

Rappin' 4-Tay, Up's And Down's

Yo, wassup, wassup?

Holla the playa dough.

Rappin' 4-Tay for the hard way for 1997, y'all listen for that.

And I'm about to blaze one up for the West Coast Bad Boyz.

Y'all keep on stackin' your paper man, stack it up.

Invest it man, that's real.

[Verse 1:]

Much love to all my folks with rap songs

And even the perpetrators who really don't belong.

It's become an epidemic, better yet, a disease

From boys to overnight MC's.

But there's enough legal tender for us to all get paid.

Be like special ed, talkin' 'bout you got it made?

Six G's a night, few more G's for flights.

You ain't trippin', they got your name up in the spotlight.

You gots to know how to hold 'em and fold 'em, hustle with these rhymes.

Show the world a hit each and every time.

And videos ain't never been a problem, see me all up in 'em.

Frisco, Cali livin' lavvy with the finest women.

My interstate pulled up to a homicide.

I'm never satisfied unless the dance floor's occupied.

Carrer-wise, I'm out here rockin' the nation.

It's all about results and risin' to the occasion.

[chorus]

Gold or platinum, a G look splendid.

Whatever happened to the paper, did you spend it?

Investments'll turn your bread around,

And baby, he knows what goes up must come down.

Big ballin' got the whole town sewed up.

Until the six wit the liquor got him towed up.

Investments'll turn your bread around,

And baby, he knows what goes up must come down.

[Verse 2:]

The 49ers do more diggin' than gold diggas

And man them playas out in Cali, them some cold niggas.

Full speed ahead, the West be comin' through

Wit cardis and parties for the riders and the whole crew.

But we can't allow the industry to work us,

Cuz everything we do in life has got a purpose.

I like to represent the town for the hell of it.

Nationwide, and I'm knowin' they gon' love me for it.

Mr. Hatin' and Schemin', keep on regulatin'.

Now, what you in this game for? I'm in for money-makin'.

Fame and glory is cool, I'm tryin' to introduce the

World to another side of bein' a producer.

Just like the NFL, who gon' make it to the bowl?

Let's speak on rap now, who won platinum, who won gold?

After the smoke clears, a lot of fools be lookin' funny

All on TV but the record label get the money.

[chorus]

[Verse 3:]

Now you wanna rap and clean the paper that you got,

And hopefully, the feds that used to sweat you, forgot

About the C-notes, the kilos, even the pounds.

You Nino Chill but you still known as Nino Brown.

Six hundred Benz, steady clockin' major digits.

Cold thangs, when you can't explain how'd you get it.

There's a message to my music.

I got top-notch game all in your face best to use it.

One for the money, two for the show,
Three for the playettes, this is for the dance floor.
Might as well exercise your skills
And let the mini-skirts go to work, shake your fifth wheel.
Gots to be versatile enough to flip the tempo.
Lock up all night long with instrumental.
And if you bump up, then you get a good job,
Sign the wrong deal and didn't know was the mob.

[chorus X2]