

Yung Ro, Nobody Is To Blame

(*Dido*)

My tea's gone cold I'm wondering why I
Got out of bed at all
The morning rain clouds up my window
And I can't see at all
And even if I could it'll all be gray
But your picture on my wall
It reminds me, that it's not so bad
It's not so bad - 2x

(Yung Ro)

Dear Yung Ro what's the deal how are you, fine I hope
I like your music and I hope you can find some truth, in what I wrote
I got both of your c.d.'s man, but I like the first one better
I tell my friends that you're the best but they don't be feeling, man forget 'em
Anyway Ro what's been up, how Boogie D he still on lock
I hear you mention him all the time boy, you must really miss him a lot
But he'll be cool and you too, I feel that Nobody concept
Cause I can relate to having nobody, I usually stay to myself
And that "Just A Nobody" track on Undagrind, that's my favorite
Ro I think you're underrated, remember the first time that I played it
(I'm just a nobody), see Ro I'm jamming it right now
That song really touches me man, for real and I don't see how
They can just overlook the passion of the words, that you speak
I guess some folks rather hear ego rap, advantage it over a beat
I heard about the movie you did "Pain", when is it coming out
You got the leading role right, I know you wrecked it without a doubt
Cause everything you speak is real, and I respect you cause you tell it
And that's why I stay on some Nobody shit all day, 24-7
But ay Ro I gotta go, write me back if you can do so
This is to Yung Ro, sincerely yours 100 fa sho

(*Dido*)

(Yung Ro)

Dear Ro say man, I know you busy and all that
But damn when you get some time, could you try to write me back
This Nobody shit driving me crazy, I can't stop thinking of you
Cause everytime I hear Nobody, seem like I'm trained to think of you
I got on yungro.com the other day, to hit your site
I see you got a store I bought some c.d.'s, and a couple shirts I like
I got your posters on my wall, and memorized all your songs
Seen you at a show with Color Change, snapped a picture with my phone
And speaking of Color Changin' Click, what happened to y'all
Man y'all the best, and what's going on between Chamillion and Paul
Any word on Mixtape Messiah, I picked up The Chick Magnet
Man you know anything Paid In Full drop, I got to have it
And tell Hatta what's up, I heard J-Mack swoll now
I even got a tape recorded, when you was doing the Roll Call
My brother thinks I'm crazy, but I'm your biggest fan you're the best
I even got a tatoos of your name, on my chest
And that song "Get Away" you did, talking bout your pain
You know that one when you say it's hard to fight, when your enemy is your brain
Well I cut for the hidden track, the poem after the song
Thought I was the only one who felt like that, an outcast alone
Cause they don't know me like you know me Ro, nobody does
They don't know what it was like, for people like us growing up
You gotta hit me back man, nobody cares right true
Right yeah, P.S. I'm a Nobody too

(*Dido*)

(Yung Ro)

Dear Mr. Nobody g'yeah, Yung Ro

It's been a whole week, and I ain't jammed none of your dumb flows
You can't write me back, I just asked for a lousy letter
I guess you too big for that right, nobody does it better
What being stuck up, and too cool to write your fans
I guess that movie went to your head, fame got you thinking you the man
I hate you Ro, I promoted you this the thanks I get
I called the hotline time after time, ain't heard from you yet
But it's cool don't worry bout me, things will work out for the better
I've had my time to think about it, and Ro this is my last letter
See I'm tired of this hope, being broke and selling dope
Some'ing gotta shake bought a Tech 9, and I think it's time to get cut throat
But Ro, this ain't no threat so don't take it that way
You'll find out later see you rap Ro, I got nothing but bad days
But I've been checking out this spot, plotting coming up with a plan
And you gon help me wit it, but nobody understands
Because nobody cares, or took the time out to ask
Just one fucking letter Ro, one response would of made me laugh
Or smile for one, but no you made it like this
How's this sound, nobody's here to stop me from loading up my clip
You ruined it Ro, we were 'spose to be together me and you
You were my inspiration, now voices telling me just shoot
And when you catch that news report, believe what you see is true
And it's your fault, so really Ro what you see is you
A reflection of me, we both the same me and you
We Nobodies, and Nobodies should be together too

(*talking*)

Ain't shit on TV, stupid bitch
Bullshit on TV, ugh bullshit

(*Dido*)

(*talking in background*)

In today's news, a man who has not yet been identified
Talk up in Houston Texas, the witness said he told her
Nobody is to blame, no name has been found no clues
Police say this is the crime of the century
Over an hour, a thousand comments were taken
A witness said he looked very mad, no name has been found
No clues, and police say this is the crime of the century
Nobody knows who did it

(Yung Ro)

What up homie, I know I'm late but how you doing
I hope you ain't mad, and whatever we had ain't gon or ruined
But what's this shit about, us suppose to be together
Feel funny, when I read that letter
But on the real I'm locked up, just peep the address see it's true
But what's fucked up, I'm here for some shit that I ain't do
So watch what you say when you write back, cause you know them folks gon read it first
So none of that crazy talk k', cause shit could be worse
They trying to hide your boy man, and they ain't got no evidence
My allaby straight like what you mean, see it don't make sense
Somebody set me up, I was up in Nobody Land
Just finished recording and thought, hey why not write my fans
But when I got to yours, knew you was real off top
It's good to hear things like that, especially when you on lock
But why you stop and what's your real name, yeah I know Nobody thanks
I checked the front of your envelope for your information, but it was blank
You kinda weird son, plus I think you need some counseling
Not talking bout that c.d. neither, you need some real counseling
What you mad or something, just shoot what you talking bout
And most important why you laugh, when you said I'm gon help you out
Cause it was shit like that, that made police kick in my do'
(son what's your name) I said Yung Ro, (Mr. Nobody) yeah fa sho

Then he placed me under arrest, I'm like you ain't got nothing pig
Spit in his face then he punched me, like (mo'fucker I know what you did)
Then he took me downtown, interrogating me about some crack moves
I'm like hey I rap dude, he like (yeah but that tattoo)
I'm like what this Nobody, (yeah you thought you had me fooled)
(now take a look at these pictures chump, you know where I'm taking you)
So I looked and the dude's shirt said Nobody, but who
Would set me up, come to think about it it was you

Hey somebody call my lawyer