

Rehab, We Ain't Come To Play

We ain't come to play, get outta the way
or where you stand is right where you'll lay
I want to see your arm's movin' side to side
you want to win, then be on my side
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Hey, don't worry about me, I'm doin' fine
want to knock my head off, get in line
I'm on like grits and Dunkin' dime
couldn't be rap/rock 'cause we can't rhyme
this year, Rehab on the cover of Time
nineteen Grammys and a cold ad line
bout tired of ya'll retards not gettin' it
rhyme's so dope, it can't be bit
now every damn cousin' want to rap and shit
ask for rock licks and holla up in the mix
might get away with it on rock radio
but come round here, get slapped with flow
I know you know I'll take your ho
I'm throwin' bottles, stumps and elbows
everytime I see a video, I think about titty, TV
I want to know where the dough go
I'm dirty southern skies, I'm undercover
errr! Hit it raw, no rubber
Brooks you're stupid, naw dawg I'm a genius
got a wide-load hanging down from my wee-wee
you're a food court rhymers up in the malls
I'm a world-wide phenomenon walkin' through walls
many been mangled or often angled
sister step down to puke the triangle
happy, happy, happy, naw
get into the pit, break a jaw
let off steam, fuck the scene
don't give a damn who keeps it clean
I don't feel love unless it bleeds
I don't want to mosh, I wanna stampede
Yeeahh, get up, get up, let's go, let's go, let's go
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I cannot make a mistake by being my fuckin' self
and if you ain't lookin' for me, you can settle for someone else
so punk, who's willin' to suck your dick and wipe your stinkin' ass
those clothes, money and hoe's don't give you a lick of class
I can't believe I've got myself into this fucked-up situation where
I don't know what you want from me and now I don't fuckin' care
if I gotta to wear Fubu and get a new do to rock you
then fuck you and suck my cock too
cause phony is something I cannot do
that ain't my talent dumb-ass
you can drop me and three years from now this'll be the new shit
and if that's what you want then right now I'm teachin' you how to do shit
man, fuck a thug, fuck a lie, fuck a scheme
if you can't market the truth, then don't fuck with me
ya'll don't want to break new ground so call the lawyer
draw up the paper work, release me, forget it
or fuckin' blow me up, in which case, you still get the credit

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Get up or lay down, get up or lay down
get up or lay down, get up or lay down
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Suck my motherfuckin' dick. Bitch!