

# T-Bone, Let That Thang Go

I'm trying to change this music, my nizzle  
It's official, I'm tired of hearing heaters that whistle and sizzle when gangstas pull out they pistols  
I'm like money trying to get in the middle and settle the difference  
Cuz too many rappers is tripping, don't nobody wanna listen  
Plus I'm tired of all the cussing and cursing  
So I started rehearsing working on converting a better version  
For every person that's hurting lurking searching for life's purpose  
Feeling suicidal and worthless but you ain't certain  
If you ready to die and leave this earth's surface then cross over  
And see what's on the side of this life's curtain  
Call me the Moses of rap, taking it back to tha days when this artifact  
Wasn't bout the woman and gats  
I'm sick of this rap, matter a fact  
How many more women you find to pimp, and gangstas we gonna cap  
We murdered them all, Pac and Biggie there ain't here anymore  
Better do something, sound the trumpet, cuz' I'm goin to war

## Chorus

To all the playas popping off at the lip, oh  
Fronting the street game like you a pimp, no  
Ya coming up but going down wit tha ship, bro  
Ya better let that thang go  
And all tha ladies that be shaking they hips, oh  
Up in tha strip clubs stacking em chips, no  
Top of tha world, but you down in tha pits, ma  
Ya better let that thang go

It's the Nicaraguan son of Big Pun, who flip tongs  
On kick drums, and leave rappers like victims from big guns  
Better panic, cuz I'm charismatic and automatic  
When it comes to this phonographic magic, I gotta have it  
Like an addict, I'm the magnet pulling these Asiatic and Hispanics bandits  
To make em put down tha cannons, I'm standing for unity in rural communities  
Filled with darkness and cruelty, where men get woman paid off of nudity  
It's soon to be all over, I crossover barriers of hate and racism plus I bring the Cross over  
I'm out to change all the images in our villages, and all the religious criticisms from church citizens  
Always pointing, judging, shrugging ya shoulders at the adulterers, fornicators, and cobras  
But never question our culture, Biggie prophesied ready to die  
50 took 5 and got rich and Pac's mamma still crying

Suckas surfing the internet trying to find kids for sex, and placing bets  
Credit card fraud is next, they write them checks for chicks on em porno flicks  
When they shake they hips sick wit them chain and whips it gets  
Even worse, truth hurts, don't be mad at me, I ain't the one getting paid enhancing they anatomy  
And gradually, they rotten out like bad cavities, then periodically prostituting and armed robberies  
This how we raise the little children of America to grow up and be criminal, rapist, and bomb terrori  
From the second they're born, innocent but torn  
Between these 2 worlds fighting for souls, like tug a war  
Who's keeping score got juveniles in the morgue, while killas winning awards  
And steady and praising the Lord, they cheer and roar  
Ego tripping has gotta stop, gotta shine and rhyme in his name instead of hip-hop

How many more of our people gotta die  
Before we decide, genocide isn't only in war  
It's also in the words that we write  
We got tha power

I keep it gully like a Cali general running the streets, ya freeze when I speak  
Memorized my style is unique, we bringing the heat like the Bahamas talking the word  
From Nicaragua to communist countries like China, Iraq and Havana, canta lo, Godson levanta lo  
They lace the beats then I rock the flow, she hit them notes  
Collab then we rock the show, think we blessed  
No doubt, count the dough, we make about oh 25-30 a show  
People flying from other countries just to hear tha Bone flow

Sick wit the skills to the point that they wanna honor me  
But I'm not honoree I'm on the Rock like Sean Connery  
And yall fond of me, the rest is just wanna be's