

# 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