We zien een soortgelijk persoonlijk verleden als bij 2pac. Nas beschrijft gevechten, drugsgebruik en handel en de armoede. Dit doet om het bredere publiek kennis te laten maken met zijn verleden, tegelijkertijd voor de mensen die met hem daar zijn opgegroeid. Hier zie je dat het persoonlijk verleden erg verbonden is met het lokale. Iets wat een algemeen kenmerk is van hiphop.
[Verse 1] I rap for listeners, bluntheads, fly ladies, and prisoners Henessey-holders and old-school niggas, then I be dissin' a Unofficial that smoke Woolie Thai I dropped out of Cooley High Gassed up by a cokehead cutie pie Jungle survivor, fuck who's the live-er My man put the battery in my back, a difference from Energizer Sentence begins indented with formality My duration's infinite, moneywise or physiology Poetry, that's a part of me, retardedly bop I drop the ancient manifested hip-hop straight off the block I reminisce on park jams, my man was shot for his sheep coat Childhood lesson make me see him drop in my weed smoke It's real, grew up in trife life, did times or white lines The hype pipes, murderous nighttimes And knife fights and blight crimes Chill on the block with Cognac, hold strap With my peeps that's into drug money market interact No sign of the beast in the blue Chrysler I guess that means peace For niggas, no sheisty vice to just snipe ya	Verwijzing naar de Urban Jungle; een wederkerend thema in hiphop. Dit idee van een 'concrete jungle' kan je terug traceren op de Furius Five, een rapgroep.

Start off the dice-rollin' mats for craps to cee-lo With side-bets, I roll a deuce, nothin' below (Peace God!) Peace God – now the shit is explained I'm takin' niggas on a trip straight through memory lane It's like that, y'all… [Hook] "Now let me take a trip down memory lane" "Comin' outta Queensbridge" [Verse 2] One for the money, two for pussy and foreign cars Three for Alizé, niggas deceased or behind bars I rap divine, God, check the prognosis: is it real or showbiz? My window faces shootouts, drug overdoses Live amongst no roses, only the drama For real, a nickel-plate is my fate, my medicine is the ganja Here's my basis, my razor embraces, many faces You're telephone blown, black, stitches or fat shoelaces Peoples are petro, dramatic automatic .44 I let blow And back down po-po when I'm vexed so My pen taps the paper, then my brain's blank I see dark streets, hustlin' brothers who keep the same rank Pumpin' for somethin', some'll prosper, some fail Judges hangin' niggas, uncorrect bails for direct sales My intellect prevails from a hangin' cross with nails I reinforce the frail, with lyrics that's real Word to Christ, a disciple of streets, trifle on beats I decipher prophecies through a mic and say "peace" I hung around the older crews While they sling smack to dingbats They spoke of Fat Cat; that nigga's name made bell rings, black Some fiends scream about Supreme Team, a Jamaica Queens thing Uptown was Alpo, son, heard he was kingpin Yo, fuck "rap is real," watch the herbs stand still Never talkin' to snakes, ‘cause the words of man kill True in the game, as long as blood is blue in my veins I pour my Heineken brew to my deceased crew on memory lane	Verwijzing naar ‘Judged hanging Niggas’een teken van de achterdocht jegens de rechtelijke macht. En een verwijzing naar het ‘lynchen’ in het Zuiden ten tijden van de Jim Crow wetten.

[Hook] "Now let me take a trip down memory lane" "Comin' outta Queensbridge" "Now let me take a trip down memory lane" "Comin' outta Queensbridge" [Outro: DJ Premier scracthing] "Comin' out of Queensbridge" (X4) "The most dangerous MC is…" "Comin' out of Queensbridge" "The most dangerous MC is…" "Comin' out of Queensbridge" "The most dangerous MC is…" "Comin' out of Queensbridge" "The most dangerous MC is…" "Me number one, and you know where me from"	

7. One love	
[Verse 1] What up, kid? I know shit is rough doin' your bid When the cops came you shoulda slid to my crib Fuck it, black, no time for lookin' back, it's done Plus, congratulations, you know you got a son I heard he looks like ya, why don't your lady write ya? Told her she should visit, that's when she got hyper Flippin', talkin' about he acts too rough He didn't listen, he be riffin' while I'm tellin' him stuff I was like, "Yeah," shorty don't care, she a snake too Fuckin' with them niggas from that fake crew that hate you But yo, guess who got shot in the dome-piece? Jerome's niece, on her way home from Jones Beach It's bugged, plus little Rob is sellin' drugs on the dime Hangin' out with young thugs that all carry 9's And night time is more trife than ever What up with Cormega? Did you see him? Are y'all together? If so, then hold the fort down, represent to the fullest Say what's up to Herb, Ice and Bullet I left a half a hundred in your commissary You was my nigga when push came to shove (One what?) One love! [Hook: Q-Tip]	Het nummer adresseert hij een oude vriend die in de gevangenis zit. Nas stelt dat hij hem had willen helpen, maar dat is nu te laat. Hij feliciteert hem met het krijgen van zijn kind en zegt dat zijn vrouwtje een ‘snake’ is. Hij zegt tegen zijn vriend, dat hij zich sterk moet houden. Nas heeft ondertussen $50 voor hem achter gelaten.

One love, one love, one love, one love One love, one love, one love, one love One love, one love, one love, one love One love, one love, one love, one love [Verse 2] Dear Born, you'll be out soon, stay strong Out in New York the same shit is goin' on The crackheads stalkin', loudmouths is talkin' Hold, check out the story yesterday when I was walkin' That nigga you shot last year tried to appear Like he hurtin' somethin' Word to mother, I heard him frontin' And he be pumpin' on your block Your man gave him your Glock And now they run together — what up, son? Whatever Since I'm on the streets I'ma put it to a cease But I heard you blew a nigga with a ox for the phone piece Wildin' on the Island, but now in Elmira Better chill, ‘cause them niggas will put that ass on fire Last time you wrote you said they tried you in the showers But maintain, when you come home the corner's ours On the reals, all these crab niggas know the deal When we start the revolution all they probably do is squeal But chill, see you on the next V-I I gave your mom dukes loot for kicks, plus sent you flicks Your brother's buckwildin' in 4-Main, he wrote me He might beat his case, 'til he come home he'll play it lowkey So stay civilized, time flies Though incarcerated your mind dies I hate it when your moms cries It kinda makes me want to murder, for reala I even got a mask and gloves to bust slugs, but one love [Hook: Q-Tip] One love, one love, one love, one love One love, one love, one love, one love One love, one love, one love, one love One love, one love, one love, one love [Verse 3] Sometimes I sit back with a Buddha sack Mind's in another world, thinkin' "How can we exist through the facts?"	

Written in school text books, bibles, et cetera Fuck a school lecture, the lies get me vexed-er So I be ghost from my projects I take my pen and pad for the weekend Hittin' L's while I'm sleepin' A two-day stay, you may say I need the time alone To relax my dome, no phone, left the 9 at home You see the streets had me stressed somethin' terrible Fuckin' with the corners have a nigga up in Bellevue Or HDM, hit with numbers from 8 to 10 A future in a maximum state pen is grim So I comes back home, nobody's out but Shorty Doo-Wop Rollin' two phillies together: in the Bridge we call 'em oo-wops He said: "Nas, niggas caught me bustin' off the roof So I wear a bulletproof and pack a black tre-deuce." He inhaled so deep, shut his eyes like he was sleep Started coughin', one eye peeked to watch me speak I sat back like The Mack, my army suit was black We was chillin' on these benches Where he pumped his loose cracks I took the L when he passed it, this little bastard Keeps me blasted and starts talkin' mad shit I had to school him, told him don't let niggas fool him 'Cause when the pistol blows The one that's murdered be the cool one Tough luck when niggas are struck, families fucked up Coulda caught your man, but didn't look when you bucked up Mistakes happen, so take heed, never bust up At the crowd, catch him solo, make the right man bleed Shorty's laugh was cold-blooded as he spoke so foul Only twelve, tryin' to tell me that he liked my style Then I rose, wipin' the blunt's ash from my clothes Then froze, only to blow the herb smoke through my nose And told my little man I'ma ghost, I broze Left some jewels in his skull that he can sell if he chose Words of wisdom from Nas: try to rise up above	In de derde verse beschrijft hij de leugens die hem geleerd zijn, afkomstig uit schoolboeken en bijbels verwerpt hij.

Keep an eye out for Jake, Shorty Wop, one love [Hook: Q-Tip] One love, one love, one love, one love One love, one love, one love, one love One love, one love, one love, one love One love, one love, one love, one love [Outro] To all my niggas locked up From Queensbridge and all over To my man [Goon?], one love To my man [Her?], one love To my man [Lake Gucciano?], one love Can't forget my motherfuckin' heart, Big [Bo?], one love To [Oogie?], yeah, one love	

8. One time for your mind	
[Hook: Grand Wizard + Nas] One time for your mind, one time Yeah, whatever One time for your mind, one time Yo, whatever One time for your mind, one time Hey yo, Nas? Kick that fuckin' rhyme! [Verse 1] Check it out, when I'm chilling, I grab the buddha Get my crew to buy beers And watch a flick, illin' and root for the villain, huh Plus every morning, I go out and love it sort of chilly Then I send a shorty from my block to the store for Phillies After being blessed by the herb's essence I'm back to my rest, ten minutes, some odd seconds That's where I got the honey at, spends the night for sexin' Keep lubrication, Lifestyle protection Hitting up my stereo's remote control quickly Ron G's in the cassette deck, rocking the shit, G I try to stay mellow, rock, well a cappella rhymes'll Make me richer than a slipper made Cinderella, fella Go get your crew, Hobbes, I'm prepared to bomb troops Y'all niggas was born, I shot my way out my mom dukes When I was ten I was a hip-hoppin' shorty wop	Een nummer dat een beetje uit de toon valt bij de rest van het album. Geen referenties naar het verleden.

Known for rocking microphones and twisting off a 40 top [Hook: Grand Wizard + Nas] One time for your mind, one time Yeah, whatever One time for your mind, one time It sounds clever Hey yo, Nas? Fuck that, man, that shit is phat But kick that for them gangstas; fuck all that! Right, right [Verse 2] What up, niggas, how y'all? It's Nasty, the villain I'm still writing rhymes, but besides that I'm chillin' I'm tryin' to get this money, God You know the hard times, kid Shit, cold, be starving make you wanna do crimes kid But I'ma lamp, ‘cause a crime couldn't beat a rhyme Niggas catching 3 to 9's, Muslims yelling "Free the mind" And I'm from Queensbridge, been to many places As a kid when I would say that out of town, niggas chased us But now I know the time, got a older mind Plus control a 9, fine, see now I represent mine I'm new on the rap scene, brothers never heard of me Yet I'm a menace, yo, police wanna murder me Heini Dark drinker, represent the thinker My pen rides the paper, it even has blinkers Think I'll dim the lights, then inhale, it stimulates Floating like I'm on the North 95 Interstate Never plan to stop, when I write my hand is hot And expand a lot from the Wiz to Camelot The parlayer, I'll make your heads bop, pa I shine a light on perpetrators, like a cop's car From day to night, I play the mic and you'll thank God I wreck shit so much, the microphone'll need a paint job My brain is incarcerated Live at any jam, I couldn't count all the parks I've raided I hold a MAC-11, and attack a reverend I contact eleven L's and max in heaven [Hook: Grand Wizard + Nas] One time for your mind, one time	

It sounds clever One time for your mind, one time Yeah, whatever One time for your mind, one time Yo, from '92 to '99 [Outro] Yeah, that shit was crazy fat, pa Know what I'm sayin'? But check it, you got another verse for me I want you to kick it, you know what I'm sayin'? Kick that shit for the projects	

9. Represent	
[Hook] Represent, represent Represent, represent Represent, represent Represent, represent [Verse 1] Straight up, shit is real And any day could be your last in the jungle Get murdered on a humble, guns'll blast, niggas tumble The corners is the hot spot, full of mad criminals Who don't care, guzzling beers, we all stare At the out-of-towners, they better break North Before we get the four pounders and take their face off The streets is filled with undercovers Homicide chasing brothers The D's on the roof tryin' to watch us and knock us And killer coppers even come through in helicopters I drink a little vodka, spark a L and hold a Glock For the fronters, wannabe ill niggas and spot runners Thinking it can't happen 'til I trap 'em and clap 'em And leave 'em done, won't even run about gods I don't believe in none of that shit, your facts are backwards Nas is a rebel of the street corner Pulling a TEC out the dresser; police got me under pressure [Hook] Represent, represent Represent, represent Represent, represent Represent, represent	Weer de projects als jungle, en survival of the fittest Verwijzing naar de Five Percent Nation.

[Verse 2] Yo, they call me Nas, I'm not your legal type of fella Moet drinking, marijuana smoking street dweller Who's always on the corner, rolling up blessed When I dress, it's never nothing less than Guess Cold be walking with a bop and my hat turned back Love committing sins and my friends sell crack This nigga raps with a razor, keep it under my tongue The school drop-out, never liked the shit from day one 'Cause life ain't shit but stress, fake niggas, and crab stunts So I guzzle my Hennessy while pulling on mad blunts The brutalizer, Brutus-izer, accelerator The type of nigga who be pissing in your elevator Somehow the rap game reminds me of the crack game Used to sport Bally's and Cazals with black frames Now I'm into fat chains, sex and TEC's Fly new chicks and new kicks, Heine's and Beck's [Hook] Represent, represent Represent, represent Represent, represent [Verse 3] No doubt, see my stacks are fat, this is what it's about Before the BDP conflict with MC Shan Around the time when Shante dissed the Real Roxxane I used to wake up every morning, see my crew on the block Every day's a different plan that had us running from cops If it wasn't hanging out in front of cocaine spots We was at the candy factory, breaking the locks Nowadays, I need the green in a flash just like the next man Fuck a yard, God, let me see a hundred grand Could use a gun, son, but fuck being the wanted man But if I hit rock bottom then I'ma be the Son of Sam Then call the crew to get live too, with Swoop Bokeem, my brother Jungle, Big Bo cooks up the blow	Verwijzing naar Son of Sam. Een serie moordenaar; nas zegt dat hij, wanneer hij blut is, zich zal gedragen als Son of Sam.

Mike'll chop it; Mayo, you count the profit My shit is on the streets, this way the Jakes'll never stop it It's your brain on drugs, to all fly bitches and thugs 'Nuff respect to the projects, I'm ghost, one love [Hook] Represent y'all, represent Represent y'all, represent Represent y'all, represent Represent y'all, represent [Outro: Nas] One time for your mothafuckin' mind This goes out to everybody in New York That's living the real fucking life and every projects, all over To my man Big Will, he's still here The 40 side of Vernon, my man Big L.E.S Big Cee-Lo from the Don, Shawn Penn, the 40 busters My crew the shorty busters, the 41st side of Vernon posse The Goodfellas, my man Cormega, Lakey the Kid Can't forget Draws, the Hillbillies My man Slate, Wallethead, Black Jay, Big Oogi Crazy barrio spot, (Big Dove), we rock shit a lot, Ph.D And my man Primo, from Gang Starr '94 real shit y'all (word up Harry O) Fuck y'all crab-ass niggas though! [Nas' posse] Bitch ass niggas! Bitch ass niggas! Young bitch ass motherfuckers! Come to Queensbridge, motherfucker! Yeah, yeah, let's bring it back That's just a warm up ‘Cause I can– on anybody, anybody	

10. It ain’t hard to tell	
[Verse 1] It ain't hard to tell, I excel, then prevail The mic is contacted, I attract clientele My mic check is life or death Breathin' a sniper's breath, I exhale the yellow smoke of buddha through righteous steps Deep like The Shining, sparkle like a diamond Sneak a Uzi on the island in my army jacket linin' Hit the Earth like a comet—invasion! Nas is like the Afrocentric Asian: half-man,	Sample: Michael Jackson Human Nature. Verwijzing naar Afrocentrische Aziaat; half-man, half geweldig. Dit is een verwijzing naar

half-amazin' ‘Cause in my physical I can express through song Delete stress like Motrin, then extend strong I drink Moët with Medusa, give her shotguns in Hell From the spliff that I lift and inhale; it ain't hard to tell [Verse 2] The buddha monk's in your trunk, turn the bass up Not stories by Aesop Place your loot up, parties I shoot up Nas, I analyze, drop a jew-el, inhale from the L School a fool well, you feel it, like Braille It ain't hard to tell, I kick a skill, like Shaquille holds a pill Vocabulary spills, I'm Ill plus Matic I freak beats, slam it, like Iron Sheik Jam like a TEC with correct techniques So analyze me, surprise me, but can't magmatize me Scannin' while you're plannin' ways to sabotage me I leave 'em froze, like heroin in your nose Nas will rock well; it ain't hard to tell [Verse 3] This rhythmatic explosion Is what your frame of mind has chosen I'll leave your brain stimulated, niggas is frozen Speak with criminal slang, begin like a violin End like Leviathan, it's deep; well, let me try again Wisdom be leakin' out my grapefruit, troop I dominate break loops, givin' mics men-e-strual cycles Street's disciple, I rock beats that's mega trifle And groove even smoother than moves by Villanova You're still a soldier, I'm like Sly Stone in Cobra Packin' like a Rasta in the weed spot Vocals will squeeze Glocks MCs eavesdrop, though they need not to sneak My poetry's deep, I never fell Nas' raps should be locked in a cell; it ain't hard to tell	de five percent nation. Verwijzing naar Aesop; een verzameling van verhalen met moraal; sommige wetenschappers denken dat Aesop verwijst naar een slaaf.

Album 7: Dr. Dre – 2001 (1999)

1. Lolo (Intro)	
[Intro]	In het nummer beschreven een aantal gasten hoe

(THX Sound) [Skit: Xzibit + Tray-Dee] Goddamn, wassup, nigga? Oh, shit Wassup? Hey, that motherfucker clean Who was that? Hey, that's Dre, nigga, that's the Look at that shit Hangin' that motherfucker, goddamn That nigga chromed out up under that motherfucker Hangin' on the bumper X Hey, hang that shit [Outro: Kurupt] What up, Dr. Dre?	Dr. Dre voorbij rijdt. Dit geeft aan dat hij nog steeds herkent wordt en respect en status geniet. Lolo betekent *lowrider.*

2. The watcher	
[Verse 1] Things just ain't the same for gangstas Times is changing, young niggas is aging Becoming OGs in the game and changing To make way for these new names and faces But the strangest things can happen from rapping When niggas get wrapped up in image and acting Niggas get capped up and wrapped in plastic Zipped up in bags: when it happens, that's it I've seen 'em come, I've watched 'em go Watched 'em rise, witnessed it and watched 'em blow Watched 'em all blossom and watched 'em grow Watched the lawsuits when they lost the dough Best friends and money: I lost them both Went visited niggas in the hospital It's all the same shit all across the globe I just sit back and watch the show [Hook: Eminem + Knock-Turn'al] Everywhere that I go Ain't the same as befo' (The watcher) People I used to know Just don't know me no mo' (The watcher) But everywhere that I go I got people I know (The watcher) Who got people they know So I suggest you lay low (I watch) [Verse 2] I moved out of the hood for good, you blame me?	In dit nummer beschrijft Dr. Dre de huidige staat van de rapscene. Sommige dingen zijn veranderd, sommige zijn het zelfde. Waaronder de spanningen met de politie.

Niggas aim mainly at niggas they can't be But niggas can't hit niggas they can't see I'm out of sight, now I'm out of they dang reach How would you feel if niggas wanted you killed? You'd probably move to a new house on a new hill And choose a new spot, if niggas wanted you shot I ain't a thug, how much 2Pac in you you got? I ain't no bitch, neither It's either my life or your life and I ain't leaving, I like breathing Nigga, we can go round for round Clip for clip, shit, fo'-pound for pound Nigga, if you really want to take it there, we can Just remember that you fucking with a family man I got a lot more to lose than you, remember that When you wanna come and fill these shoes [Hook: Eminem + Knock-Turn'al] Everywhere that I go Ain't the same as befo' (The watcher) People I used to know Just don't know me no mo' (The watcher) But everywhere that I go I got people I know (The watcher) Who got people they know So I suggest you lay low (I watch) [Verse 3] Things just ain't the same for gangstas Cops is anxious to put niggas in handcuffs They wanna hang us, see us dead, or enslave us Keep us trapped in the same place we was raised in Then they wonder why we act so outrageous Run around stressed outand pull out gauges Cause every time you let the animal out cages It's dangerous to people who look like strangers But now we got a new era of gangstas Hustlers and youngsters living amongst us Lookin' at us, now calling us busters Can't help but reminisce back when it was us Nigga, we started this gangsta shit! And this the motherfucking thanks I get? It's funny how time flies I'm just having fun just watching it fly by [Hook: Eminem + Knock-Turn'al] Everywhere that I go Ain't the same as befo' (The watcher) People I used to know Just don't know me no mo' (The watcher)	Dr. Dre trekt een parallel tussen de slavernij en de huidige situatie die gekenmerkt wordt door politie geweld.

But everywhere that I go I got people I know (The watcher) Who got people they know So I suggest you lay low (I watch) [Outro] The watcher The watcher The watcher The watcher The watcher The watcher	

3. F*ck you (ft. Devin the Dude & Snoop Dogg)	
[Intro: Girl on answering machine] Hi baby I know you're under a lot of pressure at your work and all And I do understand You have no idea how much I understand But you also don't have any idea how much I love you I love you so much I think about you I feel you in my arms I miss you... I miss you terribly I've just always wanted someone like you in my life I love you so much that I'd do anything I'd do anything I'll be your perfect woman for you [Verse 1: Dr. Dre] I just wanna fuck bad bitches All them nights I never had bitches Now I'm all up in that ass bitches Mad at your boyfriend, ain't 'cha? You'se a bad girl, gotta spank ya Gotta thank ya for that head clinic Explicit, hella photogenic And tell your friends where the dick's at Where they can get hit and won't get back to they soulmate Before you kiss 'em use Colgate She swallowed it, yeah the bitch took the whole eight And ran with it, then let Mel-Man hit it And Hitman hit it; damn bitches Man, this is what I'm talkin about Chicken head, chicken fed, with a dick in yo mouth Out and about with your nigga like it never took place (AirTouch me), next time you need a taste	Dit nummer gaat alleen over seks.

[Hook: Devin the Dude]
I just wanna fuck you
No touching and rubbing girl
You've got a husband who loves you
Don't need you all in mine
I just wanna fuck you
We can't be kissing and hugging girl
You've got a husband who loves you
You need to give him your quality time

[Verse 2: Devin the Dude]
You got the number, it's on you to make the call
You know I come quick help you redecorate your walls
Cut your backyard, don't have to act hard to get the cock
And if I'm going too far, I take it out and wipe it off
And put it back up, and keep going
You tryin to hide it from your husband but I know he be knowin
That your pussy's been tampered with
Then you show him the new trick
Of how you can make it smoke a cancer stick
You be workin it like a dancer, bitch; it's hard on me
Not to give you all of my time that you wanted
You can give me some head, but keep the breakfast in bed
I'd rather spend my morning digging through some records instead
But, tonight I guess it'd be aight if we can touch bases
Hook up somewhere and exchange some Fuck Faces
I know your man's looking for ya, he's always trying to run ya
Don't worry bout me handcuffing girl cause I just wanna

[Verse 3: Snoop Dogg]
Fuck witchu
On the sneak tip, on some creep shit
So whatcha gon' do, you freak bitch?
You acting like you don't do dicks
That's the kinda bitch I hate fuckin with
Baby was a virgin, that's what she said
So I gave her some Hennessy, she gave me some head
I fucked her on the floor so I wouldn't mess up my bed
Then Lil' ½ Dead put his dick on her head
Take that bitch home and give her a bone
And give her the number to my cellular phone

Now she's blowing up my pager, the shit's gettin major A favor for a favor, this dick is what I gave her Something to go by and bitches know why Stuff dick in they mouth and then I'm out (see-ya!) 24/7, Dre, Snoop and Devin We serving these hoes and never loving these hoes [Hook: Devin the Dude] I just wanna fuck you No touching and rubbing girl You've got a husband who loves you Don't need you all in mine I just wanna fuck you We can't be kissing and hugging girl You've got a husband who loves you You need to give him your quality time	

4. Still D.R.E. (ft. Dr. Dre)	
[Intro: Snoop Dogg] Yeah, nigga, I'm still fuckin' with ya Still waters run deep Still Snoop Dogg and D-R-E, '99, nigga Guess who's back Still doin' that shit, huh, Dre? (Oh for sho', check me out) [Verse 1: Dr. Dre] It's still Dre Day, nigga, AK, nigga Though I've grown a lot, can't keep it home a lot 'Cause when I frequent the spots that I'm known to rock You hear the bass from the truck when I'm on the block Ladies, they pay homage, but haters say Dre fell off How, nigga? My last album was The Chronic They want to know if he still got it They say rap's changed, they wanna know how I feel about it (If you ain't up on thangs) Dr. Dre is the name, I'm ahead of my game Still puffin' my leaves Still fuck with the beats, still not lovin' police Still rock my khakis with a cuff and a crease Still got love for the streets, reppin' 213 (for life) Still the beats bang, still doin' my thang Since I left ain't too much changed, still… [Hook: Snoop Dogg + (Dr. Dre)] I'm representin' for them gangstas all across the world	Met dit nummer gaf Dr. Dre aan weer terug te zijn in de rapscene, maar tegelijkertijd nooit weg te zijn geweest. Geen verwijzingen naar het verleden.

Still hittin' them corners in them lo-lo's, girl (Still takin' my time to perfect the beat And I still got love for the streets, it's the D.R.E.) I'm representin' for them gangstas all across the world Still hittin' them corners in them lo-lo's, girl (Still takin' my time to perfect the beat And I still got love for the streets, it's the D.R.E.) [Verse 2: Dr. Dre] Since the last time you heard from me I lost some friends Well, hell, me and Snoop, we dippin' again Kept my ear to the streets Signed Eminem, he's triple platinum, doin' 50 a week Still, I stay close to the heat And even when I was close to defeat, I rose to my feet My life's like a soundtrack I wrote to the beat Treat rap like Cali weed: I smoke 'til I sleep Wake up in the A.M., compose a beat I bring the fire 'til you're soakin' in your seat It's not a fluke, it's been tried, I'm the truth Since 'Turn Out the Lights' from the World Class Wreckin Cru I'm still at it, after mathematics In the home of drive-by's and ak-matics Swap meets, sticky green, and bad traffic I dip through, then I get skin, D.R.E. [Hook: Snoop Dogg + (Dr. Dre)] I'm representin' for them gangstas all across the world Still hittin' them corners in them lo-lo's, girl (Still takin' my time to perfect the beat And I still got love for the streets, it's the D.R.E.) I'm representin' for them gangstas all across the world Still hittin' them corners in them lo-lo's, girl (Still takin' my time to perfect the beat And I still got love for the streets, it's the D.R.E.) [Verse 3: Dr. Dre] It ain't nothin' but more hot shit Another classic CD for y'all to vibe with Whether you're coolin' on the corner with your fly bitch Laid back in the shack, play this track I'm representin' for the gangstas all across the world	

Still (hittin' them corners on the lo-lo's, girl) I'll break your neck, damn near put your face in your lap Niggas try to be the king, but the ace is back (So if you ain't up on thangs) Dr. Dre be the name, still runnin' the game Still got it wrapped like a mummy Still ain't trippin', love to see young blacks get money Spend time out the hood, take they moms out the hood Hit my boys off with jobs, no more livin' hard Barbeques every day, drivin' fancy cars Still gon' get mine regardless [Hook: Snoop Dogg + (Dr. Dre)] I'm representin' for them gangstas all across the world Still hittin' them corners in them lo-lo's, girl (Still takin' my time to perfect the beat And I still got love for the streets, it's the D.R.E.) I'm representin' for them gangstas all across the world Still hittin' them corners in them lo-lo's, girl (Still takin' my time to perfect the beat And I still got love for the streets, it's the D.R.E.) I'm representin' for them gangstas all across the world Still hittin' them corners in them lo-lo's, girl (Still takin' my time to perfect the beat And I still got love for the streets, it's the D.R.E.) [Outro: Snoop Dogg] Right back up in your mothafuckin' ass 9-5 plus four pennies! Add that shit up D-R-E right back up on top of thangs Smoke some with your dog No stress, no seeds, no stems, no sticks! Some of that real sticky icky icky Ooh wee! Put it in the air! Oh, you's a fool D.R.	

5. Big ego's (ft. Hittman)	
[Spoken Intro] Los Angeles approach control This is Cessna 0281-Echo-119.3, over Cessna 81-Echo, accept approach control, roger, go ahead Cessna 81-Echo is over the Compton Airport, 52 at 5,000 Requesting ground controlled approach to Los Angeles Airport, over	In de outro worden verschillende Afro-Amerikaanse sporters aangehaald zoals de basketballer AC Green en danser Ben Vereen.

81-Echo, Los Angeles approach control, roger Radar identification; turn right, heading 0-3-0 [Verse 1: Dr. Dre] I got mo' class than most of them, ran with the best of them Forgave the less of 'em and blazed at the rest of them What can I say? Cal-i-for-ni-a Where niggas die every day over some shit they say Disconnected from the streets forever As long as I got a Beretta, nigga, I'm down for whateva I roll with my shit off safety, for niggas that been hating me lately And the bitches that wanna break me If Cali blew up, I'd be in the Aftermath Bumping gangsta rap shit, down to blast for cash Cause from Eazy-E, to D.O.C., to D.P.G Started from that S.O.B., D.R.E Like Dub-C I'm rich rolling, pistol holding Pockets swole nigga, that's how I'm rolling Put the flame to the killer nigga Worldwide homicide mob figure in the building, for real I'm hitting switches, making bitches eat bitches See me grab my dick every time I pose for pictures I own acres, floor seats watching The Lakers I'm cool with eses who got AK's in cases [Hook: Hittman] Dedicated to all of those with big ego's Never faking, we get the dough and live legal Haters hate this, we sip the Mo' and yank the Heezos Niggas play this in their Rovers, Jeeps and Regals Dedicated to all of those with big ego's Never faking, we get the dough and live legal Haters hate this, we sip the Mo' and yank the Heezos Bitches play this in their Benzes, Jeeps and Geos [Verse 2: Hittman] I`ll bust a Mr. Toughy, slash a Smoovy Doovy Crashin' Flex on Tuesdays, harassing hoes at movies Passing by with Uzis, like who you aiming at? That shady bitch and that bitch nigga that was claiming that Rat-a-tat-tat (automatic gunfire and screaming, followed by	

tires peeling) I don't sympathize for wack hoes and wimpy guys You gotta recognize Hittman is an enterprise Cali pride, Bronson rider South Central-ised The Henny got me energized, smoke the guys Tryna focus on mines, poke they eyes out, I'm L.A.'s loc'est Hope they don't have to find out the hard way Like snitch niggas in the pen that get hit when the guards look the other way We hitting hard - Hittman and Dre You playing games? I suggest you know the rules We putting guns to fools, make you run yo jewels Take yo honey and cruise to the Snooty & snooze, cop booze Pop coochie 'til the nut oozes, you shouldn't fuck with crews That's sick, The Aftermath is we rule shit I'm Big Hitt, don't confuse me with no other, bout to blow, motherfucker [Hook: Hittman] Dedicated to all of those with big ego's Never faking, we get the dough and live legal Haters hate this, we sip the Mo' and yank the Heezos Niggas play this in their Rovers, Jeeps and Regals Dedicated to all of those with big ego's Never faking, we get the dough and live legal Haters hate this,we sip the Mo' and yank the Heezos Bitches play this in their Benzes, Jeeps and Geos [Outro: Hittman] You look like AC Green, bitch don't call here anymore With feet like Ben Vereen's, bitch don't call here anymore No no, no no What up? It's Hittman I ain't at the crib right now So you can leave your name and number after the beep Unless it's Tammie's ugly ass - I ain't fucking with you	

6. Xxplosive (ft. Hittman, Kurupt & Nate Dogg)	
[Intro: Hittman] Xxplosive, West coast shit My nigga-ish ways attract girls that used to turn	Geen referenties naar het verleden

they back
Causing me to yank they arm and pose like I would do them harm
Now I'm saying thank you cause they tell me, my shit's the bomb
Xxplosive, for my niggas drinking Cognac
Smoking weed, always pack
More than one firearm, chrome rims, riding on
Chronic in your system, let me know my shit's the bomb
Xxplosive

[Verse 1: Kurupt]
West Coast shit nigga
Overdosage imperial pistols ferocious
Fuck a bitch don't tease bitch, strip tease bitch
Eat a bowl of these bitch gobble the dick
Hoes forgot to eat a dick can shut the fuck up
Gobble and swallow a nut up
Shut up and get my cash
Backhanded, pimp-slapped backwards and left stranded
Just pop ya collar, pimp convention, hoes for a dollar
Six-Deuce in a plush, six-deuce impala
Pimping hoes from Texas to Guatemala
Bitch niggas pay for hoes, just to lay with hoes
Relax one night, and pay to stay with hoes
Captain 'Save-'em-all-day', well save this dick
Bitch nigga, you more of a bitch than a bitch
You ain't into hitting pussy or hitting the switch
You into hitting bitches all for the grip
You punk bitch

[Verse 2: Nate Dogg]
All my real doggs still kick it with me
All my down hoes still tricking with me
All the true gangstas know
Nate ain't never love no ho
All the hoodrats still shake it for me
All my true fans still checking for me
All the real smokers know
Nate ain't passing nothing but dro indeed
Real trees, chronic leaves, no seeds
When I met you last night baby
Before I blew your mind
I thought we had a chance, lady
No more, now that I'm sober you ain't that fine
Don't wanna treat you wrong
Don't wanna lead you on
Here baby hit the bong
While the West Coast rolls along
While we, still making gangsta hits
You'll be, still jocking gangsta dicks
Damn girl you think you're slick?

Somebody better get this bitch, this bitch [Verse 3: Six-Two] I got these freaky hoes Clapping they hands, stomping they feet Every now and then they put they mouth on me Nowadays a G like me can't even call it A 23-year-old pussy fiend and freakaholic Pimping bitches on the regular, I put that on the G A hustler and a player, nowadays it pays to be Let me drop some shit about this bitch I used to know She gave your boy the head and said don't let nobody know A bonafide pro, I had to grab the ho She got freaky in your '64, I skeeted in her throat Been knowing the ho for four days, pimping repays And I bet you didn't know that she go both ways She ate her best friend, I left them hoes at the mote' They be beeping me and shit, but we don't kick it no mo' Them hot hoes is fiending, they on the nuts But bitch, I'm out your pussy when I nut, fo' real [Outro] Xxplosive!	

7. What's the difference (ft. Eminem & Xzibit)	
[Intro: Phish] What's the difference between me and you? What's the difference between me and you? [Verse 1: Dr. Dre] Back when Cube was rollin' with Lorenzo in a Benzo I was bangin' with a gang of instrumentals Got the pens and pencils, got down to business But sometimes the business end of this shit Can turn your friends against you But you was a real nigga, I could sense it in you I still remember the window of the car that you went through That's fucked up, but I'll never forget the shit we been through And I'ma do whatever it takes to convince you 'Cause you my nigga, Doc, and Eazy, I'm still with you Fuck the beef, nigga, I miss you And that's just being real with you You see the truth is, everybody wanna know	Geen referenties naar het verleden.

how close me and Snoop is, and who I'm still cool with
Then I got these fake-ass niggas I first blew with
Claimin' that they non-violent, talkin' like they {voice sample}
Spit venom in interviews, speakin' on reunions
Move units, then talk shit and we can do this
Until then, I ain't even speakin' your name
Just keep my name outta yo' mouth
And we can keep it the same, nigga
It ain't that I'm too big to listen to the rumors
It's just that I'm too damn big to pay attention to 'em
That's the difference!

[Hook: Phish]
What's the difference between me and you?
You talk a good one
But you don't do what you supposed to do
I act on what I feel and never deal with emotions
I'm used to livin' big dog style and straight coastin'
What's the difference between me and you?
You talk a good one
But you don't do what you supposed to do
I act on what I feel and never deal with emotions
I'm used to livin' big dog style and straight coastin'

[Verse 2: Xzibit]
Yo, I stay with it, while you try to perpetrate and play with it
Never knew about the next level until Dre did it
I stay committed while you motherfuckers baby-sitted
I smash you critics like a overhand right from Riddick
Come and get it, shitted on villains by the millions
I be catchin' bitches while bitches be catchin' feelings
So what the fuck am I supposed to do?
I pop bottles and hot hollow-points at each and all of you
A heartless bastard, high and plastered
My style is like the reaction from too much acid
Never come down, pass it around if you can't handle it
Hang Hollywood niggas by they Soul Train laminates
What's the difference between me and you?
About five bank accounts, three ounces, and two vehicles
Until my death, I'm Bangladesh
I suggest you hold yo' breath 'til ain't none left

Yo, that's the difference!

[Hook: Phish]
What's the difference between me and you?
You talk a good one
But you don't do what you supposed to do
I act on what I feel and never deal with emotions
I'm used to livin' big dog style and straight coastin'
What's the difference between me and you?
You talk a good one
But you don't do what you supposed to do
I act on what I feel and never deal with emotions
I'm used to livin' big dog style and straight coastin'

[Verse 3: Eminem + Dr. Dre]
Aight, hold up, hold up! Stop the beat a minute!
I got somethin' to say, Dre, I wanna tell you this shit
Right now while this fuckin' weed is in me
(What the fuck?)
I don't know if I ever told you this, but I love you, dawg
I got your motherfuckin' back (Right?) just know this shit
Slim, I don't know if you noticed it
But I've had your back from day one
Nigga, let's blow this bitch!
I mean it, dawg, you ever need somebody offed
Whose throat is it?
Well, if you ever kill that Kim bitch
I'll show you where the ocean is
Well, that's cool, and I appreciate the offer
But if I do decide to really murder my daughter's momma
I'ma sit her up in the front seat and put sunglasses on her
And cruise around with her for seven hours through California
And have her wavin' at people (Hi!)
Then drop her off on the corner
At the police station and drive off honkin' the horn for her
Raw dawg, get your arm gnawed off, drop the sawed off
And beat you with the piece it was sawed off of
Fuck blood, I wanna see some lungs coughed up
Get shot up in the hot tub 'til the bubbles pop up
In they nose and cough snot up, mucus in hot water
That's for tryin' to talk like The Chronic was lost product
That's for even thinkin' of havin' them thoughts

thought up You better show some respect whenever the Doc's brought up So what's the difference between us? We can start at the penis, or we can scream "I just don't give a fuck!" and see who means it [Hook: Phish] What's the difference between me and you? You talk a good one But you don't do what you supposed to do I act on what I feel and never deal with emotions I'm used to livin' big dog style and straight coastin' What's the difference between me and you? You talk a good one But you don't do what you supposed to do I act on what I feel and never deal with emotions I'm used to livin' big dog style and straight coastin' [Outro: Phish] What's the difference between me and you? {Gunshot}	

8. Bar one	
[Skit: Ms. Roq and Traci Nelson (Eddie Griffin)] Damn girl, it is hotter than a motherfucker up in here You got that right I need to go to the bar and get me a drink, please Yes Hello (Yeah, what the fuck you want?) Hmm Let me get a Cosmo (What the fuck you want?) Damn, I'll have an apple martini This motherfucker drunk as a mother (Thirsty bitches) This a drunken-ass nigga Oh, ooh, shit girl, those niggas are looking over here! Oh shit, don't look, don't look Damn, what's up, what they look like though? Shit, shit, damn, they look, they look aight They fuckable? What's up, is they fuckable or what? Shh, chill out, chill out What? Here they come What? Here they come! Chill out! Damn	Skit

9. Light Speed (ft. Hittman)	
[Dr. Dre] Hey, yo whassup? My name is Dre Can I blaze some chronic witchu? [Girl] Nigga what? FO' SHO'! Roll that shit up! [Verse 1: Dr. Dre] Hell yeah, still "Alwayz Into Somethin'" Heart still in Compton The comp can't oppose, dope Cali platinum classicals Introduced you to my Doggs, that don't love hoes And Firm Fiascoes - assholes Fucked you up with my last video, tuxed up Doing a tango And cash, always in my grasp Came up in the game wearin' khakis not kangols, stranglin' hoes When asked about it in most interviews I just laugh Now I vacate with hoes with a gang of ass One feedin' me mangoes, the other lightin' my hash Rap tabloids write Dre's light in the ass (what?) Came home uptight, ready to mash Like a gas pedal, get on that '64 Chevy level AK-47 heavy metal Who say Dre ain't ghetto? Just whistle like a tea kettle I throw three at you, tell me if you see devils Cause we rebels over here, I smell chronic in the air That means we takin' over this year You hear? [Girl] Chronic, two-thousand [KRS-One] "ONE!" {*echoes*}" [Dr. Dre] That means we takin' over this year, ya hear? [Hook: Ms. Roq & Knoc-Turn'al] Light Speed, blazin' Chronic through the galaxy Hydro, doja, chocolate Thai weed Or we might be sippin' on gin or Hennessey Fuck that, where that new shit, The Chronic Iced Teas? [Verse 2: Hittman]	Geen verwijzingen naar het verleden.

I hang among hustlers, that slang and Hoo-bang Bronson When bustaz roll through, can't fuck with my bold crew We will hold you captive and bust Cause gangbangin' is the active, activity Where I be livin', B, there ain't no Liberty Statue Hope you got your gat, don't let them catch you Slippin', without yours, it's warfare outdoors Ambulance, violent uproars Trash niggas takin' out like chores I meet whores on tours Jeanie`s hot as pepper so I sip, champagne on stormy shores B on some hardcore, pornographic Toting Austrian firearms that's made out of plastic In these drastic surroundings, it be sounding like Lebanon Makin' fools "RETREAT!" like Megatron and Starscream Oh yeah I scream on stars	
That get loot then crossover like Kareem Abdul-Jabbar	Verwijzing naar sporter Kareem Abdul-Jabbar.
Get out your car son, that's how I came to bougie niggas At Bar One, it's either that or make front page stardom	
I'm the Golden Child, chased by Sardo Numpsay But God's my bulletproof, it's hard to shoot me, you hear? (By the time you see him {*BLAM BLAM*}) That means it's real fuckin' hard to shoot me, you hear? [Hook: Ms. Roq & Knoc-Turn'al]	Verwijzing naar de film The Golden Child; waarin thema's als goed en kwaad centraal staan.

10. Forgot about dre (ft. Eminem)	
[Verse 1: Dr. Dre] Y'all know me, still the same OG, but I been low-key Hated on by most these niggas with no cheese No deals and no G's, no wheels and no keys No boats, no snowmobiles, and no skis Mad at me 'cause I can finally afford To provide my family with groceries Got a crib with a studio and it's all full of tracks To add to the wall full of plaques Hanging up in the office in back of my house like trophies Did y'all think I'ma let my dough freeze? Ho	Op dit nummer bespreekt Dr. Dre zijn invloed op de rapscene.

please! You better bow down on both knees Who you think taught you to smoke trees? Who you think brought you the oldies Eazy E's, Ice Cubes, and D.O.C's, the Snoop D-O-double-G's And the group that said "Mothafuck the police!" Gave you a tape full of dope beats To bump when you stroll through in your hood And when your album sales wasn't doing too good Who's the Doctor they told you to go see? Y'all better listen up closely All you niggas that said that I turned pop or The Firm flopped Y'all are the reason that Dre ain't been getting no sleep So fuck y'all, all of y'all! If y'all don't like me, blow me! Y'all are gonna keep fucking around with me And turn me back to the old me [Hook: Eminem] Nowadays, everybody wanna talk Like they got somethin' to say But nothin' comes out when they move their lips Just a bunch of gibberish And motherfuckers act like they forgot about Dre Nowadays, everybody wanna talk Like they got somethin' to say But nothin' comes out when they move their lips Just a bunch of gibberish And motherfuckers act like they forgot about Dre [Verse 2: Eminem] So what do you say to somebody you hate Or anyone tryin' to bring trouble your way? Wanna resolve things in a bloodier way? Just study a tape of N.W.A One day I was walking by With a Walkman on, when I caught a guy Give me an awkward eye And I strangled him up in the parking lot with his Karl Kani I don't give a fuck if it's dark or not I'm harder than me tryin' to park a Dodge When I'm drunk as fuck Right next to a humongous truck in a two-car garage Hoppin' out with two broken legs, trying to walk it off Fuck you too, bitch! Call the cops! I'ma kill you and them loud-ass motherfuckin'	

barking dogs And when the cops came through Me and Dre stood next to a burnt down house With a can full of gas and a hand full of matches And still weren't found out (Right here!) So from here on out, it's the Chronic II Starting today and tomorrow's anew And I'm still loco enough To choke you to death with a Charleston Chew Slim Shady, hotter than a set of twin babies In a Mercedes Benz with the windows up When the temp goes up to the mid-80s Callin' men ladies, sorry, Doc, but I been crazy There's no way that you can save me It's okay, go with him, Hailie! (Dada?) [Hook: Eminem] Nowadays, everybody wanna talk Like they got somethin' to say But nothin' comes out when they move their lips Just a bunch of gibberish And motherfuckers act like they forgot about Dre Nowadays, everybody wanna talk Like they got somethin' to say But nothin' comes out when they move their lips Just a bunch of gibberish And motherfuckers act like they forgot about Dre [Verse 3: Dr. Dre] If it was up to me, you motherfuckers would stop coming up to me, with your hands out, looking up to me Like you want somethin' free When my last CD was out, you wasn't bumpin' me But now that I got this little company Everybody wanna come to me like it was some disease But you won't get a crumb from me ‘Cause I'm from the streets of Compton I told 'em all, all them little gangstas Who you think helped mold 'em all? Now you wanna run around talkin' bout guns Like I ain't got none; what, you think I sold 'em all ‘Cause I stay well off? Now all I get is hate mail all day saying Dre fell off What, ‘cause I been in the lab with a pen and a pad Tryin' to get this damn label off? I ain't havin' that, this is the millennium of Aftermath	

It ain't gonna be nothin' after that So give me one more platinum plaque And fuck rap, you can have it back So where's all the Mad Rappers at? It's like a jungle in this habitat But all you savage cats know that I was strapped with gats While you were cuddling a Cabbage Patch [Hook: Eminem] Nowadays, everybody wanna talk Like they got somethin' to say But nothin' comes out when they move their lips Just a bunch of gibberish And motherfuckers act like they forgot about Dre Nowadays, everybody wanna talk Like they got somethin' to say But nothin' comes out when they move their lips Just a bunch of gibberish And motherfuckers act like they forgot about Dre	V erwijzing naar jungle, zelfde als grandmaster flash and the furious five ‘the message’.

11. The next episode (ft. Kurupt, Nate Dogg & Snoop Dogg)	
[Intro: Snoop Dogg and Kurupt] La-da-da-da-dahh It's the motherfuckin' one and only D-O-double-G (Snoop Dogg!) La-da-da-da-dahh You know I'm mobbin' with the D-R-E You know who's back up in this motherfucker? What what what what So blaze the weed up then Blaze it up, blaze it up! Just blaze that shit up, nigga! Yeah, 'sup, Snoop? [Verse 1: Snoop Dogg] Top Dogg, bite 'em all, nigga, burn the shit up D-P-G-C, my nigga, turn that shit up C-P-T, L-B-C, yeah, we hookin' back up And when they bang this in the club, baby, you got to get up Thug niggas, drug dealers, yeah, they givin' it up Lowlife, yo' life, boy, we livin' it up Takin' chances while we dancin' in the party for sure Slip my ho a forty-fo' and she got in the back do' Bitches lookin' at me strange, but you know I don't care Step up in this motherfucker just a-swangin' my hair	Geen referenties naar het verleden

Bitch, quit talkin', Crip walk, stay down with the set Take a bullet with some dick and take this dope from this jet Out of town, put it down for the Father of Rap And if yo' ass get cracked, bitch, shut yo' trap Come back, get back, that's the part of success If you believe in the S, you'll be relievin' your stress [Interlude: Snoop Dogg and Dr. Dre] La-da-da-da-dahhh It's the motherfuckin' D.R.E. (Dr. Dre, motherfucker) La-da-da-da-dahhh You know I'm mobbin' with the D-O-double-G [Verse 2: Dr. Dre] Straight off the fuckin' streets of C-P-T King of the beats, you ride to 'em in your Fleet (Fleetwood) Or Coupe DeVille rollin' on dubs How you feelin' whoopty whoop, nigga what? Dre and Snoop chronic'd out in the 'llac With Doc in the back, sippin' on 'gnac Clip in the strap, dippin' through hoods (what hoods?) Compton, Long Beach, Inglewood South Central out to the westside; it's California Love This California bud got a nigga gang of pub I'm on one, I might bail up in the Century Club With my jeans on, and my team strong Get my drink on and my smoke on Then go home with somethin' to poke on Loc, it's on for the two-triple-oh Comin' real, it's the next episode [Outro: Nate Dogg] Hold up, hey For my niggas who be thinkin' we soft, we don't play We gonna rock it 'til the wheels fall off Hold up, hey For my niggas who be actin' too bold, take a seat Hope you ready for the next episode Hey, hey, hey, hey Smoke weed every day	

12. Let’s get high (ft. Hittman, Kurupt & Ms. Roq)	
[Intro] All these niggas and all these hoes in here Somebody here gon' fuck	Skit, geen referentie.

All these niggas and all these hoes in here
Somebody here gon' fuck
All these niggas and all these hoes in here
Somebody here gon' fuck
All these niggas and all these hoes in here
Somebody here gon' fuck

[Verse 1: Hittman]
Talking that, walking that, spitting at hoes
Smoking this, drinking that, gittin` at hoes
Fuck this I'm hitting that I'm hitting em both
Have one riding dick, one licking my toes
When I'm loving these hoes there ain't no love involved
No hugs, no kisses
Bear rugs, bare britches
Rare bitches like them hoes in them Blacktail pictures
Bitch jumped off my dick
Is that Dre over there

[Verse 2: Dr. Dre]
Yeah, I just took some Ecstasy
Ain't no telling what the side effects could be
All these fine bitches equal sex to me
Plus I got this bad bitch laying next to me
No doubt, sit back on the couch
Pants down, rubber on, set to turn that ass out
Laid the bitch out, then I put it in her mouth
Pulled out, nutted on a towel and passed out

[Kurupt]
Come on let's get high, high
Let's get high, high
Come on let's get high, high
Let's get high, all my ladies
Let's get high, high
High, high
Let's get high, high
Come on let's get high

I make the four hop
Pull up at the spot
Weed by the barrels in my G'd up apparel
Stomping in the party
Kurupt, Young Gotti
I'm fucking something in this bitch
Hit 'em with some gangsta shit
Put something in your mouth bitch real tasty
I'm looking real saucy in my gangsta-ass Staceys
Hit the party, ease up, Kurupt with an ounce an'
Got all the hoes in this motherfucker bouncing
Down to

YO WHATTUP SCRAM JONES

Mel-Man what's cracking Whassup wit all these ol' punk ass hoes in here [Ms. Roq] Nigga what, I'm a hustling bitch I like them get rich niggas Them hit the switch niggas Niggas bout the sex and which bitch to hit next While I'm kicking my game and collecting them checks Got all y'all niggas vexed to fuck this triple-X rated ho You say you ain't eat it, you ate it though Roq don't stop, can't be dropping no drawers To the niggas how you figure got you shitting in yours Yeah, little dicks always running they mouth While a bitch is better off to masturbate and be out All you bitches up in here know what I'm talkin about Get the loot, get the ice Fuck the wife, no doubt Trying to live lavish Marry a big dick and stay carried Holla back at them niggas that hollered at me Pop the Cris' Whip the six and shit And have all y'all niggas limp when I twist my shit Yeah, bitch ass niggas	

13. Bitch n*ggaz (ft. Hittman, Six2 & Snoop Dogg)	
[Intro: Snoop Dogg + Dr. Dre] Some good-ass weed Check it out Dog: this game is a motherfuckin' trip man. Word on the streets, everybody always tryin' to run up on me hollerin' about "Word on the streets is, this nigga said this". Man, I don't give a fuck about what that nigga said man. That's what's wrong with you niggas. You niggas is just like bitches. Ho-ass niggas, talk too motherfuckin' much (Speak). Stay to your own, get your own–you know what I'm saying'? Be independent, nigga Biatch [Interlude: Snoop Dogg + Dr. Dre] Yeah Bitch niggas (Bitch niggas) Bitch niggas (Bitch niggas) Bitch-ass niggas (Beotch) Bitch niggas (Bitch niggas) Yeah, I'm talkin' about you (Beotch)	Geen referenties naar het verleden.

Bitch niggas And you too (Biatch) Hmm, Dogg [Verse 1: Snoop Dogg] I meet mo' bitch niggas than hoes, look here And I really don't know, but that's just how it go (damn) Dogg, so many niggas like to keep up shit And just like a bitch (beotch) niggas be talkin' shit (nigga) Smilin' in my face and then they blast me in the back (ka-ka-ka-ka-ka) Niggas stay strapped from way back, cause payback...will Make niggas wanna pop that shit If you ain't ready for the game (uh-uh) nigga stop that shit We rock that shit, my nigga Dre, drop that shit (right) No mo' talkn', I'm walkin' and I'm poppin' the clip Glock on the hip, set-trippin', drippin' and shit If you act like a bitch (nigga) nigga you get smacked like a bitch [Interlude: Dr. Dre + Snoop Dogg] Bitch niggas, bitch niggas (Bitch niggas) There niggas don't know what the fuck is goin' on Yo Dogg, check it, kick back Let me holler at these niggas for a minute [Verse 2: Dr. Dre] Straight off the streets of chaos and no pity The aggravated, makin' these punk motherfuckers hate it (Compton) is the city I'm from Can't never leave the crib without a murder wea-pon Huh, I can't live my life on broke no mo' And most of these fools ain't shit but cutthroats They smile in a nigga face, and for what? They got the game all fucked up, and want my thing fucked up I done learned a lot, seen a whole lot The top notch nigga, I'm fiendin' for that spot Now peep game on what Six-Deuce told me... [Verse 3: Six-Two] These niggas after yo' paper, Dr. D-R-E (wha?) And these punk-ass hoes is lookin' for dough You gotta watch your homeboys, cause a nigga never know Oh, they'll be around, but when yo' paper get	

low
Just like Master P said, "There they go, there they go"
Bitch niggas...uh-huh

[Interlude]
Attention all personnel
Stop scheamin', and lookin' hard
Stop scheamin', and...an, and...an-an, and...and lookin' hard"

[Hittman]
Bitch nigga, a bitch nigga
Bitch nigga, hella bitch nigga
You's a bitch nigga, motherfucker bitch nigga
A bitch nigga...a bitch nigga
A bitch nigga

[Verse 4: Hittman]
I know yo' type, so much bitch in you, if it was slightly darker
Lights was little dimmer my dick be stuck up in yo' windpipe
Hmm, you'd rather blow me than fight, I'm from the old school
Like Romey Rome homey yo, you owe me the right
To slap you, like the bitch that you are, been wantin` to cap you
Every since you was mad doggin' me with that bitch in yo' car
Fool, "Who do you think you are? Mr. Big Stuff"
Man, you shit on Hitt, get yo' shit bust, plus
Pistol-whipped, cover it up, use yo' bitch's blush
Mr. Powder Puff yo', bark ain't loud enough, huh
I know Chihuahuas that's mo' rah-rah, ha ha
I have to laugh Dre, I bet he take bubble baths
You don't want no trouble with the Aftermath staff, trust me
Doggy Dogg, Diggy Doctor plus me
No you's a busta slash hussy, soft as a hush puppy
Must we break you down to oestrogen most hated specimens
A bitch nigga

{Scratches - "Attention all personnel"}
Stop scheamin', and lookin' hard
Stop...stop...stop scheamin', and lookin' hard
Stop..stop..ah...op..op..stop..sch..sch..scheamin' and lookin' hard
Stop..stop..ah...op..op..stop..sch..sch..scheamin' and lookin' hard
Stop scheamin'...an...an..an..an..an..and lookin'

hard"} Stop scheamin', and lookin' hard Stop schea...scheamin', and lookin' hard Stop scheamin', and...and...and...stop scheamin', and lookin' hard	

14. The car bomb	
And now, the car bomb [Mel-Man] Yo, re-re, come on man, let's get the fuck up out of here, man [Charis Henry] All right baby, all right speedy, I'm coming, damn [Mel-Man] Took a motherfuckin' hour to get dressed I told you I was gonna be here over this motherfucker I wanna be in and out, now, don't fuck around over here [Charis Henry] And baby, I'm lookin' good, all right, I'm lookin' good [Mel-Man] I'm sayin', fuck that man, I'm tryin' to get the fuck up out of here, man [Charis Henry] All right, all right, I'm comin' damn shit [Mel-Man] Yo, yo, yo, hold it, hold it, whassup, this shit? You know the people right there? You know those motherfuckers right there? [Charis Henry] No nigga, I don't know, you paranoid [Mel-Man] What the fuck they lookin' at? I'm sayin' you ain't seen The motherfuckers ridin' past lookin' all at me and shit [Charis Henry] Nigga, you trippin', now you trippin', nigga you trippin' Let's go, scary-ass nigga you high or somethin', let's keep [Mel-Man] Man, fuck that man, get in the car, man aw, goddamn Told you don't fuck around over here and shit [Charis Henry] Whatever Uh-uh [Mel-Man] Damn, what the fuckin' up with this shit?	Skit. Geen referenties naar het verleden.

[Charis Henry] You didn't put no gas in this raggedy motherfucker, goddamn! [Mel-Man] I just got a tune-up the other day, man, my shit and all that [Charis Henry] Hahaha, ain't this a bitch, pined-out Pete let's keep, oh my goodness [Mel-Man] Man, shut the fuck up, let me start my motherfuckin' shit [Charis Henry] Fuck you, nigga, take me [BOOM]	

15. Murder Ink (ft. Hitmann & Ms. Roq)	
[Verse 1: Hittman] When darkness be closin in I motivate, with the howlin wind With a list of chosen men, frozen in sin Knowin that your end is beginnin, swift silent and deadly There's no defending my plots, I know your every movement For six months I watch Could've got you at your baby's mother's house Even at your down-low weed spot But the backdrop, wasn't flattering enough I didn't want people gathering and stuff Snapshots of blood splattering from the snuff Here - puff this here, while I figure which way, to split yo' wig Right now you as nervous, as a Farmer John pig As I dig into my tragic bag, take out the HK Twist on the silencer, insert the thirty-shot mag Bullet stuck to his brain like a magnet Skull in fragments, I leave the cleanup to Dragnet [Hook: Hittman] This is anybody (MURDERAHHH) To fuckin everybody (MURDERAHHH) Nigga all y'all (MURDERAHHH) Uh, uh, for real, you'll fuck around and get killed This is anybody (MURDERAHHH) Motherfuckin everybody (MURDERAHHH) Yeah nigga all y'all (MURDERAHHH) Uh, uh, for real, you'll fuck around and get killed [Verse 2: Ms. Roq] Peeped all the stash drop and exchange of the	Geen referenties naar het verleden.

dough Lurkin through the turf, think how I'mma just work Give 'em chase to the crib and yo he properly laced Stepped out the car, put my steel, to the side of his face Murder is the fuckin Case, rob this nigga and shake The fuckin spot cause in a few it's gon' be crawlin with cops! Who's the bad bitch now, you crept on, paid the piper Who'd've thought a sexy bitch could be a murderous sniper Detrimental to your health, should've learned yo' lesson But it's too late nigga bye-bye, better count yo' blessings I been watchin you watchin me, yeah you ballin Was, nigga now you finger fucked and steady fallin A thug wit no love, but bitch niggas die fast Thug niggas die young - oh what you thought you would last? Blast two shots to the dome, slide back to the pad And jack my nigga off, til his dick get soft Resume the wifey boo shit, cause yo my man don't know That his bitch is straight ill, servin ass with fo-fo' [Hook: Ms. Roq] I'm a motherfuckin (MURDERAHHH) Bitch this is anybody (MURDERAHHH) Yeah nigga all y'all (MURDERAHHH) Uh, uh, for real, you'll fuck around and get killed I'm a motherfuckin (MURDERAHHH) Uhh bitch this is anybody (MURDERAHHH) Yeah nigga all y'all (MURDERAHHH) Uh, uh, for real, you'll fuck around and get killed!	

16. Ed-Ucation	
[Eddie Griffin] Aww they say uhh.. .. a black man is a pimp Well let me tell you the biggest pimp On planet motherfuckin Earth, is her momma It's her MOMMA that told her "Get a man that got a good job gurl! Make sure he got a good car gurl!	Deze skit is ingesproken door comedian Eddie Griffin.

Make sure he can take you out and buy you somethin gurl!" What happened to just fallin in love with a nigga with a bus pass -- -- just cause you love the nigga? But I'm the pimp motherfucker! I gotta be the player! Biggest hoes, on planet Earth.. .. are walkin through the motherfuckin neighborhood You KNEW when you got with the nigga he already had a woman You knew he already had a family But you fucked him anyway!!! And then when you thought you gon' lose the nigga You went and got pregant - didn't you bitch, DIDN'T YOU!! THE OL' KEEP A NIGGA BABY And then when the nigga ain't around, what do you tell the child? "Aww that nigga ain't shit, that's why yo' daddy ain't here; Cause that nigga ain't shit." How bout bein a woman, and tellin the kid the truth That yo' momma, you was a ho! TELL THE KID! Momma was a ho, I was weekend pussy I had you to keep the nigga, it didn't work out That's why he ain't here - but he a good nigga Cause he take care of his REAL family I was just a dumb bitch, tryin to keep, a nigga that I wanted	

17. Some L.A. n*ggaz (ft. Defari, Hittman, King T, Knoc-turn'al, Kokane, MC Ren, Timbe Bomb & XZibit)	
[MC Ren] Yeah nigga, MC Ren up in this motherfucker (West West y'all) Yeah, L.A. niggas L.A. niggas rule the world nigga Y'all niggas gotta recognize, yaknahmsayin? Niggas don't wanna peep game, yaknahmsayin? But this shit come all the way back around here My nigga Dre, droppin' heat box on y'all bitch-ass Yaknahmsayin? You gotta recognize L.A. niggas, connected all over the motherfucking world, nigga Recognize this; peep game [Time Bomb]	Geen referenties naar het verleden.

Now in my younger days I used to sport a rag Backpack full of cans plus a four-four mag G'd up from the feet up Blue'd up from the shoe up's how I grew up Loc'n, smokin' and drinkin' til we threw up (threw up) At Leimert Park, taggin', hittin' fools up Ditching my class, just to fuck yo' school up You don't wanna blast, nigga tuck yo' tool up But don't sleep, y'all niggas quick to shoot you Now there's another motherfucker with no future But Time Bomb much smoother when I maneuver, dope like Cuba Got em jumpin Disciples to the Hoover [King T] I'm coming "Straight Outta Compton" with a loose cannon Smoke big green, call it Bruce Banner Watch your manners, at last another blast from the top notch From way back with the pop rocks, I pop lock witcha Picture this, Dr. Dre twisting wit Tha Liks And Hittman bought a fix Don't trip, it's a Time Bomb in this bitch Here it tick tick tick tick {*BOOM*} Wait a minute it's on, I tell it like a true mackadelic Weed and cocaine sold separate, check it From sundown to sunup -- clown and run up The Aftermath'll be two in your gut, nigga what? [Chorus: Knoc-Turn'al, Kokane] We roll deep, smoke on weed drink and pack heat Requirements for survival each day -- in L.A.! It don't stop, we still mash in hot pursuit from the cops Analyze why we act this way -- in L.A.! [Hittman] Gimme that mic fool, it's a West coast jack move They call me Hitt - cause I spit like gats do Cock me back Bust caps for my Macz Crew, at Fairfax Who used to wear Air Max shoes, that's true But I grew up where niggas jack you, harass you Blast you, for that set you claim (where you from?) Mash on you for your Turkish chain, C.K. B.K Blue'd up or flame, I ran wit a gang I helped niggas get, jacked for they Dana Dane's	

My pants hang below my waistline I look humble wanna rumble? (yeah yeah) I bang though, like Vince Carter from the baseline Don't waste my time Fuck a scrap in killa Cali, AK's and 9's One-time's, sun-shines, and fine-ass bitches Hawaiian Thai, drive-bys, six-fo's on switches [Xzibit] I was raised in the hood called WHAT-THE-DIF' Where the brothers in the hood, refused to go Hollywood Slugs for the fuck of it Anybody hatin' on us can suck a dick If I catch you touching mine you catch a flat-line, dead on the floor Better than yours, driving away gettin' head from a whore It's AvireX-to-the-Z Fuckin' with me might get you banned from TV Cassette and CD it's all mine the whole nine the right time Multiply, we don't die, the streets don't lie What, so neither do I, I'm bad for your health Like puttin' a pistol up to your face and blastin' yourself [Defari] Five in the mornin', burglars at my do' Glock forty-five in my dresser drawer Let 'em come in BLAOW he see the thunder roll Roll with niggas, who buy fifths by the fo' And brew's by the case SLAP YOU in the face with the bass, Dr. Dre laced Likwit Kings wit Sedans and gold rings Haters fold the style, but can't find no openings [Chorus: Knoc-Turn'al, Kokane] We roll deep, smoke on weed drink and pack heat Requirements for survival each day -- in L.A.! It don't stop, we still mash in hot pursuit from the cops Analyze why we act this way -- in L.A.! [Outro] In L.A That's how we ride That's how we ride That's how we ride	Verwijzing naar Vince Carter, Afro-Amerikaanse basketbalspeler.

That's how we ride	

18. Pause 2 porno	
[Instrumental to "Some L.A. Niggas" briefly plays] [Skit] Ya'll ready to get nasty? (Yeah!) Shit! (Yeah!) (Oh) Damn! Oh, that pussy is good tho! (Oh, shit!) It's good! (Oh! Oh!) (Fuck, you hurtin' me bitch!) Oh shit! (Oh!) Oh, yeah you're da bitch, beotch! (Fuck!) (Oh!) Oh shit! (You're hurtin' me!) Damn! (You're hurtin' me!) Damn! (Oh!) Damn! (You're makin' my pussy sore, bastard!) Oh shit! Oh, my nuts! (Aww, Fuck me!) Oh! (Fuck...) Oh shit yo' face! (Oh!) Oh, damn, damn, damn, oh, shit, oh (Fuckin in my eyes, bastard!) Shit! Ohhh... Ohhh... DAMN! (Oh, shit I can't see!) Ohhh (Oh, shit!) Oh, shit! (Fuck!) Whore! (Ahhh) Damn, that shit was good (Ahhh, oh shit) Ohhh, my god (Ohhhh.... ohhhh... ohhhh...) Damn (Oh, that shit feels so good...) Ohhh...ohhh...ohhh... Shit! (Oh, get the fuck up! Oh, get the fuck up now!) (Oh you fucked the shit out of us!) (Fuckin' big dick bastard!) Oh shit! Aight (Oh shit!) Aight, chill, chill, chill, give me five minutes, damn! (Well, get the fuck up!) (Jake, hurry up, cause you know I gotta get home to my nigga...cause you know...) (You know you gots to get some at home, hahaha) (You know I'm lovin that big) Ooooh, shit! (Ha ha..what? You got a problem?) Man, fuck your man, know what I'm sayin?	Skit, geen referenties naar het verleden.

I'm Jake Steed. Bitch! (What?! Who you callin' a bitch?) You! Bitch!	

19. Housewife (ft. Hittman & Kurupt)	
[Hook: Kurupt] Now this, this is one of them occasions Where the homies not doin it right I mean he found him a ho that he like But you can't make a ho a housewife And when it all boils down you gonna find in the end A bitch is a bitch, but a Dogg is a man's best friend So what you found you a ho that you like But you can't make a ho a housewife (wife) [Verse 1: Dr. Dre] I mostly sold dick while I packed a gold clip Worked my money-maker, she got paper, she bout to trip (Where the fuck is my money?) I cannot G guilty You pimpin strong, but comin home, to sheets that be filthy She on the dillzy, I take advantage All up in them panties, I got this bitch speakin Spanish I'm mannish - get yo' nails out my back Slut I'm bout to nut and get up, go scrub yo' cat Learn the player rules, this is how a player do Might not be a freak, but she got on the choosin shoes Dollar signs are folded, I can't control it Tryin to leave her, beeper just exploded She sweatin me, won't let me, broad turned fraud Now she on this dick huh, got her turnin tricks huh Man it's a trip I don't trip I'm in yo' Lexus flexin I left her up in Dallas, Texas, ass down [Hook] Now this, this is one of them occasions Where the homies not doin it right I mean he found him a ho that he like But you can't make a ho a housewife And when it all boils down you gonna find in the end A bitch is a bitch, but a Dogg is a man's best friend So what you found you a ho that you like But you can't make a ho a housewife (wife)	Geen referenties naar het verleden, wel presentative van een nieuw thema, namelijk de *gangs* of straatbendes.

[Verse 2: Hittman]
Naw "ho" ain`t short for honey, almost had to wail her like Bunny
Tellin tales of bein pregnant, catchin Nordstrom sales with abortion money
I spotted her, seen her with my nigga when I shot at her
Now we got beef, he caught up in the ho's erotica
Exotic - she's psychotic, rockin his Nautica
Soon he'll need antibiotics (sucka bitch)
Name a sexual disease, she got it like Sam Goody
You be like, "Damn how could she hit me off with chlamydia?"
Fool I pity ya
We live in the city of ballers
With more bounce and in a Zapp, she will doo wa ditty ya
Prettier to grittier, the wittier can get her
To the Hotel, Niko, on some Sauve shit like Rico
That's when I caught a Vision like Coleco
A high-post ho, a perfect way for me to keep dough
Huh, have her sellin ass on Bronson Ave. and Pico

[Verse 3: Kurupt]
At the ho-tel, mo-tel, or the Holiday Inn (say what nigga?)
I said if that bitch keep fuckin up (beotch) then we'll fuck her friends
I said I dip, dive, what can I say?
Niggas need to stop fuckin with O.J
Some niggas bang Blood, some niggas bang Crip
And bitches ain't shit but hoes and tricks
I had a dream of hoes, I had to screen my hoes
I seen my hoes in all kinds of clothes
Lil' Almond Joy, I truly enjoy
If you blew my balls, right through my drawers
Come back to the mansion, chill at the spot
From the way she was blowin, I know she does it a lot
I have a eight-and-a-half, nine-and-three-quarters
The ho started callin when I started boss ballin
Gimme some head, gimme some ass (uh-huh)
Gimme some cash, pass it to Daz
Pass it to Snoop, or pass it to Nate
See hoes eat dick like eggs and steak
It ain't shit new, I thought you knew (what?)
I knew you would, you wish you could
Break a G down, break me down

But I'mma see you on the rebound (what what?) D.P. style [Hook] Now this, this is one of them occasions Where the homies not doin it right I mean he found him a ho that he like But you can't make a ho a housewife And when it all boils down you gonna find in the end A bitch is a bitch, but a Dogg is a man's best friend So what you found you a ho that you like But you can't make a ho a housewife (wife)	

20. Ackrite (ft. Hittman)	
[Intro: Hittman] It's fuckin ackrite Question is - can I get some? Know what I'm saying? Ack-rite, bitch When I see you in the spot, you just act right, you know what I'm saying? When I yank you by the fuckin' arm Don't be looking at a nigga crazy Just give up the digits and be the fuck out, you know what I'm saying? Let me break it down for y'all [Verse 1: Hittman] It was just one of those days When I wanted to catch sunrays It`s fun to gitt blunted on a Sunday afternoon Nigga Bathed & got groomed, grabbed the gat for misbehavors And the chocolate flavored boom, lost in hip-hop tunes Zoom-zoom like the Commodores Wonder will we have drama or, end up clowning whores Round up four good-to-go girls Like them Barbary Coast girls, riding shotgun, baby I be postin all-world in the ride Sipping 151 done gave me too much pride to back down Soon as we get to The Beach I'mma put my fuckin mack down I'm playin lead, not the background It's time to put Bronson on the map now Walk with my hand on my Johnson, crack a smile Cuties peep my style, if I don't get some ackrite I'mma have to ack-wild	Geen echte verwijzingen naar het verleden. Wel een verwijzing naar het bijbelse volk de Samaritanen.

[Hook: Hittman] Blunt in my left hand, drink in my right Strap by my waistline, cause niggas don't fight Sucker free for life, so you better think twice (Aight? And a give a nig' some ackrite) I'm the type of nigga playa-haters don't like Snatchin' up your honey for some late night hype And snobby-ass bitches get slapped out of spite (Aight? So give a nig' some ackrite, right) [Hittman] Uhhhhh.. drink kicking in, I'm stimulated For those that don't know big words: I'm FUCKIN FADED Eighty-three degrees, ease to a shaded spot Our first spot was cool till some gangsters made it hot Now we plot and pose Plus we watchin hoes, with lots of flesh exposed Getting swarmed by those type of niggas With no game but brown-nose So I impose only like pros can "Yo, is this your man?" "No." Grab the bitch's hand, "I'm Hittman." Bling! Gold chain gleam "You're very eligible for my summer league team." Maybe too extreme cause the sister got steamed Then Miss Thing tried to scream on my brethren I got mad, spit phlegm on the name Stefan, tattooed on her arm Ho you ain't the bomb, must be a dyke Gitcho' lips swoll, or give a nig' some ackrite [Hook: Hittman] Blunt in my left hand, drink in my right Strap by my waistline, cause niggas don't fight Sucker free for life, so you better think twice (And a give a nig' some ackrite) I'm the type of nigga playa-haters don't like Snatchin' up your honey for some late night hype And snobby-ass bitches get slapped out of spite (So give a nig' some ackrite, right) [Hittman] Fronting on the ack-rite, causing me to act up Good Samaritans save that ho from getting slapped up My homies crack up at the scene I made Yo my actions ain't serene when a nigga's on fade If it wasn't for the one-time brigade	Good Samaritans; een Bijbelse veerwijzing om zwarte Israëlieten te beschrijven, *Good Samaritans* wordt hier gebruikt als een begroeting voor andere Afro-Amerikanen.

I woulda sprayed at the hooker tramp As cops parade I'm afraid it's time to break camp Make tracks, where else can we go to take hoes From fake macks? {*CAR HORN*} Aiyyo, chase them girls In that black Maxima, the passenger, almost fractured her Neckbone, looking back at us Plus, they on the dick cause the Caddy's plush They blush, I bumrush the huss, with the largest crush Try to swing an ep tonight so I don't have to keep in touch Keep it on hush without the tippin` Macking interrupted by some niggas set-tripping Clip in the strap, I showed these niggas how to act [Hook: Hittman]	

21. Bang bang (ft. Hittman & Knoc-turn'al	
[Chorus: T. Y. Nichols] Everywhere I go, all I ever seem to hear is (BANG BANG!! BANG BANG!!) No matter where I go, all I ever seem to see is (BANG BANG!! BANG BANG!!) Everywhere I go, all I ever seem to hear is (BANG BANG!! BANG BANG!!) No matter where I go, all I ever seem to see is (BANG BANG!! BANG BANG!!) [Verse 1: Dr. Dre] Everyday it's the same thing, L.A. ain't changed Niggas still playa hating, but Dre ain't changed I'm just a lot smarter now Cause these niggas is banging ten times harder now Niggas bringing they ass up in the wrong part of town Better turn their car around Rolling the window down (Hey can we talk it out?) (Nah, get the fuck out!) Johnny got a shotgun And he ain't even strong enough to cock one Fuck trying to job hunt Niggas got AK's Niggas is way crazier than Dre was back in his N.W.A. days Niggas spray strays and shoot without looking Niggas walk by and blast, without leaving a footprint	Gaat over het geweld in Los Angelos. De straten zijn veranderd. Een van de weinige verwijzingen op het album naar het verleden van onderdrukking is afkomstig van Hittman op het nummer *bang bang*. Op dit nummer wordt het geweld in de achterstandswijken van Los Angeles aangekaart. Het hele album is doordrongen van dit geweld, op dit nummer wordt het echter niet verheerlijkt. Dr. Dre stelt hier dat de situatie is verergerd in vergelijking met zijn jeugd.

I think the attitudes are twice as worst
It takes half the time to get your whole life reversed
Always trying to play Rambo with they ammo
Make a nigga wanna stay in family mode

[Chorus: T. Y. Nichols]
Everywhere I go, all I ever seem to hear is
(BANG BANG!! BANG BANG!!)
No matter where I go, all I ever seem to see is
(BANG BANG!! BANG BANG!!)
Everywhere I go, all I ever seem to hear is
(BANG BANG!! BANG BANG!!)
No matter where I go, all I ever seem to see is
(BANG BANG!!)

[Verse 2: Knoc-turn'al]
Late nights is full of lead that whistles as it goes by
Murder arrives, anytime
Bullets take flight when the fo'-five ignites
Some hearts skip a beat, some get blew out, and never re-light
With you in the site of youngsters with automatics
Busting on shit to lay everything down even tourists to non-affiliates
These days, gun play is official with green lights on every block
Though the sign tells you too it's not best to stop
On every corner, Cali niggas are dumping
You'll be shaking your soul loose from the box at the coroner's
Making death not so foreign to ya
Niggas got Rugers and M14's with enough ammo to leave
An armored truck Swiss cheese
I've learned to stay away from house parties
I've seen too many go and end up absent without leaving
Ain't no warm welcomings
My eyes have witnessed the bend in on
Nights that don't sleep, and fireworks until dawn

[Chorus: T. Y. Nichols]
Everywhere I go, all I ever seem to hear is
(BANG BANG!! BANG BANG!!)
No matter where I go, all I ever seem to see is
(BANG BANG!! BANG BANG!!)
Everywhere I go, all I ever seem to hear is
(BANG BANG!! BANG BANG!!)
No matter where I go, all I ever seem to see is
(BANG BANG!!)

[Verse 3: Hittman]

Now tell me, what the fuck is this man? Niggas doing brothers in worse than the Klan Can't even stand In front of your building and chill without yielding Twelve year old children that kill, blood spilling Thugs be illing, unnecessary slugs filling the sky Usually drilling the one that wasn't willing to die Yes sir, in the Killing Field I got my life preserver And I'll do my time for murder These niggas got the nerve to question me 'Bout the colors that I got on? I see that red dot on your knot 'Bout to get your whole crew shot on A Soldier of Fortune, I'm the wrong man to plot on Took him out on the spot before he even got on my hit list Peep this I cock back, you bow down Bust round, bloody the ground Retaliation sounds like this [Chorus: T. Y. Nichols] Everywhere I go, all I ever seem to hear is (BANG BANG!! BANG BANG!!) No matter where I go, all I ever seem to see is (BANG BANG!! BANG BANG!!) Everywhere I go, all I ever seem to hear is (BANG BANG!! BANG BANG!!) No matter where I go, all I ever seem to see is (BANG BANG!! BANG BANG!!) Everywhere I go, all I ever seem to hear is (BANG BANG!! BANG BANG!!) No matter where I go, all I ever seem to see is (BANG BANG!! BANG BANG!!) Everywhere I go, all I ever seem to hear is (BANG BANG!! BANG BANG!!) No matter where I go, all I ever seem to see is (BANG BANG!! BANG BANG!!)	In deze zin benoemt Hittman het geweld van Afro-Amerikanen jegens Afro-Amerikaenen. Dit zou zelfs erger zijn dan de Ku Klux Klan. Later adresseert Hittman ook nog het aan gang-gerelateerd geweld.

22. The message (ft. Mary J. Blige & Rell)	
[Intro: Dr. Dre] This one is for my brother, Tyree, R.I.P A message to God [Verse 1: Dr. Dre] Since you finishing em early, what possessed you to start him? We made a vow - later we'll regret til death do us part Lord, I thought we was made for each other You shouldn't connect those, made to be taken	Dit nummer is anders dan de rest van het album dat toch vooral de gangsterlevensstijl verheerlijkt. Op dit nummer spreekt Dr. Dre over het overlijden van zijn broer en tot god.

away from each other Now what I'm supposed to do? I'm only half the man that I was I'll never last, cause my better half is up there with you You knew what you was doing when you made us, so with all due respect You coulda forgave him, you didn't have to take him He can take the game with him, cause he defines the word The one who puts the G in it, who you think put me in it? I'm feeling like my whole world is blinded, wondering why Crying, pouring out my heart, pouring out liquor behind it We fought like brothers, something we never should do We coulda used time spent arguing telling the truth He had talent too - I had plans on watching him blow Don't know what hurts more, seeing him leave, or watching him go [Hook: Mary J. Blige] Listen, listen, listen (Listen) Listen, listen, listen (Better listen) Listen, listen, listen Listen [Post-Hook: Rell & Mary J. Blige] If you wan' know why (Why I live my life) The way that I do (Cause I got to get this money) So don't worry about me (Cause I know my way around) I'm just hustlin' everyday, runnin' this race, makin' this paper [Verse 2: Dr. Dre] You's a soldier, you're probably packing heat up there Met up with homies from the street, and got deep up there If you only knew the way I felt before they ruined the crew I thought I learned from Eazy, now I'm going through it with you We lost a thug, a son, and a father I spoke to your son, the other day, and told him Uncle Dre got him The Lord must be accidentally pulling your file Cause I'm still paging you, 911, straight in	

denial Prayin' you get it, but no man can choose the card he was dealt You either quit, or you gon' play it like you get it I done been through all emotions, from in shock, to keeping a poker face To straight breaking down and showing all emotions I'm anxious to believing real G's don't cry If that's the truth, then I'm realizing I ain't no gangsta It's just not me, but you know I'mma always ride wit you I miss you, sometimes I wish I just died with you [Hook: Mary J. Blige] [Listen, listen, listen (Listen) Listen, listen, listen (Better listen) Listen, listen, listen Listen](7469635) [Post-Hook: Rell & Mary J. Blige] If you wan' know why (Why I live my life) The way that I do (Cause I got to get this money) So don't worry about me (Cause I know my way around) I'm just hustlin' everyday, runnin' this race, makin' this paper [Outro: Mary J. Blige] Listen If you don't know why I you gotta listen up right now Listen, listen, listen, listen Listen, listen Listen, listen, children, listen I'm tryin to tell you somethin' good Don't get caught up in the hood, yeah If you don't know why You gotta find out the reason why Brother, brother [Skit] Oh, you're Doctor Dre. Ha-ha, are you a real doctor dude? I mean like, you know, can you prescribe some drugs for me man? Come on dude, I'll split whatever I get with ya, okay? Hahahaha Ah, the chronic	

Album 8: The Roots – Things Fall Apart

1. Act Won (things fall apart)	
(And you are all...) [Bleek Gilliam]: We don't even come to see our own, man. Listen, Freddy, listen... You know if we had to dep... if we had to depend upon black people to eat, we would starve to death. I mean, you've been out there, you're on the bandstand, you look out into the audience, what do you see? You see Japanese, you see, you see West Germans, you see, you know, Slabobic, anything except our people - it makes no sense. It incenses me that our own people don't realize our own heritage, our own culture, this is our music [Shadow Henderson]: That's bullshit! BG: Why? SH: That's all bullshit. Everything, everything you just said is bullshit... You complaining about... I'm talking about the audience. That's right. The people don't come because you grandiose motherfuckers don't play shit that they like. If you played the shit that they liked, then the people would come. Simple as that [Harry Allen]: Inevitably, hip-hop records are treated as though they are disposable. They are not maximized as product, not to mention as art	In het openingsnummer wordt het thema van het album direct aangekaart. De Afro-Amerikaanse cultuur, valt uit elkaar. Ze doelen hiermee onder ander op de verschillende houdingen tegenover hiphopcultuur. De muziek word niet gezien als kunstvorm, wat het in essentie wel is aldus de *Roots*. Deze thema's laten zij naar voren komen doormiddel van *samples*.

2. Table of contents (Part I & II) (ft. Black Thought, Dice Raw & Malik B)	
[Part One] [Black Thought] *Background* Is this fast or normal speed? Yea, know what I'm sayin'? Yea, Table of Contents Fuckin' wit it, one two, it's the Table of Contents, come on (2x) Uh yea, uh huh, yo Check it out, you're now intuned to the sounds of the R to the, double-O to the, T-S and I stretch limit to this profession My voice physically fit, tracks I'm bench-	Introductie tot het album, enkele verwijzingen naar het verleden.

pressing The mic chord is an extension of my intestine Delicate MC's sliced in my delicatessen My mind state is that of the S-P Connection, Pennsy a part of me, South Philly through my arteries Thought the dark one, fearsome, slump son My vocal just a knuckle that sucker punched the drum Hip-hop, yo, that's my hustle and it kill a kingdom That Fall Apart to drastic propor-tion Lost ones out there, you better stand clear The Fifth Dynasty, it be a world premiere Cuttin' through, like attorneys at law that's car chasin' You star gazing, but the force y'all facin' is the R-to the, double-O to the, T-S an' Y'all niggas in the mix, keep guessin' The world traveller in the flesh without question Last seven years on tour without restin' Yo the kind of rapper you should reconsider testin' Supreme simply, o-fficial Dundee What I bring'll motivate to move your whole country Throw your hands up if y'all want me to proceed wit And carry out strategic plans to leave wit The title that I'm watchin', Roots we run-ting My Dundee attire for MC hunting Step up and out the ring Y'all niggas on some other, y'all loud as Don King But wine drink within the danger zone lounging You need to be more aware of your surroundings Reality at times is astounding enough to get your heart poundin' It's safe to assume, in all confidence That I'm one of the illest in the seven continents Yo, you on my dick, thanks for the compliments You be fucked up by my Table of Contents *begins fading* Bad Lieutenant, you I been rhymin' since The fuckin' past tense, fuck no delayin' Or playin taking your wing way back in the day of yo Motherfuckin' mind [Part Two] [Malik B] It' the R-to the, double-O to the, T-S an' Yo yo, it's the R to the, double-O to the, T-S an'	Verwijzing naar Don King de Afro-Amerikaanse bokspromotor. Hij doet dit in een zinspeling naar het in en uit de ring stappen.

yo When I strike to excite, I just aim, I never miss Embrace you wit a hug of death, give your ass a slight kiss Toxic words that spill over pages, for ages Impacts like M-16's to twelve gauges The rage is still in me, never actin' too friendly Scully down creepin' while you tilted off Henny Many man begin pure but in this world of sin your Holdin' tight your morale will be injured And scramble, because this game life is the gamble Vandalize your terrain, go against the grain Invade your brain wit the collision causing division Sweep your sector, leavin' you niggas for stool-pigeons Sweep your sector, leavin' you niggas for stool-pigeons Sweep your sector, leavin' you niggas for stool-pigeons My religion is a way of life, but the trife replays Cause niggas actin shiest these days Wagin wars, usin' dynamics cuz I'mma slam it You talkin' all this out out your mouth, you satanic Roam the planet, always takin' bullshit for granted Just a cool type of cat, but you still can't understand it You told to sit back, stand still and chill Niggas bound to clap shots cause they all act ill Wit a sour-ass taste smilin' up in your face I'm like trust, never leavin' no trial or no trace Disappear wit the wind, prostration shows the discipline Twenty-five years of my life I learned to ?miss amend? Peep the structure of a whole empire Smuggled sealed tai, pack lyrics like Kya Verbal messiah, when I cross I set a fire Whack your MC for ten thou' cause I'm for hire	Verwijzing naar de kolonisten die zonder ontzag voor wat de samenlevingen de zij aantroffen op deze wereld misbruikt daarvan maakten. Even later in het nummer wijst Malik B erop dat de structuur van dit 'wereldneterk' nog steeds intact is. Hij doelt hiermee op uitbuiting.

3. The next movement (ft. DJ Jazzy Jeff & Jazzy fatnastees)	
[Black Thought] C'mon.. and yes y'all You are now in tune to the sounds.. Of the legendary.. foundation Yeah, you go Hey you listeners, stop what you're doin and Set it in motion, it's the next movement You listeners, stop what you're doin and	Geen referenties naar het verleden.

Set it in motion, it's the next movement Word up, we got the HOT-HOT music, The HOT MUSIC (1X) The HOT-HOT music, the HOT music (3X) Yo, one, two, one-two one-two That's how we usually start, once again it's the Thought The Dalai Lama of the mic, the prime minister Thought This directed to whoever in listening range Yo the whole state of things in the world bout to change Black rain fallin from the sky look strange The ghetto is red hot, we steppin on flames Yo, it's inflation on the price for fame And it was all the same, but then the antidote came The Black Thought, ill syllablist, out the Fifth This heavyweight rap shit I'm about to lift Like, a phyllum lift up it's seed to sunlight I plug in the mic, draw like a gunfight I never use a cordless, or stand applaudless Sippin cholorophyll out of ill silver goblets I'm like a faucet, monopoly's the object There ain't no way to cut this tap, you got ta get wet Your head is throbbin and I ain't said shit yet The Roots crew, the next movement, c'mon! [Break] And yes y'all You are now in tune to the sounds Of the legendary, foundation, check it out, uh [Bridge] Testin, yo, you go Hey you listeners, stop what you're doin and Set it in motion, it's the next movement You listeners, stop what you're doin and Set it in motion, it's the next movement [Hook] Word up, the formation of words to fit That's what I usually disturb you with A lot of rappers never heard of this, or know half the time it is You doubt the Illa-Fifth, what could you accomplish? Whether they skywriting your name, or you anonymous You be speechless, with stinging sinuses	

The Roots royal highnesses through your monitors I tilt my crown, then blow down a diamond kiss You need to buy a CD and stop rewindin this I'm the finalist, shinin like a rugged amethyst And at your music conference, I'm the panelist Listen close to my poetry, I examine this Like an analyst, to see if you can Handle this Check it out You, got the groove, emcees Freeze, stand still, nobody move Unless you dealin with The Next Movement The P-Phi-D we be the mon-u-ment I live my life nice, but I'm not too bent You theatrical as a Broadway play, this ain't Rent One hundred percent, straight out the Basement Spreading this across a planet on some next shit How many people feelin this love music? C'mon Yo, you go Hey you listeners, stop what you're doin and Set it in motion, it's the next movement You listeners, stop what you're doin and Set it in motion, it's the next movement [Hook]	

4. Step into the realm (ft. Black Thought, Dice Raw & Malik B)	
[Hook x4] Step into the realm, you're bound to get caught And from this worldly life you'll soon depart [Malik B] Yo, I walk across this world that's deceptive Beats are perfected, the ghetto's infested With more destruction, my vocal eruption Was speaking bout corruption with no introduction Approach me with caution cause I spark losses M-Illitant the rap arson, marchin' Leaving niggas stiff like I'm starchin', departin' Hollywood Sambos and jokes just like Martin I'm the type of nigga that belong in a war With a mic and a cord, to hold your head with a sword Self-proclaimed lames, calling theyselves bold They shall be floored when the claps applaud If this a point of life, one I can't afford Then I have to get sheist and I deal in fraud Now back to the topic of the rap philosopher With more drama than a soap opera	In dit nummer proberen de *roots* de luisteraar te vangen in de sfeer van hiphop. Ook weer meer revolutionair taalgebruik. In het nummer wordt verwezen naar Sambo een eeuwen oud stereotype dat tijdens de slavernij ingezet werd om de Afro-Amerikanen als volgzaam neer te zetten. In de negentiende eeuw werd de term opnieuw gebruikt in de kinderenboeken serie *Little Black Sambo* (1899). De illustraties zouden de Afro-Amerikanen als een racistisch en denigrerende karikatuur neerzetten. Malik B vergelijkt de hedendaagse

Who stops the propaganda, the hot block commander Putting a halt to all the backtalk and slander Warn every challenger about the silencer Muzzle in your mouth for the days that's on the calendar [Hook] [Black Thought] I'm from the valley of the heavy-heads Watch the ghetto pre-medical Undergrads and steady red faces of stone Eyes are crevices, life like a double negative Philly criminal, I rhyme my dirt, Tariq already did Building this Fifth foundation in the wilderness Thought-less, trespass and enter Thought's fortress Limitless entrance, paid to the order of the Cypher slaughterer, my mic slapping you senseless Defenseless, niggas never moving me inches The beat Fifth, invisi-ble in the trenches Aficianado, awesome hip-hop drug problem Fuck stardom, and chickens up in Gotham Poltergeist, slit or choke the mic 'til it scream to me Stop that, cash we conveniently got that I stroll through your scenery cocked back Me and Hot Mack, the '98, El Dorado Cadillac Jacks [Hook]	cultuur in Hollywood hiermee. Die zou volgens hem ook te veel doen aan stereotyperingen.

5. The Spark (ft. Dice Raw)	
[Hook] x2 Yo, the feet that I walk with The ears that I hear with, the eyes that I see with The mouth that I talk with, the terror that I stalk with Now it's time to spark shit [Verse 1: Malik B] Look Ock, I walk around a little edgy already Y'all MC's come into my face, but my aim's steady M-illitant is skilled in most strategic plan I float across seas and, breezed across land? Standing, in these thoughts of murder within Destructor of this world that's corrupted with sin I'm always hitting, to leave MC's guessing For any transgression, in my perimeter There will be a blessing, and your explicit	Geen duidelijke referenties naar het verleden. Hier lijkt een zelfde thematiek gebruikt te worden als in het nummer *Step into the realm.*

intoxicated Buddha session, to stop stressing Me with the madness, putting niggas on my had list No sadness is felt, you shuffled and your cards get dealt Jim Carrey ass niggas start to melt Impact like a buckle bein' swung from off a belt Any help for shelter, when in the realms of a welter My weight will tilt ya, hold alignments and change your filter My attitude a product of society So sometimes for gratitude, you know you can't rely on me Niggas eyeing me, with looks of they anxiety Wondering what's in my heart, velocity or piety Yo, it depends on which one, you bring to surface At times I get trife, but what to worship is my purpose Malik B blend with the tree, to spot an enemy You clogging me up cat, now vacant the vicinity [Hook] [Verse 2] I'm symbolic to a ballot, it's Abdul Malik Don't approach with bullshit, I'm quick to call it invalid Route through your district, we keep it simplistic No need for the rapper to talk, put it on halt Show me the vault, or the safe, cause I'm on the paper chase Wade through route states for bout thirty down my waist I'm tryna get it, these rain bottling thoughts become acidic With one in the chamber, ready to aim and spit it A girlfriend and team made nigga cash just splintered I take what you got to give, cause I got to live The last hour, I bet your ass in rack shower Might act up, but I still can pass dowa I'm using new ways to try to reach these better days Instead of tryna take you under I just make you wonder I still fast, make salaat and pay zakaat I didn't make Hajj yet, but that's my next project Living two lives, one of turn and one with true lies Keeping up hope, knowing he's answering to my du'as In the quarters living modest with my nigga	

Trotter I circle my foes, like tawwaf around the ka'ba I used to live life, like there was no mañana Now I'm treating every breath, like it was your honor I'm Mill-itill-itant with the Fifth that stand firm Like a pillar, I'm I and T-L like Manilla [Hook] [Outro] This is what it's all about	

6. Dynamite! (ft. Black Thought & ELO)	
[Black Thought] Uh uh, come on, S-P in the Up north into the NYC and the out West And to niggas in Cali and the Down South type dynamite What, yo yo come on dynamite dynamite Uh check it out, uh uh Yo yo yo yo yo check it out [Hook] Eve-ry bo-dy, touch this Illa-Fifth Dynamite C'mon, touch this Illa-Fifth Dynamite C'mon, touch this Illa-Fifth Dynamite Check it out, eve-ry bo-dy Touch this Illa-Fifth Dynamite C'mon, touch this Illa-Fifth Dynamite C'mon, touch this Illa-Fith Dynamite [Black Thought] Yo, check it out In in tro tro duc ducing The sole missin link, what could MC's who listen think It's Black Thought, open your eyes and don't blink Yo, to rock this mic is like a basic instinct But yo in-in-tro-tro-duc-ducing [Elo] Behind thee, the mic champ-ion More than a step beyond Mothafuckers sweatin me, beggin me just to get me on Macro-cosmic, micro-master [Black Thought] Aiyyo I'm all the way way, Phil Phil-lay-lay People wanna see the way the Illadel play Yo, look in the mirror, watch what yourself say I'm from S-P, no mortal man can test me	Geen referenties naar het verleden.

Thought, I keep a lin-e in, upper echelon-ean
Heineken, hold the rhymin in, flows remindin em
Cats that hear me up, some shit from back in the past
Your half-stepping ass could never fathom or grasp because

[Elo]
Yo we got a doctorate in cold-rockin it
Bringin this apocalype, nigga you mad topical
Bitch my raps trick your optical
Mister superficial, I'm rippin apart your heart tissue
This is your official, dismissal
I don't study the artificial, who fuckin wit the dark crystal
Yo where are is you? I'm movin like a smart missle
Aimed and guaranteed to hit you

[Black Thought]
Word up, but when the Fifth do get on and perform, you in for it
It ain't no way to cen-sor it, my style metaphoric
To bricks and ten tons stacks hard to lift
The artist, comin out the Fifth darkness

[Elo]
We go back like ancients, while you ain't shit
Sub-terrainean, never against the grain-ean
Afro-American slash half-Iranian
In your universe, my star's the most radiant

[Hook]
Eve-ry bo-dy,touch this Illa-Fifth Dynamite
C'mon, touch this Illa-Fifth Dynamite
C'mon, touch this Illa-Fifth Dynamite
Check it out, eve-ry bo-dy
Touch this Illa-Fifth Dynamite
C'mon, touch this Illa-Fifth Dynamite
C'mon, touch this Illa-Fith Dynamite

[Black Thought]
Aiyyo it's all the way live, from 2-1-5
Plus admission is denied so just wait outside
Two extremes collide like Jekyl and Hyde
And I provide you wit the swerve you need, but take heed
You travelling at light speed
Iller than adventures you might read
Official original breed, the justice league, yo it's the P-5-D
Style fashionist, other MC's they actresses

[Elo] Yo it's the high-post, you bout to get shot down Tryin to fly above this Illa-Fifth compound You've known since the get-go, I rock your disco Ain't nobody badder, but yo you get my gist so I represent so you gotta squint As far as how I do it you ain't compen-sate We causin nui-sance and get in-decent so save your two cents Don't come in my district, kickin that *bullshit* [Black Thought] Yo it's all simplistic, limited click get Lyrically lifted, touchin the Fifth shit Trenches of the mentally twisted, you enlisted 5 was the emblem on the mic you got hit wit [Elo] And I stomp ya, till you call me conqueror Back-slappin all the niggas that slept Thinkin that Elo could ever disappear I'm strippin they vi near Wit this non ether reefer, quiet frequent premiere [Hook] Eve-ry bo-dy,touch this Illa-Fifth Dynamite C'mon, touch this Illa-Fifth Dynamite C'mon, touch this Illa-Fifth Dynamite Check it out, eve-ry bo-dy Touch this Illa-Fifth Dynamite C'mon, touch this Illa-Fifth Dynamite C'mon, touch this Illa-Fith Dynamite Eve-ry bo-dy,touch this Illa-Fifth Dynamite C'mon, touch this Illa-Fifth Dynamite C'mon, touch this Illa-Fifth Dynamite Check it out, eve-ry bo-dy Touch this Illa-Fifth Dynamite C'mon, touch this Illa-Fifth Dynamite C'mon, touch this Illa-Fith Dynamite	

7. Without a doubt (ft. Black Thought & Lady B)	
Hey, hey, hey hey Hey, yes, yes I C'mon, c'mon uh, uh.. uh [Lady B] Another one of those Saturday Nights y'all Yo y'all, take heed Yeah, check it out, c'mon You're now rockin with the best.. uh	Geen referenties naar het verleden.

[Lady B]
Without a doubt, take heed y'all

C'mon, yeah, uh
Uh, yo, about to give you what you need y'all

[Lady B]
Without a doubt

[Black Thought]
Check it out now, it's the type cerebral
World renowned, illustrious, ille-gal
My musical affection, bubblin within your zone
Like champagne, known as the Fifth campaign
Thought be doin his damn thang
Bent like, a boomerang, tryin to maintain
I'm both yin and yang from Mi Kan Lang
What your lady gettin me up? I'm never answering
Let her miss me, see me then she off tryin to kiss me
Talkin bout, "I dig you Tariq, the way you twist me"
Meanwhile, she comin home tipsy, all grinnin
And what you used to fit em before, you now swimmin
Just take a dive P-5 deep, the team winnin
Takin hip-hop back to, the beginnin
Cause MC's are pretendin, I slap your sound
Out the sky like I'm goaltendin, bring your career
To an endin, enter the next era trascendin for real
Knahmsayin? If not, then man listen
For you to try to fuck with the Fifth, that's ambition
I let y'all know the time indeed, y'all need to
Take heed y'all

[Hook: Lady B]
Get a little P-5-D y'all
Straight from the town of Phil-ly y'all
But we about to give you what you need y'all
Without a doubt (2x)

[Black Thought]
Yo, I control the stadium like the law long arm
Warn, ring the alarm, cause here The Roots come
The funk's all ready for whoever want some
Your album get split like, a lump sum
No doubt, under this influencin of outcome
Millenium spaceship, totally wasted
Schoolly D classic, though I vocally laced it

Taste this swerve on a regular basis Servin y'all whatever the place is Blowin conniseur quality in my competitor's faces This is without doubt, your lady pass out This Illa-Fifth Twilight Zone, you ass out Shout, to my brothers on back route Whippin the short that's smacked out, dig it Strump this in your casette deck, hip-hop has not left yet I sent a verse in the mail like, a death threat The critically acclaimed composer, stand over Whichever mute miniscule mic holder You never knew the real before, yo I show ya You need to make your thoughts more sober, think it over [Hook: Lady B] (2x)	

8. Ain't sayin'noghting new (ft. Black Thought & Dice Raw)	
[Black Thought - amidst ad libbing voices] What the fuck, what what what? Nuttin new, nuttin new.. What? Nuttin new.. check Nuttin new, nuttin new, y'all not sayin nuttin new I represent the legendary Fifth Dynasty crew Nuttin new, nuttin new, y'all not sayin nuttin new Nuttin new, nuttin new, y'all not sayin, check shit out It's nuttin new, nuttin new, y'all not sayin nuttin new Nuttin new, nuttin new... Ghetto related with this hit the whole world awaited Y'all Dorito-head cats that yak and stagnated Black Thought, The Doug E. Most war vete-ran Crown ruler, soul controller of this lyrical land Spliff wizard kid, who is it? Fifth Dinosaur Ghetto, beat detonator Apex my level, NEXT, my complex pattern of speech is like sex I mastered the art of makin you snap the necks And Chase Manhattan endorse my mic checks Upset, poet threat Just collectin my debt, yo I'm overpaid in dues Blood tears and sweat, when you fuckin with The Roots That's as good as it get, Ultramagnet We pull you in a Drag-net then brainwash your click And extort your assets, then roadie all your homies	Een enkele verwijzing naar *Ebony*.

On some old school shit, Roots crew represent [Dice Raw] Life's a gamble, step up and place your bets I drift through space, then make my escape on through the 'net With CD's, cassettes, no C.O.D.'s or checks Straight from the old school, aiyyo Raw's in full effect I'm like, Lex Luthor with rifles filled with kryptonite When you grip the mic it's like -- c'mon kids, let's say goodnight! You don't like me?! But don't even know why should you hate me You scared to face these so I still remain safely Confidin, North Phil' where I'm residin Never let an outside nigga slide in This ain't home plate, I dunk on you once inside the paint Flow like this you cain't, take me you out, you ain't! [Black Thought] Nuttin new, nuttin new, y'all not sayin nuttin new Nuttin new, nuttin new, y'all not sayin nuttin new Nuttin new, nuttin new, tell me what you could do Yo we drop the funk, and do the shit Yo, head lost, sippin this Lambic Framboise Spittin it for like whoever demand the answer What's the cure for this hip-hop cancer? Equivalent To this avalanche of black snow, rap flow To get my people thinkin mo', we at the brink of war What does it all mean? What's it all for? With knowledge of yourself, then you're through the first door My people hungry and thirst for more next music explore It's heavenly to your ebony daughter next door So what you think The Roots get the world respect for? The splendid authentic hip-hop that's raw core Severe, world premier, a superior sophomore No doubt, wherever you dwell, that's where the bomb fell Explodin from the imperial en-sem-ble, for real From the ven-ue to the avenue We truly only got respect for a few, y'all ain't sayin nuttin new	

[Black Thought]
Nuttin new, nuttin new, y'all not sayin nuttin new
Represent the legendary Fifth Dynasty crew
Roots crew comin through, tell me what you could do
Yo you lookin for me? Nah we lookin for you
Nuttin new, nuttin new, y'all not sayin nuttin new
Represent the legendary.. with nuttin to do
For you.. yo, lyrical one two
Blow up y'all, it's nuttin new, nuttin new

[Dice Raw]
Look at y'all you just a army ant, I'm a gi-ant, arm fist
King of my city, runnin this shit, just like a ty-rant
Y'all clowns know what I meant, that's if we at war
Then my henchmen, will be at your back door, uhh
WAITIN, wise at debatin; trippin over Legos
Runnin up the steps and lookin for a weapon
But you come out wavin a white flag; that's why
I just backslap that ass like Shaq did Ostertag
Either take me or be taken, you think I'm goin down?
PSYCH, the jury, they're still deliberatin
I got half of they kids, tied up in a basement
Nah I'm just playin yo but that's how I'm playin doe
Dig what I'm sayin yo? D-I-C-E
Shove a mic in your mouth, like Ted DiBiase
When you come sloppy, fuck is y'all tryin to do?
Y'all in two, some wack shit, and ain't sayin nuttin new

[Black Thought]
Nuttin new, nuttin new, y'all not sayin nuttin new
Represent the legendary Fifth Dynasty crew
Roots crew comin through, tell me what you could do
One two, one two, yo.. we lookin for you
One two, nuttin new, y'all not sayin nuttin new
Represent, Fifty Dynasty crew
Check it out, what? Well one-two one-two, one-two
Knahmsayin yo? It's nuttin new
Nuttin new, nuttin new, y'all not sayin nuttin new
Represent the legendary.. Fifth Dynasty crew
Roots crew, tell me what you could do

You lookin for me.. we're lookin for.. one-two, one-two Ha hah HAH! Y'all ain't sayin nuttin new Wha-wha-one-two, one-two Represent the legendary Fifth.. knahmsayin? Blowin your vent, yo, content yo, it's like that	

9. Double Trouble (ft. Black Thought & Yasiin Bey)	
[Black Thought] We go wow, ba-da-da-dow-da-dah-ow Either stand tall, or just sit the fuck down All the way from the 2-1-5th to Bucktown Brace yourself, it's about to go down [Mos Def] Runnin one on one and only hip-hop band Yo Tariq (whassup) how your micraphone sound (It sound tight) well aight, show em what it's about [Black Thought] We got to blow up the spot, because they must have forget We double (trouble) bubble (bubble) bubble (bubblin hot) Well it's like smack the track up and leave dents in it The vocalist, busting this blunt instrument spit The magnificent, rappers run from it All fly girls' nipples and toes numb from it MC's in my circumference, is confronted son Get your growth stunted from this, you don't want it (What nigga?) The Black Thought and M-O-S Def done it Who the ultimate? Yo my man speak upon it [Mos Def] Aiyyo I stop fools and drop jewels but never run it Rock mics so nice I make you stock price plummet All you high noon riders better rally at the summit It's me and Tariq and your fleet outnumbered Cross the membrane, barking big game and get hunted Eyewitness account, say it happened so sudden Just slid off to the side, didn't really say nuttin Then BLAOW, blew away the 1900th [Black Thought]	

You better get your rest cause the next day comin Oh yes, and MC's they scared to say sum'tin Stop frontin, I'm in the cut just onlookin Your get your kings, your rooks, rings and pawns tooken [Mos Def] Aiyyo, keep your tape rolling so you catch every bar Of the Black Thought and the black man from Black Star Illadelph and Vietnam we conference, accomplish Even with stakes inclined, I get mine, regardless [Black Thought] Yo, a lot of Smurfette MC's carry purses And rock uniforms that's made for nurses I burst your verses, your words is worthless Only touching surface, the FUCK's the purpose? [Mos Def] I shot the sherriff, the deputy, and head of bank treasury So mounties in the county got a BIG bounty stressin me But tell 'em to hold off, they too short to measure me Mos and Black Thought blast forth with the weaponry [Both interwined] Like blaow-ba-dow-da-da-dow-da-dah-ow Either stand tall or sit the fuck down All the way from the 2-1-5th to Bucktown Brace yourself, it's about to go down [Mos Def] Yo Tariq (whassup) how your microphone sound? (It sound tight) well aight, show em what it's about [Both intertwined] We got to blow up the spot, because they must have forget We double (trouble) bubble (bubble) bubble (bubblin hot) [Mos Def] Yeah, now check your stove top before you take a listen And make sure beans don't burn in the kitchen These gassed-up niggas just ain't fuel efficient	Vergelijking met Vietnam en de achterstandswijken.

I play the winter breeze to choke hold your piston (eh-eh-eh-eh) Now you niggas can't make pole position Class E chassis can't hold the transmission Crew pit useless, they got they tools missing Watch me, Grand Prix, champy for wealth driven [Black Thought] Yo, you go one for my hustle (hustle) Two to rock rhyme (two to rock rhyme) From the muscle kid I'm one of the illest of all time I swing from chandeliers and wall climb And specialize in warfares of all kind A lot of MC's said I'm a run it down rhyme But half the time, they running down one of mine Thought suffocating em with yet another stunning line You dumb and blind kid, it's enlarged and underlined [Mos Def] What I memorized leave your whole staff pressurized Melt down all of your artificial lies Y'all niggas is faker than Yellow No. 5 Swine like mono and diglyceride My vocals got texture, you just texturized I'm nicer than your writtens even when I'm improvised Step into my zone get flown like fly By the b-boy Lazarus who just won't die [Black Thought] Yo, me and Kamal and Leonard Hubbard, ?uestlove and Malik We go back to dollar hoagies and Tahitian Treat Or like toast in the oven with government cheese bubbling Me and Dante like Marvin, The Troublemen travelling Give me the mic, we on that again B-boy business, off the top acting and battling Serving them cats that forgot But don't get too close, because you might get shot [Both interwined] Like blaow-ba-dow-da-da-dow-da-dah-ow Either stand tall or sit the fuck down All the way from the 2-1-5th to Bucktown	Verwijzing naar The troublemen of Marvin Gaye dit zou eventueel uitgewerkt kunnen worden.

Brace yourself, it's about to go down

[Mos Def]
Yo Tariq (whassup) how your microphone sound
(It sound tight) well aight, show em what it's about

[Both intertwined]
We bout to blow up the spot, because y'all must have forget
We double (trouble) bubble (bubble) bubble (bubblin hot)

We go blaow-ba-dow-da-da-dow-da-dah-ow
Either stand tall or sit the fuck down
All the way from the 2-1-5th to Bucktown
Went from Do You Want More?!??!! to what you want now?

[Mos Def]
Yo Tariq (whassup) how your microphone sound
(It sound tight) well aight, show em what it's about

[Both intertwined]
We bout to blow up the spot, because y'all must have forget
We double (trouble) bubble (bubble) bubble (bubblin hot)

[Mos Def]
Say here's a little story that must be told
About two young brothers who got so much soul
They taking total control of the body and brain
Flying high in the sky, on a lyrical plane
It's just two bad brothers who will never quit
Mos Def and Tariq from the 2-1-5th
They rock beginning to end, on a spiritual blend
And everybody who forgot then baby tell em again
It's just me and Tariq, with Ahmir on the beat
The Roots crew baby yo we got to make it unique
We got the soul-shockinest, body-rockinest
Non-stoppinest, Fortified Live survive the apocalypse
Rhymes we say, the perfect blend
Because we know how to rock when the beat come in
Like zen-zen-zen-zen-zen
Zen-zen-zen-zen-zen, zen-zen, zen-zen
Zen zen-zen, ZEN zen zen ZEN zen zen
Zen zen, ZEN zen zen-zen

Zen-zen-zen, ZEN zen ZEN zen Here we go, here we here we here we go Zen zen-zen, ZEN zen zen ZEN zen zen Zen zen, ZEN zen zen-zen Zen-zen-zen-zen-zen, zen-zen, zen-zen Let the poppers pop, and the breakers break Then zen-zen-zen-zen-zen Zen-zen-zen-zen-zen, zen-zen, zen-zen Two years ago, a friend of mine Zen zen, ZEN zen, zen-zen zen-zen... *fades*	

10. Act too… The love of my life (ft. Black Thought, Common & Dice Raw)	
[Intro] Hip-hop y'all, to the top y'all Hip-hop check it out It's like that uh and it sounds so nice Hip-hop, you the love of my life We bout to take it to the to the to the, check it out Yo, what, and it sounds so nice Hip-hop, you the love of my life I'm bout to take it to the top, what Hip-Hop, hip-hop love To the top hip-hop, check it out It's like, word up, and it sounds so nice Hip-Hop, you the love of my life, of my life [Verse 1: Black Thought] The anticipation arose as time froze I stared off the stage with my eyes closed and dove Into the deep cosmos The impact pushed back, the first five rows But before the raw live shows I remember I's a little snot-nosed Rocking Cazal goggles and Izod clothes Learning the ropes of ghetto survival Peeping out the situation I had to slide through Had to watch my back, my front, plus my sides too When it came to getting mine I ain't trying, to argue Sometimes I wouldn'ta made it if it wasn't for you Hip-hop, you the love of my life and that's true When I was handling the shit I had to do It was all for you, from the door for you Speak through you, getting paper on tour for you From the start, Thought was down by law for you Used to hit up every corner store wall for you We ripped shit and kept it hardcore for you I remember late nights, steady rocking the mic Hip-hop you the love of my life	Hiphop is de liefde van de Roots. Hij stelt ook zijn rust te hebben gevonden in hiphop zoals Malcom X zijn rust vond in het oosten, daarmee doelend op de spirituele reis die Malxom X ondernam naar Mekka.

So tell the people like that y'all And it sounds so nice Hip-hop, you the love of my life We bout to take it to the top [Verse 2: Common] I was speaking, to my guy 'Riq and How she was desperately seeking to Organize in a Konfusion Using no protection, told H.E.R. on Resurrection Caught up in the Hype Williams, and lost H.E.R. direction Getting ate in sections where I wouldn't eat H.E.R An under the counter love, so silently I treat H.E.R Her Daddy'll beat H.E.R., eyes all Puff-ed In the mix on tape, niggas had her in the buff When we touch, it was more than just a fuck The Police In H.E.R. I found peace Like Malcolm in the East Seen H.E.R. on the streets of New York, tricking off Tried to make a hit with H.E.R. but my dick went soft Movin weight, losing weight Not picky with who she choose to date To confuse the hate with her struggle I relate Close to thirty Most of the niggas she know is dirty Having more babies than Lauryn She started showing early As of late I realized, that this is H.E.R. fate Or destiny that brings the best of me It's like God is testing me In retrospect I see she brought life and death to me Peace to us collectively, live and direct when we perform It's just coffee shop chicks and White dudes Over H.E.R. I got into it with that nigga Ice Cube Now the fight moved to in life, making the right moves Besides God and family, you my life's jewel Like that y'all [Black Thought] It's like, word up, and it sounds nice Hip-Hop, you the love of my life, what Bout to take you to the to the to the To the to the to the to the To the to the to the to the To the to the to the to the, yo	

Fifth Dynamite, and it sounds so nice Hip-Hop, you the love of my life I'm bout to take you to the top love Hip-Hop, word up, to the top (to the top) Hip-Hop, check it out It's like that, what And it sounds alright Hey, cause you the love of my life I'm bout to take you to the to the to the To the to the to the to the To the to the to the to the To the to the to the to the, check it out What, yeah and it sounds so nice Hip-hop, you the love of my life Bout to take you to the top love Hip-hop, hip-hop to the top (to the top) hip-hop (hip-hop) Fifth Dynamite, and it sounds alright Hey, cause you the love of my life I'm bout to take you to the to the to the To the to the to the to the To the to the to the to the To the to the to the to the, check it out, yo Ye-yeh-yo, yo, and it sounds so nice Hip-Hop, you the love of my life We bout to take you to the top love Hip-hop, hip-hop To the top, to the top Hip-hop, hip-hop Check it out, it's like, yeah, and it's sounds alright Hip-Hop, you the love of my life We bout, take it to the to the to the	

11. 100% Dundee (ft. Black Thought, Dice Raw & Malik B)	
One one one one two P-P-5-D Yeah, yeah, P-P-5-D I'm sayin, yo Touch this yo, knahmsayin what Yo-yo, yo, 100% [Black Thought] Yo, on these seventy-three keys, of ivory and ebony I swear solemnly that I'll forever rock steadily People wanna know where Malik, he right next to me The weaponry, the secret recipe Hard to peep this, deep shit, shows I eat with Contaminated thoughts I walk the street with I bayonet cassettes and chop beats with This olympic lyricism you can't, compete with Globe traveling, throwing your verse like a javelin	Geen verwijzingen naar het verleden.

Things Fall Apart and MC's unraveling
Backstage whispering to management like
Change the order, it's no way that we can rock after them
My man sport the 'fro like What's Happenin'
From the latest hi-atus, The Roots back again
Your crew practicing to catch this natural blend
They packages read, care when handling
It's all soft shit, batteries not included with
Matter of fact, your whole front's a re-enactment
I blow your ba-tty ass into fragments, P5D
The new testament, mic specialist, what

Check it out, yo
Check it out, yo
Check it out, yo
Yo yo Black Thought, I represent the Fifth Dynasty
Lyrical click, 100% Dundee

[Malik B]
Malik B, I represent the P-phi-D
Guerilla click, 100% Dundee

[Black Thought]
Black Thought, I represent the Fifth Dynasty
Lyrical click, 100% Dundee

[Malik B]
Malik B, I represent the P-phi-D
Guerilla click, 100% Dundee

The Milli-illitant-tant, 'pon cock, ready to rock
Power out, in the clout, it seems out, all through your block
Posse don't play the cut, but what, you get sheist
Got the personality named trife, ready to heist
Smashin 'graphs, snatch the ice, crush your mental device
Thought twice, shoulda thought once, got played for the dunce
Dialogues I moderate, cool out, we outta state
Just blendin in the great, give me room to ventilate
Most niggas is fraudulent, the rap seargeant
Bargin, through your regiment, call your president
Hittin all targets cuz it's a cause that's lost
Between the killers when they probably Teddy Ruxpin soft
Droppin tears of steel, two drops up in the bucket
Facing three hots and a cot so yo fuck it
If I get abducted, trapped up in the belly
Wacked up my celly, get known like Dawn

Staley You know the deally on the daily in the ? If I sense you got a bend to your kite, then send it up We press up on your corner with windows they're tinted up Lay our props face down on the ground and get it up, what? Face on the ground and get it up [Black Thought] Yo yo, Black Thought, I represent the Fifth Dynasty Lyrical click, 100% Dundee [Malik B] Malik B, I represent the P-phi-D Guerilla click, 100% Dundee [Black Thought] Black Thought, I represent the Fifth Dynasty Lyrical click, 100% Dundee [Malik B] Malik B, I represent the P-phi-D Guerilla click, 100% Dundee [Black Thought] Check it out While you pose for pictures, I'm the invisible enigma Down low, scope you off the roof like the fiddler Cage you up in the vocal booth, you're held prisoner Watch, while I'm banging out this hot shit from Sigma Illa-del-P-A, live without a DJ And it's been that way, since Sergio Vallente Yo, The Roots holding it down, is all you can say Plus the Black Thought em-cey, professional-lay Push pen to paper like Chinua Achebe Thumpin, what was your assumption I lace your function, make it a Black Thought production Word up I'm on something, stellar hold off course I'm gone blunting, travel light and broadcast Via satellite, Illa-Fifth Dynamite Lyrically calculus in this arithmetic hip-hop metropolis But loyal fiends coppin this hot shit Yaknahmsayin, hot shit, word up	Afro-Amerikaanse basketbal speler Verwijzing naar Chinua Achebe. Dit is de auteur van het boek waarop de titel *All things fall apart* is gebaseerd.

Illa-Fifth hot shit y'all Black Thought, I represent the Fifth Dynasty Lyrical click, 100% Dundee [Malik B] Malik B, I represent the P-phi-D Guerilla click, 100% Dundee [Black Thought] Black Thought, I represent the Fifth Dynasty Lyrical click, 100% Dundee [Malik B] Malik B, I represent the P-phi-D Guerilla click, 100% Dundee	

12. Diedre vs. Dice (ft. Dice Raw)	
[Dice Raw] Yo, look at all the scavengers All wannabe contenders Dismember, wack niggas I intend ta Y'all ain't shit but sticky shit On the bottom of Timber-lands I know you clam heads wanna surrender Don't even act like the battlefield the place you wanna enter Yo niggas is hopeless, you really need to focus On who's the fuckin dopelist or wind up hopeless Lookin for some soup, tryin to recoup Some fuckin loot, only thing you get is the boot To me these punk MC's is nothin but fruit Cakes, shake they booty on stage and get head With lyrics that I kick, talkin that bullshit You might get lit like a front of a spliff For runnin, off at the lips talkin that nonsense Raw get on stage, take your confidence Break you off since powerful defense *fades*	Geen verwijzingen naar het verleden

13. Adrenaline (ft. Dice Raw, Malik B & Beanie Sigel)	
[Scratch intro] Chorus [Black Thought and Scratch] 2x Once again 'gain Once again 'gain Once again 'gain 'gain ladies and gentlemen Once again 'gain Once again 'gain Once again 'gain 'gain Yo, Adrenaline	Op het nummer wordt de spanning die men op de straat kan beleven toegelicht. Een verwijzing naar het verleden; naar een slavenveiling.

[Black Thought]
Yo I'm in the eye of the storm, where the pressure's on
And MC's is dressed funny like a leprechuan
I chop rappers up like chicken szechuan
Sells a squads off like a slave auction
Aiyyo my zodiac sign read caution
On stage, I make your seed to an or-phan
Yo, my age an algebraic equation
Niggas want some? I hit em wit a portion
Son, The Fifth foursome, armed at the door son
M-illi-tilla, Dice Raw, quick draw son
You don't want no more son? That's when more come
And drag a nigga Erie Avenue to Oregon, you're all done
Ladies and gentlemen
Select the weapon at the gate upon entering, The Roots instrumentaling
Spark shit, them niggas try to talk shit
We hit em like the L at 60th and Market
South Philly clip a hole into a nigga pocket
Take sneaks, chains and rings and bracelets
Split back this like we the therapist
Adrenaline, Fifth mic terrorist, once again

Chorus

[Malik B]
Zigga zigga zigga tryin to get a grip but still slip,so lift me up
Ever since I was a pup I was designed to erupt
You get to know me, you poke me slowly, when caught puzzin
Some niggas thought they was, when of course they wasn't
Punked em wit a dozen of pellets all in they skelet
Transform, from the norm, start to brainstorm
Yeah Malik B from The Roots, he ain't gone
I took the wrong exit, the sign said Langhorne
I'm trapped up in about five worlds with live pearls
Shouts to Armour Akquan whose name is Jalil
The moat is deep water so let your hand expand it
Demanding, takin you back like Knotts Landing
I'm Ralph Kramden, we out, you'll see in Hampton
Yo what the what the what the, what the what the what the
Pivot on this concrete earth until I rot
Didn't figure how to conquer it yet but still I plot, once again

Chorus

[Dice Raw]
Beans passed the Mac and we held em, like hostages
Rappers see me, hide they face like ostriches
Dice'll grind your brain into little sausages
Underwater rap, you know who the bosses is
North Philly baby, that's where that Raw shit is
You'll get blown out the sky once shit get talkative
A-D devise rise, I fathered it
So when you see me on the street, don't bother kid
Just be on your merry way, or you might get slit
Ask around, wondering what Dice Raw did
Lay you on floors like ya getting carpeted
You need a special kind of mic for retarded kids
Me against you's like Kane verse the Partridges
You wanna battle, change your name to The Forfeiters
Cuz that's what you do, face to face wit raw niggas
I give you a bad case of the fucked-up jitters, once again

Chorus

[Beanie Sigel]
They used to talk shit, but I'ma quiet them
Kick in the door wit my boys stick to rioting
First nigga that flinch, I'mma fire em
Tape em up, grip his hands, and plier em
Know the bricks is in here, where you hiding em?
Don't die in the shit that you lying in
Used to get fronted bricks, now I'm buying em
Used to cop off my man, now I'm supplying him
Paid the front row seat watching Iverson
First class air crafts what I'm flying in
To L.A., Shaq, Eddie, Kobe Bryant and them
Save the jokes for Chris Tucker, Richard Pryor and them
Used to shotgun in cars, now I'm driving em
Used to hustle 'round bars, y'all was robbing them
Ran up in y'all spot wit Rob and them
Grew up, two-four, wit Pie and em
But do my dirt, 21st, wit Kyle and them
Nigga Pop, nigga Buzz, little Mark and them
Brother news, nigga schooled Marley Park and them
Nigga jump, pull a pump, low sparking em
I know shit right now getting dark to them

Tore they body all up, ain't no chalking em Too sharp for them, move out in the dark on em These Illadel foul streets what I'm stomping in once again Chorus [Scratch outro]	

14. 3rd Acts: ? vs. Scratch 2 … Electric Boogaloo	
	Skit, geen verwijzingen naar het verleden.

15. You got me (ft. Dice Raw, Erykah Badu & Eve)	
[Hook: Erykah Badu] If you were worried 'bout where I been or who I saw or What club I went to with my homies Baby, don't worry You know that you got me	Een liefdes nummer in samenwerking met Eykah Badu.
[Verse 1: Black Thought] Somebody told me that this planet was small We used to live in the same building On the same floor, and never met before Until I'm overseas on tour, and peeped this Ethiopian queen from Philly taking classes abroad She studying film and photo, flash, focus, record Said she working on a flick and could my clique do the score She said she loved my show in Paris at Elysee Montmartre And that I stepped off the stage and took a piece of her heart We knew from the start that things fall apart And tend to shatter, she like, "That shit don't matter." When I get home, get at her Through letter, phone, whatever; let's link, let's get together Shit, you think not, think the Thought went home and forgot? Time passed, we back in Philly, now she up in my spot Telling me the things I'm telling her is making her hot Starting building with her constantly round-the-clock Now she in my world like hip-hop, and keep telling me… [Hook: Erykah Badu]	Een verwijzing naar de Afro-Amerikaanse vrouw als koningin.

If you were worried 'bout where I been or who I saw or What club I went to with my homies Baby, don't worry You know that you got me [Verse 2: Black Thought + Eve] Yo, I'm the type that's always catching a flight And sometimes I gotta be out at the height of the night And that's when she flip And get on some old… another lonely night Seem like I'm on the side, you only loving your mic I know you gotta get that paper Daddy, keep that shit tight But, yo, I need some sort of love in my life, you dig me? While politicking with my sister from New York City She said she know this ball player And he think I'm pretty—psych, I'm playin', boo You know it's just with you I'm staying, boo And when cats be poppin' game I don't hear what they sayin', boo When you out there in the world I'm still your girl With all my classes I don't have the time for life's thrills So when you sweating on stage, think of me when you rhyme And don't be listening to your homies They be leadin' you blind Yeah, so what you saying, I can trust you? Is you crazy?! You my king for real But sometimes relationships get ill, no doubt [Hook: Erykah Badu] If you were worried 'bout where I been or who I saw or What club I went to with my homies Baby, don't worry You know that you got me [Verse 3: Black Thought] That snake could be that chick And that rat could be that cool cat That's whispering, "She trying to play you for the fool, Black." If something's on your chest then let it be known See, I'm not at you every five minutes all on the phone And on the topic of trust, it's just a matter of fact That people bite back and fracture what's intact And they'll forever be, I ain't on some "Oh, I'm a	

celebrity!" I deal with the real, so if it's artificial let it be I've seen people caught in love like whirlwinds Listening to their squads and listening to girlfriends That's exactly the point where their whole world ends Lies come in, that's where that drama begins, and she like… [Hook: Erykah Badu] If you were worried 'bout where I been or who I saw or What club I went to with my homies Baby, don't worry You know that you got me	

16. Don’t see us (Dice Raw & Malik B)	
[Black Thought] Uh, what what, yo yo P-5-D uncut Check it out, yo yo, S-P uncut Yo yo, what P-5-D uncut, yeah yeah it's that Philly shit Yo yo, check it out, yo yo [Hook x2: Malik B] You Don't See Us, but we see you You stuck on sleep, get on your P's and Q's Cause you will get crept, wit no discrept You know the rep, we keep the flows in check [Black Thought] Mesmerizing, state of the art caffeine It's over head like Omniverse screen I'm not the average savage that curse queens I'm something from his worst dreams First we handling first things, I'm subsurface unseen Grat'll hold planet by purse strings MC's are earthlings, not built to hurt things Speaking the words of weaklings, nothing but sweet things [Malik B] Man each world, it ain't no time to recline Act up, get clapped up, my mind is the nine Shine like jewels that spark, swimming with sharks Never caught speaking to NARC's, that's weak in the parks I'm the type to sit back and analyze the prize Grip it up and flee the scene wit a different disguise Take a detour, I be all that I can be whore	Op dit nummer wordt wederom verwezen naar de Afrikaanse vrouw als koningin. Het wordt op dit nummer duidelijk dat Malik B en Dice Raw duidelijk de dubbele seksuele moraal zijn.

Talking to this *bitch* life, had to make her my wife
Live twice, got seven more lives to live
I'm all out, taking things to the fullest extent
Help me get it down and we can split one-hundred percent
Run a rapper through a maze like an experiment
Word up, you know the legendary Roots crew, yo

[Hook x2]

[Dice Raw]
The Raw Dice rise like a creature from out the swamp
With my blood-thirsty clergy that's on the hunt for conk
Who pumps your heart, I made you wanna rhyme from the start
You should be more alert, then you wouldn't get hurt
Get off your horse and on your P's and beware
Of images you seeing, did deceiving, you're scared
And even more shook up than the scenes that's near, I'm Dice Raw
Sting the inside of your mouth like a cold sore
Who wanna piece, well it's Round One, let's begin
I got a gun that's don't bust, it just suck niggas in
I got shit that'll have you begging me to shoot ya
I'm the professor, you rock a dunce cap, go get a tutor

[Black Thought]
Yo, Okay Computer, Radiohead's knock to the Future Shock like Curtis, at your service
None other than, the Fifth governing playin the cut again
Y'all clueless to what the fuck is up again
Yo, hard times and sufferin
What, my peoples in the crevices strugglin
'Nuff of them ?untie? soldier thespian
But I'm from the next e-on, supreme being that's unseen for emceeing

[Hook x2]

[Malik B]
Yo, they all around me 'round me
On my head, they got a bounty
I'm trying to get this bail up, so I can flee your county
Triple-six, come in my mix, flood it with tricks

I'm sharper than rough spoons for icepicks Niggas price bricks till dawn, if the money is long Cats who play strong will inhale, then go play bong You wrong son, you thought I wasn't dropping a ton Sit and think about the way I wanna tally a sum [Dice Raw] Aiyyo I sneakfully snuck up from behind and got you From over there in them bushes, I chilled and watched you Dancin all dolly as you pussy for them folly I knock you out wit one punch from me you been Ali-ed I float like hovercrafts and sting like vaccinations When my name said out loud, you'll lose your concentration Dice Raw, D-I-C-E-R-A-W You wanna take it, otherwise, fuck you gon' do? That's what I thought, nada, nothing, caput, zero Rough as sandpaper but still smooth as a tiptoe Raw's taking over, baby don't tell me you ain't know A lot of kids can rap but you fucking with the pros [Black Thought] Know what I'm sayin', y'all know the legendary Roots crew, it's like [Hook]	

17. The return to innocence lost (ft. Ursula Rucker)	
(Ursula Rucker) Muffled sound of fist on flesh Blows to chest No breath Air gasps You ain't nothing but white trash, bitch! With each hit, each kick, each...broken rib Crack, Crack! Bones are crying Mommy's crying and bleeding And pleading And then... Daddy wants to fuck Dick hard, swelled with power rush And as if all that wasn't enough Mommy's seven months heavy with birth	Dit nummer beschrijft de situatie in de achterstandwijken, waar de vrouw zich in een moeiljke positive bevind.

As...Daddy grunts and cursed drunk nothings in her bloodied ear (singing softly) First...lullaby First...Son...will...ever...hear And never forget Mommy almost bled to death when she have him...finally She'd already lost...three Uterus-bruised, shredded, and weak From being daily beat And Friday nights were the worst and... Daddy never came with flowers Instead he spent hours at some corner spot With some bar pop named Cookie Putting his thing down Soiling Mommy's sheets with... Sweet...talk shit Cookie's cheap lipstick Hair grease, sperm, and jezebel juice To hell with the good news that... He was a father for the first time His thirst for wine and women Clouded his vision... No warm welcome for mother and son Just... The rank smell of ass-crack, funk, and cum But Mommy's prayerful strength-her best defense She...burned the dirty linens Made a fresh bed Laid sleeping First Son down And never made a sound As she purged her scourge With birth-blood and quiet tears Watching as her fears and love and sacrifice Lie there in his soft skin and new life Breathing, dreaming, fresh from God's eye Mommy's little survivor Like...her Mommy called crazy and scorned 'Cuz she two more born One boy soon after The girl much later and... Although they were both sung the same lullabies of hate Her...First Son, the first one Whose...womb-world was profaned Came of age playing street games With Stewie, Rezzie, and Little Brother 'Till his heart start to wither	Verwijzing naar het stereotype Jezebel.

In pain and shame Blamed Mom for the wrong she let Daddy do to her And him... Let...sins of the Father cause his Innocence to wander Found honor amongst thieves Chose to squander his dreams Stopped believing in himself Become prodigal with his life Make impossible shit right with... Gang-ties, crime, lies Erase wise, woeful words of Mother Replaced them with absurdities of others Who had also lost their way Played a different kind of street game now First Son plunged deep Speak street-family vows Espouse no causes but his own See, he couldn't protect Mommy's neck from Daddy's grasp Or...protect Mommy's ass from Daddy's wrath Couldn't shield her ears from... Daddy's foul-mouthed, liquor-breath jeers His only defense-served be confidence Brown bottles housed his swift descent Phones called cops on block frequent for his shenanigans Now...Daddy and him twins in addiction Driven to false-hearted heavens and friends By liquefied demons Had become what he despised from Conception 'til End Destined for a demise Survived nine lives of staying high Conning, jewelry-pawning, arrests, theft Womanizing...only for money, never for sex Bullet in chest, baseball bat to the head Left for dead So, eyes wide and glassy Speech...slowed and slurred Lips twitched with caked-up codeine candy And mouth corners one December 24th Mr. Hide and False Friend Took final ride to suburban supplier Shots were fired by the gray man With shaky hand But not shaky enough to miss... Hit...Lost Boy in back So-called Friend runs for door Leaves First Son blood-born Lying alone in blood on cold floor	

Death was the cost of... Returning to Innocence Lost... Baby 'Sis awake for dawn on Christmas morn To Mommy's sobs and shakes Daddy's silhouettes of regret All past, omitted, and absolved by lost As they clung to each other Knowing...	

18. Act Fore…. The end	
Black Thought] Yeah yeah yeah, yes I, no doubt yes I (P-5-D) Check it out, yo yo Arigato, to all my people in Japan Whether you rockin Cartier or Pierre Cardin I'm barging in like excuse, I beg your pardon To crush carbon copy MC's wit clone jargon Move the crowd to leave the microphone sparkin Leave you caught inside the lines of my page beneath the margin Now we could mud-sling to cease the foul-talkin I personally would rather keep things peace, but it's your option I hit the block wit hip-hop, it's like oxen Stampede wit lyrical heavyweight boxing Yo, just give thanks it's the new shit For y'all to ever try to sleep on this is stupid My thought's deep like the upright acustic Bass, Cold Crush like Charlie Chase To keep the ladies grindin like a slow jam You just a sloe gin fizz kid, get wit the program My style hundred proof, I pause for no man The Fifth Dy-nas-ty, that's the slogan From S-P to West-P to Logan The planet is a parachute, I got em open Aiyyo I'm out there, aiyyo I'm still out there Worldwide yo I'm still out there, Roots Crew forever out there Aiyyo I'm out there, SP to the, out there Aiyyo I'm out there, what, I'm still out there Check it out yo (worldwide) I'm still out there check it out C'mon, yo I'm out there, aiyyo I'm still out there Roots crew to the to the to the to the Y'all know the name, I got game like an Evangelist Relax to my man D'Angel-ist, who could ever cancel this Music growth, it's cancerous not glamorous	Geen verwijzingen naar het verleden.

Yo the lifestyle I embrace to some scandalous I chop joke MC's like choke sandwiches And backslap the snare drum open-handed wit my vo-cal So I'm far from lo-cal My peoples got to keep me in they fo-cal Perform Al Jerome style, then act like you know now Surf the internet, inspect my profile Return to menu if you miss this Your girlfriend said my music is futuristic Then kissed me on my neck, left marks of lipstick Then came to the spot and we got lifted I rip shit on the solo unassisted Or wit Malik and the Fifth Click, so y'all should keep your lips zipped Y'all don't know what it's about, get on route I hold it down wit no doubt and sip Stout And got the hot record out Y'all need to let your necks snap back, check it out, word up Yo I'm out there, aiyyo I'm still out there Worldwide son I'm still out there, check it out Roots crew forever out there, you know I'm still out there What what what out there, knamsayin To you out there, P-5-D out there What what, S-P out there yaknamsayin (S-P forever) Philly out there, aiyyo I'm still out there (2-1-5th) S-P to the, to the to the to the Aiyyo so what's the Fifth then? The Million Dollar Question We veterans, lyrically threatening freshmen Y'all lookin at next year, I see the next ten And front on me strategically, plan positioning Out there, steppin into your world I'm visitin Discography time less you keep listenin Within the crevices these clones is missing in Action, mysterious magnetic attraction wit that thing My melody like Nat King, and MC's is so un-inter-esting Forever givin y'all the next best thing I give it to you like pink champelle and ink bing I drink Yuengling, JaRoots and Ginseng You testin me, ock? yo what was you thinkin You buggin off the energy the king bring A delivery that you're forever remembering	

Aiyyo I'm out there, aiyyo I'm still out there S-P (worldwide) out there, check it out It's the Roots, we out there Aiyyo I'm still out there, Roots Crew out there Check it out, aiyyo I'm out there We infinitely out there, worldwide son check it out Out there check it out (S-P), aiyyo I'm out there Aiyyo I'm still out there, what what (P-5-D, Roots Crew out there) Check it out, it's like	

Album 9: Lauryn Hill – The miseducation of Lauryn Hill (1998)

1. Intro (The miseducation of Lauryn Hill)	
School bell rings (Teacher: Ras Baraka) Please respond when I call your name... Alright, Kevin Charles... (here) Jaris Boykins... (here) Alicia Simmons... (here) Phillip Valdez... (here) Gabrielle Salado... (here) Latoya Bradberry... (right here) Antawn Mitchell... (here) Shaquan Sutton... (here) Cory Thomas... (here) Tyron Lucas... (here) Kennia Codwell...(here) Tanika Marshall... (here) Lauryn Hill... Lauryn Hill... Lauryn Hill... Walton Spates... (here) (music fades)	Op het nummer wordt de absentie in de klas opgenomen. Hieruit blijkt dat Lauryn Hill afwezig is in de klas. Dit is een verwijzing naar de titel van het album. De mis-educatie van Lauryn Hill, zij heeft geleerd op de straten, niet op school.

2. Lost ones	
[Verse 1] It's funny how money change a situation Miscommunication lead to complication My emancipation don't fit your equation I was on the humble you on every station Some wan' play young Lauryn like she dumb But remember not a game new under the sun Everything you did has already been done I know all the tricks from Bricks to Kingston My ting done made your kingdom wan' run Now understand "L-Boogie's" non-violent But if a thing test me, run for my gun Can't take a threat to my new born son	Op dit nummer adresseert Lauryn Hill het verlaten van de groep *The Fugees* waarmee zij in het midden van de jaren negentig doorbrak.

L been this way since creation A groupie call, you fall from temptation Now you wanna bawl over separation Tarnish my image in the conversation Who you gon' scrimmage, like you the champion? You might win some but you just lost one [Hook] You might win some but you just lost one You might win some but you just lost one You might win some but you just lost one You might win some but you just lost one [Verse 2] Now, now how come your talk turn cold? Gain the whole world for the price of your soul Tryin to grab hold of what you can't control Now you all floss, what a sight to behold Wisdom is better than silver and gold I was hopeless, now I'm more hope road Every man wanna act like he's exempt Need to get down on his knees and repent Can't slick talk on the day of judgment Your movement's similar to a serpent Tried to play straight, how your whole style bent? Consequence is no coincidence Hypocrites always wanna play innocent Always want to take it to the full out extent Always want to make it seem like good intent Never want to face it when it time for punishment I know you don't wanna hear my opinion There come many paths and you must choose one And if you don't change then the rain soon come See you might win some, but you just lost one [Hook] [Bridge] You might win some, but you really lost one You just lost one, it's so silly how come? When it's all done, did you really gain from What you done done? It's so silly how come? You just lost one [Verse 3] Now don't you understand man universal law? What you throw out comes back to you, star Never underestimate those who you scar Cause karma, karma, karma comes back to you hard!	Op het eind wordt een fragment afgespeeld, dat zich wederom plaats vind in de klas. Het gaat over liefde. Hiermee verondersteld Lauryn Hill dat dit niet geleerd wordt in de klaslokalen.

You can't hold God's people back that long The chain of Shatan wasn't made that strong Trying to pretend like your word is your bond But until you do right, all you do will go wrong Now some might mistake this just for simple song And some don't know what they have 'til it's gone Now even when you're gone you can still be reborn And, from the night can arrive the sweet dawn Now, some might listen and some might shun And some may think that they've reached perfection If you look closely you'll see what you've become Cause you might win some but you just lost one! [Hook + Bridge x2] You just lost one... [Repeated] What a bam-bam!... [Skit] Teacher: Alright people, I'm gonna write something on the board. Let's spell it. First letter Class: L, O, V, E Teacher: What's that? Class: Love Teacher: What? Class: Love! Teacher: How many people know any songs about love? Tell me some titles, titles of some songs Boy: Love (Laughter) Teacher: There's a song called love? Boy: Yeah! Teacher: There's no song called love! Boy: Yeah, it's by Kirk Franklin Teacher: Ok ok how it go?	\

Boy: It go "Love" (Laughter) Teacher: Not bad, not bad, okay. Anybody else know any songs about love? (Mumbling) Teacher: I can't hear you Girl: I Will Always Love You Teacher: What about any movies about love? Know any movies about love? Girl: Titanic Teacher: Alright Boy: Romeo and Juliet	

3. Ex-Factor	
[Verse 1] It could all be so simple But you'd rather make it hard Loving you is like a battle And we both end up with scars Tell me, who I have to be To get some reciprocity See, no one loves you more than me And no one ever will Is this just a silly game That forces you to act this way? Forces you to scream my name Then pretend that you can't stay Tell me, who I have to be To get some reciprocity See, no one loves you more than me And no one ever will [Hook] No matter how I think we grow You always seem to let me know It ain't workin', It ain't workin' (No, it ain't workin') And when I try to walk away You'd hurt yourself to make me stay This is crazy, this is crazy (This is crazy, uh-huh!) [Verse 2]	Ook in dit nummer adresseert zijn een oude geliefde of voormalig bandlid Wyclef Jean. Geen verwijzingen naar het verleden.

I keep letting you back in
How can I explain myself?
As painful as this thing has been
I just can't be with no one else
See I know what we've got to do
You let go, and I'll let go too
Cause no one's hurt me more than you
And no one ever will

[Hook]
No matter how I think we grow
You always seem to let me know
It ain't workin', It ain't workin' (No, it ain't workin')
And when I try to walk away
You'd hurt yourself to make me stay
This is crazy, this is crazy (This is crazy, uh-huh!)

[Verse 3]
Care for me, care for me!
I know you care for me!
There for me, there for me!
Said you'd be there for me!
Cry for me, cry for me!
You said you'd die for me!
Give to me, give to me!
Why won't you live for me?!

[Verse 3]
Care for me, care for me!
I know you care for me!
There for me, there for me!
Said you'd be there for me!
Cry for me, cry for me!
You said you'd die for me!
Give to me, give to me!
Why won't you live for me?!

[Verse 3]
Care for me, care for me!
I know you care for me!
There for me, there for me!
Said you'd be there for me!
Cry for me, cry for me!
You said you'd die for me!
Give to me, give to me!
Why won't you live for me?!

[Verse 3]
Care for me, care for me!
I know you care for me!
There for me, there for me!
Said you'd be there for me!

Cry for me, cry for me! You said you'd die for me! Give to me, give to me! Why won't you live for me?!	

4. To Zion (ft. Carlos Santana)	
[Intro] One day, you'll understand... Zion [Verse 1] Unsure of what the balance held I touched my belly overwhelmed By what I had been chosen to perform But then an angel came one day Told me to kneel down and pray For unto me a man-child would be born Woe this crazy circumstance I knew his life deserved a chance But everybody told me to be smart "Look at your career," they said "Lauryn baby use your head." But instead I chose to use my heart [Hook] Now the joy of my world Is in Zion! (Zion, Zion!) Now the joy of my world Is in Zion! (Zion, uhh, Zion!) [Verse 2] How beautiful if nothing more Than to wait at Zion's door I've never been in love like this before Now let me pray to keep you from The perils that will surely come See life for you my Prince has just begun And I thank you for choosing me To come through unto life to be A beautiful reflection of His grace See I know that a gift so great Is only one God could create And I'm reminded every time I see your face [Hook] [Skit] Teacher: Okay, now how many people here have ever been in love? I know none of the guys are gonna raise their hand. How many of y'all ever been in love? (Mumbling)	Dit nummer is opgedragen aan haar eerst geboren zoon: Zion. Ze bespreekt haar onzekerheden en haar geluk toen haar zoon eindelijk geboren was. Ook betekent Zion onder aanhangers van de Five Percent Nation de hemel. Lauryn Hill beschrijft haar zoon als prins, waarmee zij haar eigen koningin verklaart. Wederom een scene uit een klaslokaal. Hierin wordt veronderstelt dat Afro/Amerikaanse mannen geen liefde kennen.

Teacher: I know none of the guys been in... we don't get in love, right? Oh! Let this black man right here tell what his idea of love is, cos not all the time we hear a young black man talk about love. About your personal definition, don't tell me what Webster thinks. Huh? Boy: Willingness to do everything for that person Teacher: Okay, everything like what? Explain. Let him talk c'mon. If I asked him to talk about a fancy car, he'd be right on point. But he wanna talk about love. You can do it. (To another pupil) What do you think? You said you love somebody, you should know why you love them right? Boy: The way they act Teacher: Uh-huh Boy: The way they carry themselves, stuff like that Teacher: Okay Girl: Boys that, they just stand out	

5. Doo wop (that thing)	
[Intro] Yo, remember back on the boogie when cats used to harmonize like Yo, my men and my women Don't forget about the deen, Sirat al-Mustaqeem Yo, it's about a thing If ya feel real good wave your hands in the air And lick two shots in the atmosphere! (Put them up, put them up) (Put them up, put them up) (Put them up, put them up) [Verse 1] It's been three weeks since you were looking for your friend The one you let hit it and never called you again 'Member when he told you he was 'bout the Benjamins? You act like you ain't hear him, then give him a little trim To begin, how you think you're really gon' pretend Like you wasn't down and you called him again?	Doo-Wop is een bepaalde R&B stijl, afkomstig uit de jaren 40 en 50. De muziek is sterk gebaseerd op vocalen en wordt dan ook voornamelijk a capella gezongen. Met de volgende zinnen refereert Lauryn Hill naar de periode waarop Doo-Wop populair was. Toen waren de Afro-Amerikanen nog eensgezind, in tegenstelling tot de hedendaagse situatie in de hiphopcultuur

Plus, when you give it up so easy you ain't even foolin' him If you did it then, then you'd probably fuck again Talking out your neck, sayin' you're a Christian A Muslim, sleeping with the jinn Now that was the sin that did Jezebel in Who you gon' tell when the repercussions spin? Showing off your ass cause you're thinking it's a trend Girlfriend, let me break it down for you again You know I only say it cause I'm truly genuine Don't be a hard rock when you really are a gem Baby girl, respect is just a minimum Niggas fucked up and you still defending 'em Now, Lauryn is only human Don't think I haven't been through the same predicament Let it sit inside your head like a million women in Philly, Penn It's silly when girls sell their souls because it's in Look at where you be in, hair weaves like Europeans Fake nails done by Koreans Come again [Hook] Guys you know you'd better watch out Some girls, some girls are only about That thing, that thing, that thing That thing, that thing, that thing [Verse 2] The second verse is dedicated to the men More concerned with his rims and his Timbs than his women Him and his men, come in the club like hooligans Don't care who they offend, poppin' yang (Like you got yen!) Let's stop pretend, the ones that pack pistols by they waist men Cristal by the case men, still in they mother's basement The pretty face men claiming that they did a bid men Need to take care of they three or four kids And they face a court case when the child support late Money taking and heart breaking, now you wonder why women hate men The sneaky, silent men The punk, domestic violence men Quick to shoot the semen, stop acting like boys and be men	Verwijzing naar Jezebel een dame die haar seksualiteit gebruikt voor de verkeerde doeleinden. Verwijzing naar Million Women March 1997.

How you gonna win when you ain't right within? How you gonna win when you ain't right within? How you gonna win when you ain't right within? Come again Come again Come again Come again [Bridge] Watch out, watch out Look out, look out [Bridge] Watch out, watch out Look out, look out [Bridge] Watch out, watch out Look out, look out [Bridge] Watch out, watch out Look out, look out [Hook] Guys you know you'd better watch out Some girls, some girls are only about That thing, that thing, that thing That thing, that thing, that thing	

6. Superstar	
Yo hip-hop, started out in the heart Uh-huh, yo Now everybody tryin to chart Say what? Hip-Hop, started out in the heart Yo, now everybody tryin to chart C'mon now baby c'mon now baby c'mon now baby c'mon, uhh C'mon now baby c'mon now baby c'mon now baby c'mon [Hook] C'mon baby light my fire Everything you drop is so tired Music is supposed to inspire How come we ain't gettin no higher? Now tell me your philosophy On exactly what an artist should be Should they be someone with prosperity	Lauryn bespreekt het bereiken van grote bekendheid. Dit zorgt er volgens haar voor dat ze minder creatief wordt. Geen referenties naar het verleden.

And no concept of reality? Now, who you know without any flaws? That lives above the spiritual laws? And does anything they feel just because There's always someone there who'll applaud? [Hook] C'mon baby light my fire Everything you drop is so tired Music is supposed to inspire How come we ain't gettin no higher? I know you think that you've got it all And by making other people feel small Makes you think you're unable to fall But when you do, who you gonna call? See what you give is just what you get I know it hasn't hit you yet! Now I don't mean to get you upset But every cause has an effect! Uh-huh! [Hook] [Rap Verse] I cross sands in distant lands, made plans with the sheiks Why you beef with freaks as my album sales peak? Uhh All I wanted was to sell like five hundred And be a Ghetto Supastar since my first album _Blunted_ I used to work at Foot Locker, they fired me: I fronted Or I quitted, now I spit it -- however do you want it! Now you get it, writing rhymes, in the Range, with the frames Lightly tinted, then send it to your block to have my full name Cemented (Lauryn Hill!) And if your lines sound like mine I'm taking a percentage (ka-ching!) Unprecedented, and still respected When it's finished, I'm serious, I'm takin over areas in Aquarius Runnin red lights with my ten thousand chariots Just as Christ was a Superstar, you stupid, Sir! They hail you then nail you, no matter who you are They'll make you now then take you down, and make you face it If you slit the bag open, put your pinky in it and taste it	

[Hook] x3	

7. Final Hour	
[Verse 1] I treat this like my thesis Well-written topic, broken down into pieces I introduce then produce, words so profuse It's abuse how I juice up this beat, like I'm deuce Two people both equal like I'm Gemini, rather Simeon If I Jimmy on this lock I could pop it, you can't stop it Drop it, your whole crew's microscopic Like particles while I make international articles, and on the cover Don't discuss the baby mother Business, I been in this third LP you can't tell me, I witness First handed I'm candid You can't stand it, respect demanded And get flown around the planet Rock Hard like granite or steel People feel Lauryn Hill from New-Ark to Israel And this is real, so I keep makin' the street's ballads While you lookin' for dressin' to go with your tossed salad [Hook x2] You can get the money You can get the power But keep your eyes on the Final Hour [Verse 2] I'm about to change the focus from the richest to the brokest I wrote this opus, to reverse the hypnosis Whoever's closest to the line's gonna win it You gonna fall trying to ball while my team win the pennant I'm about to begin it, for a minute, then run for senate Make a slum lord be the tenant give his money to kids to spend it And then amend it, every law that ever prevented Our survival since our arrival documented in The Bible Like Moses and Aaron Things gon' change, it's apparent And all the transparent gonna be seen through Let God redeem you, keep your deen true You can get the green too Watch out what you cling to, observe how a	In het nummer bespreekt Lauryn Hill de mogelijkheden die ze heeft als intelligente vrouw. Ze stelt dat wanneer ze in de senaat zit, ze elke wet die de voortuitgang van Afro-Amerikanen ooit heeft belemmerd zal veranderen. Tevens past binnen het thema van heropvoeding het wijzen op de kerken in Lalibela. Een zeer bijzondere oude christelijke kerk.

queen do And I remain calm reading the 73rd Psalm Cause with all that's going on I got the world in my palm [Hook x2] You can get the money You can get the power But keep your eyes on the Final Hour [Verse 3] Now I be breaking bread sipping Manischewitz wine Pay no mind party like it's 1999 But when it comes down to ground beef like Palestine Say your rhymes, let's see if that get you out your bind Now I'm a get the mozzarella like a Rockafeller Still be in the church of Lalibela, singing hymns a cappella Whether posed in Mirabella in Couture Or collecting residuals from off The Score I'm making sure I'm with the 144 I've been here before this ain't a battle, this is war Word to Boonie, I make salat like a Sunni Get diplomatic immunity in every ghetto community Had opportunity went from Hoodshock to Hood-chic But it ain't what you cop, it's about what you keep And even if there are leaks, you can't capsize this ship Cause I baptize my lips every time I take a sip [Hook x4]	Verwijzing naar Afrikaanse geschiedenis, namelijk naar de kerk van Lalibela.

8. When it hurts so bad	
[Hook] When it hurts so bad (when it hurts so bad) When it hurts so bad (when it hurts so bad) Why's it feel so good? (when it hurts so bad) (when it hurts so bad) [x2] [Verse 1] I loved real, real hard once But the love wasn't returned Found out the man I'd die for He wasn't even concerned I tried, and I tried, and I tried To keep him in my life (to keep him in my life) I cried, and I cried, and I cried	Op dit nummer beschrijft Lauryn Hill relatie problemen. Geen verwijzingen naar het verleden. Enkel naar Voo-Doo; Afrikaanse vorm van religie.

But I couldn't make it right [Bridge] But I, I loved the young man And if you ever been in love Then you'd understand That what you want might make you cry What you need might pass you by If you don't catch it (if you don't catch it) (if you don't catch it) And what you need ironically Will turn out what you want to be If you just let it (if you just let it) If you just let it (if you just let it) [Verse 2] See, I thought this feeling It was all that I had But how could this be love And make me feel so bad? (gave up my power) Gave up my power I existed for you But who-ever knew The voo-doo you'd do [Bridge + Hook]	

9. I used to love him (ft. Marly J. Blige)	
[Verse 1] As I look at what I've done The type of life that I've lived How many things I pray the father will forgive One situation involved a young man He was the ocean and I was the sand He stole my heart like a thief in the night Dulled my senses blurred my sight [Hook] I used to love him but now I don't I used to love him but now I don't [Verse 2] I chose a road of passion and pain Sacrificed too much and waited in vain Gave up my power ceased being queen Addicted to love like the drug of a fiend Torn and confused wasted and used Reached the crossroad which path would I choose Stuck and frustrated I waited, debated For something to happen that just wasn't fated Thought what I wanted was something I needed When momma said no I just should have heeded Misled I bled till the poison was gone	Weer een liefdesnummer, hierin verwijst ze naar haar zelf als koningin.

And out of the darkness arrived the sweet dawn [Hook] [Verse 3] Father you saved me and you showed me that life Was much more than being some foolish man's wife Showed me that love was respect and devotion Greater than planets deeper than oceans My soul was weary but now it's replenished Content because that part of my life is finished I see him sometimes and the look in his eye Is one of a man who's lost treasures untold But my heart is gold I took back my soul And totally let my creator control The life which was his to begin with [Hook]	

10. Forgeve them father (ft. Shelly Thunder)	
[Intro: Shelly Thunder] Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us Although them again we will never, never, never trust Hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo! Them nuh know what them do Dig out your eye, while I'm stickin like glue Fling, skin, grin, while them plotting for you, true! [Hook: Lauryn Hill (Shelly Thunder)] Forgive them father for they know not what they do (Me a tell you, dem nuh know) Forgive them father for they know not what they do (Fi be real, them nuh have a clue!) [Verse 1: Lauryn Hill] Beware the false motives of others Be careful of those who pretend to be brothers And you never suppose it's those who are closest to you To you They say all the right things, to gain their position Then use your kindness as their ammunition To shoot you down in the name of amibition, they do Ohhh	Dit nummer is de re-make van ‘concrete jungle’ van Bob Marley. De ‘concrete jungle’ is de achterstandwijk waar voornamelijk de Afro-Amerikanen het moeilijk hebben. In het nummer verwijzing naar de Bijbel Lucas 23:24.

[Hook: Lauryn Hill] Forgive them father for they know not what they do Forgive them father for they know not what they do [Verse 2: Lauryn Hill] Why every Indian wanna be the chief? Feed a man 'til he full and he still want beef Give me grief, try to tief off my piece Why for you to increase, I must decrease? If I treat you kindly, does it mean that I'm weak? You hear me speak and think I won't take it to the streets I know enough cats that don't turn the other cheek But I try to keep it civilized, like Menelik And other African czars, observing stars with war scars Get yours in this capitalistic system So many caught or got bought you can't list them How you gonna idolize the missing? To survive is to stay alive in the face of opposition Even when they comin, gunnin I stand position L's known the mission since conception Let's free the people from deception If you looking for the answers then you gotta ask the questions And when I let go, my voice echoes through the ghetto Sick of men trying to pull strings like Geppetto Why black people always be the ones to settle? March through these streets like Soweto, uhh Like Cain and Abel, Caesar and Brutus Jesus and Judus, backstabbers do this [Hook: Lauryn Hill] Forgive them father for they know not what they do Forgive them father for they know not what they do [Verse 3: Lauryn Hill] It took me a little while to discover Wolves in sheep coats who pretend to be lovers Men who lack conscience will even lie to themselves, to themselves A friend once said, and I found to be true That everyday people, they lie to God too So what makes you think, that they won't lie to you?	Bovendien een verwijzing naar een Ethiopische koning Menelik. Dit zou de eerste joodse koning van Ethiopië zijn geweest. Een verwijzing naar een Afrikaan als koning. Later in het nummer ook een woordspeling met tsaar. Lauryn Hill komt namelijk met het concept '*African Czar'*. Dit is, vrij vertaald, een Afrikaanse Tsaar, deze hebben nooit bestaan. Tsaar staat hier symbool voor heerser. Het is een goede woordspeling omdat Afro-Amerikanen en Afrikanen niet direct geassocieerd worden met het hebben van macht of met monarchieeen. Lauryn creeert hier een nieuw, vals, bewustzijn, namelijk dat van de Afrikaan als koning. In deze referentie vraagt Lauren Hill zich af waarom de Afro-Amerikanen zich altijd moeten aanpassen. Ze stelt daarentegen juist dat de Afro-Amerikanen assertief moeten zijn en moeten 'marsen'. Dit roept beelden op van de grote marsen onderleiding van Martin Luther King. Uiteindelijk neemt de zin toch een andere wending, ze refereert namelijk naar de marsen in Soweto onder het Apartheidsregime in Zuid-Afrika.

[Hook: Lauryn Hill (Shelly Thunder)] Forgive them father for they know not what they do (Forgive them, forgive them) Forgive them father for they know not what they do (Forgive them, forgive them) [Verse 4: Shelly Thunder] Gwan like dem love you, while dem rip you to shreds Trample pon yuh heart, and leff you fi dead Dem a yuh friend, who you depend pon, from way back when But if you, gi' dem yuh back, then you must meet yuh end Dem nuh know what dem do do Dem nuh know what dem do do Dem nuh know, dem nuh know, dem nuh know, dem nuh know Dem nuh know what dem do do [Outro: Lauryn Hill] (Forgive them father, forgive them father...)	

11. Every ghetto, every city (ft. Carlos Santana)	
I was just a little girl Skinny legs, a press and curl My mother always thought I'd be a star But way before the record deals Streets that nurtured Lauryn Hill Made sure that I'd never go too far Every ghetto, every city And suburban place I been Make me recall my days, in New Jerusalem Story starts in Hootaville Grew up next to Ivy Hill When kids were stealing quartervilles for fun "Kill the Guy" in Carter Park Rode a Mongoose til it's dark Watching kids show off the stolen ones Every ghetto, every city And suburban place I been Make me recall my days, in the New Jerusalem You know it's hot Don't forget, what you got Lookin back.. lookin back, lookin back, lookin back You know it's hot Don't forget, what you got	Lauren Hill rapt over haar jeugd, in New Jersey. Ze haalt verschillende elementen uit haar verleden aan. Van de snoepjes, tot de manier waarop ze haar haar droeg.

Lookin back.. lookin back, lookin back, lookin back Bag of Bontons, twenty cents and a nickel (well that's a quarter) Springfield Ave. had the best popsicles Saturday morning cartoons and Kung-Fu (wuh-TAH!) Main street roots tonic with the dreds A beef patty and some coco bread Move the patch from my Lee's to the tongue of my shoes 'Member, FreLng-Huysen used to have the bomb leather Back when Doug Fresh and Slick Rick was together Looking at the crew, we thought we'd all live forever You know it's hot Don't forget, what you got Lookin back.. lookin back, lookin back, lookin back You know it's hot Don't forget, what you got Lookin back.. lookin back, lookin back, lookin back Drill teams on Munn street 'Member when Hawthorne and Chancellor had beef Moving Records was on Central Ave I was there at dancing school South Orange Ave. at Borlin pool Unaware of what we didn't have Writing my friends' names on my jeans with a marker July 4th races outside Parker Fireworks at Martin Stadium The Untouchable P.S.P Where all them crazy nig-gaz be And car thieves got away through Irvington Hillside brings beef with the cops Self Destruction record drops And everybody's name was Muslim (children playing, women producing) Sensations and eighty-eight Attracted kids from out of state And everybody used to do the wop (wop it out, wop it out, wop it out) Jack ya jack ya jack ya body Nah, the BizMark used to amp up the party I wish those days, they didn't stop Every ghetto, every city	

And suburban place I been Make me recall my days, in New Jerusalem You know it's hot Don't forget, what you got Lookin back.. lookin back, lookin back, lookin back You know it's hot Don't forget, what you got Lookin back.. lookin back, lookin back, lookin back You know it's hot Don't forget, what you got Lookin back.. lookin back, lookin back, lookin back Lookin back.. lookin back, lookin back, lookin back Lookin back.. lookin back, lookin back, lookin back Lookin back.. lookin back, lookin back, lookin back Lookin back.. lookin back, lookin back, lookin back Lookin back.. lookin back, lookin back, lookin back	

12. Nothing even matters (ft. D'Angelo)	
[Verse 1: Lauryn] Now the skies could fall Not even if my boss should call The world it seems so very small Cause nothing even matters, at all See nothing even matters See nothing even matters at all Nothing even matters Nothing even matters at all [Verse 2: D'Angelo] See, I don't need no alcohol Your love makes me feel ten feet tall Without it I'd go through withdrawal Cause nothing even matters, at all Nothing even matters Nothing even matters at all Nothing even matters No-thing matters at all [Verse 3: Lauryn] These buildings could drift out to sea Some natural catastrophe Still there's no place I'd rather be Cause nothing even matters to me See nothing even matters See nothing even matters to me	In het nummer beschrijft ze verliefdheid, hierin gaat de wereld volledig langs haar af.

Nothing even matters Nothing even matters to me [Verse 4: D'Angelo] You're part of my identity I sometimes have a tendency To look at you religiously Cause nothing even matters, to me Nothing even matters Nothing even mat-ters to me Said it don't matter, baby baby Don't matter [Verse 5: Lauryn] Now you won't find me at no store I have no time for manicures With you it's never either or Cause nothing even matters, no more See nothing it don't matter See nothing even matters no more Nothing even matters Nothing even matters no more [Verse 6: D'Angelo] Now my team could score And make it to the Final Four Just repossessed my four by four Cause nothing even matters, no more Nothing even matters Nothing even matters no more Nothing even matters No no more [Lauryn] To me, to me, to me, to me To me, to me, to me, to me to me to me (freestyle singing to end)	

13. Everything is everything	
[Hook 1] Everything Is Everything What is meant to be, will be After winter, must come spring (must come spring) Change, it comes eventually Everything Is Everything What is meant to be, will be After winter, must come spring (must come) Change, it comes eventually [Verse 1] I wrote these words (I wrote these words) for everyone who struggles in their youth	Een nummer dat ongelijkheid en de moeilijkheden in de Amerikaanse samenleving aanhaalt. Ze wil de toekomst verbeteren. Dit wil zij doen met dit nummer en ze wil dat de teksten die ze rapt de basisvormen voor deze verbeterde toekomst. Ze verwijst naar het Ethiopische koninkrijk, naar Cleopatra en naar de vrouw van Malcolm X. Deze figuren en vooral de waarde die zij symboliseren zijn de basis van een nieuw positief beeld. Bovendien verwijst Lauryn Hill opnieuw naar haar zelf als koningin. In samenspel met de eerdere verwijzing naar Cleopatra kunnen we deels bedenken hoe die koningin er volgens haar uit zou moeten zien.

Who won't accept deception, in instead of what is truth It seems we lose the game Before we even start to play Who made these rules? (Who made these rules?) We're so confused (We're so confused) Easily led astray Let me tell ya that... [Hook 2] Everything is everything Everything is everything Everything is everything (everything) After winter, must come spring Everything is everything [Verse 2] Our philosophy Possibly speak tongues Beat drum, Abyssinian, street Baptist Rap this in fine linen, from the beginning My practice extending across the atlas I begat this Flipping in the ghetto on a dirty mattress You can't match this rapper slash actress More powerful than two Cleopatras Bomb graffiti on the tomb of Nefertiti MCs ain't ready to take it to the Serengeti My rhymes is heavy like the mind of sister Betty (EL Shabazz!) L-Boogie spars with stars and constellations Then came down for a little conversation Adjacent to the king, fear no human being Roll with cherubims to Nassau Coliseum Now hear this mixture, where Hip Hop meets scripture Develop a negative into a positive picture [Hook 1] Now everything Is everything What is meant to be, will be (what is meant to be) After winter, must come spring (must come spring) Change, it comes eventually (change, it comes eventually) [Verse 3] Sometimes it seems We'll touch that dream But things come slow or not at all And the ones on top, won't make it stop (won't make it stop) So convinced that they might fall Let's love ourselves and we can't fail	

To make a better situation (better situation) Tomorrow, our seeds will grow All we need is dedication Let me tell ya that [Hook 2] Everything is everything Everything is everything Everything is everything (everything is everything) After winter, must come spring Everything is everything (everything is everything) [Hook 1] Everything Is Everything What is meant to be, will be After winter, (after winter) must come spring (must come) Change, it comes eventually	

14. The miseducation of Lauryn Hill	
[Lauryn - Singing] My world it moves so fast today The past it seems so far away And life squeezes so tight that I can't breathe And every time I try to be, what someone else has thought of me So caught up, I wasn't able to achieve But deep in my heart, the answer it was in me And I made up my mind to define my own destiny I look at my environment And wonder where the fire went What happened to everything we used to be I hear so many cry for help Searching outside of themselves Now I know his strength is within me And deep in my heart, the answer it was in me And I made up my mind to define my own destiny And deep in my heart... And deep in my heart, the answer it was in me And I made up my mind to define my own destiny	In het laatste nummer van haar album adresseert ze de dieperliggende gedachten achter haar *miseducation*. Ze ageert in het nummer eigenlijk tegen het negatieve verhaal dat gecreeerd wordt over Afro-Amerikanen in de achterbuurten. Ze zegt dat de Afro-Amerikanen in actie moeten komen en dat zij hun lot in eigen handen kunnen nemen.