

University of Pardubice
Faculty of Arts and Philosophy

**Non-standard English morphological and syntactical features
in the song lyrics of rap music**

Filip Waldhans

Bachelor Thesis
2019

Univerzita Pardubice
Fakulta filozofická
Akademický rok: 2013/2014

ZADÁNÍ BAKALÁŘSKÉ PRÁCE

(PROJEKTU, UMĚLECKÉHO DÍLA, UMĚLECKÉHO VÝKONU)

Jméno a příjmení: **Filip Waldhans**
Osobní číslo: **H11583**
Studijní program: **B7310 Filologie**
Studijní obor: **Anglický jazyk pro odbornou praxi**
Název tématu: **Nestandardní anglické morfologické a syntaktické jevy
v textech písní hudebního žánru Hip Hop**
Zadávající katedra: **Katedra anglistiky a amerikanistiky**

Z á s a d y p r o v y p r a c o v á n í :

Student se v bakalářské práci zaměří na vybrané nestandardní morfologické a syntaktické prvky afroamerické angličtiny v textech písní žánru hip-hop. V teoretické části na základě prostudované odborné literatury nejprve charakterizuje vybranou variantu jazyka a poté definuje základní terminologii týkající se zvolených jevů. Praktická část se bude zabývat rozбором korpusu obsahujícího texty písní daného žánru.

Rozsah grafických prací:

Rozsah pracovní zprávy:

Forma zpracování bakalářské práce: **tištěná**

Jazyk zpracování bakalářské práce: **Angličtina**

Seznam odborné literatury:

Swan, Michael. (2005) *Practical English Usage*. Oxford: Oxford University Press. ISBN 978-0-19-442096-9. Crystal, David. (2003). *The Cambridge Encyclopedia of English Language*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press. ISBN-10: 0521530334. Bynoe, Yvonne. (2005). *Encyclopedia of Rap and Hip-Hop Culture*. Westport, Conn.: Greenwood Press. ISBN-10: 0313330581. Chang, Jeff (2005). *Can't Stop Won't stop: A History of the Hip-Hop Generation*. New York City, New York: Picador. ISBN 0312425791. Rickford, John. (1999). *African American Vernacular English: Features, evolution, educational implications*. Malden, Mass.: Wiley-Blackwell ISBN-10: 0631212450. Hewings, Ann. (2005). *Grammar and Context: An Advanced Resource Book*. New York City, New York: Routledge. ISBN-10: 0415310814.

Vedoucí bakalářské práce:

Mgr. Marek Vít

Katedra anglistiky a amerikanistiky

Datum zadání bakalářské práce: **30. června 2014**

Termín odevzdání bakalářské práce: **30. června 2015**



prof. PhDr. Karel Rýdl, CSc.
děkan



L.S.



doc. Sárka Bubíková, Ph.D.
vedoucí katedry

V Pardubicích dne 30. listopadu 2014

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Souhlasím s prezenčním zpřístupněním své práce v Univerzitní knihovně.

V Pardubicích dne 1. 4. 2019

Filip Waldhans

Acknowledgements

I would like to thank my supervisor, Mgr. Marek Vít for his guidance and valuable advice which helped me during the whole process of writing this bachelor thesis.

Annotation

This bachelor thesis is dedicated to the study of negation features of non-Standard English in the song lyrics of Hip-Hop. The main aim of this thesis is to analyse the ways of expressing negation of non-standard English and compare the frequency of occurrence of these non-standard features with Standard English. The theoretical part first focuses on the concept of Standard and non-Standard English, then it deals with negation and negating features of both mentioned varieties. The practical part is focused on the analysis of these features in the corpus of song lyrics.

Keywords

Hip Hop, rap, song lyrics, multiple negation, negative concord, double negation, AAVE, Standard English, non-Standard English, rap, Afro-American Vernacular English

Název

Nestandardní anglické morfologické a syntaktické prvky v textech písní hudebního žánru Hip Hop.

Anotace

Tato bakalářská práce se zabývá principy negace Afroamerické angličtiny v textech písní hudebního žánru Hip-Hop. Cílem této práce je zanalyzovat způsoby vyjádření negace zmíněné nespisovné jazykové varianty a zároveň porovnat četnost výskytu těchto nespisovných jevů se Standardní angličtinou. Teoretická část se nejprve zaměřuje na celkovou charakteristiku hudebního žánru Hip-Hop, včetně jeho historie a význačných osobností s ním spojených. V teoretické části jsou rovněž vysvětleny pojmy jako Standardní či nestandardní angličtina, avšak poměrně velká část je také zaměřena na základní principy negace v tomto jazyce. Praktická část analyzuje korpus tvořen jedním stem písňových textů, ve kterém jsou zaznačeny jak spisovné, tak i nespisovné prvky negace.

Klíčová slova

Hip Hop, písňové texty, Standardní angličtina, nestandardní angličtina, AAVE, Afro-americká lidová angličtina, negativní konkord, dvojitá negace, rap, ain't

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1. Introduction

Music has been an essential part of our lives and accompanied us throughout our ordinary days. Music has touched cultures all over the world since very early times in human history and even the most primitive societies are keenly aware of the power of music as they have long used music in all kinds of ways, to celebrate, to commemorate or to terrify an enemy, Native Africans and Americans, for instance, used music in the form of chanting for healing ceremonies and rituals. Nowadays, there allegedly exist more than 1200 various definable subgenres of popular music with many new ones constantly emerging. A vast majority of modern mainstream music genres is closely associated with lyrics - the words that actually make up a song and whose main purpose is to convey a singer's opinions, feelings, or thoughts.

This bachelor thesis is dedicated to Hip Hop, one of the most significant and commercially successful music genres. It has been specifically chosen for many reasons, especially due to their diverse historical background, various artists' objectives and goals, opposing themes, but most importantly, Hip Hop and has been chosen particularly due to a great number of grammatical differences and non-standard English features occurring in their song lyrics.

The aim of this work is to explore to what extent these non-Standard grammatical features regarding negation such as negative concord, negative inversion or negative auxiliary *ain't* really occur in song lyrics of this genre and subsequently compare the frequency of occurrence with occurrence of Standard English features in negation. It is presumed that the higher frequency of occurrence will be observed in non-Standard English since this music genre is closely related to a Non-standard dialect called African American Vernacular English (often abbreviated as AAVE), which is the dialect closely associated with rappers and their work and Hip-Hop culture as such.

The theoretical part of this bachelor thesis will be dedicated to the definitions of the theoretical background and the explanations of significant terms. Moreover, the terminology and definitions are closely characterized by various linguists and experts. In the first chapter, there will be a brief introduction of the terms that are closely connected to music, whereas the following chapter of this will be dedicated to the historical background, development and especially the four basic elements of Hip Hop,

and furthermore, attention will be also paid to the non-standard dialect of African American Vernacular English as its essential constituent. The next chapter will be dedicated to the concept of Standard English, where will be discussed what this term actually means and it will be put in contrast how various linguists' definitions and opinions regarding this concept vary. The following chapter will discuss exactly the opposite –non-Standard English and its negating features and phenomena, however, different points of view will be brought about the very defining of this term as there is not a general consensus amongst linguists and experts. The chapters after will be dedicated to negation as such, the individual subchapters will be focused on how the negation in English works and what types of negation can appear. There will be also discussed the difference between negative concord and double negative as it is crucial for further analysis of lyrics.

The main aim of the practical part of this bachelor thesis is to observe and demonstrate the principles of non-Standard English negation in song lyrics of the music genre called Hip-Hop. More precisely, the focus is given especially to one of the most known non-Standard English varieties often referred to as African-American Vernacular English (AAVE), which is closely associated with the above-mentioned music genre. The analysis is primarily focused on the comparison of the frequency and function of negating features occurring in both Standard and non-Standard English. All of the grammatical phenomena related to negation are introduced in full detail in the theoretical part of this thesis

The practical part of this work will be based on the corpus composing of the lyrics of 100 songs that were composed by five prominent American rappers, who rank among the most famous and best-selling Hip-Hop performers of the late 90's and the new millennium, namely *Eminem*, *Kanye West*, *Tupac*, *Jay-Z*, and *50 Cent*. It needs to be mentioned that exactly 20 songs for each of the performers were randomly selected and downloaded from the online lyrics database *azlyrics.com*, to be subjected to analysis and thoroughly examined for both standard and non-standard negating features.

2. The characteristics of Song lyrics

At the very beginning, it is crucial to specify the term *song lyrics*, because whilst nearly everyone is familiar with the expressions such as *music*, *song* or *music genres*, the term *lyrics* itself might not be by far that well-known. Most dictionaries define it as: “words that form a song usually consisting of verses and choruses.” According to *Oxford Dictionary of English*, the term *lyrics* was originally defined simply as: “a song to be sung to the accompaniment of a lyre (lyra)”. It also states that the first trace of the word dates back to the late 16th century, however the first reference to a songs’ words as lyrics appeared in 19th century. (Angus 2010, 1057)

Juslin et al. (2001, 11-12) claim that song lyrics are an important form of indirect communication with audience. He describes music as something penetrating our souls and emotions whilst the lyrics flow into our minds, drawing us into their own worlds. Lee Marshall (2016, 215-216) seems to be in agreement with the definition and he explains that lyrics are a very important form of either explicit or implicit communication that serves a variety of purposes, and as he states that: “lyrics tell stories and communicate with audiences in a manner similar to how people have conversations with each other.”

Petti John and Sacco argue out that song lyrics are equally as important as the power of music itself, if not even more essential component of a song as they allow us to communicate emotions, stories and even convey our attitudes and opinions and they even draw a comparison between song lyrics and poetry. (2009, 311) By contrast, Simon Frith (1998, 181-182) seems to disagree as he claims that song lyrics may never be equivalent to good lyric poetry since they lack the key elements being present in poetry and therefore, they cannot stand up as print texts. He claims that musical lyrics do not need to generate the highly sophisticated poetic effects because if lyrics are too poetically developed, they will likely distract a listener from the music itself.

3. The Hip-Hop culture

3.1 Hip Hop as a cultural movement

According to Jeff Chang, Hip-Hop is defined as a youth arts mass movement that was formed during the early 1970s largely by African youths residing in the South Bronx in New York City. In his book named *Can't Stop Won't Stop*, Chang states that Hip Hop is comprised of at least four interrelated foundational elements and art forms representing the different manifestations of the culture – these are DJing, graffiti art, B-boying and MCing. (2005, 89-90)

According to Emmett George Price, Hip Hop is a mixture of the African, American, Jamaican and Latin influences combining music, dance, graphic art, oration and fashion with a growing aesthetic leaning heavily on material objects and media. In his book named *Hip Hop Culture*, Price describes Hip Hop as a means and method of expressing opinions, feelings, thoughts, and emotions while combating long-lasting issues of racial prejudice, and social, economic and political disparities. From his point of view, nowadays, Hip-Hop has become one of the most popular and influential movements over the last few decades, but, unfortunately old values and principles such as peace, love, unity, justice, equality and respect have been continually replaced by materialism and consumerism. (2006, 1-2)

3.2 Hip Hop as music genre

As stated above, rap music is just one of the four original elements of Hip Hop culture, however, it is by far the most commercial and influential one of them all. Yvonne Byone (2006, 1-2) defines rap music in her book named *Encyclopedia of Rap and Hip-Hop Culture* simply as “speaking to the beat of music. She also places emphasis on the fact that rap is spoken fast, but never sung.” On the website of the Britannica encyclopedia, Hip hop music (also commonly known as rap music, or MCing), is also defined as “a music genre consisting of a stylized rhythmic music that commonly accompanies rapping, a rhythmic and rhyming speech that is chanted.

According to Randel, (1996, 391-392) the terms *hip hop music* and *rap music* are often used synonymously, although rapping does not always necessarily have to be an integral element of hip hop music as the genre itself might also incorporate other elements of Hip Hop culture such as beat boxing, scratching, and instrumental tracks. Furthermore, rapping doesn't have to be associated exclusively with Hip Hop, it often appears in other music genres such as metal or rock. The most concise definition, however, provides the America rapper nicknamed KRS One who once quipped: "Rap is something you do, Hip Hop is something you live."

Byone suggests (2006, 2-3) that rap music originated from African oral tradition and stories accompanied by talking drums and other local musical instruments. These traditions naturally spread through slavery to other parts of the world, specifically to the Caribbean, South America and the United States. This oral poetry later became known as "toasting" and first appeared during live performances of DJ Kool Herc.

Price (2006, 58-59) explains that rap music could be easily related to poetry as the rhymes should be inspiring, original and sharing certain message. The original rap lyrics included especially socio-political and economic issues, or rapper's own progress, feelings, and thoughts, nevertheless, current rap music production has unfortunately shifted to superficial and material values. Nowadays, according to Price, rap music is one of the most influential and commercial genres, consisting of a number of varied subgenres, of which the most significant are Conscious rap and Gangsta rap.

4. African American Vernacular English

From the viewpoint of Hickey, African American Vernacular English (abbreviated as AAVE), African American English, or less precisely Black English or Ebonics is a variety, or dialect of American English that is commonly spoken by middle-class African Americans and urban working-class. Hickey refers to AAVE as *ethnolect*, which is basically a variety of language that is closely associated with a particular ethnic or cultural subgroup. However, AAVE has nowadays become a well-known dialect due to substantial contribution of rappers and massive popularity of Hip Hop songs and the culture as such. (2013, 67-68)

According to Raymond Hickey, there are two major hypotheses concerning the origin of AAVE, however he assumes that this dialect could probably have arisen during the period of so-called *Atlantic slave trade* from the Creole language as slaves needed to communicate among themselves and having had limited knowledge of English, they basically combined English expressions with grammar and vocabulary of various African languages. (2013, 68)

Rickford (1999, 23-24) explains that AAVE incorporates various grammatical, phonological and lexical features that differentiate it from standard American English. As far as the characteristic grammatical features are concerned, the phenomena including *zero copula*, *negative concord* or *habitual be* certainly rank among the most frequently occurring ones. Nevertheless, AAVE is also associated with a great number of phonological features that are closely related to reduction of certain diphthong forms to monophthongs, final consonant cluster or deletion of unstressed initial syllables. Tottie (2002, 201-202) even suggests that AAVE should be considered a separate language as the amount of specific and unique grammar is considerably higher in comparison with other varieties.

5. The concept of Standard English

Before proceeding to the definition of Non-standard English and the grammatical features that are closely associated with this particular variety, and to it is essential to define what the concept of “Standard English” actually means first. Warriner (1977, 102-103) defines Standard English as: “a term used to describe conventions of usage most widely recognized as acceptable.” He further admits that Standard English might not be a widely used term and it is the term that seems to resist easy definition, but at the same time he adds that educated people nonetheless know precisely what the term refers to and in what particular contexts it may be used. He even illustrates that with the examples of occupations that are closely related to the usage of Standard English, such as radio or television announcers and newscasters.

According to Peter Trudgill (2002, 118), the term *Standard English* is considerably complicated to define and there has been a reasonably clear consensus among experts and linguists about what the term standardized language actually means. In his book named *Sociolinguistic Variation and Change*, he explains that Standard English is definitely not a language as it is very often referred to, and he suggests that it is something less than a language, perhaps one of the varieties of English, and possibly the most important one of them all. Trudgill also discusses that such a variety of English is associated primarily with the educational system in all the English-speaking countries and it is the variety that is taught non-native students. (2002, 118)

Peter Strevens (1981) explains that Standard English can be by no means defined as an accent, which is the fact he seems to have agreed on with other linguists, because it really has nothing to do with the pronunciation. On the one hand, he mentions that there exists an accent known as Received Pronunciation (abbreviated as RP) in Great Britain which is often associated with speakers in England coming from upper class, but on the hand, he also admits that while all RP speakers speak Standard English, it doesn't necessarily work the other way around. Peter Trudgill (2002, 118) confirms that definition and he adds that even though RP might be referred to as standardized accent of English, it is definitely not Standard English itself.

Peter Trudgill (2002, 119-120) further adds that Standard English is not a style, either. The author points out the fact that the relationship between Standard English and vocabulary associated with varieties of English might cause considerable confusion, however he demonstrates the fact that Standard English does not have to be exclusively used in very formal context as in: “*The old man was bloody knackered after his long trip.*” As it can be observed here, the clause does contain informal language or even swear words, yet it is written in Standard English. In contrast to this, the sentence: “*Father were very tired after his lengthy journey.*” cannot represent Standard English as there is an occurrence of nonstandard verb form.

In his book, we can also learn that standardization of English is not anyhow linked to a certain register. Trudgill (2002, 119-120) defines the term register as “a variety of language determined by topic, subject matter or activity”. He again provides an example sentence where he demonstrates that there is no necessary connection between Standard English and the e.g. technical register of physical geography: “*There was two eskers what we saw in them U-shaped valleys.*” (Trudgill 2002, 121)

Peter Trudgill states that if Standard English cannot be defined as a language, an accent, a style or a register then the most likely definition could be that it is simply a dialect and his claim has been unanimously accepted by most British sociolinguists who frequently quote the following definition:

Standard English. The *dialect* of English which is normally used in writing, is spoken by educated native-speakers, and is taught to non-native speakers studying the language. There is no single *accent* associated with this dialect, but the lexicon and grammar of the dialect have been subject to *codification* in numerous dictionaries and grammars of the English language. Standard English is a *polycentric standard* variety, with English, Scottish, American, Australia and other standard varieties differing somewhat from one another. All other dialects can be referred to collectively as *nonstandard* English. (1992: 70-71)

Randolph Quirk et al. (1990, 121-122) suggest that Standard English is actually one of many varieties of the English language just like Scouse, Cockney, or Yorkshire and therefore it is also capitalized. Nevertheless, they admit that Standard English is no ordinary sub-variety of English since it does not even have an associated accent despite the fact it is by far the most common and important one spoken in the English-speaking world.

Trudgill (2002, 122-123) states that according to British National Curriculum document, American and Australian English should not be considered Standard English, which is the fact he seems to profoundly disagree with since Standard English is in his words “purely social” dialect that is no longer bound to a particular geographic location, even though it is said to have originated in the southeast of England. He adds that other dialects tend to be simultaneously geographical and social which is the crucial aspect distinguishing them from Standard English. Stein and Quirk (1995, 62-63), however, find this statement very controversial and they claim that Standard English is under no circumstances a social dialect since *the Sun*, a British tabloid with a largely working-class readership is written in Standard English.

David Crystal (2016) seems to confirm Peter Trudgill’s definition of Standard English as he also considers it a variety of language with no territorial base. According to him, the defining language features are grammar, lexicon, and orthography, but he definitely not pronunciation because the variety is not connected to any particular accent. In his article named aptly *What is Standard English?* he states that this variety of English has by far the highest social prestige, nonetheless only a tiny minority actually speak it as their native language, because they mostly speak regional dialects. As far as grammatical distinctions between Standard English and other dialects are concerned, Trudgill points out there rather few of them since all dialects are very much alike in this respect. He points out that Standard English is not a set of prescriptive rules and it certainly tolerates sentence-final preposition, for instance, the sentence *I’ve bought a new car which I’m very pleased with* is thus perfectly correct. He further provides examples of the grammatical differences that distinguish this particular variety of English from others, such as the absence of double, or multiple negation (*I don’t want none*, is not acceptable here, whereas other English dialects permit this double negation), different simple-past and past participle forms, or the morpheme [-s] as a marker of third-person singular verbs in the simple present.

Trudgill concludes that he is not entirely convinced of any superior qualities of the Standard English over other dialects, but he at the same time acknowledges that the teaching Standard English to speakers of other dialects and English students might be commendable. (2002, 124-125)

6. The concept of non-Standard English

According to Hall (2005, 125), Non-standard English is defined as English that has not undergone the process of standardization. It further adds that such standardization consists of processes such as language determination, which is basically a selection of a particular language for particular purposes in the society. The other process is referred to as *codification*, which is a publicly recognized and fixed form found in grammar books and dictionaries. Peter Trudgill (1992, 56-57) however, provides perhaps the most explicit definition of Non-standard English as he defines it as any dialect of English that is other than Standard English. In his book *Introducing language and society*, he further adds that as far as the differences between Standard and Non-standard English are concerned, Non-standard varieties of English differ most importantly at the level of grammar. Trudgill (1992, 57-58) mentions *negative concord* or *non-standard agreement* as typical examples of widespread non-standard grammatical features. He also points out that one of the most extensively discussed non-standard dialects is called *African American Vernacular English*.

Ronald Carter (1995, 111-112) seems to confirm Trudgill's definition as he identically claims that non-Standard English could be simply described as any dialect other than the Standard English and he also adds that it should be rather defined in plural as *non-Standard Englishes*. In his book *Keywords in Language and Literacy*, Carter states that Non-standard English is very often associated with negative connotation as it is mostly perceived as the language variety that is improper, incorrect or inappropriate to use in educational and other contexts. According to Raymond Chapman both literary and non-literary materials to some extent contain Non-standard English and he points out that the use of dialect, either social or regional, seems to be the most common type.

In his book *Forms of Speech in Victorian Fiction*, Chapman (2004, 17-18) interestingly refers to the fact that concept of "non-standardness" is not necessary associated only with lower-class dialects, but it can be also observed in upper-class speech, meaning

that expressions such as *shootin' and fishin'*; *she's a nice gel*, or *dontcha know* are commonly used.

According to Hickey (2010, 5-6), the concept of “non-standard” usage should not be perceived as something that has emerged recently since it already existed in the eighteenth century, although the label “non-standard” was not entirely employed:

Usage which was censured in previous centuries was usually connected with choices which speakers could make. Where variants were available more than one possibility existed for a pronunciation, word or syntactic structure. Of the existing variants one was generally regarded as preferred in public, educated usage and the other or others were stigmatized as what would now be called „non-standard“. (2010, 6-7)

In his work *The Story of English in 100 words*, David Crystal (2011, 227-229) claims that non-standard expressions are very rarely adopted into Standard English and even if such phenomenon occurs, it is basically a long-lasting process and its public presence is still quite limited. Nevertheless, Crystal points out that there exist few such words that have been adopted into American English, *thru* for *through*, for instance has been used in many compounds, such as *drive-thru*, *sell-thru* or *click-thru*. He explains that if a non-standard word becomes frequently used, it eventually gets into the dictionaries as an “alternative” as *gonna* (*going to*) or *wanna* (*want to*) in Oxford English Dictionary.

He emphasizes that non-Standard expressions do occasionally occur especially in the creative, leisure, or sports pages of newspapers such as *The Sun* since the usage of non-Standard English is closely associated with humorous and intimate subject matter.

7. Negation in Standard English

“In many ways, negation is what makes us human, imbuing us with the capacity to deny, to contradict, to misrepresent, to lie, and to convey irony.” (Horn 2010, 11) Lindstad (2007, 13) provides slightly different definition as he claims that negation is a language universal, found in all known languages, and unique to human languages. From the linguistic point of view, the negation in English can be simply defined as “the use of a negative element, especially of *not*.” Trask also states that the negative elements reverse the truth value of a statement and changes it from true to false and vice versa (Trask 2000, 86). Crystal (2008, 323-324) provides a more detailed definition as he considers negation “a process or construction in grammatical and semantic analysis which typically expresses the contradiction of some or all of a sentence’s meaning.” To put it more simply, Crystal describes that in English grammar, negation is expressed by the presence of negative particle *not*, or a negative quantifier *no*, *nothing*, *never* etc., meanwhile in lexis, there are several possible means such as prefixes or words that are negative in meaning.” As far as negation in Standard English is concerned, Dušková specifies that it is in both cases usually expressed only once. Quirk explains that once the verb is negated by the particle *not*, then the clause has to employ so called non-assertive forms (*any*-forms) in order to preserve a clause grammatically correct. Biber et al., point out the fact that spoken English is known to have a higher number of occurrences of negation that is caused by several factors, the most significant of which is high frequency of verbs to which is the negation usually tied. (1999, 159).

7.1 The function of negation

Before proceeding to next chapters concerning the detailed classification of negation, it is crucial to define its function. According to Dušková et al. (1988, 336) the main function of negation is denial of what is being communicated or to express the speaker’s negative attitude. She explains that a sentence with positive polarity has affirmative function as in “*It is raining.*” while the function of sentence with negative polarity is denial as in “*It is not raining*”.

7.2 The Scope of negation

Before proceeding to the next chapters concerning types of negation, it is crucial to define the term *scope of negation* since it is very closely allied with the topic. Quirk et al. define *scope* as follows:

Scope is the general term that we shall use to describe the semantic ‘influence’ which such words have on neighboring parts of a sentence. It deserves attention because of its close connection with the ordering of elements. The position of a negative form, for instance, is generally significant. The scope of negation normally extends from the negative item itself to the end of the clause, but it need not include an end-placed adverbial. In a clause with the clause negator *not* or a negative word such as *never* or *hardly* in the same position after the operator, adverbials occurring before the negative normally lie outside the scope. (1985, 787-788)

According to Huddleston (1995, 790), the scope of negation is defined as the part of a meaning that is negated.” Similarly to Huddleston, Quirk et al perceive it as “the stretch of language over which the negative item has a semantic influence” Quirk et al. also employ the term *stretch* that determines what lies within the scope of negation and what lies outside the effect of negation. In other words, it determines what within a clause is perceived as negative or as positive. (Quirk et al.1985, 787). Quirk et al. provide example sentences to demonstrate how the meaning of the sentence changes with the shift in position of one-word element:

- (1) *She definitely didn't speak to him.* (It is definite she did not speak to him.)
- (2) *She didn't definitely speak to him.* (It is not definite she spoke to him.)

Furthermore, Quirk et al. state that the difference of scope can be marked by intonation as illustrated with the following examples:

- (3) *I wasn't listening all the time.* (For the whole time, I wasn't listening.)
- (4) *I wasn't listening all the time.* (It is not true I was listening all the time.)

They also mention the case concerning disjuncts and conjuncts “as far as disjuncts and conjuncts are concerned, they always lie outside the scope of clause negation, whatever their position”:

(5) *She doesn't know him, unfortunately.*

(6) *She doesn't know him, however.*

Baker employs the term called *left-to-right rule* that says the scope usually starts with a negative element and continuous to the right to the very end of the clause. (1995, 484). Nevertheless, Xuehui argues that the scope of negation is not always controlled by the position of the negative elements. In the provided example *He isn't happy on account of his wealth, but on account of his good health*, Xuehui demonstrates that the negative element (*not*) often tends to be shifted to the verb from what is really negated within a clause. (2005, 55). Additionally, Huddleston (1984, 430) also points to the problem that occurs when modal auxiliaries are used because they sometimes have more senses as demonstrated in the examples below.

(7) *You may not smoke in here.* (auxiliary negation = permission)

(8) *You may not like the party.* (main verb negation = possibility)

Regarding the scope of negation, the assertive and non-assertive forms must be as well taken into consideration. Baker (1995, 491-493) employs the terms *assertive* and *non-assertive rule*. While the assertive has wider scope than negative and therefore always lies outside the scope, non-assertive must lie inside the scope. Quirk et al. (1985, 788) again illustrate this phenomenon with examples as follows:

(9) *I didn't listen to some of the speakers.* (I didn't listen to some of them.)

(10) *I didn't listen to any of the speakers.* (I didn't listen to any of them.)

On the contrary, Dušková (2006, 340) argues that even non-assertive can actually have wider scope and lie outside the negation since *any* has two meanings as shown below:

(11) *I don't want anybody for the job.* (I want nobody for the job.)

(12) *I don't want anybody for the job.* (Not everybody is suitable for the job.)

According to Huddleston (1984, 429), “there are no cases where the scope extends beyond the clause that is not embedded within it, however, the scope of negation can sometimes follow to subordinate clause.” Huddleston also provides this example

(13) *I didn't know that anyone was coming.*

Quirk et al. (1985, 788) support the idea as “the scope can sometimes extend into a subordinate clause:

(14) *She didn't know I would come to her whenever she needed.*

7.3 The types of negation

Firstly, it should be mentioned that there has been a considerable disagreement among linguists and experts regarding the precise classification and terminology of negation and therefore their interpretation of the phenomenon quite often varies. Dušková et al. (1988, 337-338) point to the fact that there are only two major criteria according to which the further classification is based on. The first major criterion concerns the form of negation and the way it is expressed in a clause. In this case, the terms *grammatical* and *lexical* negation are employed. The other criterion is associated with the meaning of the clause and Dušková et al. distinguish two subdivisions; clausal and subclausal negation, which determine whether the clause is negated as a whole or whether the negation concerns only its part.

In a more detailed description, they further elaborate on the definition of grammatical negation, which is said to use *not-* or *no-* forms in the structure of a clause as in *No stars could be seen* or *His arguments didn't convince me.* (Dušková 2006: 339). On the other hand, lexical negation is created by adding prefixes (*im-*, *non-*, *in-*) and suffixes (*-less*, *-free*) to a word with positive polarity as in *He is unhappy* or *She was a non-smoker.* (Veselovská, 2009, 54-55). As far as the distinction between clausal and subclausal negation is concerned, it is quite dependent on the scope of negation. Quirk et al. provide the following definition of local negation “local negation may possibly be explained as a negation of clause condensed into a phrase.” (1972, 382). Veselovská claims that such a phrase usually consists of a negative element *no*, *not* and at least one lexical word, as demonstrated in *I want to read novels, not to study vocabulary.* (2009, 54) Regarding clausal negation, the negative notion is applied to

the whole clause and therefore “the whole clause is syntactically treated as negative” as illustrated in *The table doesn't weigh a lot.* (Quirk et al. 1985, 775)

On the contrary, Quirk et al. (1985, 775) disregard Dušková’s classification of negation as they distinguish between only three categories of negation: clause negation, local negation and predication negation. As it has been mentioned above, clause negation results in the whole sentence having negative polarity, while local negation (also marked as phrasal or subclausal negation) there is only one constituent is negated. As far as predication negation is concerned, it is defined as “a minor type applying only after certain auxiliaries, in which the predication is negated”.

Veselovská principally agrees with this classification, however, she mentions one more type of negation that she refers to as *semantic negation*. From her point of view, semantic negation concerns antonyms – relations with opposite meanings. She also illustrates her claim with the example word *dead* which is said to be negative as it actually lacks the property of *life*. (2009, 54-55) Nonetheless, it should be emphasized that the term semantic negation seems to be introduced only by Veselovská.

As could have been noted above, many linguists distinguish the same types of negation, however they use different terms to name them. Huddleston et al. (2002:789) employ even more terms for negation such as *verbal* and *non-verbal*, *analytic* and *synthetic*, nevertheless, for the purpose of this bachelor thesis is the above mentioned classification by Dušková will be utilized.

7.3.1 Grammatical negation

At the very beginning, it is essential to emphasize that the term *grammatical negation* is associated rather with Czech grammarians, nevertheless, in Cambridge grammar books, grammatical negation is usually referred to as *verbal negation* since a verb (more precisely marked as *predicator*) is perceived as the central and the most important element of the clause. By contrast, the term *non-verbal* is employed to mark lexical negation. British linguists Huddleston and Pullum (2008, 152) point out that the grammatical significance of the distinction between verbal and non-verbal negation is that verbal negation requires the insertion of the *dummy auxiliary do* under certain conditions, whereas non-verbal negation never does. In another

Huddleston's work, the term *supportive do* is also employed for the same phenomenon. (2002, 799). Huddleston et al. illustrate the phenomenon of *dummy do* with these examples:

- a) *She is lenient with them.* b) *She isn't lenient with them.*
a) *She rejected his offer.* b) *She didn't reject his offer.*

They explain that in example 15) there is *an auxiliary verb be* and therefore *dummy do* (here in past tense) cannot be inserted to negate the sentences, whereas in (16) the word *reject* is a lexical verb, so to form the negative *supportive do* must be inserted in this case.

Quirk et al. emphasize that imperative clauses always require *supportive do*. Furthermore, if there is a subject in the imperative sentence, it usually follows the auxiliary *don't*: (1985, 781)

- a) *Reject his offer.* b) *Don't reject his offer.*

Nevertheless, the above-mentioned distinction falls into the subcategory that Huddleston and Pullum (2002, 802) call *primary verbal negation*. The other subcategory, *secondary verbal negation* concerns verb forms such as gerund, participle, past participle or a plain form. They emphasize that such a clause never contains the operator *do* and negative is always marked by placing *not* as a premodifier of the verb phrase in the subordinate clause.

(15) *Not locking the doors is unwise.*

(16) *It's important not to be nervous.*

(17) *I suggest that you not stand here.*

By contrast, it needs to be emphasized that negative particle *not* occurs not only in verbal negation, but also in nonverbal negation. Different meanings are then produced, depending especially upon the element that particle *not* precedes.

(18) *Not all of his suggestions were accepted.*

(Implication: Some of his suggestions were accepted)

Huddleston and Pullum (2002, 812) further explain that *not one* before a noun can mean “not any”, “no,” or “none” as demonstrates the example sentence below:

(19) *Not one customer has protested so far.* (= no customers)

“When not precedes an adjective with a negative prefix, such as *un-* or *in-*, the meaning is “somewhat,” or “to a certain degree.” Point out Huddleston and Pullum (2002, 802)

(20) *It is not uncommon for me to write multiple drafts.*

(= It is somewhat common.)

7.3.1.1 Absolute negators

It should be mentioned that employing *dummy do* is not the only way of expressing grammatical negation. According to Huddleston and Pullum (2002, 812), the term *absolute negators* refer to the group of words that function similarly to *no* and once they appear in a sentence, they deny the content of it as a whole. Dušková uses slightly different term as she calls them *existential quantifiers*. (1999, 144) Huddleston et al. consider *absolute negators* to be compounds of *no* and they also provide all these words belonging to this category: *never, no, none, nobody, no one, nowhere, nothing, neither, and nor*.

(21) *I have never thought about it.*

(22) *Nobody objected.*

(23) *With no job I could be quite happy.* (Dušková 1994: 144-145)

Dušková also describes that absolute negators usually mark clausal negation and since in Standard English there is a rule of single negation, the verb in the sentences must not be further negated. (1999, 145)

7.3.1.2 Approximate negators

Approximate negators can be interpreted as words that are negative in meaning, but not negative in their form. Huddleston and Pullum use the term approximate negators, however, some linguists, namely Collins, prefer to employ the term *broad negatives*. (1990, 214) Huddleston et al. further add that approximate negators are basically items

that express an imprecise quantification which is close to zero or approximates it. They list seven English approximate negators, two of which are determinatives *little*, *few* and the rest concern adverbs such as *rarely*, *barely*, *hardly*, *scarcely* and *seldom*. (Huddleston et al 2005, 154) They emphasize that approximate negators do negate a whole clause by providing following examples:

(24) Few of them realized it was a hoax.

(25) There's scarcely any food left.

(26) He rarely goes to church nowadays.

Huddleston et al. explain that *few of them* comes close in meaning to none of them: *none* indicates absolutely zero, while “*few* puts the number within a small part of the scale down at the end close to zero.” Thus, they account for the term *approximate*, which could also be interpreted, for instance, as “inaccurate”. (2005, 154) Similarly, “*rarely* approximates to *never*; *hardly spoke a word* approximates to *didn't speak a word*; and *scarcely any food* approximates to *no food*.” Regarding the meaning of these words, Huddleston and Pullum contrast approximate negators with absolute negators to display an imprecise quantification using the following sentence:

(27) Ed rarely leaves the house.

On the one hand, it implies that he does not leave his house very often, however, on the other hand, the sentences could be also interpreted as Ed occasionally leaves the house. (2002, 816) Quirk et al suggest that there are actually more words that could be considered *absolute negators* as they also carry negative meaning, including preposition *without* and verbs such as *deny* or *forget*. Quirk et al justify this claim by the fact that they can be followed by non-assertives as shown below.

(26) Without any delay. (1973, 187)

7.3.2 Lexical negation

In the preceding chapter, it has been mentioned that the terminology used by different grammarians tend to differ. While the term *lexical negation* is associated rather with Czech grammarians, Cambridge grammar books employ the term *nonverbal negation*. According to Lotko (1973, 7), lexical negation is defined as “negation denying of the basic meaning of the word by attaching the negative affix or suffix which becomes the part of the word.” Huddleston and Pullum employ the term *affixal negators*. They state several examples of such affixes: *dis-*, *anti-*, *counter-*, *a-*, *mis-*, *mal-*, *un-*, *none-*, *in-*, *im-*, *il-*, *ir-*, or *ex*, nevertheless, there are more of them. As far as negative suffixes are concerned, the most commonly used ones are *-less*, or *-free*. (2002, 789-790).

Dušková (2006, 346) emphasizes that these negators never change the meaning or form of a sentence as a whole since they only influence the part of the semantics of the words to which they are attached as demonstrated below:

(27) *These terms are non-negotiable, aren't they?*

Additionally, Dušková demonstrates that lexical negation can be combined with grammatical negation without any rules being violated. This phenomenon is called double negative and is perfectly acceptable in Standard English:

(28) *Nothing is impossible.* (2006, 346)

Lastly, Dušková et al. convey that a word with a negative affix (29) is generally considered as carrying more or less narrow, more specific meaning if compared to clausal negation (30):

(29) *This name is uncommon.*

(30) *This name is not common.* (Dušková 2006, 338)

7.4 Multiple negation

At the very beginning, it is essential to emphasize that in spite of the fact that English is the language where the rule of single negation is employed, it does not necessarily have to mean that a clause cannot contain two or even more negative elements. It is also crucial to point out that multiple negation is not strictly associated with either Standard or non-Standard English as it frequently occurs in both of these language variants, however the meaning of the sentences changes accordingly. Whilst the employment of multiple negation in the context of Standard English results in the clause having positive polarity, multiple negation occurring in non-Standard English means that the clause predominantly carries negative meaning. On the contrary, Quirk et al. (1985, 787-788) believe that multiple negation is a feature of nonstandard English as they stress that: “Standard English lacks multiple negation.”

Nonetheless, they do differentiate between the accepted double negative structure of Standard English and the one found in the non-Standard varieties of English.

There has been a considerable disagreement among linguists regarding the precise classification of multiple negation. Biber et al. (1999, 177-180) distinguish two main categories of multiple negation. The first one, called dependent, conveys a single negative meaning while including two or even more negative forms within the clausal structure. Biber et al. also mention that this kind of multiple negation (frequently referred to as negative concord) is often restricted to conversational and spontaneous dialogue occurring in informal language and non-Standard English variants such as African American Vernacular English. Thus, a clause *He has never seen nothing like that*, where two negative elements are employed would have to be substituted by non-assertives if the clause is to be grammatically correct in Standard English. The latter category, called independent, cannot be by any means replaced by non-assertive forms since they would otherwise appear as independent negative structures which Biber et al illustrate with the example sentence “*No, not tomorrow*, she said.” They also provide an example in which multiple negation takes place within the same clause and cancel each other out as in *Oh well, you sleep on sherry though – it makes you sleepy, you can’t not sleep*. Independent multiple negation is also often referred to as double negation and according to Biber et al., independent multiple negation is frequent in conversational discourse, although it is considered: “a complex choice which requires

deliberate planning” (1999, 170-171). In comparison with dependent multiple negation, it is not stigmatized and even found particularly in writing. (1999, 179)

However, it needs to be stressed that the term negative concord is however very often wrongly interchanged with the term double negation, which is unlike negative concord, a feature that is completely acceptable and commonly used in Standard English. The fact that these two terms should not be used interchangeably is supported by Liliane Haegeman who claims that distinguishing between these terms is crucial as it could affect meaning of the sentence dramatically if used impetuously. (Haegeman 1995, 85) Haspelmath (2005, 466-469) principally agrees with Haegeman’s concept and summarizes the difference as follows:

Negative concord is expressed when two negative constituents, a negative particle and an N-word, contribute negation only once. In contrast to negative concord, in double negative, each negative constituent expresses negation separately, so the double negative results in an affirmative sense.

On the contrary, Barber (1997, 283) presents slightly different definition and although he partially agrees with the above-mentioned definition of multiple negation by Biber et al., Barber does not seem to distinguish the concept of double negation from negative concord as he considers it as one individual grammatical phenomenon. He also points out to the fact that negative elements do not cancel each out, but they even intensify the negation within the clause. His definition is as follows:

Two or more negative words are used to negate the sentence, these negatives do not cancel each other out, but reinforce one another: the more negatives there are, the more emphatic the negation is. (1994, 56-57)

Nonetheless, Ton Van der Wouden (1994, 57-58), provides perhaps the most detailed definition of multiple negation as he distinguishes four different classes of multiple negation altogether: Double Negation, where two negative elements cancel each other out and produce an affirmative; and Negative Concord, where two or more negative elements yield one negation in the semantics are the categories that have been widely accepted by linguistics, however, Wouden also mentions the terms Weakening Negation and Emphatic Negation. He defines Weakening Negation as a phenomenon

in which one negative element weakens the negation of another negative elements so as he points the result is somewhere between a positive and a negative as in *John is not unfriendly*. By contrast, in Emphatic Negation one negative element enforces another negative element and the result is stronger as in *He never ever goes to school*. Nevertheless, Wouden suggests that above mentioned classification can be reduced to a binary classification: application of the Law of Double Negation and simply no application of the Law of Double Negation. As far as this bachelor thesis is concerned, the attention is paid particularly to two main categories regarding multiple negation; double negative and negative concord.

7.4.1 Negative Concord

Negative Concord is a widespread and one of the best-known phenomena across many varieties of English as well as across a great number of other world languages. According to Wouden (1994, 99-100) negative concord is a syntactic feature in which more than one negative element occurs in a sentence, but the sentence is interpreted as only being negated once. He also points out that Negative Concord is not a unitary phenomenon since it involves different semantic processes. David Crystal (2008, 98-99) defines Negative concord as: “cases where an element expressing negation requires some other element(s) in the sentence to be negative.” This definition is supported by Haegeman (1995, 112) who provides basically the identical definition of negative concord: “Negative Concord is the phenomenon whereby two or more negative constituents do not cancel each other but together express a single negation.” According to Labov (1972, 259-260) negative concord is not a unique phenomenon as it is characteristic of many languages such as Greek, Hungarian or Non-standard English, however, he simultaneously adds that in many languages negative concord is not by any means possible. Nevertheless, Labov suggests that one significant difference between contemporary English and other languages that employ negative concord is that: “there seems to be a heavy social stigma associated with the use of English Negative Concord and even English speakers who use Negative Concord regularly are quick to proclaim its incorrectness.”

Yoko Lyeiri (2005, 44-45) further adds that in a negative concord clause both or all negative elements form one negative meaning and she emphasizes the fact that the

number of negative elements is technically unlimited without any of them cancelling out or being cancelled out. Lyeri points out that this phenomenon in which one negative operator binds a number or variables could be referred to as *absorption*.

7.4.2 Double negative

At the very beginning of the chapter, it is essential to specify the term double negation. According to Amel Kallel (2011, 4-5) double negation in English could be defined as a grammatical construction occurring when two negative elements are present in the same clause to produce an affirmative as they simply cancel one another out. Liliane Haegeman (1995, 46-47) confirms this definition and illustrates the fact of two negatives making a positive with the sentence *You didn't see nobody*, which could be, on condition that it is uttered in the scope of Standard English, easily rephrased to affirmative clause meaning: „*You saw somebody*”. John E. Warriner et al. (1977, 212) explain that before the eighteenth century, double negative used to be completely acceptable as a method of making the meaning of an utterance more emphatic, but they also emphasize the fact that this kind of employment is no longer possible in modern Standard English.

7.4.2.1 The types of double negative

According to Quirk et al. (1995, 383-384) English distinguishes two basic categories of double negative (often referred to as double negation): the combination of grammatical and lexical, although many linguists however prefer distinguishing between the terms verbal and non-verbal, and the combination of two grammatical negations within one sentence but each belonging to one predication. By contrast, Dušková (2006, 45-46) differentiates three types of double negative in the English language altogether. Dušková first mentions the case in which grammatical negation is combined with lexical negation so that the negative effects are therefore mutually nullified and result in positive meaning as demonstrated in the following example sentences where both sentences have exactly the same meaning:

This product isn't faultless.

This product has some faults.

As far as the second type of double negative is concerned, it is formed by employing two grammatical negations within one sentence but each belonging to a different predication as shown below:

(31) *He doesn't like doing nothing.*

Dušková points out that the last type is quite rare and employs two grammatical negations, however, in comparison to the preceding case, they belong to only one predication as demonstrated in (34):

(32) *Never did none of his friends come.*

Thus, the first negation in the sentence does not take the scope over the other and such sentences can be restated in two ways:

(33) *Some of his friends always came.*

(34) *It never happened that none of his friends came. (47-48, 2006)*

7.5 Ain't

This chapter focuses on the phenomenon of *ain't*, which can be found throughout almost all varieties of the English language, however being the most prominent in non-standard ones, such as African-American Vernacular English. Oxford Dictionary of English defines *ain't* simply as the contradiction of *am not*; *are not*; *is not*; *have not* and *has not*. References to this negative phenomenon of *ain't* are generally quite scarce, even Quirk *et al.* (1985, 129) provide a brief definition of *ain't* being “non-standard construction commonly used especially in American English. On the contrary, Huddleston, Pullum *et al.* (2002, 1611) highlight “the long tradition of its stigmatization by prescriptivists” and mention that whilst it occurs more often in the language of British working-class people, as far as the American English is concerned, it is used and accepted considerably more in informal style. It is further stated that it is perfectly normal in informal speech and also in many English dialects, however, it does not form part of standard English language and therefore should never be used in written or formal contexts. (Angus 2010, 34) American dictionary Merriam Webster points out that although *ain't* truly is a contradiction widely disapproved as nonstandard, and more common in the habitual speech of less educated people, it is flourishing in American English more than it is in the area of the Great Britain. (C. Mish 2010, 27). Lynch defines *ain't* as “the most stigmatized word in the language”, as well as “the most powerful social marker”. “*Ain't* is a prominent example of a *shibboleth* – a word used to determine inclusion in, or exclusion from, a group”, Lynch concludes. (2009, 15–16)

7.5.1 The morphology of *ain't*

According to Wolfram *et al.*, the contraction *ain't* in its inherently negative form “syncretizes all auxiliary verbs *be* (38), *have* (39), and *do* (40)” as demonstrated on the below sample sentences:

- (38) *I ain't no bank.*
- (39) *She ain't got it.*
- (40) *She ain't know him?*

Moreover, they explain that it also syncretizes grammatical person (41), number (42) and tense features (43). *Ain't* only occur in its clitic form, the particle *not* has to be always contracted, variations such *ai not* can never be used. (67-68, 2002).

The following example sentence were chosen to serve to demonstrate the phenomenon of *ain't* syncretizing person and number:

- | | | |
|------|--------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------|
| (41) | 1 st person - <u>singular</u> : | <i>No, I ain't paying for that book.</i> |
| (42) | 2 nd person - <u>singular</u> : | <i>Why ain't you call him?</i> |
| (43) | 3 rd person - <u>singular</u> : | <i>He ain't good enough for you.</i> |
| (44) | 1 st person - <u>plural</u> : | <i>We ain't paying for you, not again.</i> |
| (45) | 2 nd person - <u>plural</u> : | <i>You all ain't coming!</i> |
| (46) | 3 rd person - <u>plural</u> : | <i>They ain't sit down yet.</i> |

As shown above, contraction *ain't* truly is a phenomenon capable of syncretizing not only all grammatical persons and number without any change in its form, however, on the contrary it can occasionally result in possible ambiguity in the meaning or translation of a particular sentence, which will also be discussed in this thesis. The following subchapters are devoted to demonstration more of the morphological capabilities of *ain't*.

7.5.1.1 *Ain't* for auxiliary and copula *be*

According to Wolfram *et al* (2002, 69-70), the most frequent and known syncretism of *ain't* is the verb *be* (the terms *to syncretize*, or *syncretism*, respectively, have been repeatedly employed in this context, various dictionaries define this verb (term) within the scope of linguistics simply as:” to merge different inflexional forms.”) The following examples sentences below are devoted to *ain't* substituting copula *be*, which is various English dictionaries defined as: “a word used to link the subject of a sentence with a predicate (a subject complement).”

Ain't* for present copula *be

- (47) 1st person – singular: *I ain't your friend anymore.*
- (48) 2nd person – singular: *You ain't at home?*
- (49) 3rd person – singular: *She ain't mad at you, John.*
-
- (50) 1st person – plural: *We ain't the only late-comers here.*
- (51) 2nd person – plural: *Y'all ain't about shit!*
- (52) 3rd person – plural: *If they ain't in the car, we gotta go.*

As can be observed from the examples (47) – (52), *ain't* can be an adequate substitution for copula *be* with the same complements of *be*, such as Adjective Phrase. (Howe *et al.*, 2000, 118):

Ain't* for present auxiliary *be

- (53) 1st person – singular: *I ain't hiding nothing!*
- (54) 2nd person – singular: *You ain't gonna do that, right?*
- (55) 3rd person – singular: *Ain't he going mad?*
-
- (56) 1st person – plural: *We ain't eating that animal!*
- (57) 2nd person – plural: *You ain't gonna eat those pizzas!*
- (58) 3rd person – plural: *Why ain't they watching us?*

The example sentences (53) – (58) confirm Howes's definitions and perfectly illustrate that morpho-syntactic behavior of auxiliary *be* is fully adopted by *ain't*. The examples (54) and (57), for instance, demonstrate that *ain't* can not only embody present progressive tense as seen in (53) or (56) etc, however, in combination with *gonna* (be + going to + verb + ing, respectively) can also refer to the future tense. As far as the usage of *ain't* in the past tenses is concerned, Howe et al. claim that in spite of a few occurrences in the remote past, which were moreover restricted to a particular environment, does not practically appear in AAVE any longer. (2000, 119-120)

7.5.1.2 Ain't for auxiliary *have*

Apart from copula and auxiliary *be*, *ain't* is also used as auxiliary (definitely not lexical) *have* for perfective aspect. The example sentences demonstrating this feature can be observed below:

***Ain't* for present auxiliary *have* for perfective aspect:**

- (59) 1st person – singular: *I ain't been there for ages.*
- (60) 2nd person – singular: *You ain't been waiting for ages, come on!*
- (61) 3rd person – singular: *It ain't been working months!*
- (62) 1st person – plural: *We ain't seen that!*
- (63) 2nd person – plural: *You two niggas ain't heard?*
- (64) 3rd person – plural: *They ain't called me back yet.*

Howe et al. used the above examples to demonstrate that *ain't* is capable of syncretizing auxiliary *have* in both perfective aspect, as well as progressive aspect. (2002, 122-123) Unsurprisingly, *ain't* can also stand for possessive *have* as illustrated on the following examples:

***Ain't* for possessive *have*:**

- (65) 1st person – singular: *I ain't got them.*
- (66) 2nd person – singular: *If you ain't got money, get out of here!*
- (67) 3rd person – singular: *He ain't got no one playing like this.*
- (68) 1st person – plural: *Guys, we ain't got no cars.*
- (69) 2st person – plural: *Y'all ain't got no food, don't you?*
- (70) 3rd person – plural: *They ain't got no fucking clue.*

It has been presented above that *ain't* can stand in for auxiliary *have* and in combination with lexical *get* (past participle form *got*) can be used to express possession. It is also crucial to mention that AAVE employs auxiliary *do* in question tags for *have* + *got* as can be observed in example sentence (69). “Question tag *have*

is completely unacceptable in this case, which is a common feature for other American English varieties.”: conclude Nevins *et al.* (2010, 1135)

It has been already mentioned in the previous subchapter that *ain't* can stand in for auxiliary *have* (both perfective and progressive aspects), as well as it can substitute possessive *have*. Nevins *et al.* point out that *ain't* can also represent *have* in the meaning of obligation (lack of obligation, respectively), very frequently associated with expression *gotta* as again illustrated below:

Ain't* for obligatory *have

- | | | |
|------|--------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------|
| (71) | 1 st person – <u>singular</u> : | <i>I ain't gotta do shit about that!</i> |
| (72) | 2 nd person – <u>singular</u> : | <i>You ain't gotta go there. wanna.</i> |
| (73) | 3 rd person – <u>singular</u> : | <i>He really ain't gotta do that.</i> |
| (74) | 1 st person – <u>plural</u> : | <i>We ain't gotta play the game.</i> |
| (75) | 2 nd person – <u>plural</u> : | <i>You all ain't gotta be here on time!</i> |
| (76) | 3 rd person – <u>plural</u> : | <i>They ain't gotta see this.</i> |

It has been mentioned that *ain't* is never used for past tense *be* and the same rule is applied to *ain't* for obligatory *have* as confirmed by Howe *et al.*: “*ain't* is never used for past tense *have* + *not* in the (early African American narratives) and, therefore unsurprisingly, this usage is also absent from modern AAVE.” (2005, 175).

7.5.1.3 *Ain't* for auxiliary *do*

The remaining auxiliary that *ain't* is able to represent in AAVE is *do*, more specifically, auxiliary *do* for present and past tenses, also demonstrated on example sentences below:

Ain't for present auxiliary *do*

- (77) 1st person – singular: *Jesus, I ain't know what to do!*
- (78) 2nd person – singular: *You ain't know him?*
- (79) 3rd person – singular: *Ain't he come from the Texas?*
- (80) 1st person – plural: *We ain't need that car anymore.*
- (81) 2nd person – plural: *You ain't belong to this group, folks!*
- (82) 3rd person – plural: *They ain't know him well.*

Ain't for past auxiliary *do*

- (83) 1st person – singular: *I ain't steal that car, I swear!*
- (84) 2nd person – singular: *You ain't have to bring so many of them!*
- (85) 3rd person – singular: *I expect it ain't go as planned, right?*
- (86) 1st person – plural: *We ain't fix it in time, sorry.*
- (87) 2nd person – plural: *Why ain't you all get out already?!*
- (88) 3rd person – plural: *They ain't listen to me at all!*

7.6 Negative inversion

Labov *et al.*, define the term negative inversion as follows: “Negative inversion is a phenomenon in which a declarative sentence begins with a negated auxiliary or modal, such as *can't*, *ain't*, or *won't*, followed by subjects like *nobody*, *everybody* and *all of you*.” Pullum seems to be in agreement with Labov’s definition and adds: “The inversion is preferred form over the standard word order, however, it is not likely to be used with subjects in forms of names or when they begin with a definite article or possessive pronoun.

“According to Labov *et al.*, the negative inversion is one of the typical features of AAVE, however it does not seem to occur as often in comparison with *ain't* (1972, 867-868), they illustrate the usage on the negative inversion with the below examples:

- (97) ***Can't*** nobody beat 'em.
- (98) ***Didn't*** nobody get hurt or nothin'.
- (99) ***Won't*** anybody hit us.

In case that a tag question needs to be employed, it simply repeats the subject that occupies the position after the auxiliary (or modal) verb as illustrated with the example (100) (Labov et al, 1972: 867-868)

- (100) ***Ain't*** no math to it , (*is it*)?

Negative inversion has to be achieved through the contracted morpheme *n't*, never through the uncontracted form *not*, as incorrectly shown in (101):

- (101) ***Can not*** nobody beat 'em.

It is also mentioned that definite subject such pronouns, or proper names subjects are not allowed (102), on the other hand, indefinite or quantificational subjects (such as everyone, anyone, some people, etc.) are perfectly acceptable:

- (102) ***Wouldn't*** Sally and Jean help the poor man.

As far as negative inversion is concerned, its usage in AAVE is closely associated with negative concord and therefore: "The co-occurrence typically refers to the acceptability of subjects headed by *no*, as in (103), and the unacceptability of subjects headed by *any*, as in (104):

(103) *Don't **nobody** break up a fight.*

(104) *Don't **anybody** break up a fight.*

Labov *et al.* even discuss possibility of co-existence of two types of negative inversions:

In the literature on African American English, negative inversion constructions are distinguished from existential negative inversion in which the auxiliary is the copula *be* (henceforth existential *be*). The two constructions look superficially similar, as a negated copula occurs clause-initially and is followed by an indefinite subject. Some examples of *existential be* constructions are given in a) and b):

a) *Wasn't **nobody** home.*

b) *Ain't **no** farmer made money this year.*

It can be difficult to tell the two constructions apart because *ain't* can have several meanings. It can be the negative copula *be + n't*, but it can also be the negative perfect auxiliary corresponding to *have+n't* in Standard English or the negative past tense auxiliary *do+n't*.

(Labov: 1972, 773–818)

8. Analysis

The main aim of the practical part of this bachelor thesis is to observe and demonstrate the principles of non-Standard English negation in song lyrics of the music genre called Hip-Hop. More precisely, the focus is given especially to one of the most known non-Standard English varieties often referred to as African-American Vernacular English (AAVE), which is closely associated with the above-mentioned music genre. The analysis is primarily focused on the comparison of the frequency and function of negating features occurring in both Standard and non-Standard English. All of the grammatical phenomena related to negation are introduced in full detail in the theoretical part of this thesis.

The corpus comprises of 100 Hip-Hop song lyrics that were composed by five prominent American rappers, who rank among the most famous and best-selling Hip-Hop performers of the late 90's and the new millennium, namely *Eminem*, *Kanye West*, *Tupac*, *Jay-Z*, and *50 Cent*. It needs to be mentioned that exactly 20 songs for each of the performers were randomly selected and downloaded from the online lyrics database *azlyrics.com*, to be subjected to analysis and thoroughly examined for both standard and non-standard negating features.

Firstly, it is assumed that non-standard negating features occur more frequently than standard ones since Hip-Hop is a very specific music genre that is greatly influenced by non-standardness of AAVE dialect as well as by miscellaneous specifics of song lyrics. Secondly, it is supposed that the auxiliary *ain't* is the most frequently occurring non-standard negating feature in song lyrics as it can function as one common substitution for several grammatical phenomena at the same time. Thirdly, as it was mentioned in theoretical part of the paper, AAVE is the language variety predisposed to a noticeable number of non-standard grammatical phenomena which, apart from negation, comprises of subject-verb concord, negative inversion or omission of copula *be*, for instance. Therefore, it is also expected that this "clash" of various non-standard features occurs within the same rhyme. Lastly, it is assumed that some cases of grammatical ambiguity are found there in the corpus of song lyrics, not only because the above-mentioned contradiction *ain't*, but also due to the fact that lyrics in Hip-Hop music are proverbial for their frequent lack of sense-making rhymes, hardly comprehensive lexicon that is very often bound to social-cultural context, or various

references to other author's songs or other rappers that might not be the listener familiar with.

The overall material of the study comprises over 60 000 words, therefore this amount of data was processed using a word processor Microsoft Word and a spreadsheet Microsoft Excel. All the data results are displayed and commented on below, however due to its excessive length, the full, yet font-size reduced version of all song lyrics can be found at the very end of this thesis as the appendix. To differentiate standard features from non-standard, the function of underlining is employed here for Standard-English negating features, whereas the function of highlighting is chosen to mark the latter. To minimize any possible data misrepresentation, only unique occurrences of particular grammatical (or lexical) features were counted, meaning, for instance, that choruses or rhymes showing duplicity are included only once. It needs to be also emphasized that an individual negating element can be put into more categories at the same time, which typically concerns absolute negators as they work as Standard English feature on their own, however, if there are two such elements, negative concord occurs. In that case, the function of underlining and highlighting is employed at the same time. As far as the question tags are concerned, they are left out of the corpus, because they do not really negate the sentence.

The practical part of the thesis is divided into several sections. The first chapter is devoted to Standard-English negation features, where basic negating elements like 'verbal negation', 'absolute or approximate negators', or double negation is examined and analyzed. The following chapter is focused on negating features in non-Standard English, so the grammatical constructs like negative inversion or concord is examined and further demonstrated on the extracts from the corpus.

9. Standard English negation features

This chapter is devoted to Standard English negation features found in the analyzed song lyrics. The overall material of the study of the standard negation features comprises of 1143 instances categorized according to their type. The detailed distribution of frequency is presented in the table below.

Table 1: The occurrence of Standard English negation features

Type of negation	Number of occurrences	Ratio [%]
Primary verbal negation	666	58.4
Secondary verbal negation	5	0.4
Non-verbal <i>not</i>	36	3.1
Absolute negators	396	34.6
Approximate negators	13	1.1
Affixal negators	15	1.3
Suffixal negators	11	1
Grammatical + lexical negation	1	0.1
Grammatical + grammatical negation	0	0
Total	1143	100

As it can be seen in this chart of Standard English negation features, the most frequently occurring negation feature in the analyzed corpus is “verbal negation” that is further divided into the “primary” and “secondary verbal negation”. Out of a total of 1143 instances, the negation features falling into the category of “verbal negation” occur in 671 cases, comprising almost 60 per cent of the whole corpus. It needs to be emphasized that the vast majority of that amount fall into the category of ‘primary verbal negation’ as the latter constitutes only 5 instances (0.4 per cent). Another category with relatively high number of occurrences within the Standard English negation is the group of “absolute negators”, which comprises more than one third of the total amount (34.5 per cent), thus being the second with 396 instances found in

total. The remaining categories comprise only around 5 per cent of the total, “non-verbal *not*” is found in 36 instances (3.1 per cent), followed by “suffixal” and “affixal” negators that occurs in 11, respectively 15 instances (1.1 and 1.3 percent of the total). In the selected text, the analysis reveals only 1 instance of double negation (0.1 per cent). While the combination of lexical and grammatical negation is found in one case, the category “grammatical + grammatical negation” is not found in the whole data corpus at all.

9.1 Verbal Negation

This subchapter is devoted to the most frequently occurring negation feature of Standard English – verbal negation, which is further divided into “primary” and “secondary”.

9.1.1 Primary verbal negation

As far as the ‘primary verbal negation is concerned’, the focus is given to including all negating elements in English. The charts below are focused on the verb to be, auxiliary verbs and modals verbs. The detailed distribution of frequency is presented in the table below.

Table 2: The Occurrences of negative forms of the verb *To be*

Verb <i>To be</i>	Number of occurrences	copula	auxiliary	Ratio [%]
Present tense	36	19	17	51.4
Past tense	31	22	9	44.3
Future tense	2	2	0	2.9
Present perfect	1	1	0	1.4
Past perfect	0	0	0	0
Future perfect	0	0	0	0
Total	70	44	26	100

As it can be seen from the table above, the verb *to be* basically occur only in two tenses. As for the “present simple tense” category, the total number of occurrences is 36 (51.4 per cent), with copula *be* and auxiliary *be* being almost evenly distributed (19 to 17

instances). Regarding the verb *to be* in past tense, it comprises 44.3 per cent of the total, with 22 instances of copula *be* and 9 instances for auxiliary *be*. Despite the small number of occurrences, even the verb *to be* in future tense with 2 occurrences shall be mentioned as well as *to be* for future simple tense with one occurrence only. Some example sentences from the actual analyzed song lyrics have been chosen as below:

Present simple tense – auxiliary *be*

*'Read my lips bitch, what, my mouth **isn't** working?'*

(Eminem – I'm Back)

Possible non-Standard English transcription:

*'Read my lips bitch, what, my mouth **ain't** workin'?''*

Present simple tense – copula *be*

*'I **am not** ready to leave, it's too scary to die (Fuck that!).'*

(Eminem – My Name Is)

Possible non-Standard English transcription:

*'I **ain't** ready to leave, it's too scary to die (Fuck that!).'*

Past simple tense – auxiliary *be*

*'I **wasn't** thinkin' all I heard was the ridicule'*

(Tupac Shakur – Trapped)

Possible non-Standard English transcription:

ain't not applicable for auxiliary *be* in the past simple tense

Past simple tense – copula *be*

*'You **weren't** perfect but you made life worth it'*

(Tupac Shakur – Trapped)

Possible non-Standard English transcription:

ain't not applicable for copula *be* in the past simple tense

Future simple tense – copula *be*

*'And if you catch a lick when I spit, then it **won't** be a little hit'*

(Jay-Z – Big Pimpin')

Possible non-Standard English transcription:

ain't not applicable for future simple copula *be* in the past simple tense

Present perfect simple – copula *be*

*'I **haven't** been this fucking confused since I was a kid'*

(Jay-Z – Big Pimpin')

Possible non-Standard English transcription:

*'I **ain't** been this fucking confused since I was a kid'*

Table 3: The occurrence of negative auxiliary verbs in various tenses

Tense	Auxiliary verb + [not]	Number of occurrence	Ratio [%]
Present	do / does	318	79.1
Past	did	38	9.5
Future	will	45	11.2
Present perfect	have / has	1	0.2
Past perfect	had	0	0
Future perfect	Have been	0	0
Total		402	100

From the data presented above, it can be observed that various auxiliaries have been analyzed and examined in the chosen lyrics. The most frequent auxiliary verb is 'do' ('does') with the number of occurrences of 318, which is roughly 79 per cent of the total number. The present tense is followed by the auxiliary verb 'will', used for expressing future tenses, occurring in 45 instances (11.2 per cent). As per 'did' for the past tense, the analysis reveals 38 cases (9.5 per cent). Lastly, there is only one occurrence of auxiliary verb 'have' for the present perfect tense, otherwise as far as the perfect tenses are concerned, their frequency seems to be quite limited due to their excessive complexity for the purpose of song lyrics. The following examples below have been found in the corpus:

Present simple tense – auxiliary do

*'Yea, I **don't** know shit about gymnastics I summersault bricks'*

(50 Cent - Hustler's Ambition)

Possible non-Standard English transcription:

*'Yea, I **ain't** know shit about gymnastics I summersault bricks'*

Past simple tense – auxiliary did

*'You **didn't** have to, but you coulda signed an autograph for Matthew'*

(The Real Slim Shady - Eminem)

Possible non-Standard English transcription:

*'You **ain't** have to, but you coulda signed an autograph for Matthew'*

Future simple tense – auxiliary will

*'I **won't** stop, I **won't** mess my groove up'*

(50 Cent - Hustler's Ambition)

Possible non-Standard English transcription:

ain't not applicable for future simple auxiliary will

Future simple tense – auxiliary will

*'I **haven't** been this fucking confused since I was a kid'*

(50 Cent - Hustler's Ambition)

Possible non-Standard English transcription:

*'I **ain't** been this fucking confused since I was a kid'*

The corpus also reveals 28 instances of so-called subject-verb agreement error, meaning that the subject and verb of a sentence do not agree in number, this phenomenon is also quite often in non-Standard English, some examples from the corpus are below: (Trudgill, 1997, 256). These cases are included in non-standard part of the corpus.

*,She **don't** know what it was like for people like us growin' up, you gotta call me man'*

(Stan – Eminem)

Table 4: The occurrence of negative forms of modal verbs

Modal verb	Number of occurrence	Ratio [%]
can't (cannot)	164	75
couldn't (could not)	35	15.9
wouldn't (would not)	15	6.8
shouldn't (should not)	4	1.8
needn't	0	0
may not	1	0.5
oughtn't (ought not)	0	0
mighn't (might not)	0	0
Total	220	100

As far as the modals are concerned, the most frequently occurring one is by far the modal verb *can't*, with the total of 164 instances it comprises three quarters of all the modals counted. Its past tense form *couldn't* ranks the second with the 15.9 per cent share (35 instances). The modal verb *wouldn't* occur in 15 instances (6.8 percent) and few occurrences are also found for *shouldn't* and *may not* (4 and 1 instances).

It needs to be mentioned that AAVE is one of the English dialects that may use more than one modal auxiliary in a clause. According to Labov *et al.* (1972), the existence of double modal constructions has been well documented since 1940s and has been generally used by both black and white speakers. In spite of the fact that there are numerous combinations, Labov *et al.* point out some of most frequent such as *might can*, *might could*, or *might would*. From their point of view, a string like *I might could* would mean something like 'I may be able to, but I'm not sure'. They also demonstrate their findings on the example sentence below:

'He wouldn't could've worked, even if you had asked him.'

'He wouldn't have been able to work, even if you asked him.'

(Standard English transcription)

Such cases are, nevertheless, seldom seen and even in the lyrics song corpus there is not a single case found. On the other hand, however, there is another phenomenon concerning modality that is found in the corpus – past modals with non-standard spelling. A few occurrences are present in the corpus as demonstrated below:

'I wouldn'ta been right, it wouldn'ta been love'

'It wouldn'ta been life, it wouldn'ta been us'

(Jay-Z – This can't be Life)

(Standard-English transcription: '*I wouldn't have been...*')

'For poppin' off at the mouth with shit I shouldn't a said'

(Eminem - Kill You)

(Standard-English transcription: '*I shouldn't have said'*)

'I sent two letters back in autumn, you must not-a got 'em'

(Eminem – Stan)

(Standard-English transcription: '*you must not have got them.*')

'I'm sorry I didn't see you at the show, I must of missed you'

(Eminem – Stan)

(Standard-English transcription: '*I must have missed you.*')

The song lyrics extracts mentioned above are referred to as 'eye dialect', according to Levenston, this term could be defined as the use of nonstandard spelling that implies a pronunciation of the given word that is actually standard, such as *wimmin* for *women*. Levenston further adds that the spelling indicates that the character's speech is overall dialectal or uneducated and he also mentions the fact that this form of non-standard spelling does not indicate a difference in pronunciation of a word, therefore it is a dialect to the eye rather than to the ear. (Levenston, 1992)

As it has been demonstrated above on the lyrics from the corpus, even the Hip-Hop music performers are not exclusively bound to AAVE or non-Standard English, since it is not even always possible to substitute a basic verb like *to be* with a non-standard alternative, which will be discussed more in the following chapters. Secondly, even

the rappers themselves do not intend to employ a non-standard feature instead of a standard one in every single case, because apart from being AAVE speakers, they are aware of Standard English as well.

9.1.2 Secondary verbal negation

As suggested in the first chapter of the analysis, as far as verbal negation is concerned, the vast majority of occurrences are related to so called primary verbal negation, nevertheless, a few instances found are presented below:

Table 5: The occurrence of negative particle Not and its function

Form	Number of occurrences	Ratio [%]
Gerund	0	0
Bare infinitive	1	20
Infinitive	3	60
Participle	1	20
Past participle	0	0
Total	5	100

Out of the total amount of 5 instances, 3 fall into the category of ‘infinitive’, there is only one occurrence for bare infinitive and participle. As for gerund or past participle, no relevant data is found in the corpus. Some of the examples from the corpus are listed below:

Infinitive: ‘I expect them ***not*** to know what a woman's %#!?!@ is’
(The Real Slim Shady – Eminem)

Bare infinitive: ‘now girl let's ***not*** pretend (Come on)’
(Best friend – 50 cent)

Gerundium: ‘I'm lost and ***not*** knowing what to do’
(Tupac Shakur – Hertz of Men)

9.2 Non-verbal *Not*

The non-verbal *not* was mentioned in the previous chapters in the association with verbal negation, however, it needs to be emphasized that it can be used almost with any word as it is stated by the linguist Collins. (1990, 209) Non-verbal *not* is discovered in 36 instances in the whole corpus and some of the cases might be observed below:

*‘So I point one back at ‘em, but **not** the index or pinkie’*

(Eminem - The Way I Am)

Not is often used with expressions of degree, such as quite, and modifies various sentence elements as in:

*‘And just might be the next best thing, but **not** quite me’*

(The Real Slim Shady - Eminem)

The combination with focusing adverb *not only* was also found in the corpus, here functioning as a clause adjuncts and thus marking clausal negation.

***Not** only am I fly, I’m fucking **not** playin’*

(Kanye West – So Appalled)

9.3 Absolute negators

This subchapter is devoted to absolute negators – a group of words usually marking clausal negation. As it can be seen from the chart below, the most frequent absolute negators is *no*, with 159 instances (39.4 per cent of the total), followed by *never* that occurs in 129 instances (32.6 per cent). The other two negators with relatively high frequency of occurrence are *nothing* and *no one / nobody*, being found in 53, respectively 53 instances (13.4 and 10.4 per cent). The remaining absolute negators *none*, *nowhere*, *neither* and *nor* are also found in the corpus, yet in few instances as per the chart below.

Table 6: The occurrence of absolute negators

Absolute negator	Number of occurrence	Ratio [%]
No	156	39.4
Never	129	32.6
Nothing	53	13.4
No one / nobody	41	10.4
None	7	1.7
Nowhere	5	1.2
Neither	4	1
Nor	1	0.3
Total	396	100

The following extracts from the songs have been taken from the corpus:

*‘But it’s just something we have **no** control over and that’s what destiny is’*

(Eminem – Mockingbird)

*‘Plus I **ain’t** have **no** phone in my apart-a-ment’*

(Kanye West – Touch The Sky)

(Standard-English transcription: *Plus I **don’t** / **didn’t** have a phone in my apartment’*)

In spite of the fact that the second sentence above does not seem to belong to the Standard English context, the *no* preceding *phone* is as well taken into consideration

and included into both categories– standard and non-standard negating features, because ‘*have no phone*’ works perfectly in Standard English.

The same has been applied on the extract from Tupac’s song below, *never* and *nowhere* are included in ‘standard negating features’ part of the corpus in the category ‘absolute negators’, however, these two absolute negators comprise negative concord so it is included in non-standard part as well. Generally speaking, absolute negators occur with a high frequency within these non-standard grammatical constructs due to the fact that they might be described as ‘cornerstone’ of the English negation:

I got love for my brother but we can never go nowhere

(Tupac Shakur - Changes)

(Standard-English transcription: ‘...my brother, but we can never go anywhere’)

9.4 Approximate negators

Table 7: The occurrence of approximate negators

Approximate negator	Number of occurrences	Ratio [%]
barely	8	61.5
hardly	4	30.7
seldom	1	7.8
Total	13	100

Only three different types of approximate negators are found in the corpus, with the total of 13 instances. As it is defined in the theoretical part, approximate negators are negative in meaning, definitely not in form. Dušková refer to them as semi-negative words, however, they are included into the research as well. (2006:345–6)

‘But, Brenda’s barely got a brain’

‘A damn shame, the girl can hardly spell her name’

(Tupac Shakur - Brenda's Got a Baby)

‘Label me greedy gettin’ green, but seldom seen’

(Tupac Shakur - So Many Tears)

There are other approximate negators found in the song lyrics, namely *few* and *little*, however they couldn't be included as they appeared with an indefinite article and thus cannot be considered approximate negators:

'A few tricks a day, that there keep the bill collectors away ' (50 cent – No Romeo, No Juliet)

'Oh where's mama? she's takin a little nap in the trunk' (Eminem - '97 Bonnie & Clyde)

9.5 Lexical negation

As far as the lexical negation in the corpus is concerned, it is revealed in 26 instances altogether. While affixal negators appear in 15 cases, lexical negation performed by adding negative suffixes have 11 occurrences.

9.5.1 Affixal negators

Although there are numerous kinds of affixal negators in English, the corpus contains only 6 types as per the table below. The most frequent ones are *in-* and *un-*, with 4 instances for each, followed by *ir-* and *im-* with two cases and lastly, *non-* and *il-* with once occurrence only. An extract from the corpus might be seen below.

To understand your ways, inexperienced back in the days
(Tupac Shakur – Me and My Girlfriend)

Table 9: The occurrence of affixal negators

Affixal negator	Number of occurrence	Ratio [%]
in-	4	26.6
ir-	2	13.3
un-	4	26.6
il-	1	6.6
im-	2	13.3
non-	1	6.6
Total	15	100

9.5.2 Suffixal negators

As per suffixal negators, 11 instances are present in the corpus, out of that total number, 90 per cent is performed by suffix *-less*.

Table 10: The occurrence of suffixal negators

Suffixal negator	Number of occurrence	Ratio [%]
less	10	90.9
ness	1	9.1
Total	11	100

To demonstrate an example of suffixal negator, the following example is listed:

They start feeling like prisoners helpless

(Eminem – Without Me)

9.6 Double negation

Double negation is a grammatical phenomenon that fall into a category of Standard English features, despite having two negatives elements in sentences. It is further divided in two combination: ‘grammatical + lexical’ and ‘grammatical + grammatical’ As far as the corpus in concerned, it only shows one example of double negation, which might not be that surprising if taken into consideration that the corpus is comprised of lyrics of Hip Hop music, where negative concord dominates over double negation. The extract below is a typical example of double negation falling into the ‘grammatical + grammatical’ negation, where an absolute negator *nothing* is combined with primary verbal negation *can't*. Thus, two negative elements result in an affirmative:

There's nothin' you can't do

(Jay-Z – Empire State of Mind)

10. Non-standard English features in negation

The following chapters will be dedicated to rigorously selected non-grammatical negating features. The aim of this bachelor thesis is not to incorporate every single existing non-standard grammatical feature as it would be technically unfeasible due to limited extent of this thesis and, most importantly, due to the fact that language is a living and evolving organism that has been continually changing. Thus, including every possible feature would be pointless since in a few years' time this bachelor thesis would become technically "out-dated" and practically incomplete since new grammatical phenomena will emerge and gradually become integral part of English.

As has been mentioned in the preceding chapters, song lyrics as such are not directly associated to any specific non-standard dialect or variety; nevertheless, it does not necessarily mean that particular musical genres cannot be closely related to some. This fact might be well illustrated with African American Vernacular English, which is the non-Standard English dialect interwoven with Hip Hop and therefore the number of non-standard features is much higher in comparison with other musical genres. However, it should be taken into consideration that AAVE can be arbitrarily used in any other musical genre, although presumably much less frequently.

John R. Rickford *et al.* (2001, 221-222) emphasize the fact that song lyrics as a part of an artistic performance need to be more consciously determined in comparison to speech. When lyricists or rappers compose their song lyrics, they occasionally give preference to a deliberately incorrect grammatical variant over another as they might want to make their lyrics sound more or less vernacular and they select grammatical forms accordingly. More importantly, Rickford *et al.* (2001, 221-222) point out that the fact song lyrics are performed to music and their linguistic content is subject to many factors that actually do not exist in speech. Specifically, lyrics must be synchronized with the music pattern and therefore a performer might be occasionally compelled to choose an incorrect grammatical variant or expression to fit a particular number of syllables within one line of song lyrics.

11. Multiple negation

Multiple negation is definitely the essential part of song lyrics as well as in AAVE in general. As it has been explained in the theoretical part, multiple negation is further divided into double negation and negative concord. As far as the double negation is concerned, it is discussed in the preceding chapter as one of the standard negating features and it must be emphasized that in contrast with negative concord it does not basically occur in the corpus.

11.1 Negative concord

One of the most frequently occurring non-Standard English phenomenon in negation is negative concord. As it can be observed from the chart below, negative concord can be realized in number of various ways. The question is, though, why would rappers or songwriters actually go the extra mile to negate a sentence that is actually already negated and that question is actually answered by Weiss, who claims that the reasons are mainly grammatical, however, he also states that negative concord helps the speaker to clarify and intensify the negative sense of the message. Negative concord allows a speaker to reinforce negation if the negation has not been explicit enough (2002, 125). According to Green, (2014, 119) this makes even more sense considering that lyrics are quite often heard against the backdrop of range of musical instrument meaning that negative concord allows for a re-enunciation of negation. Nevertheless, he further stresses out that it is always essential to differentiate this from emphasis, as negative concord is not necessarily used as emphasizing strategy as the use of multiple negative modifiers might be automatic and therefore happen on subconscious level. Green adds that emphasis is mostly done by stressing parts of the negation, but not through negative concord alone. (Green 2014, 119-21).

Table 11: The occurrence of different types of negative concord

Negative concord	Number of occurrences	Ratio [%]
<i>Ain't</i> + absolute negator	54	59.3
Auxiliary verb <i>do</i> + [<i>not</i>] + absolute negator	11	12.1
Modal verb <i>can</i> + [<i>not</i>] + absolute negator	10	11.1
Modal verb <i>could</i> + [<i>not</i>] + absolute negator	2	2.2
Auxiliary verb <i>will</i> + [<i>not</i>] + absolute negator	4	4.4
Absolute negator + absolute negator	2	2.2
Various auxiliary verbs + absolute negator	4	4.4
Triple negation	3	3.3
Total	91	100

As it can be seen from the chart above, 91 instances of *negative concord* are found in the corpus. It should be mentioned that negative concord must not be necessarily compounded of non-standard features as *ain't* etc., but it can be accomplished by incorporating two or more standard negating features that are perfectly acceptable in Standard English as long as they are not kept in one sentence to produce negative meaning. Out of the total number of 91 instances found, 54 instances of the combination of '*ain't* + absolute negator' occurs in the corpus (59.3 per cent). The remaining 40% of the total is accomplished by combinations of standard negating features, the most frequent seem to be the combination of auxiliaries and modal verbs with absolute negators, which occur in 19, respectively 16 instances (19.8 and 17.7 per cent). A few occurrences of less frequent ways of incorporating *negative concord* are also detected in the corpus, namely the combination 'absolute negator + absolute negator' (2 instances) and triple negation that appears twice altogether.

11.1.1 Ain't + absolute negator

By far the most common construction is auxiliary *ain't* + *no* + *determinant* / *noun*

*'You **ain't** with Mary **no** more where you getting chips from now??'*

(50 cent – How to Rob)

(Standard-English transcription: *'You **aren't** with Mary **any** more ...')*

The second most frequent form of the negative concord realisation in this category is by combining *ain't* + *nothing* / *nothin'*, as for example in:

*'I **ain't nothing** like those niggas baby those are marks'*

(Kanye West – So Appalled)

(Standard-English transcription: *'I **am not anything** like those niggas ...')*

*'So now what's next, there **ain't nothing** left to sell'*

(Tupac Shakur - Brenda's Got a Baby)

(Standard-English transcription: *... 'there **isn't anything** left to sell')*

Nevertheless, there are other combination found in the corpus like the combination *ain't* with absolute negators *never*, or *none* as demonstrated on the song lyrics extracts below:

*'You **ain't never** heard a sound like this before'*

*'Cause I **ain't never** put it down like this'*

(50 cent – Candy Shop)

(Standard-English transcription: *'You **have never heard** a sound like this...*

*Cause I **have never** put it down like...')*

*'I **ain't none** of these half-assed newcomers, you know how I do summer'*

(Jay-Z – Dear Summer)

(Standard-English transcription: *'I **am not one** of these half-assed..')*

11.1.2 Auxiliary verb + [not] + absolute negator

With 19 instances found in the corpus, *Auxiliary verb + [not] + absolute negator* is the second most frequent combination connected to negative concord. The most frequent auxiliaries are *do* (11 instances) and *will* (4 instances), however there is also an occurrence of auxiliary *do* in past tense *-did*. The Following examples have been found in the corpus:

'don't want to be a playa no more'

(50 cent – How to Rob)

(Standard-English transcription: '*I don't want to be a playa any more'*)

'Slut, you think I won't choke no whore'

(Eminem - Kill You)

(Standard-English transcription: '*Slut, you think I won't choke a whore'*)

'I shall not fear no man but God'

(Tupac Shakur - So Many Tears)

(Standard-English transcription: '*I shall fear no man but God'*)

'My mama didn't raise no fool'

(Tupac Shakur – Changes)

(Standard-English transcription: '*My mama didn't raise a fool'*)

11.1.3 Modal verb + [not] + absolute negator

As per modals being part of the negative concord combination, there is a total of 12 instances found altogether. Basically only two modal verbs – *can* and *could* are present in the corpus regarding negative concord:

'They said I can't rap about bein' broke no more'

'They ain't say I can't rap about coke no more'

(Eminem - Kill You)

(Standard-English transcription:

'They said I can't rap about being broke any more'

'They didn't say I can't rap about coke any more')

11.1.4 absolute negator + absolute negator

The last combination worth listing here is the combination of two absolute negators, although only two instances are found in the corpus:

'I never knew my father neither.'
(Eminem – Stan)

(Standard-English transcription: *'I never knew my father either.'*)

'I got love for my brother but we can never go nowhere'
(Tupac Shakur – Changes)

(Standard-English transcription: ... *'my brother but we can never go anywhere'*)

11.1.5 triple negation

In spite of the fact that negative concord is very frequently produced by employing two negative n-words (as all these negating elements as auxiliaries or absolute negators etc. as often referred to), it is not necessarily bounded to this very number, but the amount of n-words in a sentences can be definitely higher. As far as the corpus of song lyrics is concerned, it reveals maximum of three negating elements in a sentences, which could be caused by limited range of song lyrics as they do not seem to be complex enough for more n-word to appear at the time. The following example has been found in the corpus:

'Don't give nobody no coochie while I be locked up state'
(Tupac Shakur – I ain't Mad at Cha)

(Standard-English transcription: *'Don't give anyone any coochie while..'')*

11.2 Ain't

Negated auxiliary *ain't* is commonly identified as a key preverbal negator found in almost all non-standard varieties and it is often considered to be one of the most salient characteristics in speech of a low-class person due to the stigma associated with the use of *ain't*. (Trudgill, 1997, 256) The non-standard auxiliary *ain't* in AAVE can substitute for a great number of meanings within various tenses, ranging to present simple to present simple perfect, which might lead to ambiguity as it is not always perfectly clear what the speaker actually meant to express. According to Werner, the negator of *ain't* is a one-syllable element, which is an obvious advantage for songwriters as it can be widely used as a substitute for numerous constructions that are much complicated to pronounce or place in a rhyme, which is a crucial within the context of songs lyrics. (2012, 26).

As far as the corpus of this thesis is concerned, there are 227 instances of *ain't* altogether falling into the below presented categories based on the function of *ain't*.

Table 12: The non-standard contradiction of *Ain't* and its use in negation

The contradiction of <i>Ain't</i>	Number of occurrences	Ratio [%]
Present copula <i>be</i>	115	50.6
Present auxiliary <i>be</i>	51	22.5
Present auxiliary <i>have</i> for perfective aspect	29	12.8
Possessive <i>have</i>	8	3.5
Obligatory <i>have</i>	3	1.3
Present auxiliary <i>do</i>	5	2.2
Past auxiliary <i>do</i>	16	7.1
Total	227	100

The findings in the table 9 demonstrate that the most frequent *ain't* that occurs in the corpus is the one serving the purpose of present copula *be* that comprise the half of all occurrences (115 instances), whilst it is followed by present auxiliary *be* with 51 instances (22.5 per cent). Present auxiliary *have* in perfective aspect ranks the third place as it has 29 instances (12.8 per cent). The least frequent function of *ain't* seem

to be *ain't* as the substitution for possessive and obligatory *have* that appear in 8, respectively 3 instances. As for *ain't* functioning as present and past auxiliary *do*, the corpus reveals 5, respectively 16 occurrences (2.2 and 7.1 per cent of the total). The individual categories will be examined in the following sections below:

11.2.1 Present copula *be*

Present copula *be*, or in other words, present simple form of the verb *to be* is by far the most common, which is not so startling if taken into the consideration that it is a connecting word, in particular a form of the verb *be* connecting a subject and complement. It needs to be stressed out that *ain't* can substitute for *to be* in all the grammatical persons both in singular and plural, thus *ain't* stand for *I'm not*, *isn't* and *aren't*. The following examples have been extracted from the corpus:

'You ain't with Mary no more where you getting chips from now??'

(50 cent – How to Rob)

(Standard-English transcription: *'You aren't with Mary any more where ..'*)

'He ain't with you, he with Beyoncé, you need to stop actin' lazy'

(Kaney West - Blood on the Leaves)

(Standard-English transcription: *He isn't with you, he is with Beyoncé, you.'*)

The second extract shows not only the presence of the auxiliary *ain't*, but also another non-standard grammatical phenomenon quite typical for AAVE – omission of copula verb *be*, as marked above in 'he with Beyoncé'. Some Critics sometimes mistake this feature with ignorance of the speakers, however there are detailed and strict rules for omitting the copula (Pullum, 1999, 45).

11.2.2 Present auxiliary *be*

With 51 occurrences found, it is the second most frequent usage of *ain't*, as in the previous case, *ain't* stand for all the persons in both singular and plural. It needs to be mentioned that *ain't* can perfectly work with the structure 'going to' to express the future. (colloquially *gonna*). The following examples are found in the corpus:

*'You **ain't** gonna sell two copies if you press a double album'*

(Eminem - Just Don't Give a Fuck)

(Standard-English transcription: *'You **ain't** gonna sell two copies if you ...'*)

*'But we **ain't** singing, we bringing drama'*

(Tupac Shakur - Hit 'em up)

(Standard-English transcription: *'But we **aren't** singing, we **are** bringing ...'*)

It can be again noted that the omission of *to be* is applied in the second extract as well, so it can be concluded that this grammatical phenomenon is related to both copula and auxiliary *be*.

11.2.3 Present auxiliary *have* for perfective aspect

The third most frequently occurring category is associated with the usage of *ain't* for an auxiliary *have* for present perfect tense, 29 instances are found in the corpus of a hundred song lyrics, some are again presented below:

*'You **ain't never** heard a sound like this before'*

*'Cause I **ain't never** put it down like this'*

(50 cent – Candy Shop)

(Standard-English transcription: *'You **have never** heard a sound like this before'*

*'Cause I **have never** put it down like this')*

*'And I **ain't never** did a crime, I **ain't** have to do'*

(Tupac Shakur – Changes)

(Standard-English transcription: *'I **have never** done a crime, I **didn't** have to do.'*)

It is worth mentioning that in the first extract, there is something that might be called 'clash of non-standard features', because apart from having *ain't* as the substitution for auxiliary *have*, there is also negative concord applied. However, as explained in the previous chapters by various linguists, this is a very common phenomenon in AAVE. The second extract might attract a reader's attention as well as it clearly demonstrates the fact that various violations of standard grammatical rules take place in AAVE. Although it can be understood that the speaker's intention was to express present perfect tense, the past participle form is wrongly substituted with *did*.

11.2.4 Possessive have

In spite of the fact that possessive *have* is not that frequent, only 8 instances are found in the corpus, it is the essential to mention at least one occurrence, here again with the combination of negative concord:

*'I **ain't** got **no** motherfuckin friends'*

(Kane West - Blood on the Leaves)

(Standard-English transcription: *I **haven't** got **any** motherfucking friends')*

11.2.5 Obligatory have

Obligatory *have* is another function that *ain't* can substitute for, the grammatical structure 'I have got to do' is commonly used even in Standard English, it relevelled only three times in the corpus:

*'I **ain't** got to move, I can sit and watch'* (50 cent – Ayo Technology)

(Standard-English transcription: *'I **haven't** got to move, I can sit and watch'*)

11.2.6 Present auxiliary do

Apart from copula *be*, auxiliary *be* and *have*, *ain't* can function as the substitution for auxiliary verb *do* in both present and past tenses. Sometimes it can be hard to distinguish whether *ain't* substitute for present or past tense if the context is not clear and explicit enough. As far as present auxiliary *do* is concerned, it occurs in 5 instances in the corpus, one of the examples is stated below:

'If I was black I woulda sold half'

*'I **ain't** have to graduate from Lincoln High School to know that'*

'But I can rap so fuck school'

(Eminem – White America)

(Standard-English transcription: *'I **don't** have to graduate from Lincoln High...'*)

As it can be observed above in the extract from the Eminem's song, the auxiliary *ain't* can sometimes cause ambiguity of a clause since without the context it might not be explicit if 'I don't have' or 'I didn't have' is the correct option.

11.2.7 Past auxiliary do

With 16 instances found, *ain't* for past auxiliary *do* belong to less frequently occurring functions of auxiliary *ain't*. As suggested in the preceding sub-chapter, the use of *ain't* might result in ambiguity and as demonstrated below, even the context itself does not have to be necessarily helpful, especially in the context of song lyrics.

*'Bitch I'm a kill you, I **ain't** done this **ain't** the chorus'*

*'I **ain't** even drug you in the woods yet to paint the forest'*

'A bloodstain is orange after you wash it three or four times'

(Eminem - Kill You)

(Standard-English transcription:

*'Bitch I'm a kill you, I **am not** done this **isn't** the chorus'*

*'I **didn't** even drug you in the woods yet to paint the forest'*

'A bloodstain is orange after you wash it three or four times')

11.3 Negative inversion

The last chapter of non-standard negating features is dedicated to negative inversion, which is found in 9 instances altogether. The essence of this phenomenon is based on the inversion of auxiliary verb - mostly *ain't*, and subject. It needs to be mentioned that the examples found in the corpus are not only inverted, but also contain two or more negative elements that result in negative concord as confirmed by Green's definition.: 'The indefinite pronouns such as *someone, somebody, somewhere*, etc. are replaced by their negative counterparts *no one, nobody, nowhere*' (Green, 2002, 78).

*'Now **ain't nobody** tell us it was fair'*

(Tupac Shakur - Dear Mama)

(Standard-English transcription: 'Now **anybody didn't** tell us it was fair')

*'The police know my name, a different game, **ain't** a thing changed'*

(Tupac Shakur - If I Die 2Nite)

(Standard-English transcription: '..a different game, a thing **hasn't** changed')

*'**Ain't nothin'** changed, still holla my homies'*

(50 cent – I'll still Kill)

(Standard-English transcription: '**Nothing** has changed, still holla my homies')

These propositions are introduced by an auxiliary *ain't* and followed by negative indefinite pronoun *nobody/nobody* or definitive noun *thing*. Both elements are already marked for negation, therefore there are already an example of negative concord. Nevertheless, as suggests Green (2002,79), the syntactic position deviates from the standard subject followed by a verb having the effect of inverted order in which the subject is preceded by verb. Green (2002,80) also states that using negative inversion adds prominence and could have the same function like an exclamation mark at the end of a sentence, however he again stresses out that this kind of inversion is strictly limited to non-standard English varieties.

12. Conclusion

This bachelor thesis was dedicated to the study of negation features of non-Standard English in the song lyrics of Hip-Hop. The main aim of this thesis was to analyse the ways of expressing negation of non-standard English and compare the frequency of occurrence of these non-standard features with Standard English.

The total of 100 songs lyrics, exceeding 60 00 words were analysed and 1471 negating features were found altogether, 1143 instances fall into the category of Standard English, whereas only 318 instances belong to the category of non-Standard English. Out of the total of 1143 instances found in Standard English, 692 occurrences (58.8%) fall into the category ‘verbal negation’ that was further divided into subcategories such as ‘auxiliary verbs’ with 402 occurrences, ‘modal verbs’ having had 220 instances and lastly ‘copula and auxiliary *be*’ that was found in 70 cases. The detailed statistics of the occurrences of individual modals or auxiliary verbs can be observed in the table overviews within the practical part. The second most frequently occurring group of negating features is ‘approximate negators’ that has 396 instances in total, comprising 34.6 % of all standard features found in corpus of song lyrics. The remaining negation elements did not represent a substantial number of instances, ‘non-verbal *not*’ was revealed in 36 cases, ‘suffixes and affixes’ in 26 cases, and lastly ‘approximate negators’ that occurred in 13 instances. By contrast, as far as the non-standard negating features are concerned, their total number of occurrences was not nearly as high as in Standard English, however the number is still substantial. Out of the total of 318 instances detected as non-standard there were 227 instances associated with the auxiliary *ain’t* and 91 instances belong to the category ‘negative concord’. By far the most frequently occurring subcategory of *ain’t* is ‘copula *be*’, where 115 occurrences were registered (50.6 %), followed by ‘present auxiliary *be*’ with 51 cases and the share of 22.5%. The subcategory ‘present auxiliary *have* for perfective aspect’ was found in 29 cases. The remaining categories with minor number of occurrences can be as well observed in the corresponding overviews. Regarding the category of negative concord, the most frequent combination found in the corpus was ‘auxiliary *ain’t* + absolute negator’ that occurred in 54 instances (59.3%), followed by the combination ‘auxiliary verb + absolute negator’ with 19 instances (18.9%) and the third most

frequent category ‘modal verb’ with 12 cases (15.5%). The phenomenon of ‘triple negation’ was also registered in 3 instances.

One of the assumptions stated at the very beginning of the Analysis chapter was that the number of non-standard negating express would be higher when compared to standard ones, however this assumption was disproved, because the total number of standard negating features is roughly 3.6 times higher than non-standard ones. It had been originally expected that the results would be more balanced as the original presumption was that the song lyrics in the music genre of Hip-Hop are so specific due to their close connection with non-standard language variety called Afro-American Vernacular English (AAVE). However, one of the reasons why the assumption failed is the fact that the AAVE cannot substitute for most auxiliary verbs, let alone modal verbs. The non-standard contraction *ain't* can substitute for auxiliary *do*, *have* or even *have* in present perfect aspect, however there are still many cases, where AAVE does not have the corresponding alternative to common auxiliaries found in Standard English. As for the modals, there is again no other way of expressing modality, either. Secondly, it should be mentioned that even rappers themselves are not exclusively only speakers of AAVE, they are aware of Standard English as well and they surely do not aim to write they songs to be as ‘Afro-Americanish’ as possible. Regarding the writing song lyrics, they have to be conscious of the musicological factors such as rhythm, melody and song structure must be taken into account as well. Regarding the second hypothesis stated in the beginning, it had been originally suggested that the most occurring non-standard feature would be *ain't* and the hypothesis turned out to be proven right. With 227 cases found, it outnumbered negative concord and even had the higher number of occurrence than any standard auxiliary, which is not, after all, that surprising as it can stand for at least 7 ‘standard auxiliaries’ As far as the presence of ‘clash’ of non-standard negation features with other AAVE features is concerned, the phenomena like copula omission, subject-verb agreement error really did occur in the corpus and the assumption is thus right. As per ambiguity regarding some usage of *ain't*, it might sometimes really cause the trouble, especially if the context is not clear and explicit enough. Some of those cases have been found and listed in the thesis as well.

Resumé

Tato bakalářská práce se zabývá principy negace Afroamerické angličtiny v textech písní hudebního žánru Hip-Hop. Cílem této práce je zanalyzovat způsoby vyjádření negace zmíněné nespisovné jazykové varianty a zároveň porovnat četnost výskytu těchto nespisovných jevů se Standardní angličtinou. Tato práce je rozdělena na teoretickou a praktickou část. Teoretická část se nejprve zaměřuje na celkovou charakteristiku hudebního žánru Hip-Hop, včetně jeho historie a význačných osobností s ním spojených. V teoretické části jsou rovněž vysvětleny pojmy jako Standardní či nestandardní angličtina, avšak poměrně velká část je také zaměřena na základní principy negace v tomto jazyce, které jsou často názorně aplikovány na uvedených příkladových větách. Praktická část analyzuje korpus tvořen jedním stem písníových textů, ve kterém jsou zaznačeny jak spisovné, tak i nespisovné prvky negace. Analýza je provedena na základě teorie uvedené v první části bakalářské práce.

Teoretická část této bakalářské práce je rozdělena na několik kapitol a následných podkapitol. V První kapitole je nejprve charakterizován termín *lyrics*, jenž se do češtiny volně překládá jako písněvé texty. Podle Oxfordského slovníku se první zmínky datují až ke konci 16. století, kde byl tento výraz definován jako „píseň zpívaná za doprovodu lyry“. Někteří odborníci dokonce přisuzují písněovým textům větší důležitosti než klasické poezii, s čímž ale například nesouhlasí lingvista Simon Frith, který tvrdí, že písněvé texty k poezii přirovnávat nelze, jelikož nejsou zdaleka tak poeticky rozvinuté a bohaté, což by na druhou stranu posluchače rušilo od hudby jako takové.

Následující kapitola je věnována Hip-hopu jakožto kulturnímu hnutí, která je podle Jeffa Changa definovaná jako městská hudební subkultura, která vznikla v černošské čtvrti Bronx v americkém New Yorku na přelomu 60. a 70. let minulého století. V jeho knize je Hip-Hop popisován jako jeden ze způsobů vyjádření politických názorů, postojů, emocí nebo dokonce jako nástroj s bojem proti rasovým předsudkům či socio-ekonomickým nerovnostem ve společnosti. Autorka knihy *Encyklopedie Rapu a Hip-Hopové kultury zdůrazňuje*, že Hip-Hop jako hudební žánr jako takový je pouze jeden z několika elementů tvořící celkovou kulturu, mezi další takové elementy patří taneční disciplína s akrobatickými prvky, tzn. Breakdance, či městský

a často nelegální výtvarný projev spojen s malbami prováděné spreji a vzbuzující kontroverzi, tzv. Graffiti. V neposlední řadě je třeba zmínit typický styl oblékání vyznavačů Hip-Hopu, který je význačný pro svou ležérnost. Jeden z předních rapperu a zároveň žijící legenda KRS One, definuje Hip Hop jako „něco co člověk žije“

Třetí kapitola této práce se zaměřuje na Afroamerickou angličtinu, která je nedílnou součástí Hip-Hop kultury a objevuje se ve značné míře v textech písní tohoto hudebního žánru. Jazykovědec Hickey označuje Afroamerickou angličtinu jako jeden z nejrozšířenějších dialektů a poukazuje na skutečnost, že je používán především mezi příslušníky pracující třídy Afroameričanů. Hickey rovněž upozorňuje na ne zcela jasný původ tohoto dialektu, ale domnívá se, že se vyvinul z jazyka Kreolů v době zlatého věku otroctví, kdy zotročení lidé sice navzájem komunikovali v Anglickém jazyce, ale jejich znalost gramatiky a slovní zásoby byla značně omezená, a tak docházelo k mísení angličtiny s dalšími jazyky a dialekty.

Následující kapitola je věnována konceptu Standardního Anglického jazyka jako takového, přičemž se hned několik jazykovědců shoduje na skutečnosti, že tento pojem není vůbec snadné definovat. Trudgill ve svojí knize naznačuje, že Standardní angličtina je spíše jedna z mnoha jazykových variant, pravděpodobně jedna z nejdůležitějších a zároveň dodává, že je primárně spojena se vzdělávacím systémem, jelikož je předmětem výuky žáků a studentů, kteří nemají angličtinu jako svůj rodný jazyk. Podobný názor zastává i Strevens, který zmiňuje, že se zcela jistě nejedná o akcent, jelikož Standardní angličtina nemá s výslovností nic společného. Trudgill nicméně nepopírá existenci tzv. Received Pronunciation (RP) akcentu, což je v principu standardní výslovnost britské angličtiny spojená především s vyšší společenskou třídou a intelektuály. Zatímco však všichni mluvčí RP mluví Standardní angličtinou, nemusí to nutně fungovat i opačně. Jazykovědec Quirk zastává podobný postoj jako Trudgill a navrhuje, že Standardní Anglický jazyk je skutečně jedna z mnoha variant Anglického jazyka jako je např. i Cockney či Yorkshire, a proto je také psaná verzálkami stejně jako zmíněné a světoznámě britské dialekty. Quirk zde navazuje na výše zmíněného Strevense a jedním dechem upozorňuje na neobvyklost Standardní angličtiny v absenci jakéhokoliv akcentu, a to navzdory skutečnosti, že se jedná o nejrozšířenější a nejdůležitější jazykovou variaci. Definici Standardní angličtiny jakožto jednu z variant potvrzuje i jazykovědec a věhlasný spisovatel David Crystal, který ji považuje za jazykovou variantu bez jakéhokoliv teritoriálního

vymezení. Crystal rovněž odkazuje na určující znaky, kterými jsou gramatika, slovní zásoba, pravopis, nikoliv však výslovnost, kde je rovněž ve shodě s ostatními jazykovědci. Ač není sám přesvědčen o nadřazenosti Standardní angličtiny nad ostatními variantami, tak pokládá za chvályhodné skutečnost, že je právě tato varianta předkládána jak mluvčím ostatních dialektů, tak i studentům.

Kapitola číslo pět se zabývá konceptem nestandardní angličtiny a nepřímo tak navazuje na předcházející kapitolu. Její definice je opět místem střetu několika jazykovědců a odborníků v této oblasti, například Hall ji považuje za angličtinu, která neprošla procesem standardizace, což podle něj znamená selekci konkrétního jazyka pro konkrétní účel ve společnosti. Se zdaleka nejexplicitnější definicí přichází Peter Trudgill, který tvrdí, že nestandardní angličtina jsou ve skutečnosti všechny dialekty kromě právě ony samotné Standardní angličtiny. Trudgill dodává, že k největším rozdílům mezi standardní a nestandardní variací angličtiny dochází v oblasti gramatiky, kde zmiňuje jevy jako negativní concord či nespisovné pomocné sloveso *ain't*. Jazykovědec Crystal poukazuje na skutečnost, že nestandardní výrazy se zřídka stanou pevnou součástí standardní, spisovné angličtiny, avšak uvádí několik výjimek, kdy se k tomuto přijetí došlo, jako v případě *Thru pro Through*, tedy anglické slovíčko s významem „skrz“ – známé a značně rozšířené jsou tzv. drive-thru pobočky fastfoodových řetězců, kde zákazník nakoupí občerstvení, aniž by musel opustit svůj vůz. Crystal dodává, že nestandardní výrazy se objevují v často kreativním jazyce některých novinových plátek, zejména těch bulvárních, kde je jazyk sází na humornou notu a snaží se o navázání pocitu vzájemné emocionální blízkosti se čtenářem.

Kapitola nesoucí název Negace ve Standardní angličtině je rozdělena do několika podkapitol zabírajících se důkladnou definicí, charakteristikou a klasifikací jednotlivých typů negace, které jsou vysvětleny a porovnány z různých pohledů významných lingvistů. Úvod kapitoly se zabývá samotnou definicí slova negace, přičemž podle Crystala, je negace v angličtině jednoduše dána přítomností záporné částice *not* nebo záporným kvantifikátorem *no*, *never*, *nothing* atp. Lingvistka Dušková tvrdí, že hlavní funkci negace je popření, tj. mluvčí popírá sdělovaný obsah nebo vyjadřuje svůj záporný postoj. Je důležité zmínit, že zápor negace nemusí mít nutně vliv na celou větu, proto je nezbytné určit, jaký je vlastní rozsah negace, tzv. „scope of negation.“ Ve velké většině případů je rozsah negace určován od záporného

elementu do samého konce věty, ale v případě presence větného členu typu příslovečného určení může být tento člen postaven mimo dosah negace. Následující podkapitola se zabývá členěním negace z hlediska formy, čili jednotlivými druhy negace, kde mezi lingvisty opět panuje neshoda a samotné dělení se mnohdy liší. Dušková poukazuje na existenci dvou hlavních kritérií, ze kterýchž vychází další dělení, a to gramatická a lexikální negace. Gramatická negace je dále dělena na negaci verbální a neverbální a na negaci pomoci záporných kvantifikátoru a záporných výrazů, v angličtině označovány jako *approximate negators*. Verbální negace je aplikovaná pomoci záporky *not* a obvykle má vliv na celou větu, v některých případech však může ovlivnit jen její část. Lexikální negace se od gramatické liší tím, že je aplikovaná pouze v rámci daného slova či výrazů, a to za pomoci záporných předpon a přípon. Je důležité zmínit fakt, že lexikální negace zpravidla neovlivňuje celou větu, jak jako je to v případě gramatické. V následujících podkapitolách se může čtenář také dozvědět více o pojmech jako *absolute* či *approximate negators*, což jsou další z prostředků k tvoření negace. Huddleston například zmiňuje, že mezi *absolute negators* patří složeniny slovíčka *no*, jmenovitě *never, no, none, nobody, nothing* a podobně. Co se týká druhého výše zmíněno termínu – *approximate negators*, je nutno zmínit, že se nejedná o slova negativní v jejich tvaru, ale výhradně v jejich formě. Huddleston zdůrazňuje, že tyto prostředky negují celou větu a jmenovitě uvádí např. *hardly, rarely* nebo *seldom*.

Kapitola číslo sedm se věnuje vícenásobné negaci, která je následně dělena do dvou podkapitol zabírajících se gramatickými jevy, ač na první pohled velmi podobnými, tak ve skutečnosti zcela odlišnými jevy – dvojitou negací a negativním konkordem. Zatímco dvojitá negace patří mezi gramatické jevy spojené se Standardní angličtinou, negativní konkord se výlučně objevuje v angličtině nestandardní, což potvrzuje i Quirk, který zdůrazňuje skutečnost, že Standardní angličtina postrádá několikanásobnou negaci, která je však typická pro mnoho evropských jazyků, včetně češtiny. Věta „*Nikdo nic nekoupil*“ je tak perfektní ilustrací principů negativního konkordu, který v naší mateřštině přirozený, zatímco anglický ekvivalent „*Nobody hasn't bought nothing*“ je přípustná jen v některých variantách, jako například výše zmíněná Afro-americká lidová angličtina (AAVE). Afroang Wouden definuje negativní konkord jakožto syntaktický jev, ve kterém se objevuje více negujících elementů, avšak výsledná věta je interpretována tak, jako by byla negována pouze

jednou. Lingvistka Lyeri pojmenovává tento akt vzájemného vyrušení negujících elementů jako tzv. absorpci. Na opačném konci stojí jev označovaný jako dvojitá negace, což je principiálně spisovný jev ve standardním anglickém jazyce. Amel Kallel označuje dvojitou negaci za gramatickou konstrukci, ve které se dva negativní elementy navzájem vyruší a vznikne tak věta významově kladná. Quirk a kolektiv zmiňují základní dělení dvojitě negace, která vzniká kombinací dvou gramatických negací, nebo za pomoci kombinace negace gramatické a lexikální.

Další kapitola teoretické části je zaměřena na nestandardní pomocné sloveso *ain't*, které je sice opět přítomno v mnoha variacích angličtiny, avšak je jedním ze stavebních kamenů AAVE. Quirk a kolektiv zmiňují definici *ain't* jako nespisovnou konstrukci a substituci pro hned několik pomocných sloves, jako je sloveso *byť* v přítomném čase, pomocné *do* pro přítomný či minulý čas, nebo dokonce pomocné sloveso *have* pro čas předpřítomný. Několik lingvistů se opět shoduje na skutečnosti, že se použití *ain't* pojí především s nižší třídou a lidmi méně vzdělanými, Lynch dokonce označuje tento gramatický jev jako „nejvíce stigmatizované“ slovo v angličtině a řadí jej mezi tzv. *shibbolethy* – slova, která určují začlenění, či vyčlenění ze skupiny.

Poslední kapitola se zabývá negativní inverzí, tedy gramatickým jevem, ve kterém začíná oznamovací věta oznamovacím negovaným pomocným nebo modálním slovesem, jmenovitě *can't*, *ain't* či *won't*, následované předmětem *nobody*, nebo *everybody*. Labov a kolektiv řadí negativní inverzi mezi další typické jevy AAVE, zároveň však uznávají, že v porovnání s *ain't* se nevyskytuje zdaleka tak často. Tato inverze je často součástí dalších nestandardních jevů, frekventované jsou tak kombinace negativní inverze s negativním konkordem či s právě negátorem *ain't*.

Praktická část bakalářské práce je zaměřena na analýzu korpusu tvořeného jedním stem písňových textů hudebního žánru Hip-Hop. Pro analýzu je vybráno celkově pět významných amerických rapperů – Eminem, 50 Cent, Tupac, Jay-Z a Kanye West. Je důležité zmínit, že od každého z umělců, jejichž tvorba spadá převážně do 90. let a nového milénia, je vybráno a rozebráno 20 písní. Data pro korpus jsou stažena z databáze písňových textů *azlyrics.com*, která jsou ověřena za pomoci nástrojů balíčku *Microsoft Office – Excel* a *Word*. Celková velikost studovaného korpusu sahá k 60 000 slovům, ve kterých jsou zaznačeny veškeré standardní i nestandardní jevy anglické negace. Pro lepší přehlednost je použito zvýraznění pomocí funkce

„highlight“ pro jevy spadající do skupiny nestandardních výrazů, pro výrazy standardní je použita funkce podtržení („underline“). Je důležité zmínit, že některé výrazy spadají do obou kategorií zároveň, jmenovitě například negátor *no*, který je sice sám o sobě spisovný ale v kombinaci s jiným negátorem může tvořit např. negativní konkord. Samotná praktická část je rozdělena do několik kapitol a podkapitol, které v podstatě kopírují sled části teoretické. První kapitola tak zkoumá hojnost výskytu standardních negujících výrazů, které jsou zároveň základem zdroje dat pro gramatické konstrukty nestandardní angličtiny, které jsou často tvořeny právě kombinací obou variant. Všechny výsledky jsou prezentovány formou přehledných tabulek a názorných příkladových úryvků písní z korpusu, kde jsou jednotlivé jevy naznačeny a popsány. V podobném sledu je tvořena i další kapitola, která se věnuje prezentaci výsledků nestandardních negujících jevů, jako je negativní konkord, negátor *ain't*, či negativní inverze. Hlavním cílem praktické části je prokázat stanovené hypotézy, z nichž první zahrnuje domněnku, že nestandardní negující výrazy budou mít větší hojnost výskytu s porovnáním s těmi spadající do kategorie standardní kvůli specifčnosti žánru Hip-Hop a jeho spojením s dialektem AAVE. Tato domněnka se však ukazuje jako falešná, jelikož z celkového počtu 1471 negujících výrazů, bylo 1143 započítáno v rámci Standardní angličtiny, avšak pouze 318 bylo označeno za nespisovné. Hlavním důvodem vyššího výskytu standardních negujících výrazů bude skutečnost, že dialekt AAVE nenabízí náhradu pro všechny pomocná slovesa a už vůbec pro slovesa modální. Nahrazení některých pomocných sloves lze realizovat pomocí negátoru *ain't*, ale to samozřejmě není možné ve všech případech, a tak rapper, i když mluví AAVE, je nucen použít standardní variantu. Otázkou zůstává, jestli i samotní rapeři, kteří jsou mluvíci jak AAVE, tak i samozřejmě Standardní angličtiny ve skutečnost řeší samotnou spisovnost či nespisovnost svých textů, nebo jen jednoduše preferující variantu, která se lépe, jednodušeji a rychleji vyslovuje, či rýmuje s přecházejícím rýmem. Další hypotéza předpokládala, že se v korpusu objeví i další nestandardní prvky, které budou kolidovat s negací, a tady hypotéza se ukazuje jako pravdivá, protože jevy jako je absence shody přísudku s podmětem, chybějící pomocné sloveso být, nebo tzv. oční dialekt, se skutečně objevily. V neposlední řadě se potvrdila i domněnka, že některé z jevů budou dvojznačné, především použití zápornky *ain't*, která je společná jako náhrada pro více standardních jevů zároveň, avšak bez dostatečné explicitního kontextu nemusí být zřejmé, jaký význam konkrétně mluvíci zamýšlel.

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Appendix

The Real Slim Shady - Eminem

May I have your attention, please?
May I have your attention, please?
Will the real Slim Shady please stand up?
I repeat, will the real Slim Shady please stand up?
We're gonna have a problem here

Y'all act like you **never** seen a white person before
Jaws all on the floor like Pam like Tommy just burst
in the door
And started whoopin' her ass worse than before
They first were divorced, throwin' her over furniture
(Agh!)
It's the return of the "Ah, wait, **no** way, you're
kidding
He **didn't** just say what I think he did, did he?"
And Dr. Dre said, **nothing**, you idiots!
Dr. Dre's dead, he's locked in my basement (ha ha!)
Feminist women love Eminem
"Chicka, chicka, chicka, Slim Shady, I'm sick of him
Look at him, walkin' around, grabbin' his you-know-
what
Flippin' the you-know-who, " "Yeah, but he's so
cute though."

Yeah, I probably got a couple of screws up in my
head loose
But **no** worse than what's goin' on in your parents'
bedrooms
Sometimes I wanna get on TV and just let loose
But **can't**, but it's cool for Tom Green to hump a
dead moose
"My bum is on your lips, my bum is on your lips"
And if I'm lucky, you might just give it a little kiss
And that's the message that we deliver to little kids
And expect them **not** to know what a woman's
%#!?@ is
Of course they're gonna know what intercourse is
By the time they hit fourth grade
They've got the Discovery Channel, right?
We **ain't nothin'** but mammals—well, some of us,
cannibals
Who cut other people open like cantaloupes
But if we can hump dead animals and antelopes
Then there's **no** reason that a man and another man
can't elope
But if you feel like I feel, I got the antidote
Women, wave your pantyhose, sing the chorus, and it
goes

*I'm Slim Shady, yes I'm the real Shady
All you other Slim Shadys are just imitating
So **won't** the real Slim Shady please stand up
Please stand up, please stand up?
'Cause I'm Slim Shady, yes I'm the real Shady
All you other Slim Shadys are just imitating
So **won't** the real Slim Shady please stand up
Please stand up, please stand up?*

Will Smith **don't** gotta cuss in his raps to sell
records
Well, I do, so fuck him and fuck you too!
You think I give a damn about a Grammy?
Half of you critics **can't** even stomach me, let alone
stand me
"But Slim, what if you win, **wouldn't** it be weird?"
Why, so you guys could just lie to get me here?
So you can sit me here next to Britney Spears?
Shit, Christina Aguilera better switch me chairs
So I can sit next to Carson Daly and Fred Durst
And hear 'em argue over who she gave head to first
Little bitch put me on blast on MTV
"Yeah, he's cute, but I think he's married to Kim,
hee-hee."
I should download her audio on MP3
And show the whole world how you gave Eminem
VD
I'm sick of you little girl and boy groups
All you do is annoy me, so I have been sent here to
destroy you
And there's a million of us just like me
Who cuss like me, who just **don't** give a fuck like
me
Who dress like me, walk, talk and act like me
And just might be the next best thing, but **not** quite
me

... Chorus ...

I'm like a head trip to listen to, 'cause I'm only givin'
you
Things you joke about with your friends inside your
livin' room
The only difference is I got the balls to say it in
front of y'all
And I **don't** gotta be false or sugarcoat it at all

I just get on the mic and spit it
And whether you like to admit it, I just shit it
Better than 90% of you rappers out can
Then you wonder: "How can
Kids eat up these albums like Valiums?"
It's funny, 'cause at the rate I'm going, when I'm 30
I'll be the only person in the nursing home flirting
Pinching nurse's asses when I'm jacking off with
Jergens
And I'm jerking, but this whole bag of Viagra **isn't**
working
And every single person is a Slim Shady lurking
He could be working at Burger King, spittin' on
your onion rings
Or in the parking lot, circling, screaming, "I **don't**
give a fuck!"
With his windows down and his system up
So will the real Shady please stand up
And put one of those fingers on each hand up?
And be proud to be outta your mind and outta
control
And one more time, loud as you can, how does it
go?

... Chorus ...

Ha ha, I guess there's a Slim Shady in all of us
Fuck it, let's all stand up!

Stan - Eminem

My tea's gone cold I'm wondering why I
Got out of bed at all
The morning rain clouds up my window
And I **can't** see at all
And even if I could it'll all be gray
Put your picture on my wall
It reminds me, that it's **not** so bad
It's **not** so bad

... Chorus ...

Dear Slim, I wrote you but still **ain't** callin'
I left my cell, my pager, and my home phone at the
bottom
I sent two letters back in autumn, you **must not**-a
got 'em
There probably was a problem at the post office or
somethin'
Sometimes I scribble addresses too sloppy when I
jot 'em
But anyways, fuck it, what's been up? Man how's
your daughter?
My girlfriend's pregnant too, I'm 'bout to be a father
If I have a daughter, guess what I'm a call her?
I'ma name her Bonnie
I read about your Uncle Ronnie too I'm sorry
I had a friend kill himself over some bitch who
didn't want him
I know you probably hear this everyday, but I'm
your biggest fan
I even got the underground shit that you did with
Skam
I got a room full of your posters and your pictures
man
I like the shit you did with Rawkus too, that shit was
fat
Anyways, I hope you get this man, hit me back,
Just to chat, truly yours, your biggest fan
This is Stan

... Chorus ...

Dear Slim, you still **ain't** called or wrote, I hope you
have a chance
I **ain't** mad, I just think it's fucked up you **don't**
answer fans
If you **didn't** wanna talk to me outside your concert
You **didn't** have to, but you coulda signed an
autograph for Matthew
That's my little brother man, he's only six years old
We waited in the blistering cold for you
For four hours and you just said, "No."
That's pretty shitty man, you're like his fuckin' idol
He wants to be just like you man, he likes you more
than I do
I **ain't** that mad though, I just **don't** like bein' lied to
Remember when we met in Denver, you said if I'd
write you you would write back
See I'm just like you in a way
I **never** knew my father **neither**
He used to always cheat on my mom and beat her
I can relate to what you're saying in your songs
So when I have a shitty day, I drift away and put 'em
on
'Cause I **don't** really got shit else so that shit helps
when I'm depressed
I even got a tattoo of your name across the chest
Sometimes I even cut myself to see how much it
bleeds

It's like adrenaline, the pain is such a sudden rush
for me
See everything you say is real, and I respect you
'cause you tell it
My girlfriend's jealous 'cause I talk about you 24/7
But she **don't** know you like I know you Slim, **no**
one does
She **don't** know what it was like for people like us
growin' up, you gotta call me man
I'll be the biggest fan you'll ever lose
Sincerely yours, Stan
P.S. we should be together too

... Chorus ...

Dear Mister "I'm Too Good To Call Or Write My
Fans"
This will be the last package I ever send you ass
It's been six months and still **no** word, I **don't**
deserve it?
I know you got my last two letters, I wrote the
addresses on 'em perfect
So this is my cassette I'm sending you, I hope you
hear it
I'm in the car right now, I'm doing 90 on the freeway
Hey Slim, I drank a fifth of vodka
You dare me to drive?
You know the song by Phil Collins, "In the Air of
the Night"
About that guy who coulda saved that other guy
from drowning
But **didn't**, then Phil saw it all, then at a show he
found him?
That's kinda how this is, you coulda rescued me
from drowning
Now it's too late, I'm on a thousand downers now,
I'm drowsy
And all I wanted was a lousy letter or a call
I hope you know I ripped all of your pictures off the
wall
I love you Slim, we coulda been together, think
about it
You ruined it now, I hope you **can't** sleep and you
dream about it
And when you dream I hope you **can't** sleep and
you scream about it
I hope your conscience eats at you and you **can't**
breathe without me
See Slim, shut up bitch! I'm tryin' to talk!
Hey Slim, that's my girlfriend screamin' in the trunk
But I didn't slit her throat, I just tied her up, see I
ain't like you
'Cause if she suffocates she'll suffer more, and then
she'll die too
Well, gotta go, I'm almost at the bridge now
Oh shit, I forgot, how am I supposed to send this
shit out?

... Chorus ...

Dear Stan, I meant to write you sooner but I just
been busy
You said your girlfriend's pregnant now, how far
along is she?
Look, I'm really flattered you would call your
daughter that
And here's an autograph for your brother
I wrote it on the Starter cap
I'm sorry I **didn't** see you at the show, I must of
missed you
Don't think I did that shit intentionally just to diss
you
But what's this shit you said about you like to cut
your wrists too?
I say that shit just clownin' dog, come on, how
fucked up is you?
You got some issues Stan, I think you need some
counseling
To help your ass from bouncing off the walls when
you get down some
And what's this shit about us meant to be together?
That type of shit **won't** make me want us to meet
each other
I really think you and your girlfriend need each
other
Or maybe you just need to treat her better
I hope you get to read this letter, I just hope it
reaches you in time
Before you hurt yourself, I think that you'll be doin'
just fine
If you relax a little, I'm glad I inspire you but Stan
Why are you so mad? Try to understand, that I do
want you as a fan
I just **don't** want you to do some crazy shit
I seen this one shit on the news a couple weeks ago
that made me sick
Some dude was drunk and drove his car over a
bridge
And had his girlfriend in the trunk, and she was
pregnant with his kid
And in the car they found a tape, but they **didn't** say
who it was to

Come to think about, his name was, it was you
Damn!

Eminem - Lose Yourself

Look
If you had
One shot
Or one opportunity
To seize everything you ever wanted
In one moment
Would you capture it
Or just let it slip?

Yo
His palms are sweaty, knees weak, arms are heavy
There's vomit on his sweater already, mom's spaghetti
He's nervous, but on the surface he looks calm and ready
To drop bombs, but he keeps on forgettin'
What he wrote down, the whole crowd goes so loud
He opens his mouth, but the words **won't** come out
He's chokin', how, everybody's jokin' now
The clocks run out, times up, over, blow!
Snap back to reality, oh there goes gravity
Oh, there goes Rabbit, he choked
He's so mad, but he **won't** give up that easy?
He **won't** have it, he knows his whole back city's ropes
It **don't** matter, he's dope, he knows that, but he's broke
He's so stacked that he knows, when he goes back to his mobile home, that's when it's
Back to the lab again yo, this whole rhapsody
He better go capture this moment and hope it **don't** pass him

*You better lose yourself in the music, the moment
You own it, you better never let it go
You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow
This opportunity comes once in a lifetime you better
You better lose yourself in the music, the moment
You own it, you better never let it go
You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow
This opportunity comes once in a lifetime you better*
The souls escaping, through this hole that its gaping
This world is mine for the taking
Make me king, as we move toward a, new world order
A normal life is borin', but super stardom's close to post mortar
It only grows harder, only grows hotter
He blows us all over these hoes is all on him
Coast to coast shows, he's known as the globetrotter
Lonely roads, God only knows, he's grown farther from home, he's **no** father
He goes home and **barely** knows his own daughter
But hold your nose 'cause here goes the cold water
His hoes **don't** want him **no** more, he's cold product
They moved on to the next schmo who flows, he nose dove and sold nads
So the soap opera is told and unfolds, I suppose it's old partna, but the beat goes on
Da da dumb da dumb da da

... Chorus ...

No more games, I'm a change what you call rage
Tear this motherfuckin' roof off like two dogs caged
I was playin' in the beginnin', the mood all changed
I been chewed up and spit out and booed off stage
But I kept rhythmin' and stepwritin' the next cipher
Best believe somebody's payin' the pied piper
All the pain inside amplified by the
Fact that I **can't** get by with my nine to
Five and I **can't** provide the right type of
Life for my family 'cause man, these God damn
food stamps **don't** buy diapers
And it's **no** movie, there's **no** Mekhi Phifer
This is my life and these times are so hard
And it's getting even harder tryin' to feed and water
my seed, plus
See dishonor caught up between bein' a father and a
prima-donna
Baby mama drama screamin' on and too much
For me to want to say in a spot, another jam or **not**
Has gotten me to the point, I'm like a snail I've got
To formulate a plot fore I end up in jail or shot
Success is my only motherfuckin' option, failures **not**
Mom, I love you, but this trail has got to go, I
cannot grow old in Salem's lot
So here I go is my shot
Feet fail me **not** 'cause maybe the only opportunity
that I got

... Chorus ...

You can do anything you set your mind to, man

Eminem - My Name Is

Hi! My name is (what?)
My name is (who?)
My name is
Slim Shady
Hi! My name is (huh?)
My name is (what?)
My name is
Slim Shady
Hi! My name is (what?)
Excuse me, (my name is) (who? My name is)
Slim Shady
Can I get the attention of the class (huh my name is,
what my name is)
For one second My name is (My name is Slim
Shady)

Hi kids! Do you like violence? (Yeah yeah yeah!)
Wanna see me stick Nine inch Nails, through each
one of my eyelids? (Uh-huh!)
Wanna copy me and do exactly like I did? (Yeah
yeah!)
Try 'cid and get fucked up worse than my life is?
(Huh?)
My brain's dead weight, I'm tryin' to get my head
straight
But I **can't** figure out which Spice Girl I want to
impregnate (Oh)
And Dr. Dre said, "Slim Shady you a base-head!"
Uh-uh!
"So why's your face red? Man you wasted!"
Well since age twelve, I've felt like I'm someone
else
'Cause I hung my original self from the top bunk
with a belt
Got pissed off and ripped Pamela Lee's tits off
And smacked her so hard I knocked her clothes
backwards like Kris Kross
I smoke a fat pound of grass and fall on my ass,
faster than a fat bitch
Who sat down too fast
C'mere slut! (Shady, wait a minute, that's my girl
dog!)
I **don't** give a fuck, God sent me to piss the world
off!

... Chorus ...

My English teacher wanted to flunk me in Junior
High
Thanks a lot next semester I'll be thirty five
I smacked him in his face with an eraser,
Chased him with a stapler
Stapled his nuts to a stack of papers (Ow!)
Walked in the strip club, had my jacket zipped up
Flashed the bartender, then stuck my dick in the tip
cup
Extraterrestrial, running over pedestrians in a space
ship
While they screamin' at me "Let's just be friends!"
Ninety-nine percent of my life I was lied to
I just found out my mom does more dope than I do
(Damn!)
I told her I'd grow up to be a famous rapper
Make a record about doin' drugs and name it after
her (Oh thank you!)
You know you blew up when the women rush your
stands
Try to touch your hands like some screamin' Usher
fans (Ahh!)
This guy at White Castle asked for my autograph
(Dude, can I get your autograph?)
So I signed it, "Dear Dave, thanks for the support,
asshole!"
Hi! My name is (huh?)
My name is (who?)

... Chorus ...

Stop the tape! This kid needs to be locked away!
(Get him!)
Dr. Dre, **don't** just stand there, operate!
I'm **not** ready to leave, it's too scary to die (Fuck
that!)
I'll have to be carried inside the cemetery and buried
alive
(Huh yup!) Am I comin' or goin'?
I can **barely** decide
I just drank a fifth of vodka,
Dare me to drive? (Go ahead) all my life I was very
deprived
I **ain't** had a woman in years, and my palms are too
haary to hide
(Whoops!) Clothes ripped like the Incredible Hulk
I spit when I talk, I'll fuck anything that walks
(C'mere)

When I was little I used to get so hungry I would
throw fits
How you gonna breast feed me Mom? You **ain't** got
not tits!
I lay awake and strap myself in the bed
Put a bulletproof vest on and shoot myself in the
head (Bang!)
I'm steamin' mad (Argh!) And by the way when you
see my dad? (Yeah?)
Tell him that I slit his throat, in this dream I had

... Chorus ...

Eminem - Kill You

When I just a little baby boy
My momma used to tell me these crazy things
She used to tell me my daddy was an evil man,
She used to tell me he hated me
But then I got a little bit older
And I realized, she was the crazy one
But there was **nothin'** I could do or say to try to
change it
'Cause that's just the way she was

They said I **can't** rap about bein' broke **no** more
They **ain't** say I **can't** rap about coke **no** more
Slut, you think I **won't** choke **no** whore
Til the vocal cords **don't** work in her throat **no**
more?!
These motherfuckers are thinkin' I'm playin'
Thinkin' I'm sayin' the shit
Cause I'm thinkin' it just to be sayin' it
Put your hands down bitch, I **ain't** goin' shoot you
I'm a pull you to this bullet, and put it through you
Shut up slut, you're causin' too much chaos
Just bend over and take it like a slut, okay Ma?
"Oh, now he's raping his own mother, abusing a
whore,
Snorting coke, and we gave him the Rolling Stone
cover?"
You god damn right bitch, and now it's too late
I'm triple platinum and tragedies happen in two
states
I invented violence, you vile venomous volatile
bitches
Vain Vicadin, vrinnn Vrinnn, Vrinn!
Texas Chainsaw, left his brains all
Danglin' from his neck, while his head **barely** hangs
on
Blood, guts, guns, cuts
Knives, lives, wives, nuns, sluts

*Bitch I'm a kill you! You **don't** want to fuck with me
Girls leave, you **ain't** **nothin'**, but a slut to me
Bitch I'm a kill you! You **ain't** got the balls to beef
We **ain't** goin' **never** stop beefin' I **don't** squash the
beef*

You better kill me! I'm a be another rapper dead
For poppin' off at the mouth with shit I **shouldn't** a
said
But when they kill me I'm bringin' the world with
me
Bitches too! You **ain't** **nothin'** but a girl to me
I said you **don't**, want to fuck with Shady (cause
why?)
'Cause Shady, will fuckin' kill you (ah-ha ha)
I said you don't, want to fuck with Shady (why?)
'Cause Shady, will fuckin' kill you

Bitch I'm a kill you! Like a murder weapon, I'm a
conceal you
In a closet with mildew, sheets, pillows and film you
Buck with me, I been through hell, shut the hell up!
I'm tryin' to develop these pictures of the Devil to
sell 'em
It **ain't** acid rap, I just rap on acid
Got a new blow-up doll and just had a strap-on
added
Whoops! Is that a subliminal hint? No!
Just criminal intent to sodomize women again
Eminem offend? No! Eminem insult
And if you ever give in to him, you give him an
impulse
To do it again, then, if he does it again
You'll probably end up jumpin' out of somethin' up
on the tenth

Bitch I'm a kill you, I **ain't** done this **ain't** the
chorus
I **ain't** even drug you in the woods yet to paint the
forest
A bloodstain is orange after you wash it three or
four times
In a tub but that's normal **ain't** it Norman?
Serial killer hidin' murder material
In a cereal box on top of your stereo

Here we go again, we're out of our medicine
Out of our minds, and we want in yours, let us in

... Chorus ...

Eh-heh, know why I say these things?
Cause lady's screams keep creepin' in Shady's
dreams
And the way things seem, I **shouldn't** have to pay
these shrinks
This eighty G's a week to say the same things
threecce!
Twice? Whatever, I hate these things
Fuck shots! I hope the weed will outweigh these
drinks
Motherfuckers want me to come on their radio
shows
Just to argue with 'em cause their ratings stink?
Fuck that! I'll choke radio announcer to bounce
From fat bitch to off seventy-thousand pounds of
her
From principal to the student body and counselor
From in-school to before school to out of school
I **don't** even believe in breathin' I'm leavin' air in
your lungs
Just to hear you keep screamin' for me to seep it
Okay, I'm ready to go play
I go the machete from O.J.
I'm ready to make everyone's throat ache
You faggots keep egg'in' me on
Til I have you at knife point, then you beg me to
stop?
Shut up! Give me your hands and feet
I said shut up when I'm talkin' to you
You hear me? Answer me!

... Chorus ...

Ha ha ha, I'm just playin' ladies
You know, I love you

Eminem - Just Don't Give a Fuck

Whoa!
A get your hands in the air, and get to clappin' 'em
And like, back and forth because ah
This is, what you thought it **wasn't**
It beez, the brothers representin' the Dirty Dozen
I be the F-R-O the double G
And check out the man he goes by the name of er

*Slim Shady, brain dead like Jim Brady
I'm a M-eighty, you Little like that Kim lady
I'm buzzin', Dirty Dozen, naughty rotten rhymers
Cursin' at you players worse than Marty
Schottenheimer
You wacker than the motherfucker you bit your style
from*

You **ain't** gonna sell two copies if you press a
double album
Admit it, fuck it, while we comin' out in the open
I'm doin' acid, crack, smack, coke and smokin' dope
then
My name is Marshall Mathers, I'm an alcoholic (Hi
Marshall)
I have a disease and they **don't** know what to call it
Better hide your wallet cause I'm comin' up quick to
strip your cash
Bought a ticket to your concert just to come and
whip your ass
Bitch, I'm comin' out swingin', so fast it'll make your
eyes spin
You gettin' knocked the fuck out like Mike Tyson
The Proof is in the puddin', just ask the Deshaun
Holton
I'll slit your motherfuckin' throat worse than Ron
Goldman

... Chorus ...

I'm Nicer than Pete, but I'm on a search to crush a
milk bone
I'm Everlasting, I melt Vanilla Ice like silicone
I'm ill enough to just straight up dis you for **no**
reason
I'm colder than snow season when it's twenty below
freezin'
Flavor with **no** seasonin', this is the sneak preview
I'll dis your magazine and still **won't** get a weak
review
I'll make your freak leave you, smell the Folgers
crystals
This is a lyrical combat, gentlemen hold your pistols
But I form like Voltron and blast you with my
shoulder missiles
Slim Shady, Eminem was the old initials (Bye-bye!)
Extortion, snortin', supportin' abortion
Pathological liar, blowin' shit out of proportion

The looniest, zaniest, spontaneous, sporadic
Impulsive thinker, compulsive drinker, addict
Half animal, half man
Dumpin' your dead body inside of a fuckin' trash
can
With more holes than an Afghan

... Chorus ...

Somebody let me out this limousine (hey, let me
out!)
I'm a caged demon, on stage screamin' like Rage
Against the Machine
I'm convinced I'm a fiend, shootin' up while this
record is spinnin'
Clinically brain dead, I **don't** need a second opinion
Fuck droppin' the jewel, I'm flippin' the sacred
treasure
I'll bite your motherfuckin' style, just to make it
fresher
I **can't** take the pressure, I'm sick of bitches
Sick of naggin' bosses bitchin' while I'm washin'
dishes
In school I **never** said much, too busy havin' a
headrush
Doin' too much rush had my face flushed like red
blush
Then I went to Jim Beam, that's when my face
grayed
Went to gym in eighth grade, raped the women's
swim team
Don't take me for a joke I'm **no** comedian
Too many mental problems got me snortin' coke and
smokin' weed again
I'm goin' up over the curb, drivin' on the median
Finally made it home, but I **don't** got the key to get
in

... Chorus ...

Outsiders
Pace one
Young Zee (fuck the entire world)

Eminem - The Way I Am

Man, whatever
Dre just let it run
Ayo, turn the beat up a little bit
Ayo, this song is for anyone
Fuck it, just shut up and listen, ayo

I sit back with this pack of Zig-Zag's and this bag
Of this weed, it gives me the shit needed to be
The most meanest MC on this—on this Earth
And since birth I've been cursed with this curse to
just curse
And just blurt this berserk and bizarre shit that
works
And it sells and it helps in itself to relieve all this
tension
Dispensing these sentences, getting this stress
That's been eating me recently off of this chest
And I rest again peacefully
But at least have the decency in you
To leave me alone, when you freaks see me out
In the streets when I'm eating or feeding my
daughter

To not come and speak to me, I **don't** know you
And no, I **don't** owe you a mothafuckin' thing
I'm not Mr. N'Sync, **I'm not** what your friends
think
I'm not Mr. Friendly, I can be a prick if you tempt
me
My tank is on empty, **no** patience is in me
And if you offend me, I'm lifting you ten feet in the
air
I **don't** care who was there and who saw me just jaw
you
Go call you a lawyer, file you a lawsuit
I'll smile in the courtroom and buy you a wardrobe
I'm tired of all you, I **don't** mean to be mean
But that's all I can be, it's just me

*And I am whatever you say I am
If I **wasn't**, then why would I say I am?
In the paper, the news, every day I am
Radio **won't** even play my jam
'Cause I am whatever you say I am
If I wasn't, then why would I say I am?
In the paper, the news, every day I am
I **don't** know, it's just the way I am*

Sometimes I just feel like my father
I hate to be bothered with all of this nonsense
It's constant, and, "Oh, it's his lyrical content
The song 'Guilty Conscience' has gotten such rotten
responses."

And all of this controversy circles me
And it seems like the media immediately points a
finger at me
So I point one back at 'em, but **not** the index or
pinkie
Or the ring or the thumb, it's the one you put up
When you **don't** give a fuck, when you **won't** just
put up
With the bullshit they pull, 'cause they full of shit
too
When a dude's getting bullied and shoots up his
school
And they blame it on Marilyn and the heroin
Where were the parents at? And look where it's at!
Middle America, now it's a tragedy
Now it's so sad to see, an upper-class city havin'
this happening
Then attack Eminem 'cause I rap this way
But I'm glad, 'cause they feed me the fuel that I
need
For the fire to burn, and it's burning, and I have
returned

... Chorus ...

I'm so sick and tired of being admired
That I wish that I would just die or get fired
And dropped from my label, let's stop with the
fables
I'm not gonna be able to top on "My Name Is"
And pigeon-holed into some poppy sensation
To cop me rotation at rock-n-roll stations
And I just **do not** get the patience
To deal with these cocky Caucasians
Who think I'm some wigger who just tries to be
black
'Cause I talk with an accent and grab on my balls
So they always keep asking the same fucking
questions
What school did I go to, what hood I grew up in
The why, the who, what, when, the where and the
how
'Til I'm grabbing my hair and I'm tearin' it out
'Cause they driving me crazy, I **can't** take it
I'm racin', I'm pacin', I stand and I sit
And I'm thankful for every fan that I get
But I **can't** take a shit
In the bathroom without someone standing by it
No, I **won't** sign you an autograph
You can call me an asshole, I'm glad

... Chorus ...

Eminem - Get You Mad

Yo
Mic check (my dick!)
Testing, one, two, fuck
(My dick)
My nuts

My attitude is worse than NWA's was
I'll battle you over stupid shit
And dis people who **ain't** have shit to do with it
Like Cool J does (My tattoo!)
You see me standin' outside of your buildin'
Screamin', "Puffy is good, but Slim Shady is for the
children!" (Hey, wait!)
I look at my life in a new light, fuck it
Give me two mics, I write songs for me, fuck what
you like
You'll probably hear me rap half-hearted
'Cause I **don't** like rap anyway
I'm just tryna get my porno career started (hell yeah)
Every place and event, "Been there, done that"
Shit, Dre stuck me in a suitcase when he went
Want a deal? Study these five chapters
Lesson one, throw demos as hard as you can at
signed rappers
Lesson two, face 'em and dis 'em (what up dog?)
Don't give em a demo, kidnapp 'em (I want you to
come with me)
And make 'em come to your basement and listen
(you're gonna fuckin' check this out)
Lesson three, get a job at a label, switch demos with
Canibus
And put yours on the owner's table (here listen!)
Lesson four, know you heard this before
"Hey, let me get your number, I'll call you
tomorrow, for sure!"
Don't act like a fan, you want to get signed?
Get the whitest A and R you can find
Pull him aside and rap as wack as you can
Lesson five, get a hook-up at Jive
Dress up like I.C.P. and have them come see you
perform live
And that's the key, but when you see me on the
street
I **ain't** givin' you shit bitch, **don't** even bother askin'

me (get away from me)
Toilet water splashes me right in the ass when I'm
spittin'
'Cause I'm always shittin' when I'm rappin' like
Master P (uh)
Got a blow job from Paula Jones, and stuck it so far
in her mouth
My balls broke both of her collarbones (ow!)
Told Mya this shit was all about me-ah (It's all about
me)
Gave Alyssa Milano syphilis, mono and gonorrhea
(You're a dick)
And all three of my main girls said see-ya
'Cause Brandy and Monica walked in and caught me
fuckin' Aaliyah (what? Oh my God!)
I splash splash while I'm takin' a bath
Grab a handful of pills, break 'em in half, take 'em
and laugh
White trash, fuckin' your wife in the ass ("Oh! Ooh
Shady! Oooh!")
While you're out siphoning gas for your lawnmower
to cut the grass

*So if I hurt your self-esteem
And you get dissed too bad (Yo why you diss me?)
You know I just be sayin' that to get you mad
And when I rap about a buncha shit you wished you
had (A big dick!)
You know I just be sayin' that to get you mad
"I can't listen to that song, that shit's too sad!"
You know I just be sayin' that to get you mad
"He'll never make it, his wrist is slit too bad!"
(Nurse! Nurse!)
You know I just be sayin' that to get you mad*

What a wonderful day, I should go outside and play
Ain't no need to sit inside the house and hibernate
Hi Renee! (Oh hi!) I was just about to toss a live
grenade
In your driveway (what?) and drive away
Are you afraid of a blade made of a razor with AIDS
Blood drippin' from it, rippin' your stomach like a
paper mache
You talk a lot of shit, but you was **never** ill though
I'm sick enough to beat you to death with a feather
pillow
Tipped over some cows, just for a joke and a laugh
Jumped up, choked a giraffe, snapped his neck and
broke it in half
Wagin' wars, went on stage and sprayed Cage with
'Agent Orange'
And wiped my ass with his page in Source (here!)
The demon is here, steamin' this year
I rip Mystikal's voice box out, scream in his ear
It's **not** a gimmick bitch, it's an image, I live it
Give a fuck? I **don't** know what a fuck is to give it
"Yeah I **don't** think this guy is well" I'm high as hell
I'll beat you with a live cat when I'm swinging him
by his tail

I'll fuckin', I'll fuckin'
Lay your nuts on the dresser
Just your nut-sack by itself
And bang them shits with a spiked bat
Cut your neck off and sew your head right back
And leave you like that
You just triggered the prick who just mixed liquor
Who's itchin' to leave you disfigured and stiffer than
Christopher
Reeves, I was teething with strep throat
While your mother was breastfeeding
And gave her the flesh-eating disease
I'm iller than takin' a hammer and beatin' your knees
And walkin' through South Central L.A., bleedin' in
jeans (Am I a Blood or a Crip?)
Wakin' up the next day in breathin' machines
Flashin' back to being shot and repeatin' the scenes
On how you just got smoked, and if you do live
You'll be too scared to tell it, like a Biggie and Pac
joke

... Chorus ...

I know that makes you real mad
That's right, Slim Shady (yup) Sway and Tech
Sprayin' wreck (bitch)
And we **don't** give a heck (uh-uh)
Or a damn, or a fuck, or a shit
(So suck my motherfuckin' dick)

Eminem - Cleanin' Out My Closet

Where's my snare?
I have **no** snare in my headphones
There you go
Yeah
Yo, yo

Have you ever been hated or discriminated against?
I have, I've been protested and demonstrated against
Picket signs for my wicked rhymes, look at the
times
Sick as the mind of the motherfucking kid that's
behind
All this commotion emotions run deep as ocean's
exploding
Tempers flaring from parents just blow 'em off and
keep going
Not taking **nothing** from **no one** give 'em hell long
as I'm breathing
Keep kicking ass in the morning and taking names
in the evening
Leave 'em with a taste as sour as vinegar in they
mouth
See they can trigger me, but they'll **never** figure me
out
Look at me now, I bet ya probably sick of me now,
ain't you momma?
Imma make you look so ridiculous now

*I'm sorry momma!
I **never** meant to hurt you!
I **never** meant to make you cry, but tonight
I'm cleaning out my closet (one more time)
I said I'm sorry momma!
I never meant to hurt you!
I never meant to make you cry, but tonight
I'm cleaning out my closet*

Ha! I got some skeletons in my closet
And I **don't** know if **no one** knows it
So before they throw me inside my coffin and
close it
Imma expose it, I'll take you back to '73
Before I ever had a multi-platinum selling CD
I was a baby, maybe I was just a couple of months
My faggot father must have had his panties up in a
bunch
'Cause he split, I wonder if he even kissed me
goodbye
No I **don't**. On second thought I just fucking wished
he would die
I look at Hailie, and I **couldn't** picture leaving her
side
Even if I hated Kim, I grit my teeth and I'd try
To make it work with her at least for Hailie's sake
I maybe made some mistakes, but I'm only human
But I'm man enough to face them today
What I did was stupid, **no** doubt it was dumb
But the smartest shit I did was take the bullets outta
that gun
'Cause I'da killed him, shit I would've shot Kim and
him both
It's my life, I'd like to welcome y'all to "The
Eminem Show"

... Chorus ...

Now I would **never** diss my own momma just to get
recognition
Take a second to listen for who you think this record
is dissing
But put yourself in my position, just try to envision
Witnessing your momma popping prescription pills
in the kitchen
Bitching that someone's always going through her
purse and shit's missing
Going through public housing systems, victim of
Munchausen's Syndrome
My whole life I was made to believe I was sick
when I **wasn't**
'Til I grew up, now I blew up, it makes you sick to
ya stomach
Doesn't it? **Wasn't** it the reason you made that CD
for me Ma?
So you could try to justify the way you treated me
Ma?
But guess what? You're getting older now and it's
cold when you're lonely
And Nathan's growing up so quick he's gonna know
that you're phony
And Hailie's getting so big now, you should see her,
she's beautiful
But you'll **never** see her, she **won't** even be at your
funeral!
See what hurts me the most is you **won't** admit you
was wrong
Bitch do your song, keep telling yourself that you
was a mom!
But how dare you try to take what you **didn't** help
me to get
You selfish bitch, I hope you fucking burn in hell
for this shit
Remember when Ronnie died and you said you
wished it was me?
Well guess what, I am dead, dead to you as can be!

... Chorus ...

Eminem - Kim

Aww, look at daddy's baby girl
That's daddy's baby, little sleepy head
Yesterday I changed your diaper
Wiped you and powdered you
How did you get so big?
Can't believe it, now you're two
Baby, you're so precious
Daddy's so proud of you
Sit down, bitch! You move again
I'll beat the shit out of you! (Okay!)

Don't make me wake this baby!
She **don't** need to see what I'm 'bout to do!
Quit crying, bitch! Why do you always make me
shout at you?!

How could you just leave me and love him out the
blue?!

Oh, what's the matter, Kim? Am I too loud for you?!

Too bad, bitch! You're gonna finally hear me out
this time!

At first I'm like, "Aight, you wanna throw me out,
that's fine!"

But **not** for him to take my place, are you out your
mind?!

This couch, this TV, this whole house is mine!
How could you let him sleep in our bed?!

Look it,
Kim!
Look at your husband now! (No!) I said look at him!
He **ain't** so hot now, is he, little punk?!

(Why are you doing this?!) Shut the fuck up!
(You're drunk!
You're **never** gonna get away with this!) You think I
give a fuck?!

Come on! We're going for a ride, bitch! (No!) Sit up
front!

(We **can't** just leave Hailie alone, what if she wakes
up?)

We'll be right back, well, I will, you'll be in the
trunk!

*So long, bitch, you did me so wrong
I **don't** wanna go on
Living in this world without you
So long, bitch, you did me so wrong
I don't wanna go on
Living in this world without you*

You really fucked me, Kim! You really did a
number on me!
Never knew me cheatin' on you would come back to
haunt me
But we was kids then, Kim, I was only eighteen
That was years ago, I thought we wiped the slate
clean
That's fucked up! (I love you!) Oh God, my brain is
racin'
(I love you!) What are you doing? Change the
station!
I hate this song! Does this look like a big joke?
(No!)
There's a -year-old little
Laying dead with a slit throat in your living room!
Ha-ha! What, you think I'm kiddin' you?!

You loved him, didn't you? (No!)
Bullshit, you bitch! **Don't** fuckin' lie to me!
What the fuck's this guy's problem on the side of
me?
Fuck you, asshole! Yeah, bite me!
Kim, Kim! Why **don't** you like me?
You think I'm ugly, don't you? (It's **not** that!) No,
you think I'm ugly
(Baby!) Get the fuck away from me! **Don't** touch
me!
I hate you! I hate you! I swear to God, I hate you!
Oh my God, I love you! How the fuck could you do
this to me?!

(I'm sorry!) How the fuck could you do this to me?!

... Chorus ...

Come on, get out! (I can't! I'm scared!)

I said get out, bitch! (Let go of my hair!
Please **don't** do this, baby! Please! I love you!
Look, we can just take Hailie and leave!) Fuck you!
You did this to us! You did it! It's your fault!

Oh my God, I'm crackin' up, get a grip, Marshall!
Hey, remember the time we went to Brian's party
And you were, like, so drunk that you threw up all
over Archie?

That was funny, wasn't it? (Yes)
That was funny, wasn't it? (Yes!)
See, it all makes sense, doesn't it?
You and your husband have a fight
One of you tries to grab a knife
And during the struggle he accidentally gets his
Adam's apple sliced (No!)

And while this is going on, his son just woke up
And he walks in, she panics, and he gets his throat
cut
(Oh my God!) So now they both dead
And you slash your own throat
So now it's double homicide and suicide with **no**
note
I shoulda known better when you started to act
weird
We coulda— hey, where you going? Get back here!
You **can't** run from me, Kim! It's just us, **nobody**
else
You're only makin' this harder on yourself!
Ha-ha, got ya! Go ahead, yell!
Here, I'll scream with you, "Ah, somebody help!"
Don't you get it, bitch? **No one** can hear you!
Now shut the fuck up and get what's comin' to you!
You were supposed to love me!
Now bleed, bitch, bleed! Bleed, bitch, bleed! Bleed!

... Chorus ...

Eminem - Marshall Mathers

You know, I just **don't** get it
Last year I was **nobody**, this year I'm selling
records
Now everybody wants to come around
Like I owe 'em something
The fuck you want from me, ten million dollars?
Get the fuck outta here!

*You see, I'm just Marshall Mathers (Marshall
Mathers)*

I'm just a regular guy

I don't know why all the fuss about me (Fuss about
me)

Nobody ever gave a fuck before

All they did was doubt me (Did was doubt me)

Now everybody wanna run their mouth

And try to take shots at me (Take shots at me)

Yo, you might see me joggin', you might see me
walkin'
You might see me walkin' a dead Rottweiler dog
With its head chopped off in the park with a spiked
collar
Hollerin' at him 'cause the son of a bitch **won't** quit
barkin'
Or leanin' out a window with a cocked shotgun
Drivin' up the block in the car that they shot Pac in
Looking for Big's killers, dressin' ridiculous
Blue and red, like I **don't** see what the big deal is
Double barrel 12-gauge bigger than Chris Wallace
Pissed off 'cause Biggie and Pac just missed all this
Watchin' all these cheap imitations get rich off 'em
And get dollars that shoulda been theirs like they
switched wallets
And amidst all this Crist' poppin' and wrist watches
I just sit back and just watch and just get nauseous
And walk around with an empty bottle of Remy
Martin
Startin' shit like some 26-year-old skinny Cartman
(Goddamn it!)
An anti-Backstreet and Ricky Martin
Whose instinct's to kill N'Sync, **don't** get me
started
These fuckin' brats can't sing and Britney's garbage
What's this bitch, retarded? Give me back my
sixteen dollars!
All I see is sissies in magazines smilin'
Whatever happened to wilin' out and being violent?
Whatever happened to catchin'
A good old-fashioned passionate ass-whoopin'
And I' your shoes, coat and your hat tooken

The New Kids on the Block sucked a lot of dick
Boy/girl groups make me sick
And I **can't** wait 'til I catch all you faggots in public
I'ma love it

Vanilla Ice **don't** like me (uh-uh)
Said some shit in Vibe to spite me (yo)
Then went and dyed his hair just like me (ha-ha)
A bunch of little kids wanna swear just like me
And run around screamin' "I **don't** care, just bite
me!" (na-na)
I think I was put here to annoy the world
And destroy your little four-year-old boy or girl
Plus I was put here to put fear
In faggots who spray Faygo Root Beer
And call themselves clowns 'cause they look queer
Faggy 2 Dope and Silent Gay
Claimin' Detroit, when y'all live 20 miles away
(fuckin' punks)
And I **don't** wrestle, I'll knock you fuckin' faggots
the fuck out
Ask 'em about the club they was at when they snuck

out
After they ducked out the back when they saw us
and bugged out
Ducked down and got paintballs shot at they truck,
blaoow!
Look at y'all runnin' your mouth again
When you **ain't** seen a fuckin' mile road south of 10
And I **don't** need help from D12 to beat up two
females
In make-up who may try to scratch me with Lee
Nails
Slim Anus? You damn right, slim anus
I **don't** get fucked in mine like you two little flamin'
faggots

'Cause I'm just Marshall Mathers (Marshall
Mathers)
I'm not a wrestler guy
I'll knock you out if you talk about me (You talk
about me)
Come and see me on the streets alone
If you assholes doubt me (Assholes doubt me)
And if you wanna run your mouth
Then come take your best shot at me (Best shot at
me)

Is it because you love me that y'all expect so much
of me?
You little groupie bitch, get off me, go fuck Puffy!
Now because of this blonde mop that's on top
Of this fucked up head that I've got, I've gone pop?
The underground just spun around and did a 360
Now these kids diss me and act like some big sissies
"Oh, he just did some shit with Missy
So now he thinks he's too big to do some shit with
MC Get Bizzy"
My fuckin' bitch mom's suin' for 10 million
She must want a dollar for every pill I've been
stealin'
Shit, where the fuck you think I picked up the habit?
All I had to do was go in her room and lift up her
mattress
Which is it, bitch: Mrs. Briggs or Ms. Mathers?
It **doesn't** matter, your attorney Fred Gibson's a
faggot
Talkin' about I fabricated my past
He's just aggravated I **won't** ejaculate in his ass
So tell me, what the hell is a fella to do?
For every million I make, another relative sues
Family fightin' and fussin' over who wants to invite
me to supper
All of a sudden I got ninety-some cousins (Hey it's
me!)
A half-brother and sister who **never** seen me
Or even bothered to call me until they saw me on
TV
Now everybody's so happy and proud
I'm finally allowed to step foot in my girlfriend's
house (Hey!)
And then to top it off I walked to the news stand
To buy this cheap-ass little magazine with a food
stamp
Skipped to the last page, flipped right fast
And what do I see? A picture of my big white ass
Okay, let me give you motherfuckers some help
Um, here, "XXL! XXL!"
Now your magazine **shouldn't** have so much
trouble to sell
Aww, fuck it, I'll even buy a couple myself

... Chorus ...

'Cause I'm just Marshall Mathers (Marshall
Mathers)
I'm just a regular guy
I don't know why all the fuss about me (Fuss about
me)
Nobody ever gave a fuck before
All they did was doubt me (Did was doubt me)
Now everybody wanna run their mouth
And try to take shots at me (Take shots at me)

Eminem – White America

I **never** would've dreamed in a million years I'd see
So many motherfuckin' people who feel like me
Who share the same views and the same exact
beliefs
It's like a fuckin' army marchin' in back of me
So many lives I touch, so much anger aimed
In no particular direction
Just sprays and sprays
And straight through your radio waves it plays and
plays
'Til it stays stuck in your head for days and days
Who woulda thought
Standing in this mirror bleachin' my hair, with some
peroxide

Reachin' for a t-shirt to wear
That I would catapult to the forefront of rap like
this?
How could I predict my words would have an
impact like this
I must've struck a chord, with somebody up in the
office
Cause Congress keeps telling me I **ain't** causin'
nothin', but problems
And now they're sayin' I'm in trouble with the
government
I'm lovin' it, I shoveled shit all my life, and now I'm
dumping it on

White America!

I could be one of your kids

White America!

Little Eric looks just like this

White America!

Erica loves my shit

I go to T-R-L, look how many hugs I get

White America!

I Could be one of your kids

White America!

Little Eric looks just like this

White America!

Erica loves my shit

I go to T-R-L, look how many hugs I get

Look at these eyes baby blue baby just like yourself
If they were brown
Shady lose
Shady sits on the shelf
But Shady's cute
Shady knew Shady's dimples would help
Make ladies swoon baby (oooh baby)
Look at myself!
Let's do the math
If I was black I woulda sold half
I **ain't** have to graduate from Lincoln High School
to know that
But I can rap so fuck school
I'm too cool to go back
Gimme the mic
Show me where the fuckin' studios at
When I was underground
No one gave a fuck I was white
No labels wanted to sign me
Almost gave up, I was like "Fuck it"
Until I met Dre
The only one who looked past
Gave me a chance
And I lit a fire up under his ass
Helped him get back to the top
Every fan black that I got
Was probably his in exchange for every white fan
that hes got
Like damn we just swapped
Sittin' back look at this shit wow
I'm like "My skin, is it startin' to work to my benefit
now?"

... Chorus ...

See the problem is I speak to suburban kids
Who otherwise woulda **never** knew these words
exist
Whose mom's probably woulda **never** gave two
squirts of piss
'Til I created so much muthafuckin' turbulence
Straight out the tube right into ya livin' rooms I
came
And kids flipped
When they knew I was produced by Dre
That's all it took
And they were instantly hooked right in
And they connected wit' me too because I looked
like them
That's why they put my lyrics up under this
microscope
Searchin' wit' a fine toothed comb
It's like this rope waitin' to choke
Tightenin' around my throat
Watchin' me while I write this like
"I dont like this, no!"
All I hear is
Lyrics lyrics constant controversy
Sponsors workin' round the clock
To try to stop my concerts early
Surely hip hop is **never** a problem
In Harlem only in Boston
After it bothered ya fathers
Of daughters startin' to blossom
Now I'm catchin' the flack from these activists
When they raggin'
Actin' like I'm the first rapper to smack a bitch and
say fagot
Shit,
Just look at me like I'm ya closest pal
A poster child
The muthafuckin' spokesman now for

... Chorus ...

So to the parents of America
I am the derringer aimed at little Erica
To attack her character
The ring leader of the circus of **worthless** pawns
Sent to lead the march right up to the steps of
Congress
And piss on the laws of the White House
To burn the casket and replace it with a parental
advisory sticker
To spit liquor in the faces of this democracy of
hypocrisy
Fuck you Ms. Cheney
Fuck you tipper Gore
Fuck you with the **freeness** of speech this
Divided states of embarrassment will allow me to
have
Fuck you!
Ha ha ha! I'm just playin' America, you know I love
you

Eminem - Role Model

Okay
I am going to attempt to drown myself
You can try this at home
You can be just like me

Mic check 1, 2
We recording?
I'm cancerous
So when I dis you, you **wouldn't** want to answer
this
If you responded back with a battle rap you wrote
for Canibus
I strangled you to death and I choked you again
And break your fuckin' legs till your bones poke
through your skin
You beef wit' me, I'm even the score equally
Take you on Jerry Springer, and beat your ass
legally
I get too blunted off the funny home grown
'Cause when I smoke out I hit the trees harder than
Sonny Bono
So if I said I **never** did drugs
That would mean I lie and get fucked more than the
President does
Hillary Clinton tried to slap me and call me a
pervert
I ripped her fuckin' tonsils out and fed her sherbet
My nerves hurt, and lately I'm on edge
Grabbed Vanilla Ice and ripped out his blond dreads
Every girl I ever went out with has gone les'
Follow me and do exactly what the song says
Smoke weed, take pills, drop outta school, kill
people
And drink and jump behind the wheel like it was
still legal
I'm dumb enough to walk in a store and steal
So I'm dumb enough to ask for a date wit' Lauryn
Hill
Some people only see that I'm white, ignoring skill
'Cause I stand out like a green hat wit a orange bill
But I **don't** get pissed, y'all **don't** even see through
the mist
How the fuck can I be white, I **don't** even exist
I get a clean shave, bathe, go to a rave
Die from an overdose and dig myself up out of my
grave
My middle finger **won't** go down, how do I wave?
And this is how I'm supposed to teach kids how to
behave?

Now follow me and do exactly what you see
Don't you want to grow up to be just like me?
I slap women and eat shrooms then O.D.
Now **don't** you want to grow up to be just like me?

Me and Marcus Allen went over to see Nicole
When we heard a knock at the door, must of been
Ron Gold
Jumped behind the door, put the orgy on hold
Killed 'em both and smeared blood in a white
Bronco
My mind **won't** work if my spine **don't** jerk
I slapped Garth Brooks out of his Rhinestone shirt
I'm **not** a player just a ill rhyme sayer
That'll spray an Aerosol can up in the ozone layer
My rap style's warped, I'm running out the morgue
Wit' your dead grandmother's corpse then throw it
on your porch
Jumped into a chicken hawk cartoon with a cape on
And beat Fog Horn Leghorn with an acorn
I'm bout as normal as Norman Bates, wit'
deformative traits
A premature birth that was four minutes late
Mother are you there, I love you

I **never** meant to hit you over the head wit that
shovel
Will someone explain to my brain
That I just severed a main vein
With a chainsaw and I'm in pain
I take a breather and sigh
Either I'm high, or I'm nuts
'Cause if you **ain't** even in this room **neither** am I
So when you see your mom with a thermometer
shoved in her ass
Then it's probably obvious that I got it on with her
'Cause when I drop it off with this solo shit it's over
with
I bought cages tape opened it and dubbed over it

I came to the club drunk with a fake I-D
Don't you want to grow up to be just like me?
I've been with ten women who got H-I-V
Now **don't** you want to grow up to be just like me?
I got genital warts and it burns when I pee
Don't you want to grow up to be just like me?
I tied a rope around my penis then I jumped from a
tree
You probably want to grow up and be just like me?

Eminem - '97 Bonnie & Clyde

Just the two of us
C'mon hai-hai, we goin' to the beach
Grab a couple of toys and let da-da strap you in the
car seat
Oh where's mama? she's takin a little nap in the
trunk
Oh that smell (whew!) da-da musta runned over a
skunk
Now I know what you're thinkin', it's kind of late to
go swimmin'
But you know your mama, she's one of those type of
women
That do crazy things, and if she **don't** get her way,
she'll throw a fit
Don't play with da-da's toy knife, honey, let go of it
(no!)
And **don't** look so upset, why you actin' bashful?
Don't you want to help da-da build a sand castle?
(yeah!)
And mama said she wants to show how far she can
float
And **don't** worry about that little boo-boo on her
throat
It's just a little scratch, it **don't** hurt, her was eatin'
Dinner while you were sweepin' and spilled ketchup
on her shirt
Mama's messy, isn't she? we'll let her wash off in
the water
And me and you can pway by ourselves, can't we?

*Just the two of us
Just the two of us
And when we ride!
Just the two of us
Just the two of us
Just you and I!
Just the two of us
Just the two of us
And when we ride!
Just the two of us
Just the two of us
Just you and I!*

See honey, there's a place called heaven and a place
called hell
A place called prison and a place called jail
And da-da's probably on his way to all of 'em except
one
'Cause mama's got a new husband and a stepson
And you **don't** want a brother do ya? (nah)
Maybe when you're old enough to understand a little
better
I'll explain it to ya
But for now we'll just say mama was real real bad
She was bein' mean to dad and made him real real
mad
But I still feel sad that I put her on time-out
Sit back in your chair honey, quit tryin' to climb out
(wa!)
I told you it's okay hai hai, want to ba-ba?
Take a night-night? nan-a-boo, goo-goo ga-ga?
Her make goo-goo ca-ca? da-da change your dia-dee
Clean the baby up so her can take a nighty-nighty
Your dad'll wake her up as soon as we get to the
water
Ninety-seven bonnie and clyde, me and my daughter

... Chorus ...

Wake up sweeepy head we're here, before we pway
We're gonna take mama for a whittle walk along the

pier
Baby, **don't** cry honey, **don't** get the wrong idea
Mama's too sweeepy to hear you screamin' in her ear
(ma-ma!)
That's why you **can't** get her to wake, but **don't**
worry
Da-da made a nice bed for mommy at the bottom of
the lake
Here, you want to help da-da tie a rope around this
rock? (yeah!)
We'll tie it to her footsie then we'll roll her off the
dock
Ready now, here we go, on the count of three
dummies
One, two, free, wee! (whoosh)
There goes mama, spwashin' in the wa-ta
No more fightin wit dad, **no** more restrainin order
No more step-da-da, **no** more new brother
Blow her kisses bye-bye, tell mama you love her
(mommy!)
Now we'll go play in the sand, build a castle and
junk
But first, just help dad with two more things out the
trunk

... Chorus ...

Eminem - Any Man

Hi!
Original Bad Boy on the case cover your face
Came in the place blowed and sprayed Puffy with
Mase
I laced the weed with insect repellent better check
the smelly
Eminem starts with E better check the spelling
With a capital somebody grab me a Snapple
I got an aspirin capsule trapped in my adam's apple
Somebody dropped me on my head and I was sure
That my mother did it but the bitch **won't** admit it
was her
I slit her stomach open with a scalpel when she was
six months
And said, "I'm ready now bitch - **ain't** you feelin
these kicks cunt?"
The world **ain't** ready for me yet, I can tell
I'll probably have a cell next to the furnace in hell
I'm sick of these sperm cells with syphilis germs
And I'm hotter than my dick is, when I piss and it
burns
I kick you in the tummy until you sick to your
stomach
And vomit so much blood that your clothes stick to
you from it
(Yuck!) Hit you in the head with a brick til you
plummet
If y'all **don't** like me, you can suck my dick til you
numb it
And all that gibberish you was spittin, you need to
kill it
Cause your style is like dyin in my sleep, I **don't**
feel it

*'Cause any man who would jump in front of a
minivan
For twenty grand and a bottle of pain pills and a
minithin
Is fuckin crazy -- you hear me? Ha?
Is fuckin crazy -- hello, hi!
'Cause any man who would jump in front of a
minivan
For twenty grand and a bottle of pain pills and a
minithin
Is fuckin crazy -- do you hear me?
Is fuckin crazy*

I'm ice grillin you, starin you down with a gremlin
grin
I'm Eminem, you're a fag in a women's gym
I'm Slim, the Shady is really a fake alias
To save me with in case I get chased by space
aliens
A brainiac, with a cranium packed, full of more
uranium
Than a maniac Saudi Arabian
A highly combustible head, spazmatic
Strapped to a Kraftmatic adjustable bed
Laid up in the hospital in critical condition
I flatlined; jumped up and ran from the mortician
High speed, IV full of that weed
Lookin Chinese, with my knees stuck together like
siamese
Twins, joined at the groin like lesbians
Uh, pins and needles, hypodermic needles and
pins
I hope God forgives me for my sins -- it probably all
depends
On if I keep on killin my girlfriends

... Chorus ...

Last night I O.D.'d on rush, mushrooms and dust
And got rushed to the hospital to get my system
flushed
(Shucks!) I'm an alcoholic and that's all I can say
I call in to work, cause all I do is frolic and play
I swallow grenades, and take about a bottle a day
Of Tylenol 3, and talk about how violent I'll be
(RRARRRRR)
Give me eleven Excederin my head'll spin
Medicine'll get me revvin like a 747 jet engine
Scatched my balls til I shredded skin
"Doctor, check this rash, look how red it's been"
"It's probably AIDS!" Forget it then
I strike a still pose and hit you with some ill flows
That **don't** even make sense, like dykes usin dildos
So reach in your billfolds, for ten ducats
And pick up this Slim Shady shit that's on Rawkus
Somethin somethin somethin, somethin I get
weeded
My daughter scribbled over that rhyme, I **couldn't**
read it
Damn!

Eminem – Criminal

A lot of people ask me, stupid fuckin' questions
A lot of people think that, what I say on record
Or what I talk about on a record
That I actually do in real life or that I believe in it
Or if I say that I wanna kill somebody
That I'm actually gonna do it or that I believe in it
Well, shit, if you believe that, then I'll kill you
You know why? 'Cause I'm a criminal!
Criminal! You goddamn right
I'm a criminal! Yeah, I'm a criminal!
My words are like a dagger with a jagged edge
That'll stab you in the head, whether you're a fag or
les'
Or a homosex, hermaph or a trans-a-vest
Pants or dress, hate fags? The answer's yes
Homophobic? Nah, you're just heterophobic
Staring at my jeans, watching my genitals bulgin'
That's my motherfuckin' balls, you'd better let go of
'em
They belong in my scrotum, you'll **never** get hold
of 'em!
"Hey, it's me, Versace! Whoops, somebody shot
me!
And I was just checkin' the mail
Get it? Checkin' the male?"
How many records you expecting to sell
After your second LP sends you directly to jail?
Come on, relax, guy! I like gay men
Right, Ken? Give me an amen! (A-men!)
"Please Lord, this boy needs Jesus
Heal this child, help us destroy these demons
Oh, and please send me a brand new car
And a prostitute while my wife's sick in the
hospital!"
Preacher, preacher! Fifth grade teacher!
You **can't** reach me, my mom **can't** neither
You **can't** teach me a goddamn thing 'cause
I watch TV and Comcast cable
And you **ain't** able to stop these thoughts
You **can't** stop me from toppin' these charts
And you **can't** stop me from droppin' each March
With a brand new CD for these fuckin' retards
("duhh")
And to think, it's just lil' old me
Mr. **Don't**-Give-a-Fuck still **won't** leave

I'm a criminal!
'Cause every time I write a rhyme
These people think it's a crime
To tell 'em what's on my mind
I guess I'm a criminal!
I **don't** gotta say a word
I just flip 'em the bird and keep goin'
I **don't** take shit from **no one**

The mother did drugs, hard liquor, cigarettes and
speed
The baby came out, disfigured ligaments, indeed
It was a seed who would grow up just as crazy as
she
Don't dare make fun of that baby, 'cause that baby
was me
I'm a criminal, an animal caged who turned crazed
But how the fuck you supposed to grow up when
you **weren't** raised?
So as I got older and I got a lot taller
My dick shrunk smaller, but my balls got larger
I drink malt liquor to fuck you up quicker
Than you'd wanna fuck me up for sayin' the word

My morals went (pffft) when the president got oral

Sex in his Oval Office on top of his desk off of his
own employee
Now, **don't** ignore me, you **won't** avoid me
You **can't** miss me: I'm white, blonde-haired, and
my nose is pointy
I'm the bad guy who makes fun of people that die
In plane crashes and laughs as long as it **ain't**
happened to him
Slim Shady, I'm as crazy as Eminem and Kim
combined
"The Maniac's in" in place of the Doctor
'Cause Dre **couldn't** make it today
He's a **little** under the weather, so I'm takin' his
place
Oh, that's Dre with an AK to his face
Don't make me kill him too and spray his brains all
over the place
I told you, Dre, you should've kept that thang put
away
I guess that'll teach you not to let me play with it,
eh?
I'm a criminal!

Alright look, just go up in that motherfucker
Get the motherfucking money and get the fuck up
outta there
Alright
I'll be right here waiting on you
Alright
Yo, Em
What?!!
Don't kill nobody this time
Awwright, goddamn, this motherfucker gets on my
fuckin' nerves!
Hi, how can I help you?
How you doin'?'
Yeah, I need to make a withdrawal
Okay
Put the fucking money in the bag, bitch, and I **won't**
kill you!
What? Oh my God, **don't** kill me!
I'm not gonna kill you, bitch, quit looking around
Don't kill me, I've got two kids at home **don't** kill
me!
I said **I'm not** gonna fucking kill you
Don't kill me!
Hurry the fuck up! Thank you! (Go, go, go!)
Windows tinted on my ride when I drive in it
So when I rob a bank, run out and just dive in it
So I'll be disguised in it
And if anybody identifies the guy in it, I hide for
five minutes
Come back, shoot the eyewitness
Fire at the private eye hired to pry in my business
Die bitches, bastards, brats, pets
This puppy's lucky I **didn't** blast his ass yet
If I ever gave a fuck, I'd shave my nuts
Tuck my dick in between my legs and cluck
You motherfuckin' chickens **ain't** brave enough
To say the stuff I say, so just tape it shut
Shit, half the shit I say, I just make it up
To make you mad, so kiss my white naked ass
And if it's **not** a rapper that I make it as
I'ma be a fuckin' rapist in a Jason mask
I'm a criminal!
'Cause every time I write a rhyme
These people think it's a crime
To tell 'em what's on my mind
I guess I'm a criminal!
I **don't** gotta say a word
I just flip 'em the bird and keep goin'
I **don't** take shit from no one

... Chorus ...

Eminem – Without Me

Obie Trice
Real name **no** gimmicks

Two trailer park girls go round the outside
Round the outside, round the outside
Two trailer park girls go round the outside
Round the outside, round the outside

Guess who's back, back again
Shady's back, tell a friend
Guess who's back, guess who's back?
Guess who's back, guess who's back?
Guess who's back, guess who's back?
Guess who's back?
I've created a monster, 'cause **nobody** wants to see
Marshall **no** more
They want Shady, I'm chopped liver
Well if you want Shady, then this is what I'll give ya
A little bit of weed mixed with some hard liquor
Some vodka that will jump start my heart quicker
Then a shot when I get shocked at the hospital

By the doctor when I'm **not** cooperating
When I'm rocking the table while he's operating
"Hey"
You waited this long to stop debating
'Cause I'm back, I'm on the rag and ovulating
I know you got a job Ms. Cheney
But your husband's heart problem is complicating
So the F-C-C **won't** let me be or let me be me so let
me see
They tried to shut me down on M-T-V
But it feels so empty without me
So come on and dip, bum on your lips
Fuck that, cum on your lips and some on your tits
And get ready 'cause this shit is about to get heavy
I just settled all my lawsuits, "Fuck you, Debbie!"

*Now this looks like a job for me
So everybody just follow me
'Cause we need a little controversy
'Cause it feels so empty without me
I said, this looks like a job for me
So everybody just follow me
'Cause we need a little controversy
'Cause it feels so empty without me*

Little hellions kids feeling rebellious
Embarrassed, their parents still listen to Elvis
They start feeling like prisoners **helpless**
"Til someone comes along on a mission and yells
"bitch"
A visionary, vision is scary,
Could start a revolution, pollutin' the air waves a
rebel
So let me just revel and bask
In the fact that I got everyone kissing my ass
And it's a disaster such a catastrophe
For you to see so damn much of my ass you ask for
me
Well I'm back, nana-na na na nana-na na na kshh
Fix your bent antenna, tune it in and then I'm gonna
enter in endin' up
Under your skin like a splinter
The center of attention back for the winter
I'm interesting, the best thing since wrestling
Infesting in your kids ears and nesting
"Testing attention please"
Feel the tension soon as someone mentions me
Here's my ten cents, my two cents is free
A nuisance, who sent, you sent for me?

... Chorus ...

A-tiskit a-taskit,
I go tit for tat with anybody who's talking this shit
and that shit
Chris Kirkpatrick, you can get your ass kicked
Worse than them little Limp Bizkit bastards
And Moby, you can get stomped by Obie
You thirty six year old bald headed fag, blow me
You **don't** know me, you're too old, let it go its over
Nobody listens to Techno
Now lets go, just give me the signal
I'll be there with a whole list full of new insults
I've been dope, suspenseful with a pencil
Ever since Prince turned himself into a symbol
But sometimes this shit just seems
Everybody only wants to discuss me
So this must mean I'm disgusting
But it's just me I'm just obscene
Though I'm **not** the first king of controversy
I am the worst thing since Elvis Presley
To do black music so selfishly
And use it to get myself wealthy
Hey, there's a concept that works
Twenty million other white rappers emerge
But **no** matter how many fish in the sea
It will be so empty without me

... Chorus ...

Kids!

Eminem – Mockingbird

Yeah
I know sometimes things **may not**
Always make sense to you right now
But hey
What daddy always tell you?
Straighten up little soldier
Stiffen up that upper lip
What you crying about?
You got me

Hailie I know you miss your mom and I know you
miss your dad
Well I'm gone but I'm trying to give you the life
that I **never** had

I can see you're sad, even when you smile, even when you laugh
 I can see it in your eyes, deep inside you want to cry
 Cause you're scared, I **ain't** there?
 Daddy's with you in your prayers
No more crying, wipe them tears
 Daddy's here, **no** more nightmares
 We gon' pull together through it, we gon' do it
 Laney uncle's crazy, ain't he?
 Yeah but he loves you girl and you better know it
 We're all we got in this world
 When it spins, when it swirls
 When it whirls, when it twirls
 Two little beautiful girls
 Lookin' puzzled, in a daze
 I know it's confusing you
 Daddy's always on the move, mama's always on the news
 I try to keep you sheltered from it but somehow it seems
 The harder that I try to do that, the more it backfires on me
 All the things growing up his daddy that he had to see
 Daddy **don't** want you to see but you see just as much as he did
 We **did not** plan it to be this way, your mother and me
 But things have gotten so bad between us
 I **don't** see us ever being together ever again
 Like we used to be when we were teenagers
 But then of course everything always happens for a reason
 I guess it was **never** meant to be
 But it's just something we have **no** control over and that's what destiny is
 But **no** more worries, rest your head and go to sleep
 Maybe one day we'll wake up and this will all just be a dream

*Now hush little baby, **don't** you cry
 Everything's gonna be alright
 Stiffen that upper lip up little lady, I told ya
 Daddy's here to hold ya through the night
 I know mommy's **not** here right now and we **don't**
 know why
 We fear how we feel inside
 It may seem a little crazy, pretty baby
 But I promise momma's gon' be alright*

It's funny
 I remember back one year when daddy had **no** money
 Mommy wrapped the Christmas presents up
 And stuck 'em under the tree and said some of 'em were from me
 Cause daddy **couldn't** buy 'em
 I'll **never** forget that Christmas I sat up the whole night crying
 Cause daddy felt like a bum, see daddy had a job
 But his job was to keep the food on the table for you and mom
 And at the time every house that we lived in
 Either kept getting broken into and robbed
 Or shot up on the block and your mom was saving money for you in a jar
 Tryna start a piggy bank for you so you could go to college
 Almost had a thousand dollars till someone broke in and stole it
 And I know it hurt so bad it broke your momma's heart
 And it seemed like everything was just startin' to fall apart
 Mom and dad was arguin' a lot so momma moved back
 On the Chalmers in the flat one bedroom apartment
 And dad moved back to the other side of 8 Mile on Novara
 And that's when daddy went to California with his CD and met Dr. Dre
 And flew you and momma out to see me
 But daddy had to work, you and momma had to leave me
 Then you started seeing daddy on the T.V. and momma **didn't** like it
 And you and Laney were to young to understand it
 Papa was a rollin' stone, momma developed a habit
 And it all happened too fast for either one of us to grab it
 I'm just sorry you were there and had to witness it first hand
 Cause all I ever wanted to do was just make you proud
 Now I'm sitting in this empty house, just reminiscing
 Lookin' at your baby pictures, it just trips me out
 To see how much you both have grown, it's almost like you're sisters now
 Wow, guess you pretty much are and daddy's still here

Laney I'm talkin' to you too, daddy's still here
 I like the sound of that, yeah
 It's got a ring to it don't it?
 Shh, momma's only gone for the moment

... Chorus ...

And if you ask me too Daddy's gonna buy you a mockingbird
 I'mma give you the world
 I'mma buy a diamond ring for you
 I'mma sing for you
 I'll do anything for you to see you smile
 And if that mockingbird **don't** sing and that ring **don't** shine
 I'mma break that birdies neck
 I'll go back to the jeweler who sold it to ya
 And make him eat every carat **don't** fuck with dad (ha ha)

Eminem – I'm Back

*That's why they call me Slim Shady (I'm back)
 I'm back (I'm back) (Slim Shady!) I'm back*

*That's why they call me Slim Shady (I'm back)
 I'm back (I'm back) (Slim Shady!) I'm back
 That's why they call me Slim Shady (I'm back)
 I'm back (I'm back) (Slim Shady!) I'm back*

*That's why they call me Slim Shady (I'm back)
 I'm back (I'm back) (Slim Shady!) I'm back*

I murder a rhyme one word at a time
 You **never** heard of a mind as perverted as mine
 You better get rid of that nine it **ain't** gonna help
 What good is it gonna do against a man that strangles himself?
 I'm waitin' for hell like hell shit I'm anxious as hell
 Manson you're safe in that cell, be thankful it's jail
 I used to be my mommy's little angel at twelve
 Thirteen I was putting shells in a gauge on a shelf
 I used to, get punked and bullied on my block
 'Til I cut a kitten's head off and stuck it in this kid's mailbox (Mom! Mom!)
 I used to give a fuck, now I could give a fuck less
 What do I think of success? It sucks, too much press
 I'm stressed
 Too much stares too breasts, too upset
 It's just too much mess, I guess I must just blew up quick (yes)
 Grew up quick (no) was raised right
 Whatever you say is wrong, whatever I say is right
 You think of my name now whenever you say, "Hi"
 Became a commodity because I'm W-H-I-T-E,
 'Cause M-T-V was so friendly to me
Can't wait 'til Kim sees me
 Now is it worth it? Look at my life, how is it perfect?
 Read my lips bitch, what, my mouth **isn't** working?
 You hear this finger? Oh it's upside down
 Here, let me turn this motherfucker up right now

... Chorus ...

I take each individual degenerates head and reach into it
 Just to see if he's influenced by me if he listens to music
 And if he feeds into this shit he's an innocent victim
 And becomes a puppet on the string of my tennis shoe
 My name is Slim Shady
 I been crazy way before radio **didn't** play me
 The sensational (Back is the incredible!)
 With Ken Kaniff, who just finds the men edible
 It's Ken Kaniff on the, internet
 Trying to, lure your kids with him, into bed
 It's a, sick world we live in these days
 "Slim for Pete's sakes put down Christopher Reeve's legs!"
 Geez, you guys are so sensitive
 "Slim it's a touchy subject, try and just **don't** mention it"
 Mind with **no** sense in it, fried to get so frenetic
 Whose eyes get so squinted, I'm blind from smoke in 'em
 With my windows tinted, with nine limos rented
 Doin' lines of coke in 'em, with a bunch of guys hoppin' out
 All high and indo-scented
 And that's where I get my name from, that's why they call me

... Chorus ...

I take seven kids from Columbine, stand 'em all in line

Add an AK-47, a revolver, a nine
 A MAC-11 and it oughta solve the problem of mine
 And that's a whole school of bullies shot up all at one time
 'Cause (I'm) Shady, they call me as crazy
 As the world was over this whole Y2K thing
 And by the way, N'Sync, why do they sing?
 Am I the only one who realizes they stink?
 Should I dye my hair pink and care what y'all think?
 Lip sync and buy a bigger size of earrings?
 It's why I tend to block out when I hear things
 'Cause all these fans screamin' is makin' my ears ring (Ah!)
 So I just, throw up a middle finger and let it linger
 Longer than the rumor that I was stickin' it to Christina
 'Cause if I ever stuck it to any singer in showbiz
 It'd be Jennifer Lopez, and Puffy you know this!
 I'm sorry Puff, but I **don't** give a fuck if this chick was my own mother
 I still fuck her with **no** rubber and cum inside her
 And have a son and a new brother at the same time
 And just say that it **ain't** mine, what's my name?

... Chorus ...

Guess who's b, back, back
 Gue' gue' guess who's back (Hi mom!)
 Guess who's back
 Gue' guess who's back
 D-12, guess who's back
 Gue' gue' gue' gue' guess who's back
 Dr. Dre, guess who's back
 Back back, back
 Slim Shady, 2001
 I'm blew out from this blunt, fuck

Eminem - Bad Influence

People say that I'm a bad influence
 I say the world's already fucked, I'm just addin' to it
 They say I'm suicidal
 Teenagers' newest idol
 Come on do as I do

Go ahead get mad and do it
 Hand me an .8
 Beam me up and land me in space
 I'm a sit on top of the world (I'm here)
 And shit on Brandy and Mase

I'm more than ill
 Scarier than a white journalist in a room with
 Lauryn Hill (ahhh)
 Human horror film
 But with a lot funnier plot

And people goin' feel me 'cause I'm a still be
 The mad rapper whether I got money or **not** (yup)
 As long as I'm on pills, and I got plenty of pot
 I'll be in a canoe paddlin' makin' fun of your yacht

But I would like an award
 For the best rapper to get one mic in The Source
 And a wardrobe I can afford
 Otherwise I might get sent up back-strike in a Ford

And you wonder what the fuck I need more Vicadin for
 Everybody's pissin' me off; even a No Limit tank looks like
 A middle finger sideways flippin' me off
No shit I'm a grave danger to my health
 Why else would I kill you and jump in a grave and bury myself

I'm the illest rapper to hold the cordless, patrolling corners
 Looking for hookers to punch in the mouth with a roll of quarters
 I'm meaner in action than Rosco beating James Tar Senior
 Across the back with vacuum cleaner attachments
 {ouch ouch}

I grew up in the wild hood, as a hazardous youth
 With a fucked up childhood, that I used as an excuse
 And **ain't** shit changed, I kept the same mindstate
 Since the third time that I failed 9th grade

You probably think that I'm a negative person
Don't be so sure of it
 I **don't** promote violence, I just encourage it
 {c'mon}
 I laugh at the sight of death

As I fall down a cement flight of steps (ahhhh)
 And land inside a bed of spider webs

So throw caution to the wind, you and a friend
Can jump off of a bridge and if you live, do it again

Shit, why **not**? Blow your brain out
I'm blowing mine out
Fuck it, you only live once you might as well die
now

My basic disk will make you take a razor into your
wrist
Make you satanic
Make you take the pistol to your face
And place the clip and cock it back

And let it go until your brains
Are rippin' out your skull so bad
To sew you back would be a waste of stitches
I'm not a "Role Model," **I don't** want to babysit
kids

I got one little girl, and Hailey Jade is Shady's
business
And Shady's just an alias I made to make you pissed
off
Where the fuck were you when Gil was payin me to
dishwash
I make a couple statements and now look how crazy
shit got
You may be gettin' a bigger attitude than maybe
Kim's got
And the shit's almost got the same fate that Grady's
bitch got
I know that "Just the Two of Us" would make you
hate me this much
And Just the Two of Us

That **ain't** got shit to do with us and our personal
life
It's just words on a mic.
So you can call me a punk, a pervert wor a
chauvinist pig
But the funny shit is that I still go with the bitch

Tupac Shakur – Trapped

You know they got me trapped in this prison of
seclusion
Happiness, living on the streets is a delusion
Even a smooth criminal one day must get caught
Shot up or shot down with the bullet that he bought
Nine millimeter kickin' thinking about what the
streets do to me

'Cause they **never** talk peace in the black
community
All we know is violence, do the job in silence
Walk the city streets like a rat pack of tyrants
Too many brothers daily heading for the big pen
Niggas comin' out worse off then when they went
in
Over the years I done a lot of growin' up
I' drunk thrown' up
Cuffed up
Then I said I had enough
There must be another route, way out
To money and fame, I changed my name
And played a different game
Tired of being trapped in this vicious cycle
If one more cop harassed me I just might go psycho
And when I get 'em
I'll hit 'em with the bum rush
Only a lunatic would like to see his skull crushed
Yo, if your smart you'll really let me go 'G'
But keep me cooped up in this ghetto and catch the
Uzi
They got me trapped

*They got me trapped
(Naw, they **can't** keep the black man down)
Trapped
(Uh uh, they can't keep the black man down)
Trapped
(Naw, they can't keep the black man down)*

They got me trapped
Can **barely** walk the city streets
Without a cop harassing me, searching me
Then asking my identity
Hands up, throw me up against the wall
Didn't do a thing at all
I'm tellin' you one day these suckers gotta fall
Cuffed up throw me on the concrete
Coppers try to kill me
But they **didn't** know this was the wrong street
Bang bang, down another casualty
But it's a cop who's shot there's brutality
Who do you blame?
It's a shame because the mans slain

He got caught in the chains of his own game
How can I feel guilty after all the things they did to
me
Sweated me, hunted me
Trapped in my own community
One day I'm gonna bust
Blow up on this society
Why did ya lie to me?
I couldn't find a trace of equality
Work me like a slave while they laid back
Homie **don't** play that
It's time I lett 'em suffer the payback
I'm tryin' to avoid physical contact
I can't hold back, it's time to attack jack
They got me trapped

... Chorus ...

Now I'm trapped and want to find a getaway
All I need is a 'G' and somewhere safe to stay
Can't use the phone
'Cause I'm sure someone is tappin' in
Did it before
Ain't scared to use my gat again
I look back at hindsight the fight was **irrelevant**
But now he's the devils friend
Too late to be tellin' him
He shot first and I'll be damned if I run away
Homie is done away I should of put my gun away
I wasn't thinkin' all I heard was the ridicule
Girls was laughin', Tup sayin' "Damn homies is
dissin' you"
I fired my weapon
Started steppin' in the hurricane
I got shot so I dropped
Feelin' a burst of pain
Got to my feet
Couldn't see **nothin'** but bloody blood
Now I'm a fugitive to be hunted like a murderer
Ran through an alley
Still lookin' for my getaway
Coppers said Freeze, or you'll be dead today
Trapped in a corner
Dark and I **couldn't** see the light
Thoughts in my mind was the nine and a better life
What do I do?
Live my life in a prison cell
I'd rather die then be trapped in a living hell
They got me trapped

... Chorus ...

Tupac Shakur -Toss It Up

The money behind the dreams
My right hand, my other Capo in this big
motherfuckin' war we got
My other Capo in this big ass, conglomerate called
Death Row
Snoop motherfuckin' Dogg, Tha Doggfather
And who he comin' through right now, Makaveli the
Don
Feel this, Killuminati

Lord have mercy, father help us all
Since you supplied yo' phone number, **I can't** help
but call
Time for action, conversatin, we relaxin', kickin'
back
Got you curious for Thug Passion, now picture that
Tongue kissin', hand full of hair, look in my eyes
Time to make the bed rock, baby look how it rise
Me and you movin in the nude, do it in the living
room
Sweatin' up the sheets, it's the Thug in me
I mean **no** disrespect when I tongue kiss your neck
I go a long way to get you wet, what you expect
Late night, hit the highway, drop the top
I pull over, gettin' busy in the parking lot
And **don't** you love it how I lick your, hips and
glide
Kiss you soft on your stomach, push my love inside
Got ya lost in a love zone, stuck in the lust
I got the bedroom shakin' back-breakin' when we're
tossin' it up

In this baby, I like the way it's goin' down
When all that is around, slip slide ride
Givin' me love nice like
Female I like, what I wanna give all night
You and me alone everybody's gone toss it up
Baby let's, get it on!
I like the way you please me, babe
The sexy way you tease me, sugar
The way you move your body
It really drives me crazy
Your body hypnotizing, your smell is so exciting

So baby come on home with me, I like the way you
give it to me!

*I like the way you give it to me, let me see you toss it
up
I like the way you give it to me, let me see you toss it
up
I like the way you give it to me, let me see you toss it
up
I like the way you give it to me, let me see you toss it
up*

Play on, play on, play on, play on, play on!
Play on, play on, play on, play on, play on!
Play on, play on, play on, play on, play on!
Play on, play on, play on, play on, play on!

Oh, it's K-Ci baby, mm that want you lady
Oh, **don't** act so shady, baby your taste as fine as
gravy
The way you move that thang, you make me wanna
sang
Girl you make my bells rang, make them go ting-a-
ling!
Now the man, I'm here again
Don't worry to ever end
It's feeling too good
Gimme some more, oh lady lady
Your body the kind I like-ah
Big booty to the lung delight-ah
Bag it up yo, let me in there
Toss it up for me!

... Chorus ...

Do you want me what's your phone number, I get
around
Cali Love to my true Thugs, picture me now
Still down for that Death Row sound, searchin' for
paydays
No longer Dre Day, arrivederci
Blown and forgotten, rotten for plottin' Child's Play
Check your sexuality, as fruity as this Alize
Quick to jump ship, punk trick, what a dumb move
Cross Death Row, now who you gon' run to?
Lookin' for suckers 'cause you similar
Pretendin' to be hard, oh my God, check your
temperature
Screamin' Compton, but you **can't** return, you **ain't**
heard
Brothers pissed 'cause you switched and escaped to
the burbs
Mob on to this new era, 'cause we Untouchable
Still **can't** believe that you got 'Pac rushin you
Up in you, bless the real, all the rest get killed
Who can you trust, only time reveals, toss it up!

... Chorus ...

Play on playa, play on
How can some **non-players** do a song about
Compton
And then wanna do a player song?
How can non-players do it? (We **not** little kids, we
not playin')
Tellin' lies, who?
Puffy, I read your little interview buddy, c'mon
You still **ain't** touchin' us, all that peace talk
I don't care if you kiss my ass from here to across
the street boy
It's on
Toss it up, we took you on, and we took y'all beat
You know we beat you down, and we took y'all beat
'Cause you **wasn't** rockin' it right
Tired of suckers rockin' it, toss it up, is how we did
it
Yeah, toss it up now!

Tupac Shakur - Hit 'em up

I ain't got **no** motherfuckin friends
That's why I fucked yo' bitch, you fat motherfucker
(Take money) West side, Bad Boy killers (take
money)
You know who the realest is niggaz we bring it to
you (take money)
(Take money)

First off, fuck your bitch and the click you claim
Westside when we ride come equipped with game
You claim to be a player but I fucked your wife
We bust on Bad Boy niggaz fucked for life
Plus Puffy tryin' ta see me weak hearts I rip
Biggie Smalls and Junior M.A.F.I.A. Some mark-
ass bitches
We keep on comin' while we runnin' for yo' jewels
Steady gunnin, keep on bustin at them fools, you
know the rules

Lil' Ceasar, go ask ya homie how I leave ya
Cut your young ass up, leave you in pieces, now be
deceased

Lil' Kim, **don't** fuck around with real G's
Quick to snatch yo' ugly ass off the streets, so fuck
peace

I let them niggaz know it's on for life
So let the Westside ride tonight
Bad Boy murdered on wax and killed
Fuck wit' me and get yo' caps peeled, you know, see

*Grab ya glocks, when you see Tupac
Call the cops, when you see Tupac, uh
Who shot me, but ya punks **didn't** finish
Now ya bout to feel the wrath of a menace
Nigga, I hit em' up*

Check this out, you motherfuckers know what time it is (take money)

I don't even know why I'm on this track (take money)

Y'all niggaz **ain't** even on my level
I'ma let my little homies ride on you (take money)

Bitch made-ass bad boy bitches deal with it!
Get out the way yo, get out the way yo

Biggie Smalls just got dropped
Little Moo, pass the mac, and let me hit him in his back

Frank White need to get spanked right, for settin' traps

Little accident murderers, and I **ain't never** heard-a ya

Poisonous gats attack when I'm servin' ya
Spank ya shank ya whole style when I gank

Guard your rank, 'cause I'ma slam your ass in the paint

Puffy weaker than the fuckin' block I'm runnin through nigga

And I'm smokin' Junior M.A.F.I.A. In front of you nigga

With the ready power tuckin' my Guess under my Eddie Bauer

Ya clout petty sour, I get packages every hour to hit em up

... Chorus ...

Peep how we do it, keep it real, it's penitentiary steel
This **ain't no** freestyle battle

All you niggaz gettin killed with ya mouths open
Tryin' to come up offa me, you in the clouds hopin'

Smokin dope it's like a sherm high nigga think they learned to fly

But they bum motherfucker, you deserve to die
Talkin' bout you gettin' money but it's funny to me

All you niggaz livin' bummy why you fuckin' with me?

I'm a self made millionaire
Thug livin' out a prison, pistols in the air

Biggie, remember when I used to let you sleep on the couch

And beg a bitch to let you sleep in the house
Now it's all about Versace, you copied my style

Five shots **couldn't** drop me, I took it and smiled
Now I'm bout to set the record straight

With my AK I'm still the thug that you love to hate
Motherfucker, I hit 'em up

I'm from N-E-W Jers'
Where plenty of murders occurs

No points or commas, we bring drama to all you herbs

Now go check the scenario
Little Ceas' I'll bring you fake G's to your knees

Copping pleas in de Janeiro
Little Kim, is you coked up or doped up?

Get your little Junior Whopper click smoked up
What the fuck, is you stupid?

I take money, crash and mash through Brooklyn
With my click looting, shooting and polluting your block

With a 15-shot cocked Glock to your knot
Outlaw MAFIA clique moving up another notch

And your pop stars popped and get mopped and dropped

And all your fake ass East coast pops
Brainstormed and locked

You's a, beat biter
A Pac style taker

I'll tell you to your face you **ain't** shit but a faker
Softer than Aize with a chaser

About to get murdered for the paper
E.D.I Amin approach the scene of the caper

Like a loc, with Little Ceas' in a choke
Gun toin' smoke. We **ain't no** motherfucking joke

Thug Life, niggas better be known
Be approaching in the wide open, gun smoking

No need for hoping, it's a battle lost
I got em crossed as soon as the funk is bopping off

Nigga, I hit em up!

... Chorus ...

Now you tell me who won
I see them, they run

They **don't** wanna see us (take money)
Whole Junior M.A.F.I.A. Clique

Dressing up trying to be us (take money)
How the fuck they gonna be the mob when we

always on our job? (Take money)
We millionaires

Killing **ain't** fair but somebody got to do it (take money)

Oh yeah, Mobb Deep (take money) you wanna fuck with us

You little young-ass motherfuckers (take money)
Don't one of you niggas got sickle-cell or something (take money)

You're fucking with me, nigga you fuck around and catch a seizure or a heart attack (take money)

You better back the fuck up before you get smacked the fuck up

This is how we do it on our side
Any of you niggas from New York that want to bring it, bring it

But we **ain't** singing, we bringing drama
Fuck you and your motherfucking mama

We're gonna kill all you motherfuckers
Now when I came out, I told you it was just about Biggie

Then everybody had to open their mouth with a motherfucking opinion

Well this is how we gonna do this
Fuck Mobb Deep, fuck Biggie

Fuck Bad Boy as a staff, record label and as a motherfucking crew

And if you want to be down with Bad Boy, then fuck you too

Chino XL, fuck you too
All you motherfuckers, fuck you too (take money, take money)

All of y'all mother fuckers, fuck you, die slow, motherfucker

My .44 make sure all y'all kids **don't** grow
You motherfuckers **can't** be us or see us

We motherfuckin' Thug Life-riders, Westside 'til we die

Out here in California, nigga, we warned ya
We'll bomb on you motherfuckers. We do our job

You think you mob? Nigga, we the motherfuckin' mob

Ain't nothing but killers and the real niggas
All you motherfuckers feel us

Our shit goes triple and 4-quadruple (Take money)

dYou niggas laugh 'cause our staff got
Guns under they motherfuckin' belts

You know how it is, when we drop records they felt
You niggas **can't** feel it, we the realest

Fuck 'em, we Bad Boy-killers

*I'm so sorry
For all this time (I'm so sorry)*

*For all this time
For all this time (**don't** lie)*

*I'm so sorry
For all this time (so, sorry)*

*For all this time
For all this time, so sorry baby!*

Moms had to entertain many men;
Didn't wanna do it but it's time to pay the rent again.

I'm I' a bit older and I'm startin' to be a bother;

Moms was tough cause his papa **wasn't** man enough;

Couldn't stand up to his own responsibilities
Instead of takin' care of me, he'd rather live lavishly

That's why I'll **never** be a father;

Unless you got the time it's a crime; **don't** even bother

(That's when I started hatin' the phony smiles
Said I was an only child)

Look at mama's lonely smile!
It's hard for a son to see his mother cry

She only loves you, but has to fuck with these other guys

Tupac Shakur - Papa'z Song

Heh, so?

You say that like that means somethin' to me
You've been gone a mighty long motherfuckin' time

For you to be comin' home talkin' that "daddy's home" shit (nigga)

We been I' along fine just without you
Me, my brother, and my mother

So if you **don't** mind, you can step the FUCK off, POPS., FUCK YOU!

Had to play catch by myself, what a sorry sight
A pitiful plight, so I pray for a stary night

Please send me a pops before puberty
The things I **wouldn't** do to see a piece of family unity

Moms always work, I **barely** see her
I'm startin' to get worried without a pops I'll grow to be her

It's a wonder they **don't** understand kids today
So when I pray, I pray I'll **never** grow to be that way

And I hope that he answers me
I heard God **don't** like ugly well take a look at my family

A different father every weekend
Before we get to meet him they break up before the week ends

I'm I' sick of all the friendships
As soon as we kick it he done split and the whole shit ends quick

How can I be a man if there's **no** role model?
Strivin' to save my soul I stay cold drinkin' a forty bottle

I'm so sorry

... Chorus ...

Man child in the promised land **couldn't** afford many heres

Moms was the only one there my pops was a no-show

And ohh, I guess ya **didn't** know
That I would grow to be so strong

Lookin' kinda pale, was it the ale or pops was wrong?

Where was the money that you said, you would send me

Talked on the phone and you sounded so friendly
Ask about school and my welfare

But it's clear, you **ain't** sincere hey who the hell cares

You think I'm blind but this time I see you comin', Jack!

You grabbed your coat, left us broke, now **ain't no** runnin' back

Ask about my moms like you loved her from the start

Left her in the dark, she fell apart from a broken heart

So **don't** even start with that "Born to be a father" shit

Don't even bother with your dollars I **don't** need it
I'll bury moms like you left me: all alone, G

Now that I finally found you, stay the fuck away from me

You're so sorry

... Chorus ...

I **never** meant to leave but I was wanted
Crossed too many people every house I'd touch was haunted

Had to watch the strangers every brother was a danger;

If I wanted to to keep you breathin', had to be out of range-a

Had to move on, done lost my name and picked a number

Made me watch my back I had **no** happy home to run to

Maybe it's my fault for being a father livin' fast
But livin' slow, mean half the dough, and you **won't** get **no** ass

Hindsight shows me it was wrong all along
I wanted to make some dough so you would grow to be so strong

It took a **little** longer than I thought
I slipped, got caught, and sent to jail by the courts

Now I'm doin time and I wish you'd understand
All I ever wanted was for you to be a man

And grow to be the titan you was meant to be
Keep the war fightin' by the writings that you sent to me

When you punk ass niggas **don't**
Nigga westside, what! Bring it on

Look for me
Lost in the whirlwind, ninety-six, Bonnie and Clyde
Me and my girlfriend, do one-eighty-five when we
ride
Trapped in this world of sin, born as a ghetto child
Raised in this whirlwind (c'mon)
Our childhood years recall the tears heart laced with
venom
Smokin' sherm, drinkin' malt liquor, father forgive
her
Me and my girlfriend, hustlin', fell in love with the
struggle
Hands on the steering wheel, blush, while she bail
out bustin'
Fuck em all, watch em fall screamin', automatic
gunfire
Exercising all demons
Mafias on the side, my congregation high, ready to
die
We bail out to take the jail back, niggas united
Our first date, **couldn't** wait to see you naked
Touch you in every secret place, I can **hardly** wait
To bust freely, got you red hot, you so happy to see
me
Make the front-page prime-time live on TV
Nigga my girlfriend, baby forty-five but she still live
One shot make a nigga's heartbeat stop
What! I'm bustin' on you punk ass nigga
automatic gunfire
Run nigga run! (gunfire) I'm on yo' ass nigga!
gunfire continues
Run nigga, duck and hide! Nigga I'm bustin' all you
bitches!
Run nigga, yeah! Westside! Uh uh uh! Die nigga
die!

My girlfriend, blacker than the darkest night
When niggaz act bitch-made she got the heart to
fight
Nigga my girlfriend, though we separated at times
I knew deep inside, baby girl would always be mine
Picked you up when you was nine, started out my
life of crime
Wit you, bought you some shells when you turned
twenty-two
It's true, **nothin'** compares to the satisfaction
That I feel when we out mashin', me and my
girlfriend

*All I need in this life of sin, is me and my girlfriend
Down to ride to the bloody end, just me and my
girlfriend*

*All I need in this life of sin, is me and my girlfriend
Down to ride to the bloody end, just me and my
girlfriend*

I was too **immature**
To understand your ways, **inexperienced** back in
the days
Caused so many arguments and strays
Now I realize how to treat ya, the secret to keep ya
Bein' faithful now cause now cheatin's lethal
We closer than the hands of time, deeper than the
drop of mankind
I trust you dearly, I shoot blind
In time I clock figures, dropping niggas as we rise
We all soldiers in God's eyes, now it's time for war
Never leave me baby, I'm paranoid, sleepin' witcha
Loaded by my bedside crazy
Jealous when you hang wit the fellas, I wait
patiently alone
Anticipated for the moment you come home
I'm waitin' by the phone this is true love, I can feel it
I've had a lot of women in my bed, but you the
realest
So if you ever need me call, I'll be there through it
all
You're the reason I can stand tall, me and my
girlfriend

*All I need in this life of sin, is me and my girlfriend
Down to ride to the bloody end, just me and my
girlfriend*

I love finger fuckin' you, all of a sudden I'm hearin'
thunder
When you bust a nut, niggaz be duckin' or takin'
numbers
Love to watch you at a block party, beggin' for
drama
While unleashin' on the old timers, that's on my
mama
I would trade my life for yours, behind closed doors
The only girl that I adore, everything I'm askin' for
Talkin' to me beggin' me to just, take you around
Seventeen like Brandy you just want to Be Down
Talkin' loud when I tell you to be quiet you move the
crowd

Bustin' rounds, activatin' a riot, that's why I love you
so

No control, down to roll, unleash
After a hit you break apart, then back to one piece
Much love to my one and only girlfriend, the world
is ours
Just hold me down, baby witness the power
Never leave a nigga alone, I love you black or
chrome
Turn this house into a happy home, me and my
girlfriend

... Chorus ...

Lost in the whirlwind, ninety-six, Bonnie and Clyde
Me and my girlfriend, doin' eighty-five when we
ride
Trapped in this world of sin, born as a ghetto child
Raised in the whirlwind, look for me
Lost in the whirlwind, ninety-six, Bonnie and Clyde
Me and my girlfriend
Me and my girlfriend!

Tupac Shakur - So Many Tears

I **shall not** fear **no** man but God
Though I walk through the valley of death
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)

Back in elementary, I thrived on misery
Left me alone I grew up amongst a dyin' 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** livin' in the past,
you wanna last
Be tha 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

Ah, I suffered through the years, and shed so many
tears
Lord, I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears

Now that I'm strugglin' in this business, by any
means
Label me greedy gettin' green, but **seldom** seen
And fuck the world cause I'm cursed, I'm havin'
visions
Of leavin' 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 goin' blind
I spend my time in this cell, **ain't** livin' well
I know my destiny is Hell, where did I fail?
My life is in denial, and when I die,
Baptized in eternal fire I'll shed so many tears
Lord, I suffered through the years, and shed so many
tears
Lord, I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears
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 **nothin'** left
There was **no** mercy on the streets, I **couldn't** rest
I'm **barely** standin', 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 tryin' to break free
They planted seeds and they hatched, sparkin' the
flame
Inside my brain like a match, such a dirty game
No memories, just a misery
Paintin' a picture of my enemies killin' me, in my
sleep
Will I survive til the mo'nin, to see the sun
Please Lord forgive me for my sins, cause here I
come

Lord, I suffered through the years (God) and shed so
many tears
God, I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears

Lord knows I, tried, been a witness to homicide
Seen drive-by's takin' lives, little kids die
Wonder why as I walk by
Broken-hearted as I glance at the chalk line, gettin'
high
This **ain't** the life for me, I wanna change
But **ain't no** future right for me, I'm stuck in the
game
I'm trapped inside a maze
See this Tanqueray influenced me to gettin' crazy

Disillusioned lately, I've been really wantin' 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 hearin' noises, think she 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
(Dear God, please let me in)

Lord, I've lost so many years, and shed so many
tears
I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears
Lord, I suffered through the years, and shed so many
tears
God, I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears

Tupac Shakur – How do you want it

*How do you want it?
How do you feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game
I'm livin' in the fast lane, I'm for real
How do you want it?
How do you feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game
I'm livin' in the fast lane, I'm for real*

Love the way you activate your hips and push your
ass out
Got a nigga wantin' it so bad I'm 'bout to pass out
Wanna dig you, and I **can't** even lie about it
Baby just alleviate your clothes, time to fly up out it
Catch you at a club, oh shit you got me fiendin'
Body talkin' shit to me but I **can't** comprehend the
meaning
Now if you wanna roll with me, then here's your
chance
Doin' eighty on the freeway, police catch me if you
can
Forgive me I'm a rider, still I'm just a simple man
All I want is money, fuck the fame I'm a simple man
Mr. International, playa with the passport
Just like Aladdin bitch, get you anything you ask for
It's either him or me, champagne, Hennessy
A favorite of my homies when we floss, on our
enemies
Witness as we creep to a low speed, peep what a hoe
need
Puff some mo' weed, funk, ya **don't** need
Approachin' hoochies with a passion, been a long
day
But I've been driven by attraction in a strong way
Your body is bangin' baby I love it when you flaunt
it
Time to give it to daddy nigga now tell me how you
want it (Tell me how you want it)

... Chorus ...

Tell me is it cool to fuck?
Did you think I come to talk am I a fool or what?
Positions on the floor it's like erotic
Ironic 'cause I'm somewhat psychotic
I'm hittin' switches on bitches like I been fixed with
hydraulics
Up and down like a roller coaster
I'm up inside ya, I **ain't** quittin' 'til the show is over
'Cause I'm a rider in and out just like a robbery
I'll probably be a freak and let you get on top of me
Get her rockin' these
Nights full of Alize, a livin' legend
You **ain't** heard about these niggas play these Cali
days
You're a motherfucker
Instead of tryin' to help a nigga you destroy a
brother
Worse than the others, Bill Clinton, Mr. Bob Dole
You're too old to understand the way the game is
told
You're lame so I gotta hit you with the hot facts
Want some on lease? I'm makin' millions, niggas got
that
They wanna censor me, they'd rather see me in a
cell
Livin' in Hell, only a few of us'll live to tell
Now everybody talkin' 'bout us I could give a fuck
Like we the first one to bomb and cuss
Nigga tell me how you want it

... Chorus ...

Raised as a youth, tell the truth I got the scoop
On how to get a bulletproof, because I jumped from the
roof
Before I was a teenager, mobile phone, SkyPager
Gang rules, I'm livin' major, my adversaries

Is lookin' worried, they paranoid of gettin' buried
One of us gon' see the cemetery
My only hope to survive if I wish to stay alive
Gettin' high, see the demons in my eyes, before I die
I wanna live my life and ball, make a couple million
And then I'm chillin' fade 'em all
These taxes got me crossed up and people tryin' to
sue me
Media is in my business and they actin' like they
know me
But I'mma mash out, and peel out
I'm with it quick that's quick to whip that fuckin'
steel out
Yeah nigga it's some new shit so better get up on it
When ya see me tell a nigga how ya want it

How do you want it?
How do you want it?
How do you feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game
I'm livin' in the fast lane, I'm for real
How do you want it?
How do you feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game
I'm livin' in the fast lane, I'm for real

... Chorus ...

Tupac Shakur - To live and die in L.A

"Street Science, you're on the air
What do you feel when you hear a record like
Tupac's new one?"
"I love Tupac's new record"
"Right, but **don't** you feel like that creates,
Ah, Tension between East and West?
He's talking about killing people,
'I had sex with your wife' and **not** in those words.
But he's talking about, 'I wanna see you deceased'

No doubt, to live and die in LA
California, what you say about Los Angeles
Still the only place for me
That **never** rains in the sun and everybody got love

To live and die in LA, where everyday we try to
fatten our pockets
Us niggas hustle for the cash so it's hard to knock it
Everybody got their own thang, currency chasin'
Worldwide through the hard times, worrying faces
Shed tears as we bury niggas close to heart
Who was a friend is now a ghost in the dark,
Cold hearted bout it Nigga got smoked by a fiend
Trying to floss on him, blind to a broken man's
dream,
A hard lesson, court cases keep me guessin',
Plea bargain, **ain't** an option now, so I'm stressin'
Cost me more to be free than a life in the pen
Making money off of cuss words, writing again
Learn how to think ahead, so I fight with my pen
Late night down Sunset liking the scene
What's the worst they could do to a nigga? Got me
lost in hell
To live and die in LA on bail

To live and die in L.A.
It's the place to be
You've got to be there to know it
What everybody wanna see

To live and die in L.A.
It's the place to be.
You've got to be there to know it
What everybody wanna see

It's the City of Angels and constant danger
South Central L.A. **can't** get **no** stranger
Full of drama like a soap opera, on the curb
Watching the ghetto bird helicopters, I observe
So many niggas getting three strikes, tossed in jail
I swear the pen the right across from hell
I **can't** cry 'cause it's on now,
I'm just a nigga on his own now, living life thug
style
So I **can't** smile, writing to my peoples when they
ask for pictures
Thinking Cali just fun and bitches
Better learn about the dress code, B's and C's
All them other niggas copycats, these is G's
I love Cali like I love women
'Cause every nigga in LA got a little bit of thug in
him
We might fight amongst each other, but I promise
you this
We'll burn this bitch down, get us pissed
to live and die in L.A.
It's the place to be (Let my angel sing)

You've got to be there to know it
What everybody wanna see
To live and die in L.A.
It's the place to be
You've got to be there to know it
What everybody wanna see yeah
'Cause would it be LA without Mexicans?
It's black love brown pride and the sets again
Pete Wilson trying to see us all broke, I'm on some
bullshit
Out for everything they owe, remember K-DAY
Weekends, Crenshaw, MLK
Automatics rang free, niggas lost they way
Gang signs being showed, nigga love your hood
But recognize and it's all good, where the weed at?
Niggas getting sherm out
Snoop Dogg in this motherfucker perved out,
M.O.B. Big Suge in the Low-Low, bounce and turn
Dogg Pound in the Lex, with a ounce to burn
Got them Watts niggas with me, OFTB
They got some hash took the stash left the rest for
me
Neckbone, Tre, Head Ron, Punchy too
Big Rock got knocked, but this one's for you
I hit the studio and drop a jewel, hoping it pay
Getting high watching time fly

to live and die in L.A.
It's the place to be (Let my angel sing)
You've got to be there to know it
What everybody wanna see

To live and die in L.A.
It's the place to be (to live and die in LA)
You've got to be there to know it
What everybody wanna see yeah

This go out for 92.3
And 106
All the radio stations that be bumping my shit
Making my shit sells katruple quatruple platinum
This go out to all the magazines that supported me
(to live in die in LA)
All the real motherfuckers (to live in die in LA)
All the stores, the mom and pop spots
A&R people, all you all motherfuckers (to live in
die in LA)
LA, California Love part motherfucking Two
Without gay ass Dre (to live in die in LA)

Tupac Shakur - Dear Mama

I love you
I love you

You are appreciated

When I was young me and my mama had beef
Seventeen years old kicked out on the streets
Thought 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, breaking 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 daddy's, the same
drama
When things went wrong we'd blame mama
I reminisce on the stress I caused, it was hell
Hugging on my mama from a jail cell
And who'd think in elementary?
Hey! I see the penitentiary, one day
And running from the police, that's right
Mama catch me, put a whooping 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 trying to raise a man
(I know it **ain't** easy)
You always was committed
A poor single mother on welfare, tell me how ya did
it
There's **no** way I can pay you back
But the plan is to show you that I understand
You are appreciated
Dear mama
Don't you know I love you?
Dear mama
Place **no one** above you
(Dear mama) Oh mama, I appreciate you
Although my shadow's gone
I will **never** leave you

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 looking 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 hanging
I needed money of my own so I started slanging
I **ain't** guilty cause, even though I sell rocks
It feels good putting money in your mailbox
I love paying rent when the rent's due
I hope ya 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 coming home after work late
You're in the kitchen trying to fix us a hot plate
Ya just working with the scraps you was given
And mama made miracles every Thanksgiving
But now the road got rough, you're alone
You're trying 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

... Chorus ...

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 ya hold on
It's a struggle everyday, 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

... Chorus ...

Tupac Shakur - California Love

California love!

California...knows how to party
California...knows how to party
In the citaay of L.A.
In the citaay of good ol' Watts
In the citaay, the city of Compton
We keep it rockin! We keep it rockin!

Now let me welcome everybody to the wild, wild
west
A state that's **untouchable** like Elliot Ness
The track hits ya eardrum like a slug to ya chest
Pack a vest for your Jimmy in the city of sex
We in that sunshine state with a bomb ass hemp beat
the state where ya **never** find a dance floor empty
And pimps be on a mission for them greens
lean mean money-makin-machines servin fiends
I been in the game for ten years makin rap tunes
ever since honeys was wearin sassoon
Now it's '95 and they clock me and watch me
Diamonds shinin lookin like I robbed Liberace
It's all good, from Diego to the Bay
Your city is tha bomb if your city makin pay
Throw up a finger if ya feel the same way
Dre puttin it down for
Californ-i-a

... Chorus ...

Out on bail fresh outta jail, California dreamin
Soon as I stepped on the scene, I'm hearin hoochie's
screamin
Fiendin for money and alcohol
the life of a west side playa where cowards die and
its all ball
Only in Cali where we riot **not** rally to live and die
In L.A. we wearin Chucks **not** Ballies (that's right)
Dressed in Locs and khaki suits and ride is what we

do
Flossin but have caution we collide with other crews
Famous cause we program worldwide
Let'em recognize from Long Beach to Rosecrans
Bumpin and grindin like a slow jam, it's west side
So you know the row **won't** bow down to **no** man
Say what you say
But give me that bomb beat from Dre
Let me serenade the streets of L.A.
From Oakland to Sacktown
The Bay Area and back down
Cali is where they put they mack down
Give me love!

... Chorus ...

Uh, yeah, uh, longbeach in tha house, uh yeah
Oaktown, Oakland definately in tha house hahaha
Frisko, Frisko
Hey, you know LA is up in this
Pasadena, where you at
yeah, Inglewood, Inglewood always up to **no** good
Even Hollywood tryin to get a piece baby
Sacramento, sacramento where ya at? yeah

Throw it up y'all, throw it up, Throw it up
Let's show these fools how we do this on that west
side
Cause you and I know it's tha best side

Yeah, That's riight
west coast, west coast
uh, California Love
California Love

Tupac Shakur - If I Die 2Nite

A coward dies a thousand deaths
A soldier dies but once

They say pussy and paper is poetry power and
pistols
Plotting on murdering motherfuckers 'fore they get
you
Picturing pitiful punk niggas copping pleas
Puffin weed as I position myself to clock G's
My enemies scatter in suicidal situations
Never to witness the wicked shit that they was
facing
Pockets is packed with presidents, pursue your
riches
Evading the player hating tricks, while hitting
switches
Bitches is bad-mouth, cause brawling motherfuckers
is bold
But y'all some hoes, the game should be sewed
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 puffin weed wit my peeps
I'm ducking the cop, I hit the weed as I'm clutching
my glock
Niggas is hot when I hit the block, what if I die
tonight

If I die tonight

If I die tonight

If I die tonight

Tonight 's the night I get in some shit

Polishing pistols prepare for battle pass the pump
When I get to popping niggas is dropping then they
done
Calling the coroner come collect the fucking corpse
He got it by killer, preoccupied with being boss
Revenge is the method, whenever stepping 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
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
Conversatin' like they still here, if I die tonight

... Chorus ...

Pussy and paper is poetry power and pistols
Plotting on murdering motherfuckers 'fore they get
you
Pray to the heavens three-fifty-sevens to the sky

And I hope I'm forgiven for Thug Living 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
player
Overdose of a dick, while drinking liquor when I lay
her
Pistol whipping these simps, for being petrified and
lame
Disrespecting the game, praying for punishment and
pain
Going insane, **never** die, 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

... Chorus ...

like a mother-fuckin' Jew throws cash

Tupac Shakur – Picture Me Rollin'

Yeah
Clear enough for ya? Yea right
Why you niggas look mad?
Y'all supposed to be happy I'm free!
Y'all niggas look like y'all wanted me to stay in jail
Ho bustas!

Picture me rolling in my 500 Benz
I got **no** love for these niggas, there's **no** need to be
friends
They got me under surveillance, that's what
somebody be telling
Know there's dope being sold, but I **ain't** the one
selling!
Don't want to be another number
I gotta puff a gang of weed to keep from going
under
The federales wanna see me dead
Niggas put prices on my head
Now I got two Rottweilers by me bed, I feed 'em
lead
Now I'm released, how will I live?
Will God forgive me for all the dirt a nigga did, to
feed kids?
One life to live, it's so hard to be positive
When niggas shooting at your crib
Mama, I'm still thugging, the world is a war zone
My homies is inmates, and most of them dead
wrong
Full grown, finally a man, just scheming on ways
To put some green inside the palms of my empty
hands
Just picture me rollin'
Flossing a Benz on rims that **isn't** stolen
My dreams is censored, my hopes are gone
I'm like a fiend that finally sees when all the dope is
gone
My nerves is wrecked, heart beating and my hands
are swollen
Thinking of the G's I'll be holdin', picture me rollin'

Can you see me now? (Oh picture me rollin')

Move to the side a little bit so you can get a clear

picture

Can you see it?

Picture me rollin' (picture me rollin')

Yeah nigga!

Ay, but peep how my nigga Syke do it to you

Guess who's back?

I got keys coming from overseas
Cost a nigga 200 G's
I'm a street commando, Nino for example
This lavish lifestyle is hard to handle
So I got to floss 'cause I'm more like a boss player
Thug, branded to be a women-layer
So many player haters, imitators steady swanging
Make me wanna start back banging
So I'm caught up in the game, dress code changed
Packing 40 Glocks, contain em or rearrange
All that jealousy and envy coming from my enemies
While I'm sipping on Remy
In front of black Lexus, Chevy's on the roam
'96 Big body, sitting on chrome
As we head up out the zone, stone-facing is on
You can admire, but **don't** look too long
I'm living a dream with triple beams and my pockets
bulgin'
It's hard to imagine picture me rollin'!

Picture, picture me rollin'

Rollin', picture me rollin'

Wheelin', picture me rollin'
Picture me yea yeah

I gots to get the fuck up in it
Formulate a caper
'Cause a nigga straight suffering from lack of having
paper
My bitch fin' to have a bastard, see?
So I needs to hit a lick, drastically
I see some ballin' ass niggas, and they slippin' in my
spot
And, uh, diggin the plots (so what?)
Checking in the park, 'Pac
We caught em sleeping, he **didn't** peep you niggas
creeping?
This how we do it every weekend
I dump for madness, it's time to count the profit
Cpo, we got the bomb spot, nigga time to clock it
I get the liquor, and you could get the females
This crooked shit that we inflicting getting street
sales!

Move smooth as a motherfucker, me and my 9
I'm as cool as a motherfucker, Imma get mine
Now we satisfied, got the pockets on swollen
Boss Hog and this 'Pac nigga, picture us rollin'

Rollin'
Picture me rollin'
Picture me
Picture me rollin'

Is y'all ready for me?
Picture me rollin' roll call
You know there's some muh'fuckers out there
I just **could not** forget about
I wanna make sure they can see me
Number one on my list Clinton Correctional
Facilities
All you bitch ass C.O.'s
Can you niggas see me from there?
Ballin on y'all punk ass!
Picture me rollin, baby
Yeah
All them niggas up in them cell blocks
I told y'all niggas when I come home it's on
That's right nigga, picture me rollin'
Oh, I forgot! The D.A
Yeah, that bitch had a lot to talk about in court
Can the ho see me from here?
Can you see me, ho?
Picture me rollin'
And all you punk police
Can you see me?
Am I clear to you?
Picture me rollin' nigga, legit
Free like O.J. All day
You **can't** stop me
You know I got my niggas up in this motherfucker
Manute, Pain, Syke, Cochran, Mopreme
It's sad dog
Can you picture us rolling?
Can you see me ho?
Is y'all ready for me?
We up out this bitch
Any time y'all wanna see me again
Rewind this track right here, close your eyes
And picture me rollin'

Holler If Ya Hear Me

Aw yeah, uh, uh
Holla if ya hear me, yeah!

Here we go, turn it up, let's start
From block to block we snatchin' hearts and jackin'
marks
And the punk police **can't** fade me, and maybe
We can have peace someday G
But right now I got my mind set up
Lookin' down the barrel of my nine, get up
'Cause it's time to make the paycheck fat
To my brothers on the block better stay strapped,
black
And accept **no** substitutes
I bring truth to the youth tear the roof off the whole
school
Oh no, I **won't** turn the other cheek
In case ya **can't** see us while we burn the other wheel
Now we got him in a smash, blast
How long will it last 'til the po' gettin mo' cash
Until then, raise up!
Tell my young black males, blaze up!
Life's a mess **don't** stress, test
I'm givin' but be thankful that you're livin', blessed
Much love to my brothers in the pen
See ya when they free ya if **not** when they shut me
in

Once again it's an all out scrap
Keep your hands on ya gat, and now ya boys watch
ya back
'Cause in the alleys out in Cali I'mma tell ya
Mess with the best and the vest **couldn't** help ya
Scream, if ya feel me; see it clearly?
You're too near me

Holla if ya hear me!
"Hard! Tellin' you to hear it, the rebel"
"Tellin' you to hear it"
Holla if ya hear me!
"Hard! Tellin' you to hear it, the rebel"
"Tellin' you to hear it"
Holla if ya hear me!
"Hard! Tellin' you to hear it, the rebel"
"Tellin' you to hear it"

Pump ya fists like this
Holla if ya hear me, pump! Pump! if you're pissed
To the sell-outs, livin' it up
One way or another you'll be givin' it up, huh
I guess cause I'm black born
I'm supposed to say peace, sing songs, and get
capped on
But it's time for a new plan, BAM!
I'll be swingin' like a one man, clan
Here we go, turn it up, **don't** stop
To my homies on the block gettin dropped by cops
I'm still around for ya
Keepin' my sound underground for ya
And I'ma throw a change up
Quayle, like you **never** brought my name up
Now my homies in the backstreets, the Blackstreets
They feel me when they rollin' in they fat jeeps
This **ain't** just a rap song, a black song
Tellin' all my brothers, get they strap on
And look for me in the struggle
Hustlin' 'til other brothers bubble

... Chorus ...

Will I quit, will I quit?
They claim that I'm violent, but still I keep
Representin', **never** give up, on a good thing
Wouldn't stop it if we could it's a hood thing
And now I'm like a major threat
'Cause I remind you of the things you were made to
forget
Bring the noise, to all my boyz
Know the real from the bustas and the decoys
And if ya hustle like a real G
Pump ya fists if ya feel me, holla if ya hear me
Learn to survive in the nine-tre'
I make rhyme pay, others make crime pay
Whatever it takes to live and stand
'Cause **nobody** else'll give a damn
So we live like caged beasts
Waitin' for the day to let the rage free
Still me, till they kill me
I love it when they fear me

... Chorus ...

You're too near me, to see it clearly
Holla if ya hear me!
"Hard! Tellin' you to hear it, the rebel"
"Tellin' you to hear it"
"Hard! Tellin' you to hear it, the rebel"
"Tellin' you to hear it"

... Chorus ...

Tupac Shakur – Ambitionz as a Ridah

I **won't** deny it, I'm a straight ridah
You **don't** wanna fuck with me
Got the police bustin' at me
But they **can't** do **nothing** to a G
Let's get ready to rumble

Now you know how we do it like a G
What really go on in the mind of a nigga
That get down for theirs
Constantly, money over bitches
Not bitches over money
Stay on your grind, nigga
My ambitions as a ridah
My ambitions as a ridah

So many battlefield scars while driven in plush cars
This life as a rap star is **nothing** without heart
Was born rough and rugged, addressing the mass
public
My attitude was "fuck it", cause motherfuckers love

it
To be a soldier, must maintain composure at ease
Though life is complicated, only what you make it
to be
Uh, and my ambitions as a ridah to catch her
While she hot and horny, go up inside her
Then I spit some game in her ear, "go to the telly,
ho"
Equipped with money in a Benz, cause bitch I'm
barely broke
I'm smoking bomb ass weed, feeling crucial
From player to player, the game's tight, the feeling's
mutual
From hustling and prayers, to breaking
motherfuckers to pay up
I got **no** time for these bitches, cause these hoes try
to play us
I'm on a meal ticket mission, want a mill, so I'm
wishing
Competition got me ripped, on that bullshit they
stressing (booyah!)
I'mma rhyme though, clown hoes like it's mandatory
No guts **no** glory, my nigga, bitch got the game
distorted
Now it's on and it's on because I said so
Can't trust a bitch in the business so I got with
Death Row
Now these money hungry bitches getting suspicious
Started plotting and planning on schemes, to come
and trick us
But thug niggas be on point and game tight
Me, Syke and Bogart, strapped up the same night
Got problems then handle it, motherfuckers see me
These niggas is jealous cause deep in they heart they
wanna be me
Uh, yeah, and now ya got me right beside ya
Hoping you listen I catch you paying attention
To my ambitions as a ridah
It was my only wish to rise
Above these jealous coward motherfuckers I despise
When it's time to ride, I was the first off this side,
give me the nine
I'm ready to die right here tonight, and motherfuck
they life (yeah nigga!)
That's what they screaming as they drill me, but I'm
hard to kill
So open fire, I see you kill me, witness my steel
Spitting at adversaries, envious and after me
I'd rather die before they capture me, watch me
bleed
Mama come rescue me I'm suicidal, thinking
thoughts
I'm innocent, so there'll be bullets flying when I'm
caught
(Shoot!) Fuck doing jail time, better day, sacrificing
Won't get a chance to do me like they did my nigga
Tyson
Thugging for life, and if you right, then nigga die
for it
Let them other brothers try, at least you tried for it
When it's time to die, to be a man, you pick the way
you leave
Fuck peace and the police, my ambitions as a ridah

... Chorus ...

My murderous lyrics equipped with spirits of the
thugs before me
Pay off the block, evade the cops cause I know they
coming for me
I been hesitant to reappear, been away for years
Now I'm back my adversaries been reduced to tears
Question my methods to switch up speeds, sure as
some bitches bleed
Niggas'll feel the fire of my mother's corrupted seed
Blast me but they **didn't** finish
Didn't diminish my powers
So now I'm back to be a motherfucking menace,
they cowards
That's why they tried to set me up
Had bitch ass niggas on my team, so indeed, they
wet me up
But I'm back reincarnated, incarcerated
At the time I contemplate the way that God made it
Lace em with lyrics that's legendary, musical
mercenary
For money, I'll have these motherfuckers buried (I
been)
Getting much mail in jail, niggas telling me to kill it
Knowing when I get out, they gon' feel it
Witness the realest, a hoo-ridah when I put the shit
inside
The cry from all your people when they find her
Just remind ya, my history'll prove authentic
Revenge on them niggas that played me
And all the cowards that was down with it
Now it's yo nigga right beside ya
Hoping you listening, catch you paying attention
To my ambitions as a ridah

Tupac Shakur - Brenda's Got a Baby

Brenda's (Brenda's)
Got a (got a)
Baby
Say that one more time Brenda
Brenda's
Got a (baby)
Baby

I hear Brenda's got a baby
But, Brenda's **barely** got a brain
A damn shame, the girl can **hardly** spell her name
(That's **not** our problem, that's up to Brenda's
family)
Well let me show ya how it affects the whole
community
Now Brenda really **never** knew her moms and her
dad was a
Junky, went in death to his arms, it's sad 'cause I bet
Brenda **doesn't** even know
Just 'cause your in the ghetto **doesn't** mean you
can't grow (you can't grow)
But oh, that's a thought, my own revelation
Do whatever it takes to resist the temptation
Brenda got herself a boyfriend
Her boyfriend was her cousin, now let's watch the
joy end
She tried to hide her pregnancy, from her family
Who **didn't** really care to see, or give a damn if she
Went out and had a church of kids
As long as when the check came they got first dibs
Now Brenda's belly is gettin' bigger
But **no one** seems to notice any change in her figure
She's 12 years old and she's having a baby
In love with the molester, who's sexing her crazy
And yet she thinks that he'll be with her forever
And dreams of a world with the two of them are
together,
Whatever, he left her and she had the baby solo
She had it on the bathroom floor and **didn't** know so
She **didn't** know, what to throw away and what to
keep
She wrapped the baby up and threw him in the trash
heap
I guess she thought she'd get away, **wouldn't** hear
the cries
She **didn't** realize
How much the little baby had her eyes
Now the baby's in the trash heap balling
Momma **can't** help her, but it hurts to hear her
calling
Brenda wants to run away
Momma say, you makin' me lose pay
The social workers here everyday
Now Brenda's gotta make her own way
Can't go to her family, they **won't** let her stay
No money, **no** babysitter, she **couldn't** keep a job
She tried to sell crack, but end up getting robbed
So now what's next, there **ain't** **nothing** left to sell
So she sees sex as a way of leaving hell
It's paying the rent, so she really **can't** complain
Prostitute, found slain, and Brenda's her name, she's
got a baby

Tupac Shakur - Changes

Come on come on
I see **no** changes wake up in the morning and I ask
myself
Is life worth living should I blast myself?
I'm tired of bein' poor and even worse I'm black
My stomach hurts so I'm lookin' for a purse to
snatch
Cops give a damn about a negro
Pull the trigger kill a nigga he's a hero
Give the crack to the kids who the hell cares
One less hungry mouth on the welfare
First ship 'em dope and let 'em deal the brothers
Give 'em guns step back watch 'em kill each other
It's time to fight back that's what Huey said
Two shots in the dark now Huey's dead
I got love for my brother but we can **never** go
nowhere
Unless we share with each other
We gotta start makin' changes
Learn to see me as a brother instead of two distant
strangers
And that's how it's supposed to be
How can the Devil take a brother if he's close to
me?
I'd love to go back to when we played as kids
But things changed, and that's the way it is

That's just the way it is
Things will **never** be the same
That's just the way it is
Aww yeah
That's just the way it is
Things will never be the same
That's just the way it is
Aww yeah

I see **no** changes all I see is racist faces
Misplaced hate makes disgrace to races
We under I wonder what it takes to make this
One better place, let's erase the wasted
Take the evil out the people they'll be acting right
'Cause both black and white is smokin' crack tonight
And only time we chill is when we kill each other
It takes skill to be real, time to heal each other
And although it seems heaven sent
We **ain't** ready, to see a black President, uhh
It **ain't** a secret **don't** conceal the fact
The penitentiary's packed, and it's filled with blacks
But some things will **never** change
Try to show another way but you stayin' in the dope game
Now tell me what's a mother to do
Bein' real **don't** appeal to the brother in you
You gotta operate the easy way
"I made a G today" But you made it in a sleazy way
Sellin' crack to the kid. "I gotta get paid,"
Well hey, well that's the way it is

... Chorus ...

We gotta make a change
It's time for us as a people to start makin' some changes.
Let's change the way we eat, let's change the way we live
And let's change the way we treat each other.
You see the old way **wasn't** working so it's on us to do
What we gotta do, to survive.
And still I see **no** changes, **can't** a brother get a little peace
It's war on the streets and the war in the Middle East
Instead of war on poverty they got a war on drugs
So the police can bother me
And I **ain't never** did a crime, I **ain't** have to do
But now I'm back with the blacks givin' it back to you
Don't let 'em jack you up, back you up,
Crack you up and pimp smack you up
You gotta learn to hold ya own
They get jealous when they see ya with ya mobile phone
But tell the cops they **can't** touch this
I **don't** trust this when they try to rush I bust this
That's the sound of my tool you say it **ain't** cool
My mama **didn't** raise **no** fool
And as long as I stay black I gotta stay strapped
And I **never** get to lay back
'Cause I always got to worry 'bout the pay backs
Some buck that I roughed up way back
Comin' back after all these years
Rat-a-tat-tat-tat-tat that's the way it is uhh

... Chorus ...

Some things will **never** change

Tupac Shakur – Life Goes On

*How many brothers fell victim to the streets?
Rest in peace, young nigga, there's a heaven for a G
Be a lie if I told you that I never thought of death
My niggas, we the last ones left, but life goes on
How many brothers fell victim to the streets?
Rest in peace, young nigga, there's a heaven for a G
Be a lie if I told you that I never thought of death
My niggas, we the last ones left, but life goes on*

As I bail through the empty halls, breath stinkin' in my jaws
Ring, ring, ring, quiet, y'all, incomin' call
Plus this my homie from high school, he gettin' by
It's time to bury another brother, **nobody** cry
Life as a baller: alcohol and booty calls
We used to do 'em as adolescents, do you recall?
Raised as G's, loc'd out, and blazed the weed
Get on the roof, let's get smoked out, and blaze with me
Two in the morning and we still high, assed out
Screamin', "Thug 'til I die!" before I passed out
But now that you're gone, I'm in the zone
Thinkin' I **don't** wanna die all alone, but now you gone
And all I got left are stinkin' memories

I love them niggas to death, I'm drinkin' Hennessy
While tryin' to make it last
I drank a fifth for that ass when you passed, 'cause
life goes on

... Chorus ...

Yeah nigga, I got the word it's hell
You blew trial and the judge gave you 25 with an L
Time to prepare to do fed time, **won't** see parole
Imagine life as a convict that's gettin' old
Plus with the drama, we're lookin' out for your
baby's mama
Takin' risks, while keepin' cheap tricks from gettin'
on her
Life in the hood is all good for **nobody**
Remember gamin' on dumb hotties at yo' party
Me and you, **no** truer two, while schemin' on hits
And gettin' tricks that maybe we can slide into
But now you buried, rest, nigga, 'cause I **ain't**
worried
Eyes blurry, sayin' goodbye at the cemetery
Though memories fade
I got your name tatted on my arm
So we both ball 'til my dyin' days
Before I say goodbye
Kato and Mental, rest in peace! Thug 'til I die!

... Chorus ...

Bury me smilin' with G's in my pocket
Have a party at my funeral, let every rapper rock it
Let the hoes that I used to know
From way befo' kiss me from my head to my toe
Give me a paper and a pen, so I can write about my
life of sin
A couple bottles of gin, in case I **don't** get in
Tell all my people I'm a ridah
Nobody cries when we die, we Outlawz, let me ride
Until I get free
I live my life in the fast lane, got police chasin' me
To my niggas from old blocks, from old crews
Niggas that guided me through back in the old
school
Pour out some liquor, have a toast for the homies
See, we both gotta die, but you chose to go before
me
And brothers miss you while you gone
You left your nigga on his own, how long we
mourn? Life goes on
How many brothers fell victim to the streets?
Rest in peace, young nigga, there's a heaven for a G
Be a lie if I told you that I **never** thought of death

... Chorus ...

Tupac Shakur – Hertz of Men

Ay Suge
What I tell you, nigga
When I come out of jail, what was I gonna do
I was gonna start diggin' into these niggas' chest,
right
Watch this
Ay Quik, let me get them binoculars, nigga, the
binoculars
Yeah nigga, time to ride
Grab your bulletproof vest nigga 'cause it's gonna be
a long one
Now me and Quik finna show you niggas what it's
like on this side
The real side
Now, on this ride there's gonna be some real
motherfuckers
And there's gonna be some pussies
Now the real niggas gonna be the ones with money
and bitches
The pussies are gonna be the niggas on the floor
bleedin'
Now everybody keep your eyes on the prize 'cause
the ride get tricky
See, you got some niggas on your side that say
they're your friends
But in real life they your enemies
And then you got some motherfuckers that say they
your enemies
But in real life they eyes is on your money
See, the enemies will say they true
But in real life those niggas will be the snitches
It's a dirty game, y'all
Y'all gotta be careful about who you fuck with and
who you **don't** fuck with
'Cause the shit get wild, y'all
Keep your mind on your riches, baby
Keep your mind on your riches

9-1-1 it's an emergency cowards tried to murder me
From hood to the 'burbs, everyone of you niggas

heard of me
Shit, I'm legendary niggas scary and paralyzed
Nothing more I despise than a liar
Cowards die
My mama told me when I was a seed
Just a vicious motherfucker while these devils left
me free
I proceed to make them shiver, when I deliver
Criminal lyrics from a world wide mob figure
Thug niggas from everywhere Mr. Makaveli
Niggas is waiting for some thug shit, that's what
they tell me
So many rumors but I'm **infinite immortal** Outlaw
Switching up on you ordinary bitches like a
southpaw you get left
And every breath I breathe until the moment I'm
deceased
Will be another moment ballin' as a 'G'
I rip the crowd, then I start again
Eternally I live in sin until the moment that they let
me breathe again

The hearts of men
The hearts of men

My lyrical verse was so much pain, to some niggas
it hurts
My guns bust and, if you **ain't** one of us, it gets
worse
Bitch niggas get their eyes swell
In fly mode, I'm a homicidal outlaw
And 5-0, get your lights on, the fight's on
Tonight's gonna be a fucking fight, so we might roll
My own homies say I'm **heartless**
But I'm a G to this, until the day I'm gone, that's
regardless
Ride by, niggas bow down
Thought I'd rot in jail, paid bail, well, nigga's out
now
Throw up your hands if you thugged out
First nigga act up
First nigga getting drugged out
I can be a villain if ya let me
A motherfucker if you do upset me
Tell the cops to come and get me
Rip the crowd like a phone number
Then start again, **don't** have **no** motherfuckin'
friends, nigga

Look inside the hearts of men
In the hearts of men
In the hearts of men

To all my niggas engaged in making money in the
fifty states
Keep your mind on your chips and fuck a punk bitch
No longer living in fear, my pistol close in hand
Convinced this is my year, like I'm the chosen man
Give me my money and label me as a don
If niggas is having problems, smoke 'em, fire and
bomb
I died and came back
I hustle with these lyrics as if it's a game of crack
Thugging is in my spirit
I'm lost and **not** knowing what to do
Scar'd up, but still flowing
Energized and still going
Uh, can it be fate
That makes a sick motherfucker break
On these jealous ass coward 'cause they evil and
fake
What will it take?
Give me that bass line, I'm feeling bomb
Death Row, baby, **don't** be alarmed
The homie Quik gave a nigga a beat and let me start
again
Represent, 'cause I've been sent
The hearts of men

Tupac Shakur – Smile

There's gon' be some stuff you gon' see.
that's gon' make it hard to smile in the future.
But through whatever you see,
through all the rain and the pain,
you gotta keep your sense of humor.

You gotta be able to smile through all this bullshit.
Remember that.
Mmm, yeah.
Keep ya head up.Yeah.

Our lifestyles be close captioned

addicted to fatal attractions

Pictures of actions be played back
in the midst of mashin'
No fairy tales for this young black male
Some see me stranded in this land of hell, jail, and
crack sales

Hustlin' and heart be a nigga culture
or the repercussions while bustin' on backstabbin'
vultures
Sellin' my soul for material wishes, fast cars and
bitches
Wishin' I live my life a legend, **immortalized** in
pictures
Why shed tears? Save your sympathy
My childhood years were spent buryin' my peers in
the cemetery
Here's a message to the newborns, waitin' to breathe
If you believe then you can achieve
Just look at me
Against all odds, though life is hard we carry on
Livin' in the projects, broke with **no** lights on
To all the seeds that follow me
protect your essence
Born with less, but you still precious
Just smile for me now

Smiiiiile for me, **won't** you smile (smile for me
now)
Just smiiiiile (smile), smile for me
(What cha lookin' all sad for, nigga you black, smile
for me now)
Smiiiiile for me (nigga you **ain't** got **nothin'** to be
worried about)
Won't you smile (**no** doubt, smile for me now) just
smiiiiile
(And the next generation)

Now as I open up my story
with the blaze a your blunts
And you can picture thoughts slowly
up on phrases I wrote
And I can walk you through the days that I done
I often wish that I could save everyone
but I'm a dreamer
Have you ever seen a nigga who was strong in the
game
overlookin' his tomorrows and they finally came?
Look back on childhood memories and I'm still
feelin' the pain
Turnin' circles in my life came to dealin' cocaine
To many hassles in my local life, survivin' the strain
And a man without a focus, life could drive him
insane
Stuck inside a ghetto fantasy hopin' it'd change
But when I focus on reality we broke and in chains
Had a dream of livin' wealthy and makin' it big
And after all my momma's thankin' God for blessin'
the child
All my momma gots to do now is collect it and
smile
Smile

Fuck the world as we elope and witness furious
speeds
of nasty questions keep us all stressin', curious G's
Backstabbed and bleedin', fuckin' thoughts laced
with weed
Learnin', duckin' stray shots, bullets be hot, they
burnin'
Inhalin' sherm smoke, visualized the flames
Will I be smothered by my own pain?
Strange whispers, cowards conversate, so quick to
dis us
Takin' pictures for the feds, and desperate hopes
they'd get us
Hit us off, give us plenty centuries, forgive my sins
Since I **ain't** in many penitentiaries the best revenge
is fuck friends
We military minded soldiers, bustin' shots blindly
Tryin' to find Jehovah to help me
Somebody save me
Lost and crazy, scared to drop a seed hopin' I **ain't**
cursed my babies
Maybe now niggas feel me now, picture my pain
embrace my words make the world change
And still I smile nigga

And now a moment of silence, let us pray
And as you journey into outerspace
may the angels help to lead the way
may the prayers that our families made
shine up on your soul to keep you safe
And all the homies that done passed away
They there to greet you as you pass the gates
And as you headed to the tunnel's light
I hope it leads to eternal life
We say the prayers for our homie 'Pac
Smile

Tupac Shakur – I ain't Mad at Cha

Change, shit
I guess change is good for any of us
Whatever it take for any of y'all niggas to get up out
the hood
Shit, I'm wit cha, I **ain't** mad at cha
Got nuttin but love for ya, doe your thing boy

Yeah, all the homies that I **ain't** talk to in a while
I'ma send this one out for y'all, kna' mean?
'Cause I ain't mad at cha
Heard y'all tearin' up shit out there, kickin' up dust
Givin' a motherfucker,
Yeah, niggas, mad at cha
'Cause I ain't mad at cha

Now we was once two niggas of the same kind
Quick to holla at a hoochie with the same line
You was just a little smaller but you still rolled
Got stretched to Y.A. and hit the hood swoll
Member when you had a jheri curl **didn't** quite learn
On the block, witcha glock, trippin' off sherm
Collect calls to the till, sayin' how ya changed
Oh you a Muslim now, **no** more dope game
Heard you might be comin' home, just got bail
Wanna go to the Mosque, **don't** wanna chase tail
I seems I lost my little homie he's a changed man
Hit the pen and now **no** sinnin' is the game plan
When I talk about money all you see is the struggle
When I tell you I'm livin' large you tell me it's
trouble
Congratulation on the weddin', I hope your wife
know
She got a playa for life, and that's **no** bullshitin'
I know we grew apart, you probably **don't**
remember
I used to fiend for your sister, but **never** went up in
her
And I can see us after school, we'd bomb!
On the first motherfucker with the wrong shit on
Now the whole shit's changed, and we **don't** even
kick it
Got a big money scheme, and you **ain't** even with it
Himm, knew in my heart you was the same
motherfucker bad
Go toe to toe when it's time for roll you got a
brother's back
And I **can't** even trip, 'cause I'm just laughin' at cha
You tryin' hard to maintain, then go head

'Cause I **ain't** mad at cha
(Hmm) (I ain't mad at cha)

I ain't, mad, at cha (I ain't mad at cha)
I ain't, mad, at cha

We used to be like distant cousins, fightin', playin'
dozens
Whole neighborhood buzzin', knowin', that we
wasn't
Used to catch us on the roof or behind the stairs
I'm gettin' blitzed and I reminisce on all the times
we shared
Besides bumpin' n grindin' **wasn't nothin'** on our
mind
In time we learned to live a life of crime
Rewind us back, to a time was much too young to
know
I caught a felony lovin' the way the guns blow
And even though we separated, you said that you'd
wait
Don't give **nobody no** coochie while I be locked up
state
I kiss my Mama goodbye, and wipe the tears from
her lonely eyes
Said I'll return but I gotta fight the fate's arrived
Don't shed a tear, 'cause Mama I **ain't** happy here
I'm through trial, **no** more smiles, for a couple years
They got me goin' mad, I'm knockin' busters on they
backs
In my cell, thinkin, "Hell, I know one day I'll be
back"
As soon as I touch down
I told my girl I'll be there, so prepare, to get fucked
down
The homies wanna kick it, but I'm just laughin' at
cha
'Cause youse a down ass bitch, and I **ain't** mad at
cha

I ain't, mad, at cha (I ain't mad at cha)
I ain't, mad, at cha (A true down ass bitch, afund I
ain't mad at cha)

Well guess who's movin up, this nigga's ballin' now
Bitches be callin' to get it, hookers keep fallin' down
He went from **nothin'** to lots, ten carrots to rock
Went from a **nobody** nigga to the big, man on the
block

He's Mister local celebrity, addicted to move a key
Most hated by enemy, escape in the luxury
See, first you was our nigga but you made it, so the
choice is made
Now we gotta slay you why you faded, in the
younger days
So full of pain while the weapons blaze
Gettin' so high off that bomb hopin' we make it, to
the better days
'Cause crime pays, and in time,
You'll find a rhyme'll blaze you'll feel the fire from
the niggas in my younger days
So many changed on me, so many tried to plot
That I keep a glock beside my head, when will it
stop?
Til God return me to my essence
'Cause even as a adolescents, I refuse to be a
convalescent
So many questions, and they ask me if I'm still
down
I moved up out of the ghetto, so I **ain't** real now?
They got so much to say, but I'm just laughin' at cha
You niggas just **don't** know, but I **ain't** mad at cha

... Chorus ...

Jay-Z – 99 problems

If you're having girl problems I feel bad for you son
I got ninety nine problems but a bitch **ain't** one
I got the rap patrol on the gat patrol
Foes that want ta make sure my casket's closed
Rap critics that say he's "Money Cash Hoes"
I'm from the hood, stupid? what type of facts are
those?
If you grew up with holes in your zapatos
You'd celebrate the minute you was having dough
I'm like "Fuck critics" you can kiss my whole
asshole
If you **don't** like my lyrics, you can press fast
forward?
Got beef with radio if I **don't** play they show
They **don't** play my hits, well, I **don't** give a shit, so
Rap mags try and use my black ass
So advertisers can give 'em more cash for ads,
fuckers
I **don't** know what you take me as
Or understand the intelligence that Jay-Z has
I'm from rags to riches, niggas I **ain't** dumb

I got ninety nine problems but a bitch **ain't** one, hit
me
Ninety nine problems but a bitch **ain't** one
If you having girl problems I feel bad for you son
I got ninety nine problems but a bitch ain't one, hit
me

Year's '94 and my trunk is raw
In my rear view mirror is the motherfucking law
I got two choices y'all, pull over the car or, hmm,
Bounce on the devil, put the pedal to the floor
Now I **ain't** trying to see **no** highway chase with
Jake
Plus I got a few dollars I could fight the case
So I, pull over to the side of the road
I heard "Son, do you know why I'm stopping you
for?"
Cause I'm young and I'm black and my hat's real
low
Or do I look like a mind reader, sir? I **don't** know
Am I under arrest or should I guess some mo?
"Well you was doing fifty-five in the fifty-four", uh
huh
"License and registration and step out of the car
"Are you carrying a weapon on you, I know a lot of
you are"
I **ain't** stepping out of shit, all my papers legit
"Well do you mind if I look around the car a little
bit?"
Well my glove compartment is locked, so is the
trunk and the back
And I know my rights so you goin' need a warrant
for that
Aren't you sharp as a tack? You some type of
lawyer or something?
"Somebody important or something?"
Child, I **ain't** passed the bar, but I know a little bit
Enough that you **won't** illegally search my shit
"Well we'll see how smart you are when the K-9
come"
I got ninety nine problems but a bitch ain't one, hit
me

... Chorus ...

Now once upon a time not too long ago
A nigga like myself had to strong arm a ho
This **is not** a ho in the sense of having a pussy

But a pussy having **no** goddamn sense try and push me
I tried to ignore 'em, talk to the Lord
Pray for 'em, cause some fools just love to perform
You know the type, loud as a motorbike
But **wouldn't** bust a grape in a fruit fight
The only thing that's goin' happen is I'ma get to clapping and
He and his boys goin' be yapping to the captain
And there I go trapped in the Kit Kat again
Back through the system with the riff raff again
Fiends on the floor scratching again
Paparazzi's with they cameras, snapping them
D.A. tried to give a nigga shaft again
Half a mil for bail cause I'm African
All because this fool was harassing them
Trying to play the boy like he's saccharine
But **ain't** nothing sweet 'bout how I hold my gun

... Chorus ...

Jay-Z – Money, Cash, Hoes

Turn the lights all the way
Turn the lights all the way down
What, yeah
Come on
Big flow
Come on yeah come on
Yo Yo J-A-Y, I flow sick
Fuck all y'all haters blow dick
I spits the game for those that throw bricks
Money cash hoes money cash chicks what
Sex murder and mayhem romance for the street
Only wife of mines is a life of crime
And since, life's a bitch in mini-skirts and big chests
How **can** I **not** flirt with death
That's life's a nigga, long as life prevent us
We gonna send a lot and pray to Christ forgive us
Fuck it
Ice the wrists and raise the price on these niggaz
Y'all **can't** floss on my level
I'll invite you all to get wit us if ya ball is glitter
When I go all the Harlem playaz wall my picture
If you get close enough you can read the scripture
It reads money cash hoes how real was that nigga what

Money cash hoes money cash hoes (what!)
Money cash hoes money cash hoes
Money cash hoes money cash hoes (come on!)
Money cash hoes (what!) hoes (what!) hoes (what!)
Money cash hoes money cash hoes (what!)
Money cash hoes money cash hoes
Money cash hoes money cash hoes (come on!)
Money cash hoes (what!) hoes (what!) hoes (what!)

Flavors robust platinum and gold touch
Y'all rap now, fast money lets slow it up
Niggaz try to stop Jay-Z to no luck
Roc-A-Fella forever CEO what what
Us the villains, fuck your feelings
While y'all player hate we in the upper millions
Whats the dealings (huh) its like New York's been soft
Ever since Snoop came through and crushed the buildings
I'm tryin to restore the feelings fuck the law keep dealing

More money more cash more chilling
I know they gone criticize the hook on this song
Like I give a fuck I'm just a crook on this song
Bed-Stuy Brooklyn took on the world
Shit I led a life you can write a book on
Sex murder and mayhem romance for the street
Man and I tell ya it'll be the best seller

...Chorus...

D-M-X and my dogs bite
Jigga my nigga rhyme all night
Thugs for life one night with this rap shit
Let em go and I bet they know what'll happen
When we clap shit
Acting like we owe em something
Then we show em something
Talk greasy I think they found em down the road or something
Fucking wit a madman in a bad mood
Its like fucking wit a mad dog that **wasn't** fed food
And the only thing that's stopping him is you
Cause the only thing that he'll be dropping is you
Topic include, chopping in two
Drop it to Clue and the response from the street
This was one dog that loves raw meat
But getting back to just cause I, love my niggas
I shed blood, for my niggas

Let a nigga holler where my niggas
All I'ma hear is right here my nigga

...Chorus...

Roc-A-Fella shi
Ruff Ryders
My nigga Swizz
Don't stop biatch
yeah
Inspect the game yo

Ain't No Nigga

I keep it fresher than the next bitch
No need for you to ever sweat the next bitch
With speed, I make the best bitch see the exit
Indeed, you gotta know you're thoroughly respected by me
You get the keys to the Lexus, with **no** driver
You got your own '96 suh-in the ride
And keep your ass tighter than Versace that's why
You gotta watch your friends you got to watch me
They conniving shit
The first chance to crack the bank
They try me, all they get is 50 cent franks
And papayas, from the village to the tele
Time to kill it on your belly **no** question
I got more black chicks between my sheets than Essence
They say sex is a weapon, so when I shoot
Meet your death in less than 8 seconds
Still poundin' in my after life
Laughin' my shit is tight
You who askin' right

Ain't no nigga like the one I got
No one can fuck you betta'
Sleeps around but he gives me a lot
Keeps you in diamonds and leathers
Friends'll tell me I should leave you alone
Hah hah, hah hah, hah hah, hah ha
Tell the freaks to find a man of their own
(Man of their own, man of their own)

Fresh to def in Moschino, coach bag
Lookin' half black and Filipino fakin' **no** jacks
Got you a beeper to feel important
Surrounding your feet in Joanie Degas and Charles Jordan
I keep ya dove but love
You know these hoes be makin' me weak
Y'all knows how it goes B and so I creep
I've been sinnin' since you been playin' wit Barbie and Ken and
You **can't** change a players game in the 9th inning
The chrome rim spinning keeps 'em grinnin'
So I run way the fuck up in 'em
And wrinkle the face like linnin'
I play hardah till they say God
He's keepin' it real jigga stay hard
Lord **don't** even trip
I **never** slip, nigga what you **don't** see is what'cha get
Weapons concealed what the fuck y'all feel
When you nigga play sick we can all get ill
Whats the deal?

... Chorus ...

Yo, **ain't no** stoppin' this, **no** lie
Promise to stay monogamous, I try
But love you know these hoes be makin' me weak
Y'all knows how it goes B, so I stay deep
What up boo, just keep me laced in the illa snakes
Bank rolls and shit, back rubs in the French tubs
Mackin' this bitch, wifey nigga
So when you flip that coke
Remember them days you was dead broke
But now your style and I raised you
Basically made you into a don
Flippin' weight, heroin and shit
You know my pussy is all that
That's why I get begets 5 carats and all that
From Dolce Gabana to H Vendell I'm ringin' bells
So who the player? I still keep you in the illest gators
Tailor made so we can lay up in the shade
reminiscin'
On how I fuck the best a shit
Specially when I'm flippin' Baileys
Don't give a fuck about how you move with them other mami's
I push the Z, eating shrimp scampi with rocks larger than life
Fuck them Reebok broads, you made it known who your wife was

I got you frontin' in Armani sweaters
Before this rap shit
When you was in letters and bullshit berettas
And eek classes with mo in the glasses
Shows in Cali wit all the flavor suede Bally's
Now all your mens' up in your Benz's
High post, I swear you be killin' me
Playin' inside my pubic hairs
I **never** worry bout them other chicks
Cause you proved who was your wiz
When you was spinnin' that bitch
I took a little when you was up north
Your commissary stay pilin'
How you livin' large on the island
All them collects have me vexed
But when you come home
Knew I was comin' off wit half of dem checks
Now we on the rise
Your diamond mami wit the slanted eyes
Holdin' this grip cocked the green and the shit
Fuck's **no**, I see half the dough
Made you into a star, pushin' hundred thousand dollar cars

... Chorus ...

No one can fuck you betta'
Sleeps around but he gives me a lot
Keeps you in diamonds and leathers

Jay-Z – Big Pimpin'

Uh, uh uh uh
It's big pimpin' baby
It's big pimpin', spendin' G's
Feel me uh-huh uh, uh-huh
Ge-ge-geyeah, geyeah
Ge-ge-geyeah, geyeah
You know I thug em, fuck em, love em, leave em
Cause I **don't** fuckin' need em
Take em out the hood, keep em lookin' good
But I **don't** fuckin' feed em
First time they fuss I'm breezin'
Talkin' 'bout, "What's the reasons?"
I'm a pimp in every sense of the word, bitch
Better trust than believe em
In the cut where I keep em
'Til I need a nut, 'til I need to beat the guts
Then it's, beep beep and I'm pickin' em up
Let em play with the dick in the truck
Many chicks want to put Jigga fist in cuffs
Divorce him and split his bucks
Just because you got good head, I'm a break bread
So you can be livin' it up? Shit I
Parts with **nothin'**, y'all be frontin'
Me giving my heart to a woman?
Not for **nothin'**, **never** happen
I'll be forever mackin'
Heart cold as assassins, I got **no** passion
I got **no** patience
And I hate waitin'
Hoe get yo' ass in
And let's ride, check em out now
Ride, yeah
And let's ride check em out now
Ride, yeah
We doin', big pimpin', we spendin' cheese
Check em out now

Big pimpin', on B.L.A.D.'s
We doin' big pimpin' up in N.Y.C.
It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and Bun B
Yo yo yo big pimpin', spendin' cheese
We doin' big pimpin', on B.L.A.D.'s
We doin' big pimpin' up in N.Y.C.

It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and Bun B
Nigga it's the big Southern rap impresario
Comin' straight up out the black barrio
Makes a mill' up off a sorry hoe
Then sit back and peep my scenario
Oops, my bad, that's my scenario
No I **can't** fuck a scary hoe
Now every time, every place, everywhere we go
Hoes start pointin', they say, "There he go!"
Now these motherfuckers know we carry mo' heat
than a little bit
We **don't** pull it out over little shit
And if you catch a lick when I spit, then it **won't** be a little hit
Go read a book you illiterate son of a bitch and stop
up yo' vocab
Don't be surprised if yo' hoe stab out with me
And you see us comin' down on yo' slab
Livin' ghetto fabulous, so mad, you just **can't** take it
But nigga if you hatin' I
Then you wait while I get yo' bitch butt-naked, just
break it

You gotta pay like you weigh wet wit two pairs of clothes on
Now get yo' ass to the back as I'm flyin' to the track
Timbaland let me spit my pro's on
Pump it up in the pro-zone
That's the track that we breakin' these hoers on
Ain't the track that we flows on
But when shit get hot, then the glock start poppin'
like ozone
We keep hoers crunk like Trigger-man
Fo' real it **don't** get **no** bigger man
Don't trip, let's flip, gettin' throwed on the flip
Gettin' blowed with the motherfuckin' Jigga Man,
fool

... Chorus ...

Uh smokin' out, throwin' up, keepin' lean up in my cup
All my car got leather and wood, in my hood we call it buck
Everybody want to ball, holla at broads at the mall
If he up, watch him fall, nigga I **can't** fuck with y'all
If I **wasn't** rappin' baby, I would still be ridin'
Mercedes
Chromin' shinin' sippin' daily, **no** rest until whitey pay me
Uh now what y'all know bout them Texas boys
Comin' down in candied toys, smokin' weed and talkin' noise

... Chorus ...

Jay-Z – Brooklyn's Finest

OKAY, I'M RELOADED!!!
You motherfuckers, think you big time?
Fuckin' with Jay-Z, you gon' die, big time!
Here come the "Pain!"
Jigga... (Jigga), Bigga... (Bigga)
Nigga, how you figure... (how you figure)
Yeah, yeah, yeah, aiyyo
Peep the style and the way the cops sweat us (uh-huh)
The number one question is can the Feds get us (uh-huh)
I got vendettas in dice games against ass betters (uh-huh)
and niggaz who pump wheels and drive Jettas
Take that witcha.
. hit ya, back split ya
Fuck fist fights and lame scuffles
Pillow case to your face, make the shell muffle
Shoot your daughter in the calf muscle
Fuck a tussle, nickel-plated
Sprinkle coke on the floor, make it drug related
Most hate it.
can't fade it
While y'all pump Willie, I run up in stunts silly
Scared, so you sent your little mans to come kill me
But on the contrilli, I packs the mack-milli
Squeezed off on him, left them paramedics breathin soft on him
What's ya name?
. Who shot ya? Mob ties like Sinatra
Peruvians tried to do me in, I **ain't** paid them yet
Tryin to push 700's, they **ain't** made them yet
Rolex and bracelets is frostbit; rings too
Niggaz 'round the way call me Igloo Stix (Who?)
Motherfucker!
Jay-Z and Biggie Smalls, nigga shit ya drawers
(Where you from?) Brooklyn, goin out for all
Marcy - that's right - you **don't** stop
Bed-Stuy, you **won't** stop, nigga!
What, what, what?
Jay-Z, Big' Smalls, nigga shit ya drawers
Brooklyn represent y'all, hit you fold
You crazy, think your little bit of rhymes can play me?
I'm from Marcy, I'm varsity, chump, you're JV
(Jigga) Jay-Z
. and Bigga baby!
My Bed-Stuy flow's malicious, delicious
Fuck three wishes, made my road to riches
from 62's, gem stars, my moms dishes
Gram choppin, police van dockin
D's at my doors knockin
What? Keep rockin
No more, Mister, Nice Guy, I twist your shit
the fuck back with them pistols, blazin
Hot like cajun
Hotter than even holdin work at the Days Inn
with New York plates outside
Get up outta there, fuck your ride
Keep your hands high, shit gets steeper
Here comes the Grim Reaper, Frank Wright
Leave the keys to your In-tegra (That's right)
Chill homie, the bitch in the Shoney's told me
You're holdin more drugs than a pharmacy, you

ain't harmin me
So pardon me, pass the safe, before I blaze the place
and here's six shots just in case
(Brooklyn... Brooklyn... Brooklyn...)
Jay-Z and Biggie Smalls, nigga shit ya drawers
(Where you from?) Brooklyn goin out to all
(Crown Heights...) You **don't** stop
(Brownsville...) You **won't** stop, nigga!
(Brooklyn... Brooklyn... Brooklyn...)
Hah hah! Jay-Z and Biggie Smalls, nigga shit ya drawers
(Where we from?) Brooklyn goin out to all
(Bushwick...) You **don't** stop
(Fort Greene...) You **won't** stop, niggaz!
Yeah, yeah, yeah
For nine six, the only MC with a flu
Yeah I rhyme sick, I be what you're tryin to do
Made a fortune off Peru, extradite, china white heron
Nigga please, like short sleeves I bear arms
Stay out my way from here on (CLEAR?) Gone!
Me and Gutter had two spots
The two for five dollar hits, the blue tops
Gotta go, Coolio mean it's gettin "Too Hot"
If Fay' had twins, she'd probably have two-Pac's
Get it? . Tu-pac's
Time to separate the pros from the cons
The platinum from the bronze
That butter soft shit from that leather on the FonZ
A S1 diamond from a eye class don
A Cham' Dom' sipper from a Rosay nigga, huh?!
Brook-Nam, sippin on
Cristal forever, play the crib when it's mink weather
The M.A.F.I.A. keep canons in they Marc
Buchanans
Usually cuatro cinco, the shell sink slow, tossin ya
Mad slugs through your Nautica, I'm warnin ya
(Hah, what the fuck?)
Jay-Z and Biggie Smalls, nigga shit ya drawers
(Where you from?) Brooklyn goin out to all
(Flatbush...) You **don't** stop
(Redhook...) You **won't** stop, nigga!
(Brooklyn... Brooklyn... Brooklyn...)
Jay-Z and Biggie Smalls, nigga shit ya drawers
(Where you from?) Brook...

Jay-Z – Can I get a fuck you

What? Well fuck you, Bounce wit me, wit me, wit me
wit me
Can you bounce wit me, bounce wit me, wit me wit me
Can you bounce wit me, bounce wit me, ge gi gi gi
gi gi
Can you bounce wit me, bounce wit me, ye ye yeah
Uh-huh uh-huh bounce wit me, bounce wit me
Can ya can ya can ya bounce wit me, bounce wit me
Ya yah yah, ya yah yeah bounce wit me, bounce
wit me
Ge gi, ge gi gi gi geyeah bounce wit me, bounce wit
me
Get it!
Can I hit in the mornin
Without givin you half of my dough
And even worse if I was broke would you want me?
If I **couldn't** get you finer things
Like all of them diamond rings bitches kill for
Would you still roll?
If we **couldn't** see the sun risin off the shore of
thailand
Would you ride then, if I **wasn't** drivin?
If I **wasn't** ah, eight figure nigga by the name of
jigga
Would you come around me or would you clown
me?
If I **couldn't** flow futuristic would ya
Put your two lips on my wood and kiss it, could ya
See yourself with a nigga workin harder than nine
five
Contend with six, two jobs to survive, or
Do you need a balla? so you can shop and tear the
mall up?
Brag, tell your friends what I bought ya
If you **couldn't** see yourself with a nigga when his
dough is low
Baby girl, if this is so, yo
Can I get a fuck you
To these bitches from all of my niggaz
Who **don't** love hoers, they get **no** dough
Can I get a woop woop
To these niggaz from all of my bitches
Who **don't** got love for niggaz without dubs?
Can I get a fuck you
To these bitches from all of my niggaz
Who don't love hoers, they get no dough
Can I get a woop woop
To these niggaz from all of my bitches
Who don't got love for niggaz without dubs?
Can I get a fuck you
To these niggaz from all of my bitches
Who don't love hoers, they get no dough
Can I get a woop woop
To these niggaz from all of my bitches
Who don't got love for niggaz without dubs?

Now can you bounce wit me, uhh
Bounce wit me, bounce wit me
Can ya can ya can ya bounce wit me, bounce wit me
Uh uh major coins, amil-lion
Bounce wit me, bounce wit me
Uhh, yo bounce wit me
Can ya can ya can ya bounce wit me, bounce wit me
Yeah, uh-uh uh uh
You **ain't** gotta be rich but fuck that
How we gonna get around your bus pass
Fo' I put this pussy on your mustache
Can you afford me, my niggaz breadwinners, **never**
comy
Ambition makes me, so horny
Not the fussing and the fronting
If you got nuttin, baby boy, you betta
git up, git out and get somethin' shit!
I like a, lot of p'rada, alize and vodka
Late nights, candlelight, then I tear the cock up
Get it up I put it down erytime it pop up, huh
I got to snap em, let it loose, then I knock ya
Feel the juice, then I got ya, when you produce a
rocka
I let you meet momma and introduce you to poppa
My, coochie remains in a Gucci name
Never test my patience nigga, I'm high maintenance
High class, if you **ain't** rollin', bypass
If you **ain't** holdin', I dash yo
Can I get a fuck you
To these bitches from all of my niggaz
Who don't love hoers, they get no dough
Can I get a woop woop
To these niggaz from all of my bitches
Who don't got love for niggaz without dubs?
Can I get a fuck you
To these bitches from all of my niggaz
Who don't love hoers, they get no dough
Can I get a woop woop
To these niggaz from all of my bitches
Who don't got love for niggaz without dubs?
Now can you bounce for me, bounce for me
Uhh
Can ya can ya can ya bounce wit me, bounce wit me
Uhh!
Gi gi gi geyeah geyeah
Can ya bounce wit me, bounce wit me
Uhh!
Gi gi gi gi can ya bounce wit me, bounce wit me
Uhh! yeah
It **ain't** even a question
How my dough flows, I'm good to these bad hoers
Like my bush wet and undry like damp clothes
What y'all niggaz **don't** know, it's eazy, to pimp a
hoe
Bitches betta have my, money fo' sho'
Before they go, runnin they mouth, promotin half
I be dickin' they, back out, go 'head, let it out
I fucks with my gat out, bounce and leave a hundred
Making 'em feel, sluttid even if they **don't** want it
It's been so long
Since I met a chick **ain't** on my tips but then I'm
Dead wrong, when I tell em be gone
So hold on to the feelin of flossin' and platinum
Cause from now on, you can witness ja the I-con
With hoodies and timbs on, cause I thugs my bitches
Veve, studs my bitches, then we rob bitch niggaz
I'm talkin bout straight figures if you here, you wit
us
If not boo, you know what, I still fucked you
Can I get a fuck you
To these bitches from all of my niggaz
Who don't love hoers, they get no dough
Can I get a woop woop
To these niggaz from all of my bitches
Who don't got love for niggaz without dubs?
Can I get a fuck you
To these bitches from all of my niggaz
Who don't love hoers, they get no dough
Can I get a woop woop
To these niggaz from all of my bitches
Who don't got love for niggaz without dubs?
Now can you bounce wit me, bounce wit me
Ge gi, ge gi gi gi bounce wit me, bounce wit me
Wit me wit me wit me bounce wit me, bounce wit
me
Bounce, bitch, bounce wit me wit me wit me wit me
Can ya bounce wit me wit me
Ge gi, uh huh uh huh uh huh uh huh
Uh huh uh huh uh huh uh huh uh huh uh huh uh
Can ya bounce wit me bounce wit me
Geyeah

Jay-Z – Can I Live

Yeah, yeah Roc-A-Fella
We invite you to, something epic y'all know?
Well we hustle out of a sense of, hopelessness
Sort of a desperation

Through that desperation, we 'come addicted
Sorta like the fiends we accustomed to serving
But we feel we have **nothing** to lose
So we offer you, well, we offer our lives, right
What do you bring to the table?

While I'm watching every nigga watching me
closely
My shit is butter for the bread they wanna toast me
I keep my head, both of them where they supposed
to be
Hoes'll get you sidetracked then clap from closed
feet
I don't sleep, I'm tired, I feel wired like codeine,
these days
A brother gotta admire from four fiends away
My pain wish it was quick to see, from selling 'caine
Til brains was fried to a fricassee, **can't** lie
At the time it **never** bothered me, at the bar
Getting my thug on properly, my squad and me
Lack of respect for authority, laughing hard
Happy to be escaping poverty, however brief
I know this game got valleys and peaks, expectation
For dips, four percent pertation we stack chips,
hardly
The youth I used to be, soon to see a mill'in
No more, Big Willie my game has grown prefer you
call me William
Illin' for revenues, grateful dim the light
Channel 7 news, round seven jewels, hand getting
the mic
Forgetting all I ever knew, convenient amnesia
I suggest you call my lawyer, I know the procedure
Lock my body **can't** trap my mind, easily
Explain why we adapt to crime
I'd rather die enormous than live dormant that's how
we on it
Live at the main event, I bet a trip to Maui on it
Presidential suites my residential for the weekend
Confidentially speaking in codes since I sense you
peeking
The INXS rental, **don't** be fooled my game is
mental
We both out of town dog, what you trying to get
into?
Viva, Las Vegas, see ya, later at the crap tables
Meet me by the one that starts a G up
This way **no** fraud Willie's present gambling they
re-up
And we can have a pleasant time, sipping margaritas
Yeah, can I live?
Can I live?

My mind is infested, with sick thoughts that circle
Like a Lexus, if driven wrong it's sure to hurt you
Dual level like duplexes, in unity, my crew and me
Commit atrocities like we got immunity
You guessed it, manifest it in tangible goods
Platinum Rolexed it, we **don't** lease
We buy the whole care, as you should
My confederation, dead a nation, EXPLODE
On detonation, overload the mind of a said patient
When it balls to steam, it comes to it
We all fiends gotta do it, even righteous minds go
through this
True this, history school us to spend our money
foolish
Bond with jewelers and, watch for intruders
I stepped it up another level, meditated like a
Buddhist
Recruited lieutenants with ludicrous, dreams of
Getting cream let's do this, against T-D-S
So I keep one eye open like, C-B-S, ya see me
Stressed right? Can I live?
Can I live?
Can I live?
Can I live?
Roc-A-Fella y'all

Jay-Z – Dear Summer

Dear summer I know you're gonna miss me
For we been together like Nike Ains and crisp tees
S dots with polo fleeces
Purple label shit with the logo secret
Gimme couple years, shit I might just sneak in
A couple words and like peaches and herb
We'll be reunited and it feels so hood
Have the whole world saying "How you still so
good?"
Well I do this in my slumber summer
I ain't none of these half-assed newcomers, you
know how I do summer
I drop heat, when you bring the sun up
The combo make niggas act up, I pick the gun up
Niggas back up; they know I **m not no** frontier
I don't talk shit, I just flip it un' ya
Sorry Lance, I'm just trying to advance my quotes

I **ain't** making you the butt of my jokes
But let's **not** stray from what I came to say
To my beloved, think we need some time away
They say if you love it, you should let it out its cage
And fuck it, if it comes back you know it's there to
stay
It's tugging, at my heart, but this time apart is
needed
From the public, who should've gave me the pulits'
Instead gave me they ass to kiss
But you know me, tugging 'til the casket dips
But still shine light down on all my peers
I know they weird, some queer, I still want them to
share
And all the success I received, I know you **can't**
believe
I still love 'em but they **don't** love me
They like the drunk uncle in your family
You know they lame, you feel ashamed, but you
love 'em the same
It's like when niggas make subliminal records
If it **ain't** directed directly at me, I **don't** respect it
You **don't** really want it with Hov, for the record
I put a couple careers on hold, you could be next kid
Keep entering the danger zone
You gon' make that boy Hov put your name in a
song
If you that hungry for fame, motherfucker come on
Say when, take ten paces and spin
But on another note, 'bout to take another vaca'
On another boat, goddamn a motherfucker rode
His way out the hood, and I pray that I stay out for
good
But any day you know a nigga could
Try and play like he Suge, then I gotta play like
Dutch Schults
You pass the dutchie, I blast you, trust me
Niggas **can't** fuck with me
I'm in a good mood, you lucky, I got a good groove
And I **ain't** trying to fuck my thing up
But I will lay down a couple green bucks, get you
cleaned up
Now I'm Pulp Fiction, Colt four-fifth and
Young nigga that blast for me (blasphemy), **no**
religion

Listen here summer baby, I just believe it's the right
thing to do
I got a brand new bitch, corporate America
She showing me a lot of action right now
And I know you put me on my feet and all, but
I mean, it's time for me to grow
You gotta let me go baby, you gotta let me go

I'm done for now, so one for now
Possibly forever, we had fun together
But like all good things, we must come to an end
Please show the same love to my friends
Dear summer

Jay-Z – D'evils

This shit is wicked on these mean streets
None of my friends speak
We're all trying to win, but then again
Maybe it's for the best though, 'cause when they're
seeing too much
You know they're trying to get you touched
Whoever said **illegal** was the easy way out **couldn't**
understand the mechanics
And the workings of the underworld, granted
Nine to five is how to survive, I **ain't** trying to
survive
I'm trying to live it to the limit and love it a lot
Life ills, poison my body
I used to say 'fuck mic skills, ' and **never** prayed to
God, I prayed to Gotti
That's right it's wicked, that's life I live it
Ain't asking for forgiveness for my sins, endz
I break bread with the late heads, picking their
brains for angles on
all the evils that the game'll do
It gets dangerous, money and power is changing us
And now we're lethal, infected with D'Evils
We used to fight for building blocks
Now we fight for blocks with buildings that make a
killing
The closest of friends when we first started
But grew apart as the money grew, and soon grew
black-hearted
Thinking back when we first learned to use rubbers
He never learned so in turn I'm kidnapping his
baby's mother
My hand around her collar, feeding her cheese
She said the taste of dollars was shitty so I fed her
fifties
About his whereabouts I **wasn't** convinced
So I kept feeding her money 'til her shit started to

make sense
Who could ever foresee, we used to stay up all night
at slumber parties
now I'm trying to rock this bitch to sleep
All the years we were real close
Now I see his fears through her tears, know she's
wishing we were still close
Don't cry, it is the (beat?)
In time, I'll take away your miseries and make 'em
mine, D'Evils
My flesh, **no** nigga could test
My soul is possessed by D'Evils in the form of
diamonds and Lexus's
The exorcist, got me doing skits like Homie
You **don't** know me, but the whole world owe me
strip!
Was thought to be a pleasant guy all my fucking life
So now I'm down for whatever, **ain't nothing** nice
Throughout my junior high years it was all friendly
But now this higher learning got the Remy in me
Liquors invaded my kidneys
Got me ready to lick off, mama forgive me
I **can't** be held accountable, D'Evils beating me
down, boo
Got me running with guys, making G's, telling lies
that sound true
Come test me, I **never** cower
For the love of money, son, I'm giving lead showers
Stop screaming, you know the demon said it's best
to die
And even if Jehovah witness, bet he'll **never** testify,
D'Evils

Jay-Z – D'evils

This shit is wicked on these mean streets
None of my friends speak
We're all trying to win, but then again
Maybe it's for the best though, 'cause when they're
seeing too much
You know they're trying to get you touched
Whoever said **illegal** was the easy way out **couldn't**
understand the mechanics
And the workings of the underworld, granted
Nine to five is how to survive, I **ain't** trying to
survive
I'm trying to live it to the limit and love it a lot
Life ills, poison my body
I used to say 'fuck mic skills, ' and **never** prayed to
God, I prayed to Gotti
That's right it's wicked, that's life I live it
Ain't asking for forgiveness for my sins, endz
I break bread with the late heads, picking their
brains for angles on
all the evils that the game'll do
It gets dangerous, money and power is changing us
And now we're lethal, infected with D'Evils
We used to fight for building blocks
Now we fight for blocks with buildings that make a
killing
The closest of friends when we first started
But grew apart as the money grew, and soon grew
black-hearted
Thinking back when we first learned to use rubbers
He never learned so in turn I'm kidnapping his
baby's mother
My hand around her collar, feeding her cheese
She said the taste of dollars was shitty so I fed her
fifties
About his whereabouts I **wasn't** convinced
So I kept feeding her money 'til her shit started to
make sense
Who could ever foresee, we used to stay up all night
at slumber parties
now I'm trying to rock this bitch to sleep
All the years we were real close
Now I see his fears through her tears, know she's
wishing we were still close
Don't cry, it is the (beat?)
In time, I'll take away your miseries and make 'em
mine, D'Evils
My flesh, **no** nigga could test
My soul is possessed by D'Evils in the form of
diamonds and Lexus's
The exorcist, got me doing skits like Homie
You **don't** know me, but the whole world owe me
strip!
Was thought to be a pleasant guy all my fucking life
So now I'm down for whatever, **ain't nothing** nice
Throughout my junior high years it was all friendly
But now this higher learning got the Remy in me
Liquors invaded my kidneys
Got me ready to lick off, mama forgive me
I **can't** be held accountable, D'Evils beating me
down, boo
Got me running with guys, making G's, telling lies
that sound true
Come test me, I **never** cower

For the love of money, son, I'm giving lead showers
Stop screaming, you know the demon said it's best to die
And even if Jehovah witness, bet he'll **never** testify,
D'Evils

Jay-Z – Dirt Off Your Shoulder

You're now tuned into the mu'fuckin' greatest
Turn the music up in the headphones
Tim, you can go and brush your shoulder off nigga I got you, yeah
If you feelin' like a pimp nigga, go and brush your shoulders off
Ladies is pimps too, gon' brush your shoulders off
Niggas is crazy baby, **don't** forget that boy told you
Get, that, dirt off your shoulder
I probably owe it to y'all, proud to be locked by the force
Tryin' to hustle some things, that go with the Porsche
Feelin' **no** remorse, feelin' like my hand was forced
Middle finger to the Lord, nigga grippin' my balls
Stab the ladies they love me, from the bleachers they screamin'
All the ballers is bouncin' they like the way I be leamin'
All the rappers be hatin', off the track that I'm makin'
But all the hustlers they love it just to see one of us make it
Came from the bottom of bottom, to the top of the pots
Nigga London, Japan and I'm straight off the block
Like a running back, get it man, I'm straight off the block
I can run it back, nigga, 'cause I'm straight with the Roc
If you feelin' like a pimp nigga, go and brush your shoulders off
Ladies is pimps too, gon' brush your shoulders off
Niggas is crazy baby, **don't** forget that boy told you
Get, that, dirt off your shoulder

*You gotta get, that, dirt off your shoulder
You gotta get, that, dirt off your shoulder
You gotta get, that, dirt off your shoulder
You gotta get, that, dirt off your shoulder*

Your homey Hov' in position, in the kitchen with soda
I just whipped up a watch, tryin' to get me a Rover
Tryin' to stretch out the coca, like a wrestler, yessir
Keep the heckler close, you know them smokers'll test ya
But like, fifty-two cards when I'm, I'm through dealin'
Now fifty-two bars come out, now you feel 'em
Now, fifty-two cars roll out, remove ceiling
In case fifty-two broods come out, now you chillin'
With a boss bitch of course S.C. on the sleeve
At the 40/40 club, ESPN on the screen
I paid a grip for the jeans, plus the slippers is clean
No chrome on the wheels, I'm a grown-up for real
If you feelin' like a pimp nigga, go and brush your shoulders off
Ladies is pimps too, gon' brush your shoulders off
Niggas is crazy baby, don't forget that boy told you
Get, that, dirt off your shoulder

... Chorus ...

Your boy back in the building, Brooklyn we back on the map
Me and my beautiful bitch in the back of that 'Bach
I'm the realest that run it, I just happen to rap
I ain't gotta clap at 'em, niggas scared of that black I drop that "Black Album" then I back, out it
As the best rapper alive nigga ask about me
From Bricks to Billboards, from grams to Grammy's
The O's to opposite, Orphan Annie
You gotta pardon Jay, for sellin' out the Garden in a day
I'm like a young Marvin in his hey'
I'm a hustler homey, you a customer crony
Got some, dirt on my shoulder, could you brush it off for me?
If you feelin' like a pimp nigga, go and brush your shoulders off
Ladies is pimps too, gon' brush your shoulders off
Niggas is crazy baby, **don't** forget that boy told you
Get, that, dirt off your shoulder

... Chorus ...

You're now tuned into the mu'fuckin' greatest
Best rapper alive, best rapper alive

Jay-Z – Empire State of Mind

Yea, yea I'm out that Brooklyn, now I'm down in Tribeca
Right next to DeNiro, but I'll be hood forever
I'm the new Sinatra, and, since I made it here
I can make it anywhere, yea, they love me everywhere I used to cop in Harlem,
All of my Dominican's right there up on Broadway,
Pull me back to that McDonald's, took it to my stashbox, 560 State St.
Catch me in the kitchen like a Simmons wippin' pastry's
Cruisin' down 8th St., off white Lexus
Drivin' so slow, but BK is from Texas
Me, I'm out that Bed-Stuy, home of that boy Biggie
Now I live on Billboard and I brought my boys with me
Say whattup to Ty-Ty, still sippin' Mai Tai's
Sitin' court-side, Knicks and Nets give me high five
Nigga I be Spike'd out, I could trip a referee
Tell by my attitude that I'm most definitely from In New York,
Concrete jungle where dreams are made of

*There's **nothin'** you **can't** do
Now you're in New York
These streets will make you feel brand new
Big lights will inspire you
Let's hear it for New York, New York, New York*

Catch me at the X with OG at a Yankee game
Shit, I made the Yankee hat more famous than a Yankee can
You should know I bleed blue, but I **ain't** a Crip though
But I got a gang of niggas walkin' with my clique though
Welcome to the melting pot, corners where we sellin' rock
Afrika Bambataa shit, home of the hip-hop
Yellow cab, gypsy cab, dollar cab, holla back
For foreigners it **ain't** for, they act like they forgot how to act
Eight million stories, out there in it naked
City is a pity, half of y'all **won't** make it
Me, I got a plug, Special Ed "I Got It Made"
If Jesus payin' LeBron, I'm payin' Dwayne Wade
Three dice cee-lo, three card monte
Labor Day Parade, rest in peace Bob Marley
Statue of Liberty, long live the World Trade
Long live the King yo, I'm from the Empire St. that's In New York,
Concrete jungle where dreams are made of

... Chorus ...

Lights is blinding, girls need blinders
So they can step out of bounds quick, the sidelines is lined with casualties, who sip to life casually
Then gradually become worse, **don't** bite the apple, Eve
Caught up in the in-crowd, now you're in style
End of the winter gets cold, en vogue, with your skin out
City of sin, it's a pity on the whim
Good girls gone bad, the city's filled with them
Mommy took a bus trip, now she got her bust out
Everybody ride her, just like a bus route
Hail Mary to the city, you're a virgin
And Jesus **can't** save you, life starts when the church end
Came here for school, graduated to the high life
Ball players, rap stars, addicted to the limelight
MDMA got you feelin' like a champion
The city **never** sleeps, better slip you an Ambien
In New York,
Concrete jungle where dreams are made of

... Chorus ...

One hand in the air for the big city
Street lights, big dreams, all lookin' pretty
No place in the world that could compare
Put your lighters in the air everybody say yeah,
yeah,
Yea, yea
In New York,
Concrete jungle where dreams are made of

... Chorus ...

Jay-Z - Encore

Thank you, thank you, thank you, you're far too kind

Now can I get an encore, do you want more
Cooking raw with the Brooklyn boy
So for one last time I need y'all to roar

Now what the hell are you waiting for
After me, there shall be **no** more
So for one last time, nigga make some noise

Who you know fresher than Hov'? Riddle me that
The rest of y'all know where I'm lyrically at
Can't none of y'all mirror me back
Yeah hearing me rap is like hearing G. Rap in his prime
I'm, young H.O., rap's Grateful Dead
Back to take over the globe, now break bread
I'm in, Boeing jets, Global Express
Out the country but the blueberry still connect
On the low but the yacht got a triple deck
But when you young, what the fuck you expect?
Yep, yep
Grand opening, grand closing
God your man Hov' cracked the can open again
Who you goin' find doper than him with **no** pen
Just draw off inspiration
Soon you goin' see you **can't** replace him
With cheap imitations for these generations

Now can I get an encore, do you want more
Cooking raw with the Brooklyn boy
So for one last time I need y'all to roar

Look what you made me do, look what I made for you
Knew if I paid my dues, how will they pay you
When you first come in the game, they try to play you
Then you drop a couple of hits, look how they **ain't** to you
From Marcy to Madison Square
To the only thing that matters in just a matter of years (yea)
As fate would have it, Jay's status appears
To be at an all-time high, perfect time to say goodbye
When I come back like Jordan, wearing the 4-5
It **ain't** to play games with you
It's to aim at you, probably maim you
If I owe you I'm blowing you to smithereens
Cocksucker take one for your team
And I need you to remember one thing (one thing)
I came, I saw, I conquered
From record sales, to sold out concerts
So motherfucker if you want this encore
I need you to scream, 'til your lungs get sore

It's star time

This man is made! He's killing all y'all jive turkeys
Do y'all want more of the Jigga man?
Well if y'all want more of the Jigga man
Then I need y'all to help me, bring him back to stage
Say Hova, c'mon say it!
HO-VA! HO-VA! Are y'all out there? (HO-VA! HO-VA!)
Are y'all out there? C'mon, louder!
Yeah, now see that's what I'm talking bout
They love you Jigga, they love you Jigga!

I like the way this one feel
It's so motherfucking soulful man!
Yeah okay

So this here is the victory lap
Then I'm leaving, that's how you get me back
After a year of them sixteen's, it's one point two
And that's two point four, and I'm only doing two
You wanted to gain attention new dudes
I can get you BET and TRL too
You wanna be in the public, send your budget
Well fuck it, I **ain't** budging!
Young did it to death, you gotta love it
Record companies told me I **couldn't** cut it
Now look at me, all star-studded
Golfer above par like I putted
All cause the shit I uttered, was utterly ridiculous
How sick is this?
You want to bang, send Kanye change, send Just some dust
Send Hip a grip, then you got' spit
A little something like this

Jay-Z – Hard Knock Life

Check the bassline out, uh-huh
Jigga (bounce wit it), uh-huh uh-huh uh-huh, yeahh
Let it bump though

*It's the hard knock life (uh-huh) for us
It's the hard knock life, for us!*

*Steady treated, we get tricked
Steady kisses, we get kicked
It's the hard knock life!*

From standin' on the corners boppin'
To drivin' some of the hottest cars New York has
ever seen
For droppin' some of the hottest verses rap has ever
heard
From the dope spot, with the smoke Glock
Fleein' the murder scene, you know me well
From nightmares of a lonely cell, my only hell
But since when y'all niggaz know me to fail? Fuck
naw
Where all my niggaz with the rubber grips, bust
shots
And if you with me mom I rub on your tits, and
what-not
I'm from the school of the hard knocks, we **must**
not
Let outsiders violate our blocks, and my plot
Let's stick up the world and split it fifty/fifty, uh-huh
Let's take the dough and stay real jiggy, uh-huh
And sip the Cris' and get pissy-pissy
Flow like the memory of my nigga Biggie, baby!
You know it's hell when I come through
The life and times of Shawn Carter
Nigga Volume 2, y'all niggaz get ready

... Chorus ...

I flow for those 'dro'ed out, all my niggaz
Locked down in the ten by fo', controllin' the house
We live in hard knocks, we **don't** take over we
borrow blocks
Burn em down and you can have it back daddy, I'd
rather that
I flow for chicks wishin', they **ain't** have to strip to
pay tuition
I see you vision mama, I put my money on the long
shots
All my ballers that's born to clock
Now I'ma be on top whether I perform or **not**
I went from lukewarm to hot; sleepin' on futons and
cots
To king size, green machines, the green fives
I've seen pies left the thing between my eyes analyze
life's ills
Then I put it down type braile
I'm tight grill with the phony, rappers y'all might
feel we homies
I'm like still, y'all **don't** know me, shit!
I'm tight grill when my situation **ain't** improving
I'm tryin' to murder everything movin', feel me?!

... Chorus ...

I **don't** how to sleep, I gotta eat, stay on my toes
Gotta a lot of beef, so logically, I prey on my foes
Hustling's still inside of me, and as far as progress
You'd be hard-pressed, to find another rapper hot as
me
I gave you prophecy on my first joint, and y'all
lamed out
I **didn't** really appreciate it, til the second one came
out
So I stretched the game out, X'ed your name out
Put Jigga on top, and drop albums non-stop for ya,
niggah!

Jay-Z – Interlude

This is a public service announcement
Sponsored by Just Blaze and the good folks at Roc-
A-Fella Records

"Fellow Americans, it is with the utmost pride and
sincerity
That I present this recording, as a living testament
and recollection
Of history in the making during our generation."

Allow me to re-introduce myself
My name is Hov' (oh) H-to-the-O-V
I used to move snowflakes by the O-Z
I guess even back then you can call me
CEO of the R-O-C, Hov'
Fresh out the frying pan into the fire
I be the, music biz number one supplier
Flier than a piece of paper bearing my name
Got the hottest chick in the game wearing my chain,
that's right
Hov' (oh) not D.O.C.
But similar to them letters, "No One Can Do it
Better"
I check cheddar like a food inspector
My homey Strict told me, "Dude finish your
breakfast"

So that's what I'ma do, take you back to the dude
With the Lexus, fast-forward the jewels and the
necklace
Let me tell you dudes what I do to protect this
Shoot at you actors like movie directors
This **ain't** a movie dog (oh shit)

"Now before I finish, let me just say
I **did not** come here to show out, **did not** come here
to impress you
Because to tell you the truth when I leave here I'm
gone!
And I **don't** care what you think about me, but just
remember,
When it hits the fan brother, whether it's next year,
ten years,
Twenty years from now, you're gonna be able to say
That these brothers lied to you Jack!"

Ting **ain't** lie
I done came through the block in everything that's
fly
I'm like, Che Guevara with bling on, I'm complex
I **never** claimed to have wings on
Nigga I get mine, by any means on whenever there's
a drought
Get your umbrellas out because, that's when I
brainstorm
You can blame Shawn, but I **ain't** invent the game
I just rolled the dice, trying to get some change
And I do it twice, **ain't no** sense in me
Lying as if, I am a different man
And I could blame my environment but
There **ain't no** reason why I be buying expensive
chains
Hope you **don't** think users are the only abusers
Niggaz getting high within the game
If you do then, how would you explain?
I'm ten years removed, still the vibe is in my veins
I got a hustler spirit, nigga period
Check out my hat yo, peep the way I wear it
Check out my swag yo, I walk like a ballplayer
No matter where you go, you are what you are
player
And you can try to change but that's just the top
layer
Man, you was who you was 'fore you got here
Only God can judge me, so I'm gone
Either love me, or leave me alone

Now, back to our regularly scheduled program,
L'Album Noir: The Black Album

Jay-Z – Renegade

Motherfuckers
Say that I'm foolish I only talk about jewels (bling
bling)
Do you fools listen to music or do you just skim
through it?
See I'm influenced by the ghetto you ruined
That same dude you gave **nothing**, I made
something doing
What I do through and through and
I give you the news, with a twist it's just his ghetto
point-of-view
The renegade, you been afraid
I penetrate pop culture, bring 'em a lot closer to the
block where they
Pop toasters, and they live with they moms
Got dropped roasters, from botched robberies niggas
croched over
Mommy's knocked up 'cause she **wasn't** watched
over
Knocked down by some clown when child support
knocked
No he's **not** around, now how that sound to ya, jot it
down
I bring it through the ghetto without riding 'round
Hiding down ducking strays from frustrated youths
stuck in they ways
Just read a magazine that fucked up my day
How you rate music that thugs with **nothing** relate
to it?
I help them see they way through it, **not** you
Can't step in my pants, **can't** walk in my shoes
Bet everything you worth; you lose your tie and
your shirt
Since I'm in a position to talk to these kids and they
listen
I **ain't no** politician but I'll kick it with 'em a minute
'Cause see they call me a menace, and if the shoe
fits I'll wear it
But if it **don't**, then y'all will swallow the truth grin
and bear it
Now who's the king of these rude ludicrous lucrative
lyrics?
Who could inherit the title, put the youth in

hysterics
Using his music to steer it, sharing his views and his
merits?
But there's a huge interference, they're saying you
shouldn't hear it
Maybe it's hatred I spew, maybe it's food for the
spirit
Maybe it's beautiful music I made for you to just
cherish
But I'm debated, disputed, hated and viewed in
America
As a motherfucking drug addict, like you **didn't**
experiment?
Now now, that's when you start to stare at who's in
the mirror
And see yourself as a kid again, and you get
embarrassed
And I got **nothing** to do but make you look stupid as
parents
You fucking do-gooders, too bad you **couldn't** do
good at marriage!
And do you have any clue what I had to do to get
here?
I **don't** think you do, so stay tuned and keep your
ears glued to the stereo
'Cause here we go, he's (Jigga joint Jigga-chk-Jigga)
And I'm the sinister, Mr. Kiss-My-Ass it's just the

*Renegade! Never been afraid to say
What's on my mind at, any given time of day
'Cause I'm a renegade! Never been afraid to talk
About anything (anything?) anything (anything!)
renegade!
Never been afraid to say
What's on my mind at, any given time of day
'Cause I'm a renegade! Never been afraid to holler
About anything (anything?) anything (anything!)*

I had to hustle, my back to the wall, ashy knuckles
Pockets filled with a lotta lint, **not** a cent
Gotta vent, lotta innocent lives lost on the project
bench
What you hollerin'? Gotta pay rent, bring dollars in
By the bodega, iron under my coat
Feelin' 'braver, durag wrappin' my waves up, pockets
full of hope
Do not step to me, I'm awkward, I box lefty
An orphan my pops left me
And often my momma **wasn't** home
Could not stress to me, I **wasn't** grown
'Specially on nights I brought somethin' home
To quiet the stomach rumblings
My demeanor, thirty years my senior
My childhood **didn't** mean much, only raisin' green
up
Raisin' my fingers to critics
Raisin' my head to the sky, Big, I did it, multi before
I die
No lie, just know I chose my own fate
I drove by the fork in the road and went straight
See I'm a poet to some, a regular modern day
Shakespeare
Jesus Christ the King of these Latter Day Saints here
To shatter the picture in which of that as they paint
me
As a monger of hate and Satan a scatter-brained
atheist
But that **ain't** the case, see it's a matter of taste
We as a people decide if Shady's as bad as they say
he is
Or is he the latter, a gateway to escape?
Media scapegoat, who they can be mad at today
See it's easy as cake, simple as whistling Dixie
While I'm waving the pistol at sixty Christians
against me
Go to war with the Mormons, take a bath with the
Catholics
In holy water, **no** wonder they try to hold me under
longer
I'm a motherfucking spiteful, delightful eye-fel
The new Ice Cube, motherfuckers hate to like you
What did I do? (huh?) I'm just a kid from the gutter
Making this butter off these bloodsuckers, 'cause I'm
a motherfucking

... Chorus ...

50 cent – My life

*My life, my life
Makes me wanna run away
There's **no** place to go
No place to go
All the confusion
It's an illusion, like a movie
Got nowhere to go
Nowhere to run and hide
No matter how hard I try*

Yeah, '03, I went from quite filthy to filthy rich
Man, their emotions change so I can **never** trust a bitch
I tried to help niggas get on, they turned around and spit
Right in my face, so Game and Buck both can suck a dick
Now when you hear 'em it may sound like it's some other shit
'Cause I'm **not** writing anymore, they **not** making hits
I'm far from perfect, there's so many lessons I done learned
If money's evil, look at all the evil I done earned!
I'm doing what I'm supposed to; I'm a writer, I'm a fighter
Entrepreneur, fresh out the sewer, watch me maneuver
What's it to ya? The track I lace it

It's better than basic; this is my recovery, my comeback, kid

... Chorus ...

While you were sippin' your own Kool-Aid
Getting your buzz heavy
I was in the fucking shed, sharpening my machete
Sippin' on some of that revenge juice
Getting my taste buds ready
To wolf down this spaghetti or should I say this spaghetti-even?
I think you fucking meatballs keep on just forgetting
Thought he was finished, motherfucker, it's only the beginning
He's bugging again, he's straight thugging
Fuck who he's offending!
He'll rip your vocal chords out
And have them bitches plugged in the
Motherfucking wall with 3000 volts of electricity
Now take the other end of 'em
Then plug them motherfuckers-in-each
One of your eye sockets
'Cause I thought you might finally fucking see
That'll teach you to go voicing your cocksucking opinion to me
I done put my blood, my sweat and my tears in this shit
Fuck letting up! You're gonna end up regretting
You ever betted against me
Feels like I'ma snap any minute, yeah, it's happening again
And I'm thinkin' about just saying
"Motherfuck everybody that's up in this bitch but 50!"
'Cause this is all I know, this is why so hard I go
I swear to God I put my heart and soul
In this more than anybody knows
I'm trapped, so all I do is rap
But everytime I rap I'm more trapped
And I rap myself right to this bubble
Oh, I guess it's bubble wrap
It's like a vicious cycle, my life's in a crisis
Christ, how was I supposed to know
Shit would turn up like it did?
Feels like I'm going psycho again (shh, shh, shh, shh)
And I might just blow my lid
Shit, I almost wish that I would have **never** made
Recovery, kid
'Cause I'm running in circles with...

... Chorus ...

I **haven't** been this fucking confused since I was a kid
Sold like 40 million records, people forgot what I did
Maybe this is for me, maybe
Maybe I'm supposed to go crazy
Maybe I'll do it 3AM in the morning, like Shady
Psycho killer, Michael Myers, I'm on fire like a lighter
Try to say this **ain't** classic, get your ass kicked mad quick
Wrap your head up in plastic
Pussy, now pick the casket, dirt nap with the maggots
It's tragic, it's sad it's **never** gonna end
Now we number one again
With that frown on your face and your heart full of hate
Accept it, respect it, this a gift God-given
Like the air in the lungs of every fucking thing livin'

... Chorus ...

Jay-Z – Song Cry

The most incredible baby
Uhh, mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm
Yeah, yeah, uhh
Good dudes, I know you love me like cooked food
Even though a nigga got move like a crook move
We was together on the block since free lunch
We shoulda been together havin 4 Seasons brunch
We used to use umbrellas to face the bad weather
So now we travel first class to change the forecast
Never in bunches, just me and you
I loved your point of view cause you held **no** punches
Still I left you for months on end
It's been months since I checked back in
Well somewhere in a small town, somewhere lockin a mall down
Woodgrain, four and change, Armor All'd down
I can understand why you want a divorce now
Though I **can't** let you know it, pride **won't** let me show it
Pretend to be heroic, that's just one to grow with
But deep inside a nigga so sick

I **can't** see 'em comin down my eyes
So I gotta make the song cry
I can't see 'em comin down my eyes
So I gotta let the song cry
I can't see it comin down my eyes
So I gotta make the song cry
I can't see it comin down my eyes
So I gotta make the song cry

On repeat, the CD of Big's "Me and My Bitch"
Watchin Bonnie and Clyde, pretendin to be that shit
Empty gun in your hand sayin, "Let me see that clip"
Shoppin sprees, pull out your Visa quick
A nigga had very bad credit, you helped me lease that whip
You helped me get the keys to that V dot 6
We was so happy poor but when we got rich
That's when our signals got crossed, and we got flipped
Rather mine, I **don't** know what made me leave that shit
Made me speed that quick, let me see - that's it
It was the cheese helped them bitches get amnesia quick
I used to cut up they buddies, now they sayin they love me
Used to tell they friends I was ugly and **wouldn't** touch me
Then I showed up in that dubbed out buggy
And then they got fussy and they **don't** remember that
And I **don't** remember you

... Chorus ...

A face of stone, was shocked on the other end of the phone
Word back home is that you had a special friend
So what was oh so special then?
You have given away without gettin at me
That's your fault, how many times you forgiven me?
How was I to know that you was plain sick of me?
I know the way a nigga livin was whack
But you **don't** get a nigga back like that!
Shit I'm a man with pride, you **don't** do shit like that
You **don't** just pick up and leave and leave me sick like that
You **don't** throw away what we had, just like that
I was just fuckin them girls, I was gon' get right back
They say you **can't** turn a bad girl good
But once a good girl's goin bad, she's gone forever
And more forever
Shit I gotta live with the fact I did you wrong forever

... Chorus ...

Jay-Z – This can't be Life

See I was, born in sewage, born to make bomb music
Flow tight like I was born Jewish
Used the streets as a conduit, I kept arms
38 longs inside my mom's buick
At any given moment shawn could lose it, be on the news
Iron cuffs, arms through it, or stuffed with embalmin fluid
Shit, I'm going through it, mom dukes too
Tears streamin down her pretty face, she got her palms to it
My life is gettin too wild

I need to bring some sort kinda calm to it
Bout to lose it voices screaming "**don't** do it!"
It's like '93, '94, bout the year
That big and mag dropped; and "illmatic" rocked
Outta every rag drop, and the west had it locked
Everybody doing 'em, I'm still scratchin on the block
Like "damn, I'ma be a failure"
Surrounded by thugs, drugs, and drug, paraphernalia
Cops courts, and their thoughts is to derail us
Three time felons in shorts with jealous thoughts to you sellin
So they can send shots straight to your melon wait!
It gets worse, baby momma water burst
Baby came out stillborn, still I gotta move on
Though my heart still torn, I gone from her womb
Don't worry, if it was meant to be, it'll be, soon

This **can't** be life, this **can't** be love
This **can't** be right, there's gotta be more, this **can't** be us
This **can't** be life, this **can't** be love
This **can't** be right, there's gotta be more, this **can't** be us

Chill dog
Second oldest born, from Michelle brown my mother
Hell bound, grew with two sisters and one brother
Pop **wasn't** around, so many stories that's another
I'm thinking damn, how my older sister gon' make me tougher
When steel sharpens steel, I'ma keep it real
I'm tired of trying to hide my pain behind the syrups and pills
Dead to the world, stretched out like a corpse for real
Y'all niggaz thinking what y'all reading in the source is real
What my life like, you looking at the source, it's real
What your life like? mine dog, of course it's real
Passin judgment, you niggaz second-guessin beans
Cause you **don't** eat swine **don't** make you amin
Dog you know a couple suras, out the Qur'an
I guess you all on your deen and I **ain't** on mine
Stop that akki, 'fore I send shots though your body
Make 'em feel hell on earth before allah drop thee
I feel the line's drawn here, nuttin more can stop me
Till them feds pick me up, or them boys pop me
There's only three things that make mac **not** act like beans
Amatullah tisha, po aldin, samir amin
My seeds dog, gotta teach 'em that before I leave dog
Shit I know that I'ma see 'em when I leave dog
I come back in the afterlife
Like fuck it I done touched hell twice what's the meanin'?

... Chorus ...

Now as I walk into the studio, to do this with jig'
I got a phone call from one of my nigs
Said my homeboy reek, he just lost one of his kids
And when I heard that I just broke into tears
And see in the second hand you **don't** really know how this is
But when it hits that close to home you feel the pain at the crib
So I called mine, and saddened my wife with the bad news
Now we both depressed, countin our blessings cause brad's two
Prayin for young souls to laugh at life through the stars
Lovin your kids just like you was ours
And I'm hurtin for you dog, but **ain't nobody** pain is like yours
I just know that heaven'll open these doors
And **ain't no** bright side to losin life but you can view it like this
God's got open hands homey, he in the midst, of good company
Who loves all and hates **no one**
And one day you gon' be wit your son
I could've rapped about my hard times on this song
But heaven knows I woulda been wrong
I **wouldn'ta** been right, it **wouldn'ta** been love
It **wouldn'ta** been life, it **wouldn'ta** been us

... Chorus ...

Jay-Z – U Don't Know

Turn my music high, high, high, high-er
I'm from the streets where the
Hood could swallow a man, bullets'll follow a man
There's so much coke that you could run the slalom
And cops comb the shit top to bottom

They say that we are prone to violence, but it's home sweet home
 Where personalities crash and chrome meets chrome
 The coke prices up and down like it's Wall Street homes
 But this is worse than the Dow Jones your brains are now blown
 All over that brown Brougham, one slip you are now gone
 Welcome to hell where you are welcome to sell
 But when them shells come you better return 'em
 All scars we earn 'em, all cars we learn 'em like the back of our hand
 We watch for cops hopping out the back of van
 Wear a G on my chest, I **don't** need Dapper Dan
 This **ain't** a sewn outfit homes, homes is about it
 Was clapping them flamers before I became famous
 For playing me y'all shall forever remain **nameless**
 I am Hov'
 Sure I do, I tell you the difference between me and them
 They trying to get they ones, I'm tryin' to get them M's
 One million, two million, three million, four
 In just five years, forty million more
 You are now looking at the forty million boy
 I'm rapping Def Jam 'til I'm the hundred million man R., O., C.
 I came into this motherfucker a hundred grand strong
 Nine to be exact, from grinding G-packs
 Put this shit in motion **ain't no** rewinding me back
 Could make 40 off a brick but one rhyme could beat that
 And if somebody would of told 'em that Hov' would sell clothing
 Heh, **not** in this lifetime, **wasn't** in my right mind
 That's another difference that's between me and them
 Heh, I'm smarten up, open the market up
 One million, two million, three million, four
 In eighteen months, eighty million more
 Now add that number up with the one I said before
 You are now looking at one smart black boy
 Momma **ain't** raised **no** fool
 Put me anywhere on God's green earth, I'll triple my worth
 Motherfucker, I will, **not**, lose
 I sell ice in the winter, I sell fire in hell
 I am a hustler baby, I'll sell water to a well
 I was born to get cake, move on and switch states
 Cop the Coupe with the roof gone and switch plates
 Was born to dictate, **never** follow orders
 Dickface, get your shit straight, fucker this is Big Jay
Will, not, lose, ever, fucker!

Jay-Z – Where I'm From

Uh-huh, je-je je-je-jeah
 Ye-ye-yeah, ye-ye-yeah
 How real is this, how real is this
 Uh-huh huh, inspect this here, check
 I'm from where the hammer's rung, New's cameras **never** come
 You and your man houndin' every verse in your rhyme
 Where the grams is slung, niggas vanish every summer
 Where the blue vans would come, we throw the work in the can and run
 Where the plans was to get funds and skate off the set
 To achieve this goal quicker, sold all my weight weat
 Faced with immeasurable odds still I get straight bets
 So I felt some more something and you **nothing** check
 I from the other side with other guys **don't** walk too much
 And girls in the projects **wouldn't** fuck us if we talked too much
 So they ran up town and sought them dudes to trust
 I **don't** know what the fuck they thought, those niggas is foul just like us
 I'm from where the beef is **inevitable**,
 Summertime's **unforgettable**
 Boosters in abundance, buy a half-price sweater new
 Your world was everything, So everything you said you'd do
 You did it, **Couldn't** talk about it if you **ain't** lived it
 I from where niggas pull your car, and argue all day about
 Who's the best MC's, Biggie, Jay-Z, and Nas
 Where the drugs czars evolve, and thugs always are
 At each other's throats for the love of foreign cars
 Where cats catch cases, hoping the judge R and R's

But most times find themselves locked up behind bars
 I'm from where they ball and breed rhyme stars
 I'm from Marcy son, just thought I'd remind y'all
Cough up a lung, where I'm from, Marcy son, Ain't nothing nice
Mentally been many places but I'm Brooklyn's own
Cough up a lung, where I'm from, Marcy son, Ain't nothing nice
Mentally been many places but I'm Brooklyn's own
Cough up a lung, where I'm from, Marcy son, Ain't nothing nice
Mentally been many places but I'm Brooklyn's own
Cough up a lung, where I'm from, Marcy son, Ain't nothing nice
Mentally been many places but I'm Brooklyn's own
Cough up a lung, where I'm from, Marcy son, Ain't nothing nice
Mentally been many places but I'm Brooklyn's own

Mentally been many places but I'm Brooklyn's own
 I'm from the place where the church is the flakiest
 And niggas is praying to god so long that they Atheist
 Where you **can't** put your vest away and say you'll wear it tomorrow
 Cause the day after we'll be saying, damn I was just with him yesterday
 I'm a block away from hell, **not** enough shots away from straight shells
 An ounce away from a triple beam still using a hand-held weight scale
 Your laughing, you know the place well
 Where the Liquor Store's and the base well
 And Government, fuck Government, niggas politic themselves
 Where we call the cops the A-Team
 Cause they hop out of vans and spray things
 And life expectancy so low we making out wills at eight-teen
 Where how you get rid of guys who step out of line, your rep solidifies
 So tell me when I rap you think I give a fuck who criticize?
 If the shit is lies, god strike me
 And I got a question, are you forgiving guys who live just like me?
 We'll **never** know
 One day I pray to you and said if I ever blow, Let 'em know
 Mistakes **ain't** exactly what takes place in the ghetto
 Promise fulfilled, but still I feel my job **ain't** done

... Chorus ...

Mentally been many places but I'm Brooklyn's own
 I'm from where they cross-over and clap boards
 Lost Jehovah in place of rap lords, listen
 I'm up the block, round the corner, and down the street
 From where the Pimps, Prostitutes, and the Drug Lords meet
 We make a million off of beats, cause our stories is deep
 And fuck tomorrow, as long as the night before was sweet
 Niggas get lost for weeks in the streets, twisted off weed
 And **no** matter the weather, niggas know how to draw heat
 Whether your four-foot or Minute size, it always starts out with
 Three dice and shoot the five
 Niggas thought they douce was live, now hit 'em with trips
 And I reached down for their money, pa forget about this
 This time around it's platinum, like the shit on my wrist
 And this glock on my waist, y'all **can't** do shit about this
 Niggas will show you love, That's how they fool thugs
 Before you know it your lying in a pool of blood

... Chorus ...

Jay-Z – Young Forever

Can I get some light in here?
 Cellphones in the air
 Let's dance in style
 Let's dance for a while
 Heaven can wait we're only watching the skies
 Hoping for the best but expecting the worst
 Are you gonna drop the bomb or not?
 Let us die young or let us live forever
 We **don't** have the power, but we **never** say **never**
 Sitting in a sandpit, life is a short trip
 The music's for the sad man (sing)

Forever young
I wanna be forever young (yes)
Do you really want to live forever?
Forever and ever (sing)
Forever young
I wanna be forever young
Do you really want to live forever?
Forever, forever young

So we live a life like a video
 When the sun is always out and you **never** get old
 And the champagne's always cold
 And the music is always good
 And the pretty girls just happened to stop by in the hood
 And they hop their pretty ass up on the hood of that pretty ass car
 Without a wrinkle in today
 'Cause there is **no** tomorrow
 Just some picture perfect day
 To last a whole lifetime
 And it **never** ends
 'Cause all we have to do is hit rewind
 So lets just stay in the moment
 Smoke some weed, drink some wine
 Reminisce, talk some shit, forever young is in your mind
 Leave a mark that **can't** erase, **neither** space **nor** time
 So when the director yells cut we'll be fine, ah
 Sing

... Chorus ...

Slamming Bentley doors, hopping out of Porsche's
 Popping up on Forbes lists, gorgeous, hold up
 Niggas thought I lost it, they be talking more shit
 I be talking more shit, I'm nauseous, hold up
 I'll be here forever, you know I'm on my fall shit
 And I **ain't** waiting for closure, I will **never** forfeit
 Less than four bars, baby, bring the chorus in
 Did you get the picture yet I'm painting you a portrait

... Chorus ...

Make some noise for Beyoncé one time Brooklyn
 Imma leave you with this
Don't be good, Brooklyn, be great
 Be great
 Thank you for tonight, thank you for tonight
 I love you

50 cent – No Romeo, No Juliet

Ayo, quit Captain Savin', serenadin' them hoese
 She **no** Juliet for **no** Romeo with **no** dough
 She report to pimpin', now back to trickin'
 She report to pimpin', nigga back to trickin'
 Hey hoe, get back to twerkin', back to workin'
 Get back to strippin', they back to tippin'
 Them stacks is fallin', they back to ballin'
 Them bottles poppin', bitch the mall is callin' us
 Quit fuckin' around, **not** playin' around bitch, shit is for real
 Quick makin' a stack, back makin' some mill, I mean, get us a deal
 Bitch fix us a meal, tell me how does it feel?
 On the social network when they said a nigga really **ain't** got **no** chill
 He think he fuckin' my bitch, nigga that bitch for rent
 He know how to treat a hoe, I mean all that money spent
 She says you a sweetheart, a sweetheart
 Things tend to go a little different 'round here, we pimpin' nigga

Quit Captain Savin', serenadin' them hoese
She no Juliet for no Romeo with no dough
She report to pimpin', now back to trickin'
She report to pimpin', nigga back to trickin'
Ayo, quit Captain Savin', serenadin' them hoese
She no Juliet for no Romeo with no dough
She report to pimpin', now back to trickin'
She report to pimpin', nigga back to trickin'
We pimpin' nigga!

P.I.M.P, who the shotta them
 I'm the girl dem sugar, watch them follow him
 Had the homies come through, 400, that be the block
 Take yo shit, we going up on the Instagram
 Higher than a ceiling fan, I'm whippin' bricks in the kitchen
 I'm flying shit out the window like I was Peter Pan
 I handle my own shit, I own shit

Alone shit, middle finger to the middle man
 Anybody that can get it when they want it
 Finger fuck bitches, she gon tell me when she cummin'
 50 in this bitch and I **ain't** asking him for **nothin'**
 That's my OG, if a nigga trippin', get to bustin'
No money mean **no** problems
 If your nigga got the money, we gon' rob him
 Boy I'm simply, a P.I.M.P
 And I'mma let it go 'til the clip on empty
 He think he fuckin' my bitch, nigga that bitch for rent
 He know how to treat a hoe, I mean all that money spent
 She say you a sweetheart, a sweetheart
 Things tend to go a little different 'round here, we pimpin' nigga
 I'm getting big money, started going hard keep a nigga from hatin'
 Remove the white bitch, nigga Google this shit we interracial dating
 This is a new wave, I'm a new Wraith, my nigga sit on suede
 Like I'm Special Ed, but I **ain't** Special Ed, bitch I got it made
 We here to make the paper, hope you niggas on the same page
 You know boy in the hood'll have you running like Ricky from a 12 gauge
 You know my bottom bitch, I done told her how to break a nigga 12 ways
 A few tricks a day, that there keep the bill collectors away
 You hear my name on the street, circulating, you heard I'm cakin'
 These niggas try to compete, perpetratin', what's percolating?
 I got game for days, ask around, they tell you I put it down
 So a hoe feel like I'm right next to her when a nigga way up town
 He think he fuckin' my bitch, nigga that bitch for rent
 He know how to treat a hoe, I mean all that money spent
 She say you a sweetheart, a sweetheart
 Things tend to go a little different round here, we pimpin' nigga

... Chorus ...

50 cent – How to Rob

The art of getting robbed
 This is how we do Brooklyn style boy you know what I'm sayin'
 R.I.P B.I.G, R.I.P P-A-see, R.I.P enough of that shit niggas that want to OD
 Aiyyo the bottom line is I'ma crook with a deal
 If my record **don't** sell I'ma rob and steal
 You better recognize nigga I'm straight from the street
 These industry niggaz is startin to look like somethin to eat
 I'll snatch Kim and tell Puff, "You want to see her again?"
 Dance your ass down to the nearest ATM
 I have dreams of fuckin an R&B bitch
 But I wake up early and bounce with all her shit
 When I apply pressure, son it **ain't** even funny
 I'm about to stick Bobby for some of that Whitney money
 Brian McKnight, I can get that nigga anytime
 Have Keith sweatin starin down the barrel of my nine
 Since these Harlem World niggaz seem to all be fam
 I put the gun to Cardan tell him, "Tell your man Mason Betha, haha, come up of that watch now I mean right now"
 The only excuse for being broke is bein in jail
 An entertainer **can't** make bail he broke as hell
 I'd rob ODB but that'd be a waste of time
 Probably have to clap him run and toss the nine
 I'd follow Fox in the drop for four blocks
 Plottin to juice her for that rock Kurupt copped
 What Jigga just sold like 4 mil? He got somethin to live for
Don't want a nigga puttin four through that Bentley Coupe door
 I'll man handle Case like "Dude get on the ground
 You **ain't** with Mary **no** more where you getting chips from now?"
 I been skeamin on Tone and Poke since they found me
 Steve knows **not** to wear that platinum shit around me
 I'm a klepto nah for real son I'm sick
 I'm bout to stick Slick Rick for all that old school

shit
 Right now I'm bent and when I get like this I **don't** think
 About to make Stevie J take off that tight ass mink
 I'll rob Pun without a gun snatch his piece then run
 This nigga weigh 400 pounds, how he gon catch me son?
 2x
 This **ain't** serious
 Being broke can make you delirious
 So we rob and steal so our ones can be bigger
 50 Cent how it feel to rob an industry nigga?
 Ill catch P and Silk The Shocker right after the Grammys
 And Will Smith and Jada ass down in Miami
 Run up on Timberland and Missy w/the pound
 Like you gimme the cash and you put the hot dog down
 I figured it out
 Niggas been robbin Joe before that's why his ass **don't** want to be a playa **no** more
 Mad at you I'm robbin J.D., FUCK YOU!! PAY ME!!
 Had Da Brat with em, shoulda had his gat with him
 DMX want to get down or will you tell on me
 I'm on that Treach shit, I do my +Dirt All By My Lonely+
 I should rob Clue man his shit did well
 I want to stick TQ but his shit **ain't** sell
 I hit the studios take niggas shoes and leave
 Catch Rae Ghost and RZA for them funny ass rings
 Tell Sticky gimme the cash before I empty three
 Ill beat your ass like that white boy on MTV
 Cannibus want to battle while I'm stickin them up
 Fuck a cab the coroners pickin em up
 Heavy tried to hide his shit, hey nigga I saw ya
 He said "Why you robbin me I got _Nuttin But Love_ for ya!"
 Caught Juvenile for his Cash Money piece
 Told him I want it all he said, "Even my gold teeth?"
 I caught Blackstreet on a back street in a black jeep
 One at a time get out and take off your shine
 Did you ever think that you would be this rich?
 Did you ever think that you would have these hits?
 Did you ever think that I'd flash the nine?
 And walk off with your shit like it's mine?
 I'ma keep stickin niggas until I'm livin
 I'll rob Boys II Men like I'm Michael Bivins
 Catch Tyson for half that cash like Robyn Givens
 I'm hungry for real I'm bout to stick Mister see
 That nigga still eatin off Big's first LP
 I had Busta and the whole Flipmode on the floor
 He asked me if I had enuff I told him "Gimme Some More"
 Is you feelin this? Then wait for the sequel
 I gotta get Kirk Franklin for robbin Gods People
 For real yo you know what I'm sayin?
 Niggas got to get stuck up that's just how it goes down
 It **don't** matter if you an industry nigga or a regular nigga
 It **don't** matter, if you got it and I need it I want it
 50 Cents **ain't** fuckin around
 Track Masters **ain't** fuckin around
 Crazy Cat **ain't** fuckin around
 The Madd Rapper **ain't** fuckin around
 So watch your backs, watch your pocket book,
 watch your pockets
 Watch everybody on the train, watch everybody on the bus
 Cause we gonna get you whether you like it or **not**.

50 cent – Baby By Me

Have a baby
 Have a baby by me baby, be a millionaire
 Have a baby by me baby, be a millionaire
 Have a baby by me baby, be a millionaire
 Be a millionaire be a be a millionaire
 Have a baby by me baby, be a millionaire
 Have a baby by me baby, be a millionaire
 Have a baby by me baby, be a millionaire
 Be a millionaire be a be a millionaire
 Be a millionaire be a be a millionaire
 I **don't** play **no** games, I don't play no games
 See when I'm in that thang, when I'm in that thang
 Come see what I mean, see what I mean
 See what I mean, see what I mean
 Say lil' mama put me on, baby put me on
 Then I have you gone, then I have you gone
 Come see what I mean, see what I mean
 See what I mean, see what I mean
 Come see what I mean
 See what I mean, see what I mean
 Come see what I mean
 First she suck neck, yea then hump back
 Me I'm a freak, I get into all that
 Girl I perform for you, like a pornstar
 Till you had enough then I just need a lil' bit more
 New music new mood new position
 New erotic sounds it's going down now listen

I can hear your heartbeat just sweat and I can paint a perfect picture
 I get deep and deeper, I told you I'd getcha
 I work that murk that just the way you like it baby
 Turn a quickie into a all nighter maybe
 Your sex drive it match my sex drive
 Then we do movin' this fast it's a Nascar ride
 Switch gears slow down go down wow now
 You can feel every inch of it when we into mail
 I use my tongue baby, I leave you sprung maybe
 I have your head spinning sayin' 50 so crazy
 I **don't** play **no** games, I don't play no games
 See when I'm in that thang, when I'm in that thang
 Come see what I mean, see what I mean
 See what I mean, see what I mean
 Say lil' mama put me on, baby put me on
 Then I have you gone, then I have you gone
 Come see what I mean, see what I mean
 See what I mean, see what I mean
 Come see what I mean, come see what I mean
 Have a baby by me baby, be a millionaire
 Have a baby by me baby, be a millionaire (Come see what I mean)
 Have a baby by me baby, be a millionaire
 Be a millionaire be a be a millionaire (Lil' mama come see what I mean)
 Have a baby by me baby, be a millionaire
 Have a baby by me baby, be a millionaire (Come see what I mean)
 Have a baby by me baby, be a millionaire
 Be a millionaire be a be a millionaire
 Girl I want you to give me what you got then give me more
 Baby you can start on top or on floors
 You know I like it when you get into it
Don't nobody do it, uh, like I do it
 Feel a rush, feel my touch get **intoxicated**
 Drunk off my love, call a hennessy thug
 Passion you laughin' I make you smile on a regular
 Tell me what you want shawty that's what I'm a get for ya
 Yea I need for ya to be what I need
 More than liquor and weed
 I need you to maybe give me a seed
 I need you to give me a reason to breathe
 I need you, I'm tellin' you so now you know what I need
 I be a part time or full time lover significant lover
 No matter which way it go I'm also gutter
 Girl you can get it however you want to get it
 I'm feelin' you still I'm telling you right now I'm with it
 I don't play no games, I don't play no games
 See when I'm in that thang, when I'm in that thang
 Come see what I mean, see what I mean
 See what I mean, see what I mean
 Say lil' mama put me on, baby put me on
 Then I have you gone, then I have you gone
 Come see what I mean, see what I mean
 See what I mean, see what I mean
 Come see what I mean, come see what I mean
 ... Chorus ...

50 cent – I Get It In

Oh
 Omarion, yea, it's Gucci!
 Song dynasty, yeah
 Watch me get it
 Gucci, Gucci!
 I done cut the braids, low cut, got my grown on
 Had a sister label, gettin' money, money, long, long
 I be so L.A. got my Chucks and my Locs on
 I was M-I-A, in M-I-A superman on
 I know I got it (Got it got it)
 I know she on it (On it on it)
 I know you see it (See it see it)
 I know she want it (Want it want it)
 She got that Cali good and she kinda hood
 She got me policin' and wishin' that a n**** would

This lil' mama got her back right
 She be skatin' on it, got a n**** singin' flashlight
 They be trying to get her, but she be holdin' on hell a tight
 I got to act right, that's what she like

I get it in, I get it in
 I get it in, I get it again and again
 I get it in, I get it in
 I get it in, I get up in the thing

Done with them boys, 'cause she done found a man now
Ain't no competition, she fumble when it hangs down
 I'm a show her love, love, even when when my fans 'round
 Get into the music baby, tell me how my ba** sound

... Chorus ...

This lil' mama got her back right
She be skatin' on it, got a n**** singin' flashlight
They be trying to get her, but she be holdin' on hella tight
I got to act right, that's what she like

... Chorus ...

Tennis shoes, fur coat, Louie V carry on
Gucci mane, Gucci girls, panties she ain't wearing none,
and don't want me to buy her none, man she tha fire huh!
damn near broke her neck when she seen me wit' Omarion
double take, double take, lets go have a triple date!
me and you ain't no choice you be wit y'all think y'all can handle that!
and if i ain't puttin' it down right! You can cancel me
I'm married to the game, so right now you cant marry me!
Champagne wishes, private jets kisses, Shanghai, Bangkok
We over seas trippin', Pinocchio your nose will grow,
I'm smokin' dro' in Tokyo a trapper but this rapper got me goin' places you'll never go!

50 cent – Get Up

Man I'm gonna do my thing,
it's crazy in the club when I'm in there, man trust me homie, I'm not playin'
the dance floor of the chain I say (Get Up!)

I came to bring you that California Love
in the middle of New York,
haters all of the above.
I'm not playin' I said I'm off the chain
you niggers better follow instructions, I say (Get up!)

I ball 'till I fall
I stunt 'till I drop
I'm off the showroom floor,
not the used car lot.

You buy a bottle,
I but the bar.
I make any other week feel like Mardi Gras.

When I get into, I get into it
Everybody can't do it the way I do it

I make it rain, then the sun comes out.
A nigger playin' then the guns come out, now

My question is who they goin' to blame
when I back number one on that billboard again.
Shit chip now The Game don't change.
Since Mike made Triller and Prince made Purple Rain.

I guess I make they kids want slangin,
then N.W.A. made the West Coast bangin'
Nah, It's just music
Man it's just music
Now get your ass on the dance floor and move it

*I have the savoir-faire
I'm the reason everybody here I say (Get Up!)
I make it hot I make it hot in here
your feet hurting I really don't care
I say (Get up!)
I wanna see, I wanna see you move
and get on a little groove
I said (Get up!)
I'm getting money man I really don't care
now lemme see you put your hands in the air I say
(Get Up!)*

You look good, I want to get to know you better
you look good in them jeans and them red stilletos
You got a Bentley Coup booty baby I wanna drive
See I tell you what your mileage is just when I'm inside
I wanna take you for a spin, you know round and round
switch gears until your love come down
I take you to the point of no return,
if you listen you learn,
just how a nigger earn
I got money to burn.
While The Game ban bitched
she dropped the bomb on me

she suck it down and up and down, gracefully

Rick James would have said she a brick house
But 50 you should go ahead and see what that bitch bout'.

I found out she like hard I like it huh
back it up and get you some
I know how to get you sprung
tune you up
pierce your tongue
under the hood it's so good
she said so good god damn I'm so good
Nigga what up?

... Chorus ...

and get into it
you now rock the building you know that
I said (Get Up!)
and get into it
Imma show you just how we do it
I said (Get Up!)
Aftermath, still Shady aftermath
I said (Get Up!)
aftermath, still Shady aftermath

50 cent – I'll still Kill

Don't even look at me wrong when I come through the hood
Ain't nothin' changed, still holla at my homies
And when I hit the block, I still will kill
And I don't want, nigga but I will
If I got to, kill
If niggas get to fuckin' around, if niggas get to fuckin' around
Respect come from admiration and fear
You can admire me or you can catch one in ya wig
You see the Testarosa the toaster's right on my lap
So if a nigga get out of line, a nigga get clapped
I got an arsenal a infantry, I'm built for this mentally
That's why I'm the general, I do what they pretend to do
Front on me now nigga I'll be the end of you
Forget ya enemies and think of what ya friends'll do
I drop a bag off, then let a mag off
The Heckler & Koch'll tear half of ya ass off
I'm not for the games I'm not for all the playin'
The hollow tips rain, when I unleash the pain
Get the message from the lions or get the message from the nine
Paint a picture wit' words, you can see when I shine
Put my back on the wall nigga watch me go for mine
I let twenty-one shots off at the same time, yeah

... Chorus ...

Where I'm from death is always in the air homie
Nanna love me so you know she say my prayers for me
I come creepin' through in the hood wearin' Teflon
Hit the corners motherfuckers get left on
Niggas know, if not they better check my background
Try and stick me I fill ya back wit' mac rounds
Ask 'Preme nigga 50 don't back down
I keep it funky like fiends in a crack house
Cross the line boy Imma air ya ass out
Screw ya face at me I wan' know what that's 'bout
Nigga I know you ain't mad I done came up
And if you are, fuck you 'cause I ain't change up
The O.G.'s wanna talk but I don't know these niggas
And I ain't did no business wit' 'em I Don't owe these niggas
A minute of my time, I get it 'cause I grind
All across the world like the globe's mine, yeah!

... Chorus ...

Konvict
Now tell me have you ever looked up at an instance
And seen a mac aimin' at'cha head mayne?
Before you know it life is flashin' reminisin'
And ya body is drippin' and full of lead man
I done been there, I done cocked that
It ain't never been a question I'm 'bout that
Don't go there, you'll get cocked at
And if ya plan to fuck around then reroute that
You'll never catch me ridin' around on these streets
Without a couple metal pieces under my feet
Fully automatic weapons and loaded wit' dumb-d's
Stashed up under the carpet like a can of Sea breeze
50 don't make me ride on these niggas
'Cause I will kill, dip and hide on these niggas
50 don't make me ride on these niggas
'Cause I'll be long gone like the Ripper, so

... Chorus ...

50 cent – Straight to the Bank

*Yeah! When I'm out in N.Y. boy it's blunts and phillies
When I'm out in L.A. boy it's wraps and swishes
Now Blood walk to this, now crips walk to this
Now throw it up, raise it up for that gangsta shit
Now Blood walk to this, now crips walk to this
Now throw it up, raise it up for that gangsta shit*

I'm in my Lambo' maggot, my fo' fo' fagot
Doors lift up I'm like Go Go Gadget
See the shit I got on, homey I hate too
My Teflon arm brought my government issues
I'll hit your vertebrae bullets rip through tissues
Your wife on the futon huggin' that shitzo
Homey you a bitch you got feminine ways
Heard you got four lips and bleed for seven days
I got fo' fifths and bananas on the case
And got more whips than a runaway slave
Me and Yayo go back like some high top fades
When I made fifty mill, Em got paid
When I made sixty mill, Dre got paid
When I made eighty mill, Jimmy got paid
I ain't even gotta rap now life is made
Said I ain't even gotta rap, I'm filthy man
I'm laughin' straight to the bank with this
(Ha, ha ha ha ha ha, ha, ha ha ha ha ha)
I'm laughin' straight to the bank with this
(Ha, ha ha ha ha ha, ha, ha ha ha ha ha)
I'm laughin' straight to the bank with this
(Ha, ha ha ha ha ha, ha, ha ha ha ha ha)
I'm laughin' straight to the bank with this
(Ha, ha ha ha ha ha, ha, ha ha ha ha ha)
I'm laughin'
I see nothin' but hundred dollar bills in the bank roll
I got the kind of money that the bank can't hold
Got it off the street movin' bundles and loads
Seventy Three Caprice old school when I roll
Breeze pass with the EZ Pass fuck the toll
No more platinum I'm wearin' gold
I'm internationally known as the kid with the flow
That brings enough dough it's never enough dough
Shit I need mo' I need shit out the sto'
Baby ble was cold fresh out the flo'
Stash box by the dash box encase they want war
Make the purple bring the green in fuck the law
I'm oh so raw, I'm hot I'm sure
I'm like the coolest motherfucker around the globe
boy
I set the club on fire I told ya
I'm the general salute me soldier

... Chorus ...

Now work it out now, shorty work it out, work it out
I wanna see you, break it down
Now back it up now, you know what I'm about
It's like a bank job I'm retin' them out
Now work it out now, work it out, work it out
Now work it out now, work it out, work it out

50 cent – I get Money

*I, I get money, money I got (I, I get it)
I, I get money, money I got (I, I get it)
I, I get money, money I got (Yeah)
Money, money I got, money, money I got (I run New York!)
I, I get money, money I got (I, I get it)
I, I get money, money I got (I, I get it)
I, I get money, money I got (Yeah, yeah)
Money, money I got, money, money I got (I run New York!)*

I took quarter water sold it in bottles for 2 bucks
Coca-Cola came and bought it for billions, what the fuck?
Have a baby by me baby, be a millionaire
I write the check before the baby comes, who the fuck cares?
I'm stanky rich, Imma die trying to spend this shit
Southside's up in in this bitch
Yeah, I smell like the vault, I used to sell dope
I did play the block, now I play on boats
In the south of France baby, Saint-Tropez
Get a tan, I'm already black, rich, I'm already that
Gangsta, get a gat, hit a head in a hat
Call that a river rat, shit, fuck the chitter chat
The baker, I bake the bread;, the barber, I cut your head
The marksman, I spray the lead, blood clot, chop your leg

Do not fuck with the kid, I get busy with the Sig
I come where you live, ya dig?

... *Chorus* ...

You can call this my new shit, but it **ain't** new
though
I got rid of my old bitch, now I got new hoes
First it was the Benzo, now I'm in the Enzo
Ferrari, I'm sorry, I keep blowing up
They call me the cake man, the strawberry shake
man
I spray the AR, make your whole clique break dance
Backspin, head spin, flatline, you're dead then
9 shells, MAC-10, "who wanna get it cracking?"
I was young, I **couldn't** do good, now I **can't** do bad
I ride, wreck the new Jag, I just bought a new Jag
Now nigga why you mad? Oh, you **can't** do that?
I'm so forgetful, they calling me cocky
I come up out the jeweler, they calling me Rocky
It's the ice on my neck, man, the wrist and my left
hand
Bling like bloaw, you like my style
Ha ha, I'm heading to the bank right now

... *Chorus* ...

Yeah, I talk the talk, and I walk the walk
Like a Teflon Don, boy, I run New York
When I come outta court, yeah, I pop the cork
I keep it gangsta, I have ya outlined in chalk
In the hood if ya ask about me
They'll tell ya I'm 'bout my bread
Round the world if ya ask about me
They'll tell ya they love the kid

Whoa, hey (I-I get it)
Whoa, hey (I-I get it)
Whoa, hey (Yeah)
Whoa, hey (I run New York)
Whoa, hey (I-I get it)
Whoa, hey (I-I get it)
Whoa, hey (Yeah, yeah)
Whoa, hey (I run New York) whoa
I get money, money I got (I'm back on the streets,
man)
I get money, money I got (I'm bringing the heat,
man)
I get money, money I got (I'm on my grind)
Money I got, money I got (Like all the time)
I get money, money I got (Trying to stop my shine)
I get money, money I got (I'll cock my 9, don't get
outta line)
I get money, money I got (**Don't** get outta line)
Money I got, money I got (I said **don't** get outta
line)
I-I get it, I-I get it

50 cent – Ayo Technology

Something special, **unforgettable**,
50 Cent (cent), Justin (tin), Timbaland (land), god damn (damn)
She she, she want it, I want to give it to her
She know that, it's right here for her
I want to, see you break it down
I'm ballin', throwin' money around
She work it girl, she work the pole
She break it down, she take it low
She fine as hell, she about the dough
She doing her thing out on the floor
Her money money, she makin' makin'
Look at the way she shakin' shakin'
Make you want to touch it, make you want to taste it
Have you lustin' for her, go crazy face it
Now **don't** stop, get it, get it
The way she shakin' make you want to hit it
Think she double jointed from the way she splitted
Got you're head fucked up from the way she did it
She's so much more than you're used to
She know's just how to move to seduce you
She gone do the right thing and touch the right spot
Dance in you're lap till you're ready to pop
She always ready, when you want it she want it
Like a nympho, the info, I show you where to meet her
On the late night, till daylight the club jumpin'
If you want a good time, she gone give you what you want
Baby this a new age, you like my new craze
Let's get together maybe we can start a new phase
The smokes got the club all hazy, spotlights **don't** do you justice baby
Why **don't** you come over here, you got me saying Ayo, I'm tired of using technology
Why **don't** you sit down on top of me
Ayo, I'm tired of using technology
I need you right in front of me

*Ooh, she wants it, uh uh, she wants it
Ooh, she wants it, uh uh (so), I got to give it to her
Ooh, she wants it, uh uh, she wants it
Ooh, she wants it, uh uh (so), I got to give it to her*

Your hips, your thighs, you got me hypnotized, let me tell you
Your hips, your thighs, you got me hypnotized, let me tell you
Your hips, your thighs, you got me hypnotized, let me tell you
Your hips, your thighs, you got me hypnotized, let me tell you
Got a thing for that thing she got
The way she make it shake, the way she make it pop
Make it rain for us so she **don't** stop
I ain't got to move, I can sit and watch
In her fantasy, there's plain to see
Just how it be, on me, backstrokin', sweat soaking
All into my set sheets
When she ready to ride, I'm ready to roll
I'll be in this bitch till the club close
What should I do, one thing on all fours
Now that that shit should be against the wall
From side to side, let the ride, break it down (down down)
You know I like, when you hike and you throw it all around
Different style, different move, damn I like the way you move
Girl you got me thinking about, all the things I do to you
Let's get it poppin' shorty we can switch positions
From the couch to the counters in my kitchen
Baby this a new age, you like my new craze
Let's get together maybe we can start a new phase
The smokes got the club all hazy, spotlights **don't** do you justice baby
Why **Don't** you come over here, you got me saying

... Chorus ...

50 cent – Window Shopper

Go, go, go, go, go, go, shawty
It's your birthday
We gon' party like it's your birthday
We gon' sip Bacardi like it's your birthday
And you know we **don't** give a fuck
It's **not** your birthday!

*You can find me in the club, bottle full of bub
Look mami I got the X if you into taking drugs
I'm into having sex, I **ain't** into making love
So come give me a hug if you into to getting rubbed
You can find me in the club, bottle full of bub
Look mami I got the X if you into taking drugs*

*I'm into having sex, I ain't into making love
So come give me a hug if you into to getting rubbed*

When I pull out up front, you see the Benz on dubs
When I roll twenty deep, it's twenty knives in the club
Niggas heard I fuck with Dre, now they want to show me love
When you sell like Eminem, and the hoes they want to fuck
But homie **ain't nothing** change hold down, G's up
I see Xzibit in the Cutt that nigga roll that weed up
If you watch how I move you'll mistake me for a player or pimp
Been hit wit a few shells but I **don't** walk wit a limp
In the hood then the ladies saying "50 you hot"
They like me, I want them to love me like they love Pac
But holla in New York them niggas'll tell ya I'm loco
And the plan is to put the rap game in a choke hold
I'm feelin' focused man, my money on my mind
I got a mill out the deal and I'm still on the grind
Now shawty said she feeling my style, she feeling my flow
Her girlfriend want to get bi and they ready to go

... Chorus ...

My flow, my show brought me the dough
That bought me all my fancy things
My crib, my cars, my pools, my jewels
Look, nigga, I came up and I **ain't** changed
And you should love it, way more then you hate it
Nigga you mad? I thought that you'd be happy I made it
I'm that cat by the bar toasting to the good life
You that fagot ass nigga trying to pull me back right?
When my junk get to pumping in the club it's on
I wink my eye at ya bitch, if she smiles she gone
If the roof on fire, let the motherfucker burn
If you talking bout money homie, I **ain't** concerned
I'm a tell you what Banks told me cause go head switch the style up
If the niggas hate then let 'em hate
Watch the money pile up
Or we go upside there wit a bottle of bub
You know where we fucking be

... Chorus ...

Don't try to act like you **ain't** know where we been either, nigga
In the club all the time, nigga, so it's a problem pop off, nigga, G-Unit!

50 Cent – Best Friend

Yeah! It's my tape man, listen to my tape
WOO!!!

*If I was your best friend,
I want you 'round all the time
(I want you 'round me all the time)
Can I be your best friend,
if you promise you'll be mine
(Girl promise you'll be mine)
Please say he's just a friend (Uh huh)
now girl let's **not** pretend (Come on)
Either he is or he **ain't** your man (Ha Ha!)
please say he's just a friend
If I was your best friend,
I want you 'round all the time
(I want you 'round me all the time)
Can I be your best friend,
if you promise you'll be mine
(Girl promise you'll be mine)
Please say he's just a friend (Uh huh)
now girl let's not pretend (Come on)
Either he is or he ain't your man (Ha Ha!)
please say he's just a friend
If I was your best friend*

First we get the talkin, then we get the touchin
If we get pass the phone games we'll be fuckin
I kiss like the french therefore my tongue in your ear
Do it like the dogs do it girl and pull on your hair
For me a different scenery just mean a different position
In the tub or on the sink I improvise now listen
In the chopper or on the jet join the mile high club
I'm **no** fool I know money **can't** buy me love
But I'm a different type of nigga that make sure that you know
Instead of a rose, there's a hundred dozen of those
See I see somethin special when I look in your eyes
With your legs way back I see this pussy is mine

If you **ain't** sure when I'm talkin I **don't** tell you **no** lies
But there's things that you say that have me wonderin why
When I **don't** say what I'm thinkin it **don't** mean that I'm shy
Got on that shit you picked out for me that's why I'm so fly

... Chorus ...

While you in your bubble bath
I'll come wash on your back
When you puttin on your lotion
I can help you with that
I sit and think of things to say
that may make you smile
Or give you gifts from my heart to reflect my style
Or slang I use when we build may change how you talk
And if I'm focused while
I'm strokin I could change how you walk
There's a swagger that you calm
but when you come from New York
I'm a hustler I just hustle in the things that I bought
Separate me from the rest, I feel like I'm the best
If there's a price to pay for feelin you I pay that twice
I'm as ghetto as it gets girl you know that's right
I **ain't** got **nothin** to hide baby I tell you my secrets
'Fore you end up bein' round long enough to peep shit
I get closer to you, I mean closer than close
I get into you, after I take off my clothes
Girl I been into you, mentally long before

... Chorus ...

50 Cent - Hustler's Ambition

Yea, I need you, I need you to hate
So I can use you for your energy
you know, its real shit, feel this!
America's got a thing for this gangsta's shit, they love me
Black Chucks, black skullies, leather Pelle-Pelle
I take spills over raymo shit, I'ma fan
Got through the silver duck tape on my trait old handle
The women on my life bring confusion shit
SO like Nimo from New Jack, I'll have to cancel that bitch
Look at me, this is the life I chose
Niggaz around me so cold, man my heart dun froze up
I build an empire on the low the narc's **don't** know
I'm the weatherman, I take that coco leaf and make that snow
Sit back, watch it turn to dope, watch it go out the door
O after O, you know, homey I'm just triple beam, dreamin
Niggaz be schemin, I'm fiendin to live a good life
The fiends just fiendin
Conceal my weapon nice and easy so you **can't** see
The penitentiary is definitely out the question for me

*I want the finer things in my life
So I hustle (hustle)
Nigga you get in my way when while I'm tryin to get mine
And I'll buck you (buck you)
I **don't** care who you run with, or where you from
Nigga fuck you (fuck you)
I want to find the thing thats in my life
So I hustle (hustle)*

Yea, I **don't** know shit about gymnastics I summersault bricks
Black talents start flyin, when a nigga flip
I cook crack in the microwave, niggaz **can't** fuck with me
Man my cold days, they called me chef boy are 50
Check my logic, smokers **don't** like seeds in their weed shit
Send me them seeds i'll grow 'em what they need
Them **ain't** chia pet plants in the crib thats chronic
And I'm sellin them 500 a pop god damn it
I sold everythin I'ma hustler, I know how to grind
Step on grapes put in water and tell you its wine
If you analyze me, what you'll find is the DNA recrock
What goes in my mind, its contagious
Hypnotic, it sounds melodic
If the rap was the block or spider, I'll be poke and butter
Now get a load of me, flashy, far from low key

And you can locate me where ever that dope be,
gettin money man

... Chorus ...

Its a hustler's ambition, close your eyes listen, see
my vision
Mossberg pumpin, shotgun dumpin and drama
means **nothin**
It's part of the game, catch me in the coupe switchin
lanes
In the jewels with your chains
I upgrade from 30 BS to clean VS
Rocks that I copped precedes from the spot
I got the energy to win, I'm full of adrenaline
Played it perf and get nauseous, watchin the spinner
spin
I make plans to make it, a prisoner of the state
Now I can invite yo ass out to my estate
Them holi tip bent me up, but I'm back in shape
Pour Crystal in the blender and make a protein
shake
I'm like the East coast number one playboy B
Hugh Hefner'll tell you he **don't** got shit on me
The feds watch me, icy they **can't** stop me
Racist, pointin at me look at the nigga ratchi
Hello!

... Chorus ...

50 cent – Outta Control

Yeah, Shady, Aftermath
I guess you **didn't** know
I, be, back for more
Every-body's, on the floor
Goin' goin' outta control
Set it off on yo' left, dog
Set it off on yo' right, dog
Set it off
Nigga I said set it off

*I do my thang, in the club
Every chance I get, I tear it up
Dancefloor jam-packed, look
I got 'em goin' goin' outta control
Set it off on yo' left, dog
Set it off on yo' right, dog
Set it off
Nigga I said set it off*

Sick with it, boy better get with it, what?
In the club I get it goin', goin', uh
Just movin' to the music it's on
And the sounds of 50 and D-R-E
Everything's calculated and sound precise
Another move another mill', let's get right aight?
Success is my drug of choice, I'm high off life
Feelin' lucky enough to bet it all on the dice
Shorty do what you wanna do, hit the dancefloor
And move how you wanna move, later on
We can cruise if you wanna cruise, it's whatever you
want
The fact is I got more than I flaunt, yeah

... Chorus ...

System thumpin', dancefloor jumpin'
We 30 deep in this bitch, we stuntin'
That's what you get, you in my hood
I thought you understood, you know me
V.I.P., **no** ID
Bottles of DP, I do it real B-I-G
Bitches break their neck to be where I be
Take 'em to ecstasy, without ecstasy
I'm a chef you need the hit I got the recipe
Doc got the antidote, it's in the drums and the notes
Can you feel it? Em said for me to make you feel it
And remind you that you rockin' with the realest

... Chorus ...

I'm hot boy, I'm burnin' up
I do my thang in the club with the burner tucked
'Til the speakers all blown, we gon' turn it up
And do that damn thang, yeah do that mayne
Shorty, hit me high then hit me low
Get to poppin' and shakin' that thing on the flo'
A little dose of it, now I want some more
Nobody put that thang on me like that before
I be a fiend for it, it's the way you move
But I **ain't** payin' for it, cause I **ain't no** fool
If you okay with it, tonight I stay with it
Hit the telly play with it in a major way get it

... Chorus ...

50 cent – Just A Lil Bit

Yeah
Shady
Aftermath
G-Unit
Damn baby all I need is a lil' bit
A lil' bit of this, a lil' bit of that
Get it crackin' in the club when you hear this shit
Drop it like its hot, get to workin' that back
Go shake that thang, yeah work that thang
Let me see it go up and down
Rotate that thang, I want to touch that thang
Can you make it go round and round
I step up in the club, I'm like who you with
G-Unit in the house, yeah that's my clique
Yeah I'm young, but a nigga from the old school
On the dance floor, a nigga doin' old moves
I **don't** give a fuck, I do what I wan' do
I hit your ass up, boy I done warned you
Better listen, when I talk, nigga **don't** trip
Yo' heat in the car, mine's in this bitch
I **ain't** tryna beef, I'm tryna get my drink on
Got my diamonds, my fitted, and my mink on
I'ma kick it at the bar 'til its time to go
Then I'ma get shorty here and I'ma let her know

*All a nigga really need is a lil' bit
Not a lot baby girl just a lil' bit
We can head to the crib in a lil' bit
I can show ya how I live in a lil' bit
I want to unbutton your pants just a lil' bit
Take 'em off and pull 'em down a lil' bit
Get to kissin' and touchin' a lil' bit
Get to lickin' it, a lil' bit*

This is 50, comin' out your stereos
Hard to tell though, 'cause I switched the flow
Eyes a lil' low, 'cause I twist the dro'
Pockets on swoll 'cause I move the O's
My neck, my wrist, my ears is froze
Come get ya bitch, she on me dog
She must of heard about the dough
Now captain come on and save a hoe
I get it crunk in the club, I'm off the chain
Number one on the chart, all the time man
When the kid in the house, I turn it out
Keep the dance floor packed, that's without a doubt
And shorty shake that thing like a pro man
She back it up on me I'm like oh man
I get close enough to her so I know she can hear
System thumpin', party jumpin', I said loud and clear

... Chorus ...

Baby you got me feelin' right (ya heard me)
My mama gone, you can spend the night (ya heard
me)
I **ain't** playin', I'ma tryna fuck tonight (ya heard me)
Clothes off, face down, ass up, c'mon

... Chorus ...

50 cent – Candy Shop

Yeah
Uh-huh
So seductive
I'll take you to the candy shop
I'll let you lick the lollipop

*Go 'head girl **don't** you stop
Keep going 'til you hit the spot, whoa
I'll take you to the candy shop (yeah)
Boy, one taste of what I got (uh-huh)
I'll have you spending all you got (come on)
Keep going 'til you hit the spot, whoa*

You could have it your way, how do you want it?
You gon' back that thing up, or should I push you on
it?
Temperature rising, okay, let's go to the next level
Dance floor jam-packed, hot as a tea kettle
I break it down for you now, baby it's simple
If you be a nympho, I'll be a nympho
In the hotel, or in the back of the rental
On the beach or in the park, it's whatever you into
Got the magic stick, I'm the love doctor
I **ain't** finished teaching you 'bout how sprung I got
ya
Wanna show me how you work it baby? **No**
problem, get on top
Then get your bounce around, like a little rider
I'm seasoned vet when it come to this shit
After you work up a sweat you can play with this
stick
I'm trying to explain, baby, the best way I can
I melt in your mouth girl, **not** in your hands, ha-ha

... Chorus ...

I'll have you spending all you got
Keep going 'til you hit the spot, whoa
Girl what we do, what we do
And where we do, and where we do
The things we do, things we do
Are just between me and you, yeah, oh yeah
Give it to me baby, nice and slow
Climb on the top, ride like you in a rodeo
You **ain't never** heard a sound like this before
'Cause I **ain't never** put it down like this
As soon as I come through the door, she get to
pulling on my zipper
It's like it's a race who could get undressed quicker
Isn't it ironic how erotic it is to watch 'em in
thongs?
Had me thinkin' 'bout that ass after I'm gone
I touch the right spot at the right time
Lights on, or lights off, she like it from behind
So seductive you should see the way she grind
Her hips in slow mo' on the floor when we grind
Long as she **ain't** stopping, homie I **ain't** stopping
Dripping wet with sweat, man it's on and popping
All my champagne campaign, bottle after bottle, it's
on
And we gon' sip 'til every bubble in every bottle is
gone

... Chorus ...

I'll have you spending all you got
Keep going 'til you hit the spot, whoa
I'll take you to the candy shop
I'll let you lick the lollipop
Go 'head girl **don't** you stop
Keep going 'til you hit the spot, whoa
I'll take you to the candy shop
Boy, one taste of what I got
I'll have you spending all you got
Keep going 'til you hit the spot, whoa

50 cent – Disco Inferno

Lil' mamma show me how you move it
Go 'head put ya back into it
Do ya thing like they **ain't nothing** to it
Shake sha sha shake that ass girl
Lil' mamma show me how you move it
Go 'head put ya back into it
Do ya thing like they ain't nothing to it
Shake sha sha shake that ass girl
Go, go, go, 50 in the house, bounce
Y'all already know what I'm about
The flows sick over Dre drums nigga
I **ain't** stupid I say doc then doe come quicker
Whoa, shorty's hips is Hypnotic
She move so sure erotic
I watch her I'm like bounce that ass girl
I get it crunk in here, I make it jump in here
Front in here, we'll thump in here
Oh! So gutter, so ghetto, so hood
So gully, so grimey, what's good?
Outside the Benzo on dubs
I'm in the club wit the snubs
Don't! start **nothin' won't** be **nothin'** uh

... Chorus ...

Let's party, everybody stand up
Everybody put ya hands up
Let's party, everybody bounce to me
Sip champagne and burn a lil' greenery
It's hot, disco inferno
Let's go your now rocking wit' a pro
I get doe to flip doe to get mo fo sho
Get my drink on then get on the dance floor
Look homie I **don't** dance all I do is this
It's the same two step wit a lil' twist
Listen punk I **ain't** new to dis I'm true to dis
Pay attention boy I'll teach you how to do the shit
You mix a lil' Cris' wit' a lil' Don Perion
And a lil' Hennessy you know we fitin' to carry on
Hollering at these shawtys in the club trying to get
right
We gonn' be up in this bitch til we break daylight

... Chorus ...

Ya see me shining lit up wit' diamonds
'Cause I stay grinding
Homie you can catch me swooping Bentley coupin'
Switching lanes
You see me rolling you know I'm holding
About my paper yeah
Nigga I'm serious I **ain't** playing
I'll embed it in ya brain I'm off the chain, G-unit!

Next level now turn it up a notch
Em and Dre sent me to tear up the spot
Front on me, oh no! You know I'm loco
Hands up on the dance floor okay let's go

... Chorus ...

50 cent – P.I.M.P

*I don't know what you heard about me
But a bitch can't get a dollar out of me
No Cadillac, no perms, you can't see
That I'm a motherfucking P-I-M-P
I don't know what you heard about me
But a bitch can't get a dollar out of me
No Cadillac, no perms, you can't see
That I'm a motherfucking P-I-M-P*

Now shorty, she in the club, she dancing for dollars
She got a thing for that Gucci, that Fendi, that Prada
That BCBG, Burberry, Dolce and Gabbana
She feed them foolish fantasies, they pay her cause
they want her
I spit a little G, man, and my game got her
A hour later have that ass up in the Ramada
Them trick niggas in her ear saying they think about
her
I got the bitch by the bar trying to get a drink up out
her
She like my style, she like my smile, she like the
way I talk
She from the country, think she like me cause I'm
from New York
I ain't that nigga trying to holla cause I want some
head
I'm that nigga trying to holla cause I want some
bread
I could care less how she perform when she in the
bed
Bitch, hit that track, catch a date, and come and pay
the kid
Look baby this is simple, you can't see
You fucking with me, you fucking with a P-I-M-P

... Chorus ...

I'm bout my money you see, girl you can holla at me
If you fucking with me, I'm a P-I-M-P
Not what you see on TV, no Cadillac, no greasy
Head full of hair, bitch, I'm a P-I-M-P
Come get money with me if you curious to see
How it feels to be with a P-I-M-P
Roll in the Benz with me, you could watch TV
From the backseat of my V, I'm a P-I-M-P
Girl, we could pop some champagne and we could
have a ball
We could toast to the good life, girl, we could have
it all
We could really splurge, girl, and tear up the mall
If ever you needed someone I'm the one you should
call
I'll be there to pick you up if ever you should fall
If you got problems I can solve 'em, they big or they
small
That other nigga you be with ain't 'bout shit
I'm your friend, your father, and confidant, bitch

... Chorus ...

I told you fools before, I stay with the tools
I keep a Benz, some rims, and some jewels
I holla at a ho 'til I got a bitch confused
She got on Payless; me? I got on gator shoes
I'm shopping for chinchillas in the summer, they
cheaper
Man, this ho you can have her, when I'm done I
ain't gon' keep her
Man, bitches come and go, every nigga pimping
know
You saying it's secret, but you I gotta keep it on the
low
Bitch, choose with me, I'll have you stripping in the
street
Put my other hoes down, you get your ass beat
Now Niki my bottom bitch, she always come up
with my bread
The last nigga she was with put stitches in her head
Get your ho out of pocket, I'll put a charge on a
bitch
Cause I need 4 TVs and AMGs for the six
Ho make a pimp rich, I ain't paying bitch
Catch a date, suck a dick, shit, trick

... Chorus ...

Yeah, in Hollywood they say "there's no b'ness like
show b'ness"
In the hood they say "there's no b'ness like ho

b'ness", you know?
They say I talk a little fast, but if you listen a little
faster
I ain't got to slow down for you to catch up, bitch

50 Cent – 21 Questions

New York City!
You are now rapping, with 50 Cent
You gotta love it,
I just wanna chill and twist a lot
Catch suns in my 7-45
You drive me crazy shorty I
Need to see you and feel you next to me
I provide everything you need and I
Like your smile I don't wanna see you cry
Got some questions that I got to ask and I
Hope you can come up with the answers babe

*Girl, It's easy to love me now
Would you love me if I was down and out?
Would you still have love for me?
Girl, It's easy to love me now
Would you love me if I was down and out?
Would you still have love for me girl?*

If I fell off tomorrow would you still love me?
If I didn't smell so good would you still hug me?
If I got locked up and sentenced to a quarter century,
Could I count on you to be there to support me
mentally?
If I went back to a hoopy from a Benz, would you
poof and disappear like
Some of my friends?
If I was hit and I was hurt would you be by my side?
If it was time to put in work would you be down to
ride?
I'd get out and peel a nigga cap and chill and drive
I'm asking questions to find out how you feel inside
If I ain't rap 'cause I flipped burgers at Burger King
Would you be ashamed to tell your friends you
feelin' me?
In the bed if I used my tongue would you like that?
If I wrote you a love letter would you write back?
Now we can have a lil' drink you know a nightcap
And we could go do what you like, I know you like
that

... Chorus ...

Now would you leave me if you're father found out I
was thuggin'?
Do you believe me when I tell you, you the one I'm
loving?
Are you mad 'cause I'm asking you 21 questions?
Are you my soul mate? 'Cause if so, girl you a
blessing
Do you trust me enough, to tell me your dreams?
I'm staring at ya' trying to figure how you got in
them jeans
If I was down would you say things to make me
smile?
I treat you how you want to be treated just teach me
how
If I was with some other chick and someone
happened to see?
And when you asked me about it I said it wasn't me
Would you believe me? Or up and leave me?
How deep is our bond if that's all it takes for you to
be gone?
We only humans girl we make mistakes, to make it
up I do whatever it take
I love you like a fat kid love cake
You know my style I say anything to make you
smile

... Chorus ...

Could you love me in a Bentley?
Could you love me on a bus?
I'll ask 21 questions, and they all about us
Could you love me in a Bentley?
Could you love me on a bus?
I'll ask 21 questions, and they all about us

50 cent – In Da Club

Go, go, go, go, go, go, go, shawty
It's your birthday
We gon' party like it's yo birthday
We gon' sip Bacardi like it's your birthday
And you know we don't give a fuck
It's not your birthday!

*You can find me in the club, bottle full of bub
Look mami I got the X if you into taking drugs
I'm into having sex, I ain't into making love
So come give me a hug if you into to getting rubbed
You can find me in the club, bottle full of bub
Look mami I got the X if you into taking drugs
I'm into having sex, I ain't into making love
So come give me a hug if you into to getting rubbed*

When I pull out up front, you see the Benz on dubs
When I roll twenty deep, it's twenty knives in the
club
Niggas heard I fuck with Dre, now they want to
show me love
When you sell like Eminem, and the hoes they want
to fuck
But homie ain't nothing change hold down, G's up
I see Xzibit in the Cutt that nigga roll that weed up
If you watch how I move you'll mistake me for a
player or pimp
Been hit wit a few shells but I don't walk wit a limo
In the hood then the ladies saying "50 you hot"
They like me, I want them to love me like they love
Pac
But holla in New York them niggas'll tell ya I'm
loco
And the plan is to put the rap game in a choke hold
I'm feelin' focused man, my money on my mind
I got a mill out the deal and I'm still on the grind
Now shawty said she feeling my style, she feeling
my flow
Her girlfriend want to get bi and they ready to go

... Chorus ...

My flow, my show brought me the dough
That bought me all my fancy things
My crib, my cars, my pools, my jewels
Look, nigga, I came up and I ain't changed
And you should love it, way more then you hate it
Nigga you mad? I thought that you'd be happy I
made it
I'm that cat by the bar toasting to the good life
You that fagot ass nigga trying to pull me back
right?
When my junk get to pumping in the club it's on
I wink my eye at ya bitch, if she smiles she gone
If the roof on fire, let the motherfucker burn
If you talking bout money homie, I ain't concerned
I'm a tell you what Banks told me cause go 'head
switch the style up
If the niggas hate then let 'em hate
Watch the money pile up
Or we go upside there wit a bottle of bub
You know where we fucking be

... Chorus ...

Don't try to act like you ain't know where we been
either, nigga
In the club all the time, nigga, so it's a problem pop
off, nigga, G-Unit!

Kanye West – So Appalled

*One hand in the air, if he don't really care
Two hands in the air, if he don't really care
It's like that sometimes, I mean ridiculous
It's like that sometimes, the shit ridiculous*

One hand in the air, if he Don't really care
Middle Finger in the air, if you don't really care
It's like that sometimes man ridiculous
Life can be sometimes ridiculous
I'm so appalled Spalding ball,
Baldin' Donald Trump, takin' dollars from y'all
Baby your fired, your girlfriend hired
But if you don't mind I'ma keep you on call
We above the law, we don't give a fuck bout y'all
I got dogs that'll chew a fuckin' whole through the
wall
But since they all lovers, I need more rubbers
And if I don't use rubbers, need more covers
Housekeeping, I mean goddamn
One time, let it be a bad bitch sweepin'
That know we get O's like cheerios
That know because they seen us in the videos
That know the day that you play me
Will be the same day M.T.V. play videos
That was a little joke, voila
Praises due to the most high Allah
Praises due to the most fly Prada
Baby I'm magic ta-da
Address me as your highness, high as united
Thirty thousand feet up and you are not invited
Niggas be writin' bullshit like they gotta work
Niggas is goin' through real shit man they outta
work

That's why another goddamn dance track gotta hurt
That's why I rather spit somethin' that gotta purp'
Champagne wishes, thirty white bitches
I mean the shit is fuckin' ridiculous, fuckin'
ridiculous
I mean the shit is fuckin' ridiculous

Five star dishes, different exotic fishes
Man this shit is fuckin' ridiculous, fuckin' ridiculous

How should I begin this, I'm just so offended
How am I even mentioned by all these fuckin'
beginners?
I'm so appalled, I might buy the mall
Just to show niggas how much more I have in store
I'm fresher than you all, so I **don't** have to pause
All of y'all can suck my balls through my draws
Dark knight feelin', die you be a hero
Or live long enough to see yourself become a villain
I went from the favorite, to the most hated
But would you rather be underpaid or overrated?
Moral victories is for minor league coaches
And 'ye already told you we major you cockroaches
Show me where the boats is, Ferrari Testarossas
The hammer went and broke so you know I'm more
focused
I lost thirty mill so spent another thirty
Cause unlike hammer thirty million **can't** hurt me
Fucking **insane**, the fuck am I saying
Not only am I fly, I'm fucking **not** playin'
All these little bitches, too big for their britches
Burning their little bridges, fucking ridiculous

Champagne wishes, thirty white bitches
I mean the shit is fuckin' ridiculous, fuckin'
ridiculous
I mean the shit is fuckin' ridiculous

Five star dishes, different exotic fishes
Man this shit is fuckin' ridiculous, fuckin' ridiculous

Success is what you make it
Take it how it come
A half a mill in twenties like a billion where I'm
from
An arrogant drug dealer the legend I've become
C.N.N. said I'd be dead by twenty one
Blackjack I just pulled in Aces
You looking at the king in his face
Everything I dream motherfuckers I'm watchin' it
take shape
While to you I'm just the young rich nigga that lacks
faith
Range Rove leather roof, love war fuck a truce
Still move a bird like I'm in bed with mother goose
Them ho's comin' in a baker's dozen
Claiming they was wit' me when they know they
really **wasn't**
I keep the city's best **never** said she was the
brightest
So if you had her too it **don't** effect me in the
slightest
I **never** met a bitch that **didn't** need a little guidance
So I dismiss her past until she disappoints your
highness
I speak the gospel, hostile
Tony doing time for what he did to nostrils
Paranoid mind I'm still under the watchful
Eye of the law, aspire for more
Those kilo's came we give you bobby brown jaw
Flaws **ain't** flaws when it's you that makes the call
Flow similar to the legends of the falls
Spillin' I own you all, yeughck!

... Chorus ...

Huh, I am so outrageous
I wear my pride on my sleeve like a bracelet
If god had an Ipod I'd be on his playlist
My phrases amazing, the faces and places the
favorite
My cup over runeth with hundreths
Dummy damn its hard **not** for me to waste it
The new commandment
Though **should not** hate kid
My movement is like the Civil Rights I'm Ralph
David
Abernathy, so call my lady Rosa Parks
I **ain't** **nothing** like those niggas baby those are
marks
I met this girl on valentines day
Fucked her in May, she found out about April
So she chose to March, Ha
Damn another broken heart
I keep bitches by them two's nigga, Noah's ark
I got a seven on me
I call my dro' Lamar
Plus a Trojan in my pocket, Matt Leinart
G-A-T in the path finder
Cause you haters got P.H.D's

Y'all just some major haters and some math minors
Tiger woods **don't** make me grab iron

Champagne wishes and thirty white bitches
You know this shit is fuckin' ridiculous, fuckin'
ridiculous
You know this shit is fuckin' ridiculous

Calls from the Mrs.
Infers from the mistress
You know that shit is fuckin' ridiculous, fuckin'
ridiculous
You know this shit is fuckin' ridiculous
Fuckin' ridiculous, fuckin' ridiculous
Fuckin' ridiculous, fuckin' ridiculous

... Chorus ...

Kanye West – Otis

It makes it easier, easier to bear
You **won't** regret it, **no, no**
No, girl they **don't** forget it
Love is their home
Happiness yeah
Sq-sq-sq-squeeze her (Sounds so soulful **don't** you
agree)
Don't tease her
Never leave her
I invented swag
Poppin' bottles, puttin' supermodels in the cab, proof
I guess I got my swagger back, truth
New watch alert, Hublot's
Or the big face Rollie I got two of those
Arm out the window through the city I maneuver
slow
Cock back, snap back
See my cut through the holes

Damn Yeezy and Hov,
Where the hell ya been?
Niggas talkin' real reckless, stuntmen
I adopted these niggas, Phillip Drummond 'em
Now I'm bout to make them tuck they whole
summer in
They say I'm crazy, well, I'm 'bout to go dumb again
They **ain't** see me 'cause I pulled up in my other
Benz
Last week I was in my other Benz
Throw your diamonds up 'cause we in this bitch
another 'gain

Photo shoot fresh, looking like wealth
I'm 'bout to call the paparazzi on myself
Uh, live from the Mercer
Run up on Yeezy the wrong way, I might murk ya
Flee in the G four fifty I might surface
Political refuge, asylum can be purchased
Uh, everything's for sale, I got five passports
I'm **never** going to jail

I made "Jesus Walks" I'm **never** going to hell
Couture level flow, it's **never** going on sale
Luxury rap, the Hermes of verses
Sophisticated ignorance, write my curses in cursive
I get it custom, you a customer
You **ain't** 'customed to going through customs,
You **ain't** been **nowhere**, huh?
And all the ladies in the house, got 'em showing off
I'm done, I hit ya up mana-na!

Welcome to Havana
Smoking Cubanos with Castro in cabanas
Viva Mexico, Cubano
Dominicano, all the plugs that I know
Driving Benzes, with **no** benefits
Not bad huh? For some immigrants
Build your fences, we diggin' tunnels

Can't you see? We gettin' money up under you
Can't you see the private jets flyin' over you?
Maybach bumper sticker read "What would Hova
do?"
Jay is chillin', 'Ye is chillin'
What more can I say? We killin' 'em
Hold up, before we end this campaign
As you can see, we done bodied the damn lames
Lord, please let them accept the things they **can't**
change
And pray that all of their pain be champagne

Kanye West – We Major

*You motherfuckers better do your job and roll up
and watch how we roll up and
I **can't** control it, **can't** hold it, it's so nuts*

*I take a sip of that yak, I want to fuck
I take a hit of that chronic, it got me stuck
But really what's amazing is how I keep blazing
Towel under the door smoke until the days end
Puff, puff then pass, **don't** fuck up rotation
Hypnotic for Henny, now nigga that's your chaser
Turn **nothing** to something now pimpin' that's a
savior
Best things are green now pimp and get your paper
High off the ground instead of skyscraper
Too low thinkin' we local, come on homie, we major*

We major (come on, homie, we major)

Feeling better than some head on a Sunday
afternoon
Better than a chick that say yes to soon
Until you have a daughter, that's what I call karma
And you pray to god she **don't** grow bitches too
soon.
Projects to' up, gang signs is thrown up
Niggas hats broke off that's how we grow up
Why else you think shorty's write rhymes just to
blow up?
Get they first car and then IRS show up
He **ain't** **never** had shit but he had that nine
Nigga come through flickin' and he had that shine
Put two and two together in a little bad weather
Gon' be a whole family on that funeral line
Ask the reverend was the strip club cool if my tips
help send a pretty girl through school
That's all I want like wino's want they good whiskey
I **ain't** in the Klan, but I brought my hood with me

... Chorus ...

I heard the beat and I **ain't** know what to write
First line, should it be about the hos or the ice?
Four-four's or black Christ? Both flows would be
nice
Rap about big paper or the black man's plight
At the studio console asked my man to the right
What this verse sound like, should I freestyle or
write?
He said, Nas, what the fans want is Illmatic,
Stillmatic
Picked up the pad and pencil and jotted what I feel
Been like 12 years since a nigga first signed
Now I'm a free agent
And I'm thinking it's time
To build my very own Motown
Cause rappers be deprived of executive 9 to 5s
And it hurts to see these companies be stealing the
life
And I love to give my blood sweat and tears to the
mic
So y'all copped the LPs and y'all fiends got dealt
I'm Jesse Jackson on the balcony where King got
killed
I survived the livest niggas around
Lasting longer than more than half of you clowns
Look, I used to cook before I had the game took
Either way my change came like Sam Cooke.

Feeling better than I ever felt before today
Like better late than **never** is orientation
Still we can make it better throwing all your cares
away

... Chorus ...

Kanye West – Blame Game

Who's fault
*Let's play the blame game, I love you, more
Let's play the blame game for sure
Let's call out names, names, I hate you, more
Let's call out names, names, for sure
I'll call you bitch for sure
As a last resort, and my first resort
You call me motherfucker for long
At the end of it you know we both were wrong*

*But I love to play the blame game, I love you more
Let's play the blame game for sure
Let's call out names, names, I hate you, more
Let's call out names, names, for sure*

On a bathroom wall I wrote
"I'd rather argue with you than to be with someone
else" (else, else, else)
I took a piss and dismiss it like fuck it and went and
found somebody else
Fuck arguing harvesting the feelings, I'd rather be
by my fucking self
Till about 2 A.M. and I call back and I hang up and
start to blame myself
Somebody help

... Chorus ...

You weren't perfect but you made life worth it
Stick around, some real feelings might surface
Been a long time since I spoke to you
In a bathroom gripping you up and choking you
What the hell was I supposed to do
I know you ain't getting this type of dick from that
local dude
And if you are I hope you have a good time
Cause I definitely be having mine

And you ain't finna see a, mogul get emotional
Every time I hear bout other, nigga's is stroking you
Might say I hit you
He sitting there consoling you
Rubbing my name threw the mud
Who's provoking you?
You should be grateful a nigga like me ever noticed
you
Now you noticeable like can't nobody get control
you
I a.m. and can't nobody get a hold of you
I'm calling your brothers phone like what was I
supposed to do
Even though I knew, he never told the truth
He was just gon' say whatever you gon' told him too
At a certain point I had to stop asking questions
Chuck dirt on each other like mud wrestlers
I heard he bought some coke with my money
That ain't right girl
You getting blackmailed for that white girl
You always said Yeezy I ain't you're right girl
You probably find one of them "I like art" type girls
All of the lights, she was caught in the hype girl
And I was satisfied being in love with the lie
And who to blame, you to blame, me to blame
For the pain and it poured every time when it rained
Lets play the blame game

I love you, more
Let's play the blame game for sure

Things used to be, now they are not
Anything but us is who we are
Disguising ourselves as secret lovers
We've become public enemies
We walk away like strangers in the street
Gon' for eternity
We erased one another
So far from where we came
With so much of everything, how do we leave with
nothing
Lack of visual empathy equates the meaning of L-
O-V-E
Hatred and attitude tear us entirely

... Chorus ...

And I know that you are somewhere doing your
thing
And when the phone called it just ring and ring
You ain't pick up but your phone accidentally
called me back
And I heard the whole thing

I heard the whole thing
Whole thing, whole thing, whole thing

Oh my God
Baby you done took this shit to the nother
motherfuckin' level!
Now a neighborhood nigga
Like me ain't supposed to be gettin' no pussy like
this
Goddamn, Goddamn! Who thought you how to get
sexy for a nigga?
(Yeezy taught me)
You never use to talk dirty, but now you you
goddamn disgusting
My, my God, where'd you learn that?
(Yeezy taught me)
Look at you, motherfuckin' butt ass naked, with
them, Jimmy Choos on
Who thought you how to put some Jimmy Choos
on?
(Yeezy thought me)
Yo you took your pussy game up a whole 'nother
level
This is some Cirque du Soleil pussy now shit!
You done went all porno on a nigga OK
And I, and I love it
And I thank you, I thank you, my dick thanks you!
How did you learn, how, how did your pussy game
come up?
(Yeezy thought me)
I was fuckin' parts of your pussy I never fucked
before
I was in there like ooh shit I never been here before
I've never even seen this part of pussy town before

It's like you got this shit re-upholstered or some shit
Who the fuck happened?
Who, who the fuck got your pussy all re-
upholstered?
(Yeezy re-upholstered my pussy)
You know what, I got to thank Yeezy
And when I see that nigga I'ma thank him
I'ma buy his album
I'ma download that motherfucker I'ma shoot a
bootlegger!
That's how good I feel about this nigga
Ahh, I still can't believe you got me this watch
This motherfucker is the exact motherfucker I
wanted!
You went to bezel! This is the motherfucker I
wanted
I saw this, I saw it
Twista had this shit on in The Source
I remember! Twista had this on in The Source
That's right, that's right!
Yo yo babe, yo yo this is the best birthday ever!
Where you learn to treat a nigga like this?
(Yeezy taught me)
Yeezy taught you well, Yeezy taught you well

Kanye West – Mercy

Well! It is a weeping and a moaning and a gnashing
of teeth
It is a weeping and a moaning and a gnashing of
teeth
When it comes to my sound which is the champion
sound, believe believe!

*Okay, Lamborghini Mercy, your chick, she so thirsty
I'm in that two seat Lambo' with your girl, she tryna
jerk me
Okay, Lamborghini Mercy, your chick, she so thirsty
I'm in that two seat Lambo' with your girl, she tryna
jerk me
Okay, Lamborghini Mercy (swerve), your chick, she
so thirsty (swerve)
I'm in that two seat Lambo' with your girl, she tryna
jerk me (swerve)
Okay, Lamborghini Mercy, your chick, she so thirsty
(boy)
I'm in that two seat Lambo' with your girl, she tryna
jerk me*

Drop it to the floor, make that ass shake
Whoa, make the ground move, that's an ass'quake
Built a house up on that ass, that's an ass'state
Roll my weed on it, that's an ass'tray
Say Ye, say Ye, don't we do this every day-day?
(Huh!)
I work them long nights, long nights to get a pay
day (Huh!)
Finally got paid, now I need shade and a vacay
(And niggas still hatin') So much hate I need an AK
Now we out in Paris, yeah I'm Perrierin'
White girls politicking that's that Sarah Palin
Gettin' high, Californiatin'
I give her that D, 'cause that's where I was born and
raised in

... Chorus ...

Well! It is a weeping and a moaning and a gnashing
of teeth
It is a weeping and a moaning and a gnashing of
teeth
When it comes to my sound which is the champion
sound, believe believe believe believe!

Yughck! It's prime time, my top back, this pimp
game, ho!
I'm red leather, this cocaine, I'm Rick James, ho!
I'm bill droppin', Ms. Pacman, this pill popping-ass,
ho!
I'm poppin' too, these blue dolphins need two
coffins
All she want is some heel money, all she need is
some bill money
He take his time, he counts it out, I weighs it up,
that's real money
Check the neck, check the wrist, them heads tumrin',
that's exorcist
My Audemar like Mardi Gras, that's Swiss time and
that's excellence
Two-door preference, roof gone, George Jefferson
That white frost on that pound cake so your Duncan
Hines is irrelevant
Lambo, Murcie-lago, she go wherever I go,
wherever we go, we do it pronto

... Chorus ...

Well! It is a weeping and a moaning and a gnashing
of teeth
It is a weeping and a moaning and a gnashing of
teeth
When it comes to my sound which is the champion
sound, believe believe!

Well, it is a weeping and a moaning and a gnashing
of teeth in the dance hall
And who no have teeth gwine run pon them gums
caw
When time it comes to my sound, which is the
champion sound
The bugle has blown the many times, and it still
have one more time left
Let the suicide doors up (Caw the amount of stripe
weh deh pon our shoulder)
I threw suicides on the tour bus
I threw suicides on the private jet
You know what that mean, I'm fly to death
I step in Def Jam building like I'm the shit
Tell 'em, "Give me fifty million now or I'mma quit"
Most rappers taste level ain't at my waist level
Turn up the bass 'til it's up-in-your-face level
Don't do no press but I get the most press, kid
Plus, yo my bitch make your bitch look like
Precious
Something about Mary, she gone off that Molly
Now the whole party is melted like Dali
Now everybody is movin' they body
Don't sell me apartment, I'll move in the lobby
(Yeah)
Niggas is loiterin' just to feel important
You gon' see lawyers and niggas in Jordan's (2
Chainz!)

OK, now ketchup to my campaign, coupe the color
of mayonnaise
I'm drunk and high at the same time, drinkin'
champagne on the airplane
Spit rounds like the gun range, beat it up like
Rampage
100 bands, cut your girl, now your girl need a band-
aid
Grade A, A1, chain the color of Akon
Black diamonds, backpack rhyming, co-signed by
Louis Vuitton (Yup!)
Horsepower, horsepower, all this Polo on I got
horsepower
Pound of this cost four thousand, I make it rain, she
want more showers
Rain pourin' (pourin'), all my cars is foreign
(foreign)
All my broads is foreign (foreign) money tall like
Jordan!

... Chorus ...

Well! It is a weeping and a moaning and a gnashing
of teeth
It is a weeping and a moaning and a gnashing of
teeth
When it comes to my sound which is the champion
sound, believe believe!
Well! It is a weeping and a moaning and a gnashing
of teeth
It is a weeping and a moaning and a gnashing of
teeth
When it comes to my sound which is the champion
sound, believe believe believe believe!

Kanye West – Diamonds From Sierra Leone

Diamonds are forever
They won't leave in the night
I've no fear that they might
Desert me

*Diamonds are forever (forever, forever)
Throw your diamonds in the sky if you feel the vibe
Diamonds are forever (forever, forever, forever)
The Roc is still alive every time I rhyme
Forever ever? Forever ever? Ever, ever? Ever,
ever?
Ever, ever? Ever, ever? Ever, ever?*

Close your eyes and imagine, feel the magic
Vegas on acid, seen through Yves St. Laurent
glasses
And I've realized that I've arrived
Cause it take more than a magazine to kill my Vibe
Does he write his own rhymes, well sort of, I think
'em
That mean I forgot better shit than you ever thought
of
Damn, is he really that caught up?
I ask if you talked about classics, do my name get

brought up?
I remember I **couldn't** afford a Ford Escort
Or even a four-track recorder
So it's only right that I let the top drop on a drop-top
Porsche
It's for yourself, that's important
If your stripper name "Porscha" and you get tips
from many men
Then your fat friend, her nickname is "Minivan"
Excuse me, that's just the Henny, man
I smoke, I drink, I'm supposed to stop, I **can't**
because

... Chorus ...

I was sick about awards, **couldn't nobody** cure me
Only playa that got robbed but kept all his jewelry
Alicia Keys tried to talk some sense in him
30 minutes later sein' there's **no** convincin' him
What more could you ask for? The international
asshole
Who complain about what he is owed?
And throw a tantrum like he is 3 years old
You gotta love it though somebody still speaks from
his soul
And **wouldn't** change by the change, or the game,
or the fame
When he came in the game, he made his own lane
Now all I need is y'all to pronounce my name
It's Kanye, but some of my plaques, they still say
Kanye
Got family in the D, Kin-folk from Motown
Back in the Chi, them Folks **ain't** from Moe Town
Life movin' too fast I need to slow down
Girl **ain't** give me **no** ass, ya need to go down
My father been said I need Jesus
So he took me to church and let the water wash over
my caesar
The preacher said we need leaders
Right then my body got still like a paraplegic
You know who you call, you got a message, then
leave it
The Roc stand tall and you would **never** believe it
Take your diamonds and throw 'em up like you
bulimic
Yeah, the beat cold but the flow is anemic
After debris settles and the dust get swept off
Big K pick up where young Hov left off
Right when magazines wrote Kanye West off
I dropped my new shit, it sound like the best of
A&R's lookin' like, "Pssh, we messed up"
Grammy night, damn right, we got dressed up
Bottle after bottle till we got messed up
In the studio, with Really Doe, yeah, he next up
People askin' me if I'm gon' give my chain back
That'll be the same day I give the game back
You know the next question dog: "Yo, where Dame
at?"
This track the Indian dance to bring our reign back
"What's up with you and Jay, man, are y'all ok
man?"
They pray for the death of our dynasty like "Amen"
R-r-r-right here stands a man
With the power to make a diamond with his bare
hands

... Chorus ...

Diamonds are forever (forever, forever)
Diamonds are forever (forever, forever, forever)

Kanye West – Gold Digger

She take my money when I'm in need
Yeah, she's a triffin' friend indeed
Oh, she's a gold digger
Way over town, that digs on me

Now, I **ain't** sayin' she a gold digger
(When I'm in need) But she **ain't** messin' with **no**
broke niggas
(She give me money) Now, I **ain't** sayin' she a gold
digger
(When I'm in need) But she ain't messin' with no
broke niggas
(I gotta leave) Get down girl, go 'head, get down
(I gotta leave) Get down girl, go 'head, get down
(I gotta leave) Get down girl, go 'head, get down
(I gotta leave) Get down girl, go 'head

Cutie the bomb, met her at a beauty salon
With a baby Louis Vuitton under her underarm
She said: "I can tell you rock, I can tell by your
charm
Far as girls, you got a flock
I can tell by your charm and your arm."
But I'm lookin' for the one, have you seen her?
My psychic told me she'll have a ass like Serena

Trina, Jennifer Lopez, four kids
And I gotta take all they bad asses to ShowBiz?
Okay, get your kids, but then they got their friends
I pulled up in the Benz, they all got up in
We all went to din' and then I had to pay
If you fuckin' with this girl, then you better be paid
You know why? It take too much to touch her
From what I heard she got a baby by Busta
My best friend said she used to fuck with Usher
I **don't** care what **none** of y'all say, I still love her

... Chorus ...

Eighteen years, eighteen years
She got one of your kids, got you for eighteen years
I know somebody payin' child support for one of his
kids
His baby mama car and crib is bigger than his
You will see him on TV any given Sunday
Win the Super Bowl and drive off in a Hyundai
She was supposed to buy your shorty Tyco with
your money
She went to the doctor, got lipo with your money
She walkin' around lookin' like Michael with your
money
Shoulda got that insured, Geico for your money
If you **ain't no** punk
Holla, "We want prenu! We want prenu!" (Yeah!)
It's somethin' that you need to have
'Cause when she leave yo' ass, she gon' leave with
half
Eighteen years, eighteen years
And on the 18th birthday he found out it **wasn't**
his?!

... Chorus ...

Now, I **ain't** sayin' you a gold digger, you got needs
You **don't** want a dude to smoke but he **can't** buy
weed
You go out to eat, he **can't** pay, y'all **can't** leave
There's dishes in the back, he gotta roll up his
sleeves
But while y'all washin', watch him
He gon' make it to a Benz out of that Datsun
He got that ambition, baby, look at his eyes
This week he moppin' floors, next week it's the fries
So stick by his side
I know there's dudes ballin', and yeah, that's nice
And they gonna keep callin' and tryin', but you stay
right, girl
And when you get on, he'll leave yo' ass for a white
girl

Get down girl, go 'head, get down
(I gotta leave) Get down girl, go 'head, get down
(I gotta leave) Get down girl, go 'head, get down
(I gotta leave) Get down girl, go 'head
Let me hear that back

Kanye West – New Slaves

My momma was raised in the era when
Clean water was only served to the fairer skin
Doing clothes you would have thought I had help
But they **wasn't** satisfied unless I picked the cotton
myself
You see it's broke nigga racism
That's that "Don't touch anything in the store"
And this rich nigga racism
That's that "Come in, please buy more
What you want, a Bentley? Fur coat? A diamond
chain?"
All you blacks want all the same things"
Used to only be niggas now everybody playing
Spending everything on Alexander Wang
New Slaves
You see there's leaders and there's followers
But I'd rather be a dick than a swallower

You see there's leaders and there's followers
But I'd rather be a dick than a swallower

I throw these Maybach keys
I wear my heart on the sleeve
I know that we the new slaves
I see the blood on the leaves
I see the blood on the leaves
I see the blood on the leaves
I know that we the new slaves
I see the blood on the leaves
They throwing hate at me
Want me to stay at ease
Fuck you and your corporation
Y'all niggas **can't** control me
I know that we the new slaves
I know that we the new slaves
I'm 'bout to wild the fuck out

I'm going Bobby Boucher
I know that pussy **ain't** free
You niggas pussy, **ain't** me
Y'all throwing contracts at me
You know that niggas **can't** read
Throw 'em some Maybach keys
Fuck it, c'est la vie
I know that we the new slaves
Y'all niggas **can't** fuck with me
Y'all niggas **can't** fuck with Ye
Y'all niggas can't fuck with Ye
I'll move my family out the country
So you **can't** see where I stay
So go and grab the reporters
So I can smash their recorders
See they'll confuse us with some bullshit
Like the New World Order
Meanwhile the DEA
Teamed up with the CCA
They tryna lock niggas up
They tryna make new slaves
See that's that privately owned prisons
Get your piece today
They prolly all in the Hamptons
Braggin' 'bout what they made
Fuck you and your Hampton house
I'll fuck your Hampton spouse
Came on her Hampton blouse
And in her Hampton mouth
Y'all 'bout to turn shit up
I'm 'bout to tear shit down
I'm 'bout to air shit out
Now what the fuck they gon' say now?

I **won't** end this high, **not** this time again
So long, so long, so long
You cannot survive
And I'm **not** dying
And I **can't** lose

Kanye West – Can't Tell Me Nothing

La, la, la, la (87, 32, that's the way it go, Kanye and
Jizzle say it **ain't** so)
Wait till I get my money right

If I had a billion dollars (yeah!)
Yeah, I'd spend all in a day
Show these niggas how to play (play)
Top floor penthouse, I'll show 'em where I stay
(stay)
Grand piano, might learn to play (ha, ha)
Need a hundred grand just to past me everyday
(woo, woo!)
You know I like them white keys on it (yeah!)
Duct tape when we wrap them
Call me prejudiced, 'cause I **never** touch the black
ones (keys that is, ha, ha)
Let me show how to do this shawty (shawty)
I hit the strip club and I blew 'bout forty (damn!)
Patron got me so confused (fused)
Until I stumbled outside and I made the news
Fresh nine piece, yeah them wings is cajun
Never seen me in the kitchen nigga, I am amazing
(nah)
Well, fuck it I'm rich then
If balling is a crime, fuck it I'm hit then
If thugging is a term, fuck it I'm it then
The insane dough, hey, fuck it I'm sick then
Somebody call me a shrink
Until then, I'mma fix me a drink (ha, ha)
Top down in the bit, I'm so intoxicated
Sometimes I think to myself "goddamn, I made it"
And I know they hate it
On the all-night flight
Tryna get my money right
Wassup?

La, la, la, la (hey!)
Wait till I get my money right
La, la, la, la (yeah!)
Then you **can't** tell me **nothing**, right?
Excuse me, is you saying something?
Uh, uh, you can't tell me nothing (ha, ha!)
You can't tell me nothing
Uh, uh, you can't tell me nothing

Yeah, yeah
Yeah, homie this a theme song
First I get my money right
Then I get my team on
If I always pray to have gleam on
Three-hundred-dollar jeans on, do that mean I
dream wrong?
And I was high as a lil' jet
Fly as the insect, even though we ended
And it **don't** matter if I get her number 'cause

When I get my money right she gon' come running
And I'll be good like "God" with an extra "O"
God knows that my check needs some extra zeros
And you know that you need to bring some extra
hoes
Not in jogging pants either, tell them wear some
sexy clothes
Now my game so professional
And my chain so fresh, they go (oh, oh, oh, oh, oh)
Right after the fame did you gain anything?
Damn Ye, would you change anything?
But (If I had a billion dollars, yeah!)
I'd copped more pink polos and pop those collars
Misery love company, her nickname sorrow
My Benz need company, her nickname tahoe
"Wait till I get my money" everybody motto
So I'mma need a bravo for everything I wrote
Yeah, hey mama they **can't** hate him
Cause after all of the drama, K played them

... Chorus ...

Wait till I get my money right
(If I had a billion dollars, yeah!)
Then you can't tell me **nothing**, right?

Kanye West – Love Lockdown

I'm not loving you, the way I wanted to
What I had to do, had to run from you
I'm in love with you, but the vibe is wrong
And that haunted me, all the way home
So ya **never** know, **never never** know
Never know enough, til it's over love
Til we lose control, system overload
Screaming no no no, no no
I'm not loving you, the way I wanted to
See I wanna move, but **can't** escape from you
So I keep it low, keep a secret code
So everybody else **don't** have to know

*So keep ya love lockdown, ya love lockdown
Keeping ya love lockdown, ya love lockdown
Now keep ya love lockdown, ya love lockdown
Now keep ya love lockdown, you lose*

I'm not loving you, way I wanted to
I can't keep my cool, so I keep it true
I got something to lose, so I gotta move
I can't keep myself, and still keep you too
So I keep in mind, when I'm on my own
Somewhere far from home, in the danger zone
How many times did it take til I finally got through
You lose, you lose
I'm not loving you, the way I wanted to
See I had to go, I had to move
No more wasting time, you **can't** wait for life
Were just wasting time, wheres the finish line

... Chorus ...

I'm not loving you, the way I wanted to
I bet **no one** knew, I got **no one** new
No I said I'm through, but got love for you
But **I'm not** loving you, the way I wanted to
Gotta keep it going, keep the loving going
Keep it on a roll, only god knows
If I'll be with you, baby I'm confused
You choose, you choose
I'm not loving you, the way I wanted to
Way I wanna go, **I don't** need you
I been down this road, too many times before
I'm not loving you, the way I wanted to

... Chorus ...

Kanye West – Stronger

*N-now th-that that **don't** kill me
Can only make me stronger
I need you to hurry up now
Cause I **can't** wait much longer
I know I got to be right now
Cause I **can't** get much wronger
Man I've been waiting all night now
That's how long I been on ya
I need you right now*

Let's get lost tonight
You could be my black Kate Moss tonight
Play secretary, I'm the boss tonight
And you **don't** give a fuck what they all say, right?
Awesome, the Christian in Christian Dior
Damn, they **don't** make em like this anymore
I ask, cause **I'm not** sure:
Do anybody make real shit anymore?

Bow in the presence of greatness
'Cause right now thou hast forsaken us
You should be honored by my lateness
That I would even show up to this fake shit
So go ahead, go nuts, go apeshit
Specially on my Pastel, on my Bape shit
Act like you **can't** tell who made this
New Gospel homey, take six and take this, haters

... Chorus ...

I don't know if you got a man or **not**
If you made plans or **not**
God put me in the plans or **not**
I'm tripping, this drink got me saying a lot
But I know that God put you in front of me
So how the hell could you front on me?
There's a thousand yous, there's only one of me
I'm tripping, I'm caught up in the moment, right?
'Cause it's Louis Vuitton Don night
So we gonna do everything that Kan like
Heard they'd do anything for a Klondike
Well, I'd do anything for a blonde dyke
And she'll do anything for the limelight
And will do anything when the time's right
Uh, baby you're makin' it (harder, better, faster,
stronger)

... Chorus ...

You know how long I've been on ya?
Since Prince was on Apollonia
Since O.J. had isotones
Don't act like I **never** told ya

... Chorus ...

Kanye West – Famous

Man I can understand how it might be
Kinda hard to love a girl like me
I don't blame you much for wanting to be free
I just wanted you to know
Swizz told me let the beat rock

For all my Southside niggas that know me best
I feel like me and Taylor might still have sex
Why? I made that bitch famous (God damn)
I made that bitch famous
For all the girls that got dick from Kanye West
If you see 'em in the streets give 'em Kanye's best
Why? They mad they **ain't** famous (God damn)
They mad they're still **nameless** (Talk that talk,
man)
Her man in the store tryna try his best
But he just **can't** seem to get Kanye fresh
But we still hood famous (God damn)
Yeah we still hood famous

I just wanted you to know
I loved you better than your own kin did
From the very start
I don't blame you much for wanting to be free
Wake up, Mr West! Oh, he's up!
I just wanted you to know

I be Puerto Rican day parade floatin'
That Benz Marina Del Rey coastin'
She in school to be a real estate agent
Last month I helped her with the car payment
Young and we alive, whoo!
We **never** gonna die, whoo!
I just copped a jet to fly over personal debt
Put one up in the sky
The sun is in my eyes, whoo!
Woke up and felt the vibe, whoo!
No matter how hard they try, whoo!
We **never** gonna die

I just wanted you to know

Bam bam, bam bam
Bam bam dilla, bam bam
'Ey what a bam bam
How you feeling right now? Let me see your
lighters in the air
Bam bam dilla, bam bam
Bam bam eh
Bam bam, bam bam
Let me see your middle finger in the air
Bam bam, bam bam
Bam bam dilla, bam bam
Let me see you act up in this motherfucker
'Ey what a bam bam
Bam bam dilla, bam bam
How you feelin', how you feelin', how you feelin'
in this mother fucker, god damn
Bam bam
One thing you **can't** do is stop us now
Bam bam, bam bam

Bam bam dilla, bam bam
You **can't** stop the thing now
'Ey what a bam bam
Man it's way too late, it's way too late, it's way too
late you **can't** fuck with us
Bam bam dilla, bam bam
Bam bam, bam bam
Bam bam, bam bam
To the left, to the right
Bam bam dilla, bam bam
I wanna see everybody hands in the air like this
'Ey what a bam bam
Bam bam, bam bam
Bam bam dilla, bam bam

I just wanted you to know
I loved you better than your own kin did
From the very start
I don't blame you much for wanting to be free
I just wanted you to know

Kanye West - Runaway

And I always find, yeah I always find somethin'
wrong
You been puttin' up wit' my shit just way too long
I'm so gifted at findin' what I **don't** like the most
So I think it's time for us to have a toast

*Let's have a toast for the douche bags
Let's have a toast for the assholes
Let's have a toast for the scumbags
Every one of them that I know
Let's have a toast for the jerk offs
That'll **never** take work off
Baby, I got a plan
Run away fast as you can*

She find pictures in my email
I sent this bitch a picture of my dick
I don't know what it is with females
But **I'm not** too good at that shit
See, I could have me a good girl
And still be addicted to them hood rats
And I just blame everything on you
At least you know that's what I'm good at

And I always find
Yeah I always find
Yeah I always find somethin' wrong
You been puttin' up wit' my shit just way too long
I'm so gifted at findin' what I **don't** like the most
So I think it's time for us to have a toast

... Chorus ...

Run away fast as you can
Runaway from me baby
Runaway
Runaway from me baby
Runaway
Crazy, just crazy
Runaway as fast as you can
Runaway from me baby
Runaway
Runaway from me baby
Runaway
Crazy
Why **can't** she just runaway
Baby I got a plan
Run away fast as you can

Twenty four seven, three sixty five
Pussy stays on my mind
I-I-I did it
All right, all right, I admit it
Now pick your best move
You could leave or live wit' it
Ichabod Crane with that mothafuckin' top off
Split and go where?
Back to wearin' knockoffs, ha ha
Knock it off, Neiman's, shop it off
Let's talk over mai tais, waitress, top it off
Hoes like vultures wanna fly in your Freddy loafers
You **can't** blame 'em they **ain't never** seen Versace
sofas
Every bag, every blouse, every bracelet
Comes with a price tag, baby face it
You should leave if you **can't** accept the basics
Plenty bitches in the baller-nigga matrix
Invisibly set, the Rolex is **faceless**
I'm just young, rich, and **asteless**
p!

Never was much of a romantic
I could **never** take the intimacy
And I know it did damage
'Cause the look in your eyes is killin' me

I guessin' you're at an advantage
'Cause you could blame me for everything
And I **don't** know where I'ma manage
If one day you just up and leave

And I always find, yeah I always find somethin'
wrong
You been puttin' up wit' my shit just way too long
I'm so gifted at findin' what I **don't** like the most
So I think it's time for us to have a toast

... Chorus ...

Kanye West – Jesus Walks

Order, huh
Yo, we at war
We at war with terrorism, racism, but most of all we
at war with ourselves

God show me the way because the Devil's tryin' to
break me down
(Jesus Walks with me, with me, with me, with me,
with me)

You know what the Midwest is?
Young and Restless
Where restless niggas might snatch ya necklace
And next these niggas might jack ya Lexus
Somebody tell these niggas who Kanye West is
I walk through the valley of Chi where death is
Top floor of the view alone will leave you breathless
Try to catch it, it's kinda hard
Getting choked by detectives yeah, yeah, now check
the method
They be asking us questions, harass, and arrest us
Saying "We eat pieces of shit like you for
breakfast!"
Huh! Y'all eat pieces of shit? What's the basis?
We **ain't** goin' **nowhere**, but got suits and cases
A trunk full of coke rental car from Avis
My Mama used to say only Jesus can save us
Well Mama, I know I act a fool
But I'll be gone 'til November, I got packs to move, I
hope

*God show me the way because the Devil's tryin' to
break me down
(Jesus Walks with me)
The only thing that I pray is that my feet **don't** fail
me now (I want Jesus)
(Jesus Walks)
And I **don't** think there is **nothing** I can do now to
right my wrongs
(Jesus Walks with me)
I want to talk to God, but I'm afraid because we
ain't spoke in so long
(I want Jesus)*

... Chorus ...

So long
(Jesus Walks with me)

To the hustlers, killers, murderers, drug dealers even
the strippers
(Jesus walks for them)
To the victims of welfare for we living in hell here
hell yeah
(Jesus walks for them)
Now hear ye hear ye want to see These more clearly
I know He hear me when my feet get weary
Cause we're the almost nearly extinct
We rappers are role models we rap we **don't** think
I **ain't** here to argue about his facial features
Or here to convert atheists into believers
I'm just trying to say the way school need teachers
The way Kathie Lee needed Regis that's the way I
need Jesus
So here go my single dog radio needs this
They said you can rap about anything except for
Jesus
That means guns, sex, lies, video tape
But if I talk about God my record **won't** get played
Huh?
Well let this take away from my spins
Which will probably take away from my ends
Then I hope this take away from my sins
And bring the day that I'm dreaming about
Next time I'm in the club everybody screaming out

... Chorus ...

Kanye West – Flashing Lights

Flashing lights, lights
Flashing lights, lights
Flashing lights, lights

She **don't** believe in shootin' stars
But she believe in shoes and cars
Wood floors in the new apartment
Couture from the store's department
You more like L'eau de Stardee shit
I'm more of the, trips to Florida
Order the h'orderves, views of the Water
Straight from the page of your favorite author
And the weather so breezy
Man why **can't** life always be this easy
She in the mirror dancing so sleazy
I get a call like where are you Yeazy
Try to hit you with a 'Oeur de Whoopee'
Till I get flashed by the paparazzi
Damn, these niggas got me
I hate these niggas more than the Nazi

*As I recall, I know you love to show off
But I **never** thought that you would take it this far
What do I know? Flashing lights, lights
What do I know? Flashing lights, lights*

I know it's been a while
Sweetheart, we **hardly** talk, I was doing my thing
I know I was foul bay-bay
A-bay lately you been all on my brain
And if somebody would've told me a month ago
Fronting though, yo I **wouldn't** wanna know
If somebody would've told me a year ago
It'd go, get this difficult
Feeling like Katrina with **no** fema
Like Martin with **no** Gina
Like a flight with **no** visa
First class with the seat back I still see ya
In my past, you on the other side of the glass
Of my memory's museum
I'm just saying, Hey Mona Lisa
Come home you know you **can't** Rome without
Caesar

... Chorus ...

Kanye West - Blood on the Leaves

Strange fruit hanging from the poplar trees
Blood on the leaves

I just need to clear my mind now
It's been racin' since the summertime
Now I'm holdin' down the summer now
And all I want is what I **can't** buy now
'Cause I **ain't** got the money on me right now
And I told you to wait
Yeah I told you to wait
So I'mma need a little more time now
'Cause I ain't got the money on me right now
And I thought you could wait
Yeah, I thought you could wait
These bitches surroundin' me
All want somethin' out me
Then they talk about me
Would be lost without me
We could've been somebody
Thought you'd be different 'bout it
Now I know you're it
So let's get on with it

We could've been somebody
Instead you had to tell somebody
Let's take it back to the first party
When you tried your first molly
And came out of your body
And came out of your body
Running naked down the lobby
And you was screamin' that you love me
Before the limelight tore ya
Before the limelight stole ya
Remember we were so young
When I would hold you
Before the glory
I know there **ain't** wrong with me
Something strange is happening

You could've been somebody
We could've ugh, we could've been somebody
Or was it all our first party
When we tried our first molly
And came out of our body
And came out of our body
Before they call lawyers
Before you tried to destroy us
How you gon' lie to the lawyers?
It's like I **don't** even know ya
I gotta bring it back to the 'Nolia

Fuck them other niggas 'cause I'm down with my
niggas
Fuck them other niggas 'cause I'm down with my
niggas
Fuck them other niggas 'cause I'm down with my
niggas
I ride with my niggas, I'll die for my

To all my second string bitches, tryna get a baby
Trying to get a baby, now you talkin' crazy
I **don't** give a damn if you used to talk to Jay-Z
He **ain't** with you, he with Beyoncé, you need to
stop actin' lazy
She Instagram herself like #BadBitchAlert
He Instagram his watch like #MadRichAlert
He only wanna see that ass in reverse
Two-thousand-dollar bag with **no** cash in your purse
Now you sittin' courtside, wifey on the other side
Gotta keep 'em separated, I call that apartheid
Then she said she impregnated, that's the night your
heart died
Then you gotta go and tell your girl and report that
Main reason 'cause your pastor said you **can't** abort
that
Now your driver say that new Benz you **can't** afford
that
All that cocaine on the table you **can't** snort that
That going to that owing money that the court got
On and on that alimony, uh, yeah yeah, she got you
homie, yeah
'Til death but do your part, uh, unholy matrimony

Kanye West – Through The Wire

I drink a Boost for breakfast, an Ensure for dessert
Somebody ordered pancakes, I just sip the sizzurp
That right there could drive a sane man berserk
Not to worry, Mr. H-to-the-Izzo's back to wi-zerk
How do you console my mom or give her light
support
Telling her her son's on life support?
And just imagine how my girl feel
On the plane, scared as hell that her guy look like
Emmett Till
She was with me before the deal, she been trying to
be mine
She a Delta, so she been throwing that Dynasty sign
No use in me tryin' to be lyin', I been trying to be
signed
Trying to be a millionaire, how I used two lifelines
In the same hospital where Biggie Smalls died
The doctor said I had blood clots, but I **ain't**
Jamaican, man
Story on MTV and I **ain't** trying to make a band
I swear this right here, history in the making, man
What if somebody from the Chi' that was ill got a
deal
On the hottest rap label around?
But he **wasn't** talking about coke and birds
It was more like spoken word
Except he's really putting it down?
And he explained the story about how blacks came
from glory
And what we need to do in the game
Good dude, bad night, right place, wrong time
In the blink of an eye, his whole life changed
If you could feel how my face felt, you would know
how Mase felt
Thank God I **ain't** too cool for the safe belt!
I swear to God driver two wants to sue
I got a lawyer for the case to keep what's in my safe
safe
My dawgs **couldn't** tell if I
Looked like Tom Cruise in Vanilla Sky, it was
televised
There's been an accident like GEICO
They thought I was burnt up like Pepsi did Michael
I must got a angel
'Cause look how death missed his ass
Unbreakable, what you thought, they'd call me Mr.
Glass?
Look back on my life like the Ghost of Christmas
Past
Toys "R" Us where I used to spend that Christmas
cash
And I still **won't** grow up, I'm a grown-ass kid
Swear I should be locked up for stupid shit that I did
But I'm a champion, so I turned tragedy to triumph
Make music that's fire, spit my soul through the wire

You know what I'm saying
When the doctor told me I had a um, I was goin' to
have a plate on my chin
I said dog, **don't** you think **didn't** you realize I'll
never make it on the plane now
It's bad enough I got all this jewelry on
Can't be serious man

Kanye West – Heartless

*In the night, I hear 'em talk
The coldest story ever told
Somewhere far along this road, he lost his soul to a
woman so **heartless**
How could you be so heartless?
Oh, how could you be so heartless?*

How could you be so, cold as the winter wind when
it breeze, yo
Just remember that you talkin' to me though
You know need to watch the way you talkin' to me,
yo
I mean after all the things that we've been through
I mean after all the things we got into
Hey yo, I know of some things that you **ain't** told
me
Hey yo, I did some things but that's the old me
And now you wanna get me back and you gon'
show me
So you walk around like you **don't** know me
You got a new friend, well I got homies
But in the end it's still so lonely

... Chorus ...

How could be so Dr. Evil, you bringin' out a side of
me that I **don't** know
I decided we **weren't** goin' speak so
Why we up three A.M. on the phone
Why does she be so mad at me for
Homie I **don't** know, she's hot and cold
I **won't** stop, I **won't** mess my groove up
Cause I already know how this thing go
You run and tell your friends that you're leaving me
They say that they **don't** see what you see in me
You wait a couple months then you gon' see
You'll **never** find **nobody** better than me

... Chorus ...

Talkin', talkin', talkin', talk
Baby let's just knock it off
They **don't** know what we been through
They **don't** know 'bout me and you
So I got something new to see
And you just goin' keep hatin' me
And we just goin' be enemies
I know you **can't** believe
I could just leave it wrong
And you **can't** make it right
I'm goin' take off tonight
Into the night

... Chorus ...

Kanye West – Touch The Sky

*I gotta testify
Come up in the spot lookin' extra fly
Fore the day I die, I'mma touch the sky
Gotta testify
come up in the spot lookin' extra fly
'Fore the day I die, I'mma touch the sky*

Back when they thought pink Polos would hurt the
Roc
Before Cam got the shit to pop
The doors was closed, I felt like Bad Boy's street
team
I **couldn't** work the locks
Now let's go, take 'em back to the plan
Me and my momma hopped in that U-Haul van
Any pessimists I **ain't** talk to them
Plus I **ain't** have **no** phone in my apart-a-ment
Let's take 'em back to the club
Least about an hour I stand on line
I just wanted to dance, I went to Jacob an hour
After I got my advance, I just wanted to shine
Jay favorite line: "Dawg, in due time!"
Now he look at me, like, "Damn, dawg! You where
I am!"
A hip-hop legend, I think I died
In that accident, cause this must be heaven

... Chorus ...

Now let's take them high (Top of the world baby)
(Top top of the world)
La la la (Top of the world baby)
(On top of the world)
Now let's take them high (Top of the world baby)
(Top top of the world)

La la la (Top of the world baby)
(On top of the world)

Back when Gucci was the shit to rock
Back when Slick Rick had the shit to pop
I'd do anything to say I got it
Damn, them new loafers hurt my pocket
Before anybody wanted K. West beats
Me and my girl split the buffet at KFC
Dog, I was having nervous breakdowns
Like "Man - these niggas that much better than me?"
Baby, I'm going on an airplane
And I **don't** know if I'll be back again
Sure enough, I sent the plane tickets
But when she came to kick it, things became
different
Any girl I cheated on, sheets I skeeted on
Couldn't keep it at home, thought I needed a Nia
Long
I'm trying to right my wrongs
But it's funny them same wrongs helped me write
this song

... Chorus ...

Yes, yes, yes, guess who's on third?
Lupe steal like Lupin the 3rd
Here like ear 'til I'm beer on the curb
Peachfuzz buzz but beard on the verge
Let's slow it down like we're on the syrup
Bottle shaped body like Mrs. Butterworth
But, before you say another word
I'm back on the block like I'm laying on the street
I'm trying to stop "lion" like I'm Mumm-Ra
But I'm **not** lyin' when I'm laying on the beat
En garde, or touché, Lupe cool as the unfrozen
But I still feel possessed as a gun charge
Come as correct as a porn star
In a fresh pair steps in my best foreign car
So, I represent the first
Now let me end my verse right where the horns are

... Chorus ...

We back at home, baby!
Sky high, I'm, I'm sky high!
Yeah, feels good to be home, baby!

Kanye West - Power

Is this thing on?
Oh, I thought they silenced us, Ye
Power to the people

We living in that 31st century, futuristic fly shit
The penthouse is the projects and everybody flies
private
New watches; you know what time it is, watch us
They **can't** stop us, the prophets, biatches!

No one man should have all that power
The clock's ticking, I just count the hours
Stop tripping, I'm tripping off the power
(No one man should have all that power)

Rumble, young man, rumble
Life is a trip, so sometimes we gonna stumble
You gotta go through pain in order to become you
But once the world numbs you, you'll feel like it's
only one you
Now you got the power to do anything you want to
Until you ask yourself, "Is this what it's all come
to?"
Looking at life through sunglasses and a sunroof
But do you have the power to get out from up under
you
Fuck all these labels, fuck what everybody wants
from you
They're trying to Ax1 Rose you, welcome to the
jungle
To be continued, we on that Norman Mailer shit
In search of the truth even if it goes through Taylor
Swift
Tell her this

No one man should have all that power
(No one man should have all that power)

Now when I walk in, everybody do the "Power"
clap
Fresh for the club, I just took a half an hour nap
I seen people go crazy when the whole world in our
lap
My socket was out the plug, now it's time to get the
power back
I seen people abuse power, use power, misuse and
then lose power
Power to the people at last, it's a new hour

Now we all **ain't** going be American Idols
But you can least grab a camera, shoot a viral, huh
Take the power in your own hands
I'm a grown man, doing my grown dance
I **don't** stop until I see the end, my vision clear,
bitch
I'm on my Van Gogh, I **don't** hear shit

No one man should have all that power
The clock's ticking, I just count the hours
Stop tripping, I'm tripping off the power
'Til then fuck that, the world's ours

Now everything I'm rhyming on cause a Ramadan
Been a don, praying for the families lost in the storm
Bring our troops back from Iraq, keep our troops out
of Iran
So the next couple bars, I'mma drop 'em in Islam
They say as-salamu alaykum say wa alaikum
assalam
That's **no** Oscar Mayer bacon, you should run and
tell your mom
Now the question is, how we going stop the next
Vietnam
Keep Flex out of Korea, cause you know he drop
bombs

Showtime
Hey, yo, Yeezy
Stop playing with these people, man
They want see you act all crazy in this
motherfucker, man
Take that jacket off and go crazy on them niggas,
man
You know what I'm talking about

What do it mean to be the boss
It mean second place is the first one who lost
The crucifixion, the being nailed to the cross
Truth or fiction, it's a hell of a cost, do the dishes
I'm about to hit that Jeff Gordon
Michael Jordan, the only one more important
But I be feeling like Jordan when I'm recording
'Cause every time I record, I dunk and slap the
boards

I **don't** know what these rappers gonna do
afterwards
Proly spaz like I might do at the awards
Huh, I got the whole crowd going crazy
Homie, I should be rewarded
Gettin' money, Yeezy, Yeezy, how you do it, huh
Eating Wheaties, drinkin' Fiji, being greedy, huh
Don't even think you can allude to the rumors
I'm immune to the boos, I'ma prove to you losers
It's all in time, my nigga
See, I dreamed my whole life that I could rhyme
with Jigga
Now Jay my big brother and B my lil sister
And excuse me, but you **can't** see my lil sister
Number one sound across the board, hey
Number one now and forevermore, hey
Number one rule is niggas **don't** hate
Maybe I'll drop the album, nah, all y'all gotta wait
And on the net, they showing pictures of my Cali
place
My Maybach in NY, but it still got the Cali plates
All my old girls know that I'm the one that got away
I think about at Christmas and play some Donny
Hathaway
And keep my bulletproof hater coat on
Looking at some photos that I'm looking crazy dope
on
Hand up, talking shit, yeah, I get my Pope on
And go home with something to poke on
That's what Dre said, but this what Ye said
How Ye doing? Who Ye screwin?
That's for my dick to know, before you get to know
him
She **ain't** give you ass, that pussy fictional
I gotta give her the eviction note
'Tis, get yo' ass out, bitch, vamonos
Five seconds to the song and we getting close
I got the power, motherfucker, if you **didn't** know

Chill, chill, chill, chill, man
Chill, Ye, chill
Shit's burned up already
It's over