Everlast, Ends

Ends, some people will rob their mother
For the ends, rats snitch on one another
For the ends, sometimes kids get murdered
For the ends, so before we go any further
I want my ends

I knew this cat named Darrell, he didn't have a dollar
He was Harvard material, Ivy League scholar
Had a Ph.D., had an M.B.A.
But now he's waiting tables cause there's rent to pay
Companies downsizing, inflation's rising
Can't find a job, he's feeling kind of stressed
Doesn't even feel the effects when he says
Forgot to count how many times he been blessed
So he falls off track, starts smoking the crack
And once it hits his brain, it starts to chain react
He sells the shirt off his back, shoes off his feet
He's losing all his teeth, now he's out in the street
And all of sudden he's like Jesse James
Trying to stick up kids for their watches and chains
But he's from business school, and he's nervous with the tool
So he ends up on his back in a bloody pool

For the ends...etc.

I knew this chick named Sally, she had a nice strut
And everywhere that I went, she was up in the cut
Swinging that butt, like 'place your ad here'
Only rapped the benz, and rocked the fly gear
Brand name wearing, champagne waving
Jewels around the neck, a life style she's craving
Ain't no saving, she's doing enough spending
If you do the lending, she'll do the bending
Straight machine vending, it's money for take
Shopping sprees get her on her knees
And if you hit her with keys to your crib, you acting funny
Come home one day, find her counting out your money
From the Wetlands, all the way to the Apollo
If you're broke she's spittin, and if you're rich she might swallow

For the ends...etc.

I knew these two homeboys, that made a lot of noise
Making money on the block, kids was on they jock
They was tougher than leather like Reverend Run
DMC, they was toting guns
Holdin' weight, goin' out of state
Stackin' mad chips, and pushin' phat whips
Fly jewels and clothes, and got no job
And then one dissapeared, and one got robbed

For the ends...etc.