

Willie D, Do It Like A G.O.

(*phone conversation*)

(Willie D) □ Underground Master speaking

(Lil' J) □ Yo D, what's up?

(Willie D) □ Just chillin, man, what's up?

(Lil' J) □ Give them Ghetto Boys a ring, man

□ Hold up now

(*dialing*)

(Johnny 'C') □ Geto Boys

(Lil' J) □ Hey

(Johnny 'C') □ What's up, J?

(Lil' J) □ Yeah man, I got Willie D on the other end

(Johnny 'C') □ What's up Will?

(Willie D) □ What's up now, what's up, fellas?

(Johnny 'C') □ Y'know

(Lil' J) □ Say fellas

□ I been kicking a few lyrics in the back of my mind, man

□ And I'm tired of muthafuckas disrespecting us

□ Because we're black owned and won't sell out

□ (Word)

□ So check this out

□ We need to get together

□ And go to that other level of the game

□ And do it like a G.O.

(Johnny 'C') □ Say no more, we're on the telephone

(Willie D) □ We get them muthafuckas, man

(Lil' J) □ Well, let's make em a offer they can't refuse

(Juke Box)

I'm back like a rebel making trouble

I'm an assassin, kickin ass on the double

No muthafucka alive's gonna stop me

So fuck you and your goddamn posse

(Willie D)

It's time to step on some muthafuckin toes

(Nah, D) man, fuck them hoes!

The East Coast ain't playin our songs

I wanna know what the hell's goin on

Give me my card, radio sucker

I'll kick your ass and take the muthafucka

Everybody know New York is where it began

So let the ego shit end

(Prince Johnny 'C')

Black radio is being disowned

Not by the other race, but its own

A lot of bullshit records make hits

Because the radio is all about politics

Prince Johnny 'C' is my identity

Whoever you be (don't) (don't) (don't fuck with me)

My last go

The radio struck me with a low blow

Now I'm doin it like a G.O.

(Go, go, go, go..)

(Let's make em an offer they can't refuse)

(You wanna go to war?

We'll take you to war, okay?)

(Willie D)

Everybody's coming with guns

Niggas gettin pimped by Columbians

They put em on the streets like a bitch

Niggas slangin but the Puerto-Rican gettin rich

I never sold the mess
But if I did, it would be for my goddamn self
Can you adjust to the wholesale bust
Box, tell these muthafuckas what's up
(Juke Box)
When will you stupid muthafuckas learn
In this game one way or another you get burned
You end up behind bars
Or lying on your back in a muthafuckin morgue
And your gal'll find another nigga
Cause the low-life bitch ain't nothin but a gold-digger
I'd fuck her but my money is a no-no
(Why?) I'm a hoe so I do it like a G.O.

(Go, go, go, go..)

(Let's make em an offer they can't refuse)

(You wanna go to war?
We'll take you to war, okay?)

(Prince Johny 'C')
Fucked up politics
Those tie-wearin bitches can suck my dick
They try to ban my style of teachin
But freedom of speech allow me to keep speakin
To the people, about shit like racism
It's deep into the heart of the school system
Whites get more funds from the state
And this is why minorities learn so late
(Willie D)
Some of us make it to college
And take a test to the highest degree with limited knowledge
Most of us won't pass the bitch
And those rotten-ass muthafuckas know this
I'm not Malcolm X or Farrakhan
After this one I guess I'll have to pack a gun
So if you wanna fuck this brother
You better be ready muthafucka
Or you gonna have to G.O.

(Go, go, go, go..)

(Let's make em an offer they can't refuse)

(You wanna go to war?
We'll take you to war, okay?)

(Willie D)
Willie D is not a biggot and he won't be
I just educate minds to reality
This ain't no muthafuckin 'back to Africa'
Try to pull that shit, we'll have a massacre
(Juke Box)
Our ancestors were killed at will
Bought and sold like a used automobile
We fought back to exist
Now we're killing one another, ain't that a bitch
(DJ Ready Red)
Ready Red, I'm comin at ya
I'm holdin my ground like a muthafuckin statue
You take nothin from me, so stop trippin
'less you want to take a muthafuckin ass whippin
Bitch, muthafuck the KKK
Wearing dresses and shit, what the fuck is they, gay?

(Willie D)
A color blind society we'll never be
Unless we agree (in harmony)
To do it like a G.O.

(*phone conversation*)
(Lil' J)
Rap-a-Lot
('President of White Owned Records')
Hey J, this is the President of White Owned Records
We see you're still survivin but we want to ask you to keep your boys quiet
If you don't, we will
Or here's another alternative
We take 95% of your company and you take 5 and we'll make you famous within 10 years
It would take you a lifetime by yourself
because you know your people don't stick together
What you say about that, boy?
(Lil' J)
Man, fuck you
('President of White Owned Records')
I would advise you not to talk to me like that, boy
Just who the hell you think you are anyway?
(Lil' J)
I'm Lil' muthafuckin J
I ain'ts to be fucked with
And if you wanna go to war
I'll take you to war