

# Jeru The Damaja, What A Day

One day about six 'o clock I'm woke up  
By the sound of my buzzer and a car or a truck  
Screechin' off so I jump up scratch my nuts  
But when I'm like "Who's that?" nobody speaks up  
So I go to the door there's a note it says:  
"We have Hip Hop hostage with guns to his throat  
Do the right thing and we might let him go  
But if you call the police that's all she wrote  
You know what the motive is it's all about dough  
And in case ya think we bullshittin' here's the photo."  
I couldn't recognize the clows because they was all hooded down  
But I peeped Foxy Brown sippin' Cristal in the background  
With fake alligator boots on  
And smack dab in the middle was hip-hop with a Versace suit on  
I immediately called Primo  
I said "Hip-Hop is in trouble, meet me at my rest on the double  
Don't even jump in the shower, matta'fact scratch my rest

Meet me and D & D in an half an hour  
And bring all ya shit wit' you 'cause you know what we got to do."  
Yo Afu! (Whassup?) Lets jet-son like Elroy  
If I recall correctly I last saw hip-hop down at Bad Boy  
We'll see if Puff knows whassup  
'cause he's the one gettin' him drunk and f\*\*kin' his mind up  
We go to the office, he's nowhere to be found  
So we snatch up Jay Black and beat his bitch ass down  
"Now where's Hip-Hop?!" "Aaight, aaight..." he confessed:  
"Suge came and took him from Puff last night,  
He said he'd give him up if a real nigga came to retrieve 'em..."  
So we went to L.A. later that evenin'  
When we got there, everything was aaight  
And we brought Hip-Hop back home that night.  
ONE DAY...