

# Rappin' 4-Tay, I Paid My Dues

Testing one, two, three, four  
Rappin 4-tay, Rag Top records, nineteen-ninety-six  
West up, let's do this

Yeah Four, you done finally got that parole-CALL  
Yeah man, that was long comeing trying get that, man  
I understand that Four, but a lot of people don't know  
what you've done been through bro'  
Man, a brother done been in this rap game for ten years, man  
I've been from hell and back, you know Frank  
But what's gon' have to do  
is lay it down and lace it up like a shoestring  
Ok, like this here...

[Rappin' 4-Tay]

Allow me to take you back down memory lane  
When a player was so young in this rap game  
Yeah, if you had a fight you best to knock a sucker out  
Because moms wouldn't about to let you in the house  
Yeah, we had to throw em' in the days  
Didn't have glock, never seen a twelve gauge  
Wasn't no banging n' gang affiliated deaths  
Brother had to go to school in the days to get a rep  
Always wanted to bust a gang of these raps  
And be the first player to put Frisco on the map  
So add this to the list of them hits that be knockin for the new year  
I'ma vet in this rappin industry, you wet behind the ear  
Shit, I even caught the San Quinton blues  
Used to rock that motherfucker every night, I paid my dues

[Chorus:]

I talked the talk, but now I'm walking the walk  
What up, fool! Huh yeah! Yeah! What,what!

[Rappin' 4-Tay]

Im from the west but I don't ride the saddle  
Used to do a lot of battle,  
but you money are make your trunk rattle  
Ever since the solar system, boys clubbing house parties  
Rap contests at Booker T'S, man it was everybody  
snatching it taking it swoop on stuff all the way home  
Once me and O' hit the jets, man we was gone  
Up the stairs to the vacabt house, thats we're we prctice at  
We didn't have a studio so man we had to work with that  
No reel to reels, no mic, just the radio  
Paper and oen and I was in, the heart of the ghetto  
Trying to pursue my dream, trying to make things right  
I posted up at other people's shows begging to get the mic  
I was kicking down doors, posted up, like the 49ers  
All I wanted to do was bust a rap before the headliners  
They pushed me to the left, I said alright, that's cool  
Now you call my booking agent, everyday, I paid my dues

[Chorus:]

I talked the talk, but now I'm walking the walk  
What up, fool! Huh yeah! Yeah! What,what!

[Rappin' 4-Tay]

The difference is you're talking about the game you see I'm living in  
And all my folks R.I.P, I'LL see you in a minute  
Before I cut I gots to shock it cause I'm still pissed  
For my mistakes, court dates and the time I missed

A lot of deputies in correctional facilities  
I kept they ass up all night, but now they feelin me  
From bangin on the walls and bustin raps off the top ten  
Bet you never though I be the entertainer of the year  
But why not, cause I've got, what it takes to represent  
Crowd could be a hundred thousand, I'm never hesitant  
Just ask Franky J. to drop me an old school beat  
Them funky instrumentals kept me of the streets  
They kept me motivated, I was always underrated  
I bet my real folks wasn't surprised when I made it  
Plus I gave them digits back to the parole board  
So now I'm cool, I'd been paid my dues

[Chorus:]

I talked the talk, but now I'm walking the walk  
What up, fool! Huh yeah! Yeah! What,what!