



## “Fuck Bitches, Get Money”

Discursive assertions of masculinity and sexual orientation in hip-hop lyrics

Av: Daniel Claps

Handledare: Kristy Beers-Fägersten

## Table of Contents

Abstract .....	1
1. Introduction .....	2
2. Literature review .....	4
2.1 Discursive construction of identity .....	4
2.1.2 Masculine identity in hip-hop.....	5
2.2 Masculine language, several characteristics .....	6
2.3 Formal aspects of hip-hop discourse .....	7
3. Methodology .....	9
4. Data analysis .....	10
4.1 Male as homophobe .....	10
4.1.1 Ice Cube as homophobe.....	10
4.1.2 Dr. Dre as homophobe.....	12
4.1.3 Snoop Dogg as homophobe.....	13
4.1.4 Eminem as homophobe .....	13
4.1.5 DMX as homophobe .....	14
4.1.6 Lil Wayne as homophobe .....	15
4.1.7 2Pac as homophobe .....	15
4.2 Male as misogynist.....	17
4.2.1 Snoop Dogg as misogynist.....	17
4.2.2 Eminem as misogynist.....	18
4.2.3 Cam'ron as misogynist.....	18
4.3 Male as womanizer.....	19
4.3.1 Lil Wayne as womanizer .....	19
4.3.2 2Pac as womanizer .....	20
5. Conclusions .....	22
6. References .....	24
Appendices: Complete lyrics of the songs analyzed.....	26

**Abstract**

Discursive constructions of masculinity and heterosexuality in hip-hop lyrics

This essay investigates how male hip-hop artists assert different masculine identities in their song lyrics. The study considers songs released by American, male hip-hop artists during a 20-year time span, 1990-2010. The 20-year period has been divided into four periods spanning five years each, i.e., 1990-1995, 1995-2000, 2000-2005, and 2005-2010, and songs from best-selling artists during these periods have been chosen. A total of 8 artists are considered in this study, representing 12 songs comprising the data. By focusing on the lexicon of the song lyrics, I show how three recurring heterosexual masculine identities are discursively constructed: the male artist as a womanizer, a misogynist, or a homophobe. I furthermore show how these identities are not mutually exclusive, but can rather co-exist and in this way contribute to an unmistakable alpha-male identity. Finally, the diachronic aspect of the data collection methodology enables an additional investigation of the evolution of identity construction in hip-hop, such that prevailing trends in the early 1990s can be compared to trends evident in the current hip-hop scene.

## 1. Introduction

In 1990, when gangsta rapper Ice Cube released his debut album, one of the album producers, Chuck D, estimated that Ice Cube said the word "bitch" 83 times on the approximately 50-minute long production. To use offensive language is one of many strategies to assert oneself as being outside of the normative, a way of showing how one belongs to a special group, or that one hails from a certain area or social class. By saying 'bitch' 83 times on one album, Ice Cube establishes himself as a masculine, misogynistic man, hailing from an area which struggles with poverty, crime and violence. Hip-hop culture and, as an example of a cultural artifact, hip-hop songs have a history of featuring bragging and boasting discourse delivered by predominantly male artists keen on establishing and asserting a very masculine image. The importance of image and self-promotion in the hip-hop culture has evolved to a point where practices such as 'battlin' and 'dissin' play a crucial part in just how masculine and authentic a rapper is or can be. A male rapper asserts himself by challenging, menacing or threatening his "enemy" in his songs, but can also further confirm a masculine image by emasculating his opponents, calling their masculinity into question, and suggesting their display of feminine traits.

Hip-hop culture consists of four elements: graffiti writing, break-dancing, DJ-ing, and MC-ing (Chang 2005 :148). MC stands for Master of Ceremonies, and the act of performing as an MC is the predecessor of rapping, the verbal performance set to music or accompanying rhythmic beats. MC-ing (emceeing) and rapping refer to the same activity, and thus rapping is included in the four elements of the hip-hop culture.

The hostility inherent in hip-hop is a force to be reckoned with. Rappers start verbal wars with each other that can sometimes end in bloodshed. The most famous example of a lethal escalation of such verbal wars is the conflict between rappers 2Pac and Notorious B.I.G. The rivalry between the two started when 2Pac of West Coast label Death Row Records was shot five times in New York and accused Notorious B.I.G., his label Bad Boy Records, and the whole East Coast of being behind the attempt. Subsequently, 2Pac made a song with lyrics provoking Notorious B.I.G. even more. Both were shot and killed less than a year apart. It is still unknown whether the feud between the two actually led to their murders, or if they were murdered for another reason. This is an example of an extreme outcome of the rivalries, feuding and battling that are fundamental to the hip-hop culture, but it is nevertheless representative of the importance of self-assertion and the maintenance of one's own image by way of denigrating the image of another.

By insulting or disrespecting ('dissing') another rapper, an artist can create an opposing image, establishing himself as more authentic, more menacing, more sexually competent, etc. than the other. Hip-hop artists are known to assert their own authentic identities as gangstas, law breakers, money makers, or bona fide ghetto dwellers by way of dismissing others' claims to similar identities. In particular, however, male hip-hop artists strive to assert a masculine image, ideally establishing themselves as more masculine than other artists.

The point of departure for this essay is the proposal that rappers strive to portray themselves as extremely masculine, in a genre of music that neither encourages nor accepts homosexuality or femininity. Hip-hop is furthermore proposed as a relatively new style of music that, considering its underground origins, oddly is both conservative and conducive to stereotyping. The importance of asserting a masculine identity results in artists' exaggerated claims of their own heterosexuality, blatant disrespect for women and caustic accusations of other artists' homosexual tendencies, reflecting thinly veiled expressions of homophobia that very often border on the comical.

This essay considers hip-hop song lyrics in order to investigate how male hip-hop artists discursively construct a masculine identity. The focus of the essay is on three aspects of masculinity exploited either individually or in conjunction with each other. First, the masculine identity is that of womanizer, corresponding to the male artist's assertion of his heterosexual prowess. Second, the masculine identity is that of misogynist, one who disrespects and/or exploits women. Third, the masculine identity is that of homophobe, one who questions others' (hetero)sexual orientation, accuses other males of having feminine traits, or suggests other males are the objects of homosexual activity.

I first review linguistic scholarship within the domain of hip-hop music and culture, and research on discursive constructions of identity. I then analyze the discourse of hip-hop song lyrics, exploring the thesis that male rappers assert masculinity by discursively constructing identities as womanizers, misogynists, and/or homophobes.

## **2. Literature review**

### **2.1 Discursive construction of identity**

Joseph (2004:14) makes the realization that understanding the relationship between language and identity should help improve our understanding of who we are, and that it should furthermore deepen our comprehension of social interaction. Joseph (2004:14) furthermore emphasizes the significance of the important link between identity and language; "Each of us, after all, is engaged with language in a lifelong project of constructing who we are, and who

everyone is that we meet, or whose utterances we simply hear or read.” Including the link between language and identity, but also the construction of who we are, molds well into the discussion of the discursive construction of identity.

About the discursive construction of identity, Beers-Fägersten (2006:24) makes the comparison that “the discursive construction of identity is a double-edged sword”, where we “...have the possibility to present, control and claim our own identities through linguistic means.” She continues her discussion by adding that the problem with creating an identity is that it cannot be accomplished by oneself, because it is a collaborative procedure, requiring both recognition and acknowledgment from another person. Deborah Cameron (2001:170) has a similar theory that she explains as identity being shifting, multiple, and “...something people are continually constructing and reconstructing in their encounters with each other and the world.” She defends her reasoning by clarifying that she does not imply that most people suffer from “multiple personality disorder”, but that our behavior flows “naturally” such that the reason we do certain things is because we ‘are’ those certain things. Weatherall (2002:138) discusses identity in a similar way:

...identities emerge from the actions of local conversations and are limited to the kinds of subject positions available to an individual. Thus identity is not viewed in essentialist terms as something that people ‘are’. Rather, identities are progressively and dynamically achieved through the discursive practices that individuals engage in.

The concept of identity as “achieved through discursive practices that individuals engage in”, provides the theoretical basis of this essay, namely, that hip-hop identities can be constructed through discursive practices evident in song lyrics.

### **2.1.2 Masculine identity in hip-hop**

Hip-hop culture and its discourse are very competitive. The specific jargon of hip-hop indicates the main semantic domains: *battlin’*, where rappers engage in a verbal fight with each other, *freestylin’*, which means spontaneously coming up with lyrics, and *dissin* or disrespecting one’s opponents.

When discussing how and in which way masculine identities are constructed, power is thus usually cited as the most important factor, according to Kiesling (1997:65). He argues that each man adopts a unique and personal approach of demonstrating and creating power in the construction of men’s identity through language. Kiesling furthermore argues that, since men still have more power than women in the Western world, there is also, along with the freedom brought by power, an “expectation (or requirement) that a man will somehow

embody this power in his identity.” (Kiesling 1997:65). This is recognizable in hip-hop as well, seeing that many of the artists have all constructed their identity through lyrics about more or less the same topics, where most of them focus on misogynist, homophobic, and womanizing lyrics to create a macho identity.

Cameron (1997:49) explains how speech is a “repeated stylization of the body”, meaning repeated actions that, over time, start to look or sound “natural”. Cameron also expresses her fear of how “masculine” and “feminine” styles of talking, identified by researchers, will work as a kind of code, providing a guidebook to men and women who want to be more of a “proper” version of their gender.

Weatherall (2002:126,127) explains the thesis of social identity theory, that seem to project itself well on masculine identity in hip-hop since the theory emphasizes that the way people think and behave partly depends on which social group one belongs to. She also notes the different ‘identity maintenance strategies’, such as comparing your own social group to other, inferior groups. Particularly this identity maintenance strategy, that involves comparing one’s social group to another, is heavily used in hip-hop lyrics. The comparisons involve one artist and his crew, or posse, saying that they are better than another group. Also, it is used in several ‘dis’ songs about how one region of the United States is better than the other, or the superiority of one record label over another. Eminem, for example, has repeatedly employed this strategy in verbal assaults of homosexuals, serving to emphasize his own alignment with the heterosexual community.

It is not unusual to encounter hip-hop lyrics about the merits of abusing women, especially after having sex with a woman. Such lyrics are offered as ironic commentary on the actual problem of absent fathers or lack of safe-sex practices, but nevertheless reflect blatant misogynistic overtures.

Ice Cube’s debut album *AmeriKKKa’s Most Wanted* (1990), includes a track entitled “You Can’t Fade Me”, which is about unintentionally impregnating “the neighborhood hussy”, or being wrongfully accused of fathering the unborn child of such a sexually promiscuous woman.

## **2.2 Masculine language, several characteristics**

de Klerk (1997:147) argues that “the cultural stereotype that men’s speech is coarser and more direct than women’s polite, conservative speech has been expressed for centuries”. One finds evidence of this in *Gray’s Inn Journal* (1754) that says that “a distinction might be made between a kind of sex in words according as they are appropriate to men or women, as for

instance “D..n my Blood” [sic] is of male extraction, and “pshaw” and “fiddlesticks” I take to be female” (Tucker quoting Arthur Murphy, 1961 :86. In de Klerk (1997 :147).

What has been found when studying how men function with language is that, traditionally, men tend to use swear-words to emphasize what they want to say. Other examples of typical masculine language are that men interrupt more often than women, and speak in a louder voice to make themselves heard. According to de Klerk and the ‘sex-role theory’, men are victims of self-attribution and self-perception, a subjective sense to ‘be’ masculine if you are a man, and feminine if you are a woman. The sex-role theory explains that linguistically, boys copy the speech habits of other males. In the comment section of her questionnaire, de Klerk (1997:154) found men complaining that they felt obligated to use expletives, and that they needed to use them to prove their masculinity.

Having mentioned how it is also well-known that men traditionally interrupt more often than women, Coates (1997:117) makes the distinction that interruptions between male friends seldom occur, as conversations between male friends usually focus on maintaining their friendship, as opposed to other types of conversation where interruptions occur more often. de Klerk (1997:145) discusses masculinity and the pressure of becoming a ‘man’ in the same sense as Stearns (1990), that “boys require a more extensive arduous transition to manhood, somehow needing special prompting not to cry, but to compete, be a good sport, and win”(Stearns, 1990:16). This ‘pressure’ on males results in, according to de Klerk, males having the same ‘pressure’ on themselves in ‘being’ men, and also in expressing themselves as men. She describes the “stereotypical powerful speech style” in Western cultures that is portrayed by “the assertion of dominance, interruption, challenging, disputing and being direct” (de Klerk 1997:145). She continues to write how expletives, by being used to shock people, become associated with power and masculinity in Western cultures. de Klerk (1997:147) continues her discussion on expletives being powerful and masculine by saying that “we find taboo language ‘strong’ because it implies the violation of a code; every resort to it is an act of daring, however slight.” She further elaborates Keenan (1974) into her own conclusion that “the use of expletives has a covert attraction because of its connotations of strength, masculinity and confidence in defying linguistic or social convention” (de Klerk, 1997:147).

These are all applicable characteristics in hip-hop language, where explicit language is extremely important to obtain your authenticity as a rapper. The fact that men also insult each other more is easy to agree with if you are familiar with ‘battlin’ and ‘beefs’ in hip-hop. To

start a ‘beef’ in hip-hop is the same as having a feud with someone, which in hip-hop mostly leads to artists dissing a certain person more frequently in their lyrics.

### 2.3 Formal aspects of hip-hop discourse

It has been established that hip-hop language is the language that comes from the African American community (Rickford, 2004; Campbell, 2005:14) where rappers use AAVE, African American Vernacular English, as the main source of their vocabulary.

Androutsopoulos (2009) discusses how the language of rap lyrics adapts in different countries, but still maintains global features. English (and AAVE) are the two main resources for constructing global hip-hop identities where borrowings of English words have a big part in the non-native English speaking world. AAVE is therefore the main source to hip-hop language, and, since African Americans took a great part in establishing hip-hop as a culture of its own, the African American community has used words from AAVE to set the foundation for how to use language in the hip-hop community.

Campbell (2005) focuses on how AAVE has influenced hip-hop culture, and how hip-hop discourse itself has been influenced by words and sentence structures that come from as early as 1910. Campbell (2005:13) compares Gwendolyn Brooks’ poem *We Real Cool* from 1960 to Ice Cube’s *We Be Clubbin’* (1998), arguing that “...what links them is their mutual attention to the nuances of black dialect, to the vernacular voice in poetry.” Both titles reveal typical grammatical features of AAVE. The title of Brooks’ poem is an example of *copula deletion*, which Campbell explains as “...the absence of the verb *to be* after in this case, the subject pronoun *we*.” Ice Cube uses the base form copula to signal present time actions in *We Be Clubbin’*. Campbell relates copula deletion to rap artists today, and how they consciously use similar sentence structures in their lyrics as a form of salute to the vernacular tradition. The use of this linguistic variety allows artists to identify themselves as members of the AAVE speech community, and gives voice to other AAVE (African American Vernacular English) –speakers.

Other typical linguistic features in AAVE are negative inversions that occur often in spoken language, but also in hip-hop. “Examples like ‘Can’t nobody beat ‘em.’ (‘Nobody can beat them.’) in African- American Vernacular English have the inverted form of questions but the falling intonation and sentence meaning of (emphatic) declaratives” (Labov et al. 1968 in Sells, Rickford, Wasov 1996 :591).

Campbell (2005:14) considers the question of ‘realness’ in hip-hop as central to a rapper; being ‘real’, or authentic, is one of the most important aspects of a rapper’s identity. By

speaking AAVE, a rapper presents himself as being more ‘real’ linguistically, than anyone who speaks American English, which helps to assert himself as a ‘true voice of the streets’. This claim, that rappers use AAVE to provide a more ‘real’ style of language, is also supported by Rickford (2004 :2). He writes that rappers use AAVE for dramatic or realistic effect.

There are several constant forms in AAVE, that have set the tone for the street slang occurring in hip-hop, such as the reduction of –ing and –er endings to -in’ and –a’ instead, such as brother, sister or gangster, which in spoken language are replaced by *brotha*, *sista*, and *gangsta*. The last example, *gangsta*, has actually named an entire genre in hip-hop, namely *gangsta-rap*.

The replaced endings in these words also give a new meaning to the word. *Brotha* and *sista* are used to identify African American men and women, compared to the word *brother*, which refers to a sibling. Alim (2006 :82) tries to explain the concept of “signifyin” but has trouble doing so, since “standard’ dictionaries are insufficient to interpret Black language and life” (Alim 2006 :82) The closest definition of “signifyin” is that it is a slang word that “incorporates essentially a folk notion that dictionary entries for words are not always sufficient for interpreting meanings or messages, or that meaning goes beyond such interpretations” (Mitchell-Kernan 1972:82. In Rickford and Rickford 2000 :88. In Alim 2006 :82).

Alim (2006:79) claims that reduction of –ing endings is more of a rule than an exception in AAVE. By way of illustration, he explains hip-hop cultural modes of discourse and discursive practices, pointing out that rapping is not really as new as it seems to be. “We know that rappin in and of itself is not entirely new—rather, it is the most modern/postmodern instantiation of the linguistic-cultural practices of Africans in America.” (Alim, 2006:79)

Against the theoretical backgrounds of the discursive construction of identity and male language patterns, I propose that the lyrics of hip-hop songs be analyzed to show how hip-hop identities are constructed discursively and to establish these identities as decidedly male in that they linguistically and conceptually conform to established characterizations of male language use.

### **3. Methodology and data**

To investigate the discursive construction of a male, hip-hop identity, I have chosen to analyze hip-hop song lyrics. Three artists from each of four, five-year periods from 1990-2010 have been selected as sources of songs and song lyrics. The selection of artists from

each of the four, five-year cycles is based on sales, with each artist having released an album ranking among the top 10 selling albums on the “Billboard Top 200” during one of the five-year time periods. For the 1990-1995 time period, Ice Cube, Snoop Doggy Dogg, and Dr. Dre were selected.

Ice Cube’s album “Death Certificate” peaked as #No. 2 on the Billboard Top 200 when it was released in 1991. Dr Dre’s album “The Chronic” was released in 1992 and reached #No. 3 on the Billboard Top 200. Snoop Doggy Dogg’s album “Doggystyle” was released in 1993 where it immediately reached #No. 1 on the Billboard charts, which was the first time a debut album topped the album-selling list.

The artists selected for the 1995-2000 period were 2Pac, Eminem, and Wu-Tang Clan. 2Pac had both the albums “Me Against the World” (released in 1995) and “All Eyez on Me” (released in 1996) reach #No. 1 on the Billboard Top 200. Eminem released “The Slim Shady LP” in 1999, which peaked as #No. 2 on the Billboard Top 200, but when he released “The Marshall Mathers LP”, he, as well as other rappers before him, reached #No. 1 on the Billboard Top 200. Wu-Tang Clan released their second album “Wu-Tang Forever” which reached #No. 1 on the Billboard Top 200 in 1997.

The artists selected for the 2000-2005 period were artists DMX, Jay-Z, and Lil Jon & The Eastside Boyz. Lil Jon & The Eastside Boyz released the album “Crunk Juice” which peaked as #No. 3 on the Billboard Top 200. Rapper DMX had his 2003 release “Grand Champ” reach #No. 1. Rap legend Jay-Z has enjoyed enormous success all over the world, and he released “The Black Album”(2004) that reached #No. 1 on the Billboard Top 200.

The artists selected for the last period, 2005-2010, were The Game, Lil Wayne and Cam’ron. The Game had his debut album “The Documentary” (2005) reach #No. 1 on the Billboard Top 200. Lil Wayne also reached #No. 1 with his album “Tha Carter III” (2008), and his group Young Money, which released “We Are Young Money” in 2009, reached #No. 9, while Cam’ron reached #No. 2 with his album entitled “Killa Season” (2006).

It is the lyrics of popular and, sometimes, infamous songs from rap artists’ albums on the Billboard Top 10 during the 20-year period 1990-2010 that constitute the data for this essay. Three songs from each presented artist were included in the data collection. In this essay, however, only twelve songs are presented in the analysis, representing eight artists and each five-year period. The songs which are presented in the data analysis are those whose lyrics include ‘misogynistic’, ‘womanizing’, or ‘homophobic’ discourse, according to lexicon, associative meanings, and semantic fields.

## 4. Data analysis

The discursive construction of identity is divided into three aspects, namely the identities of homophobe, misogynist, and womanizer, representing the three main sections in the data analysis of this essay. Each section includes examples of lyrics which contribute to the discursive construction of the three featured identities, and how these identities are constructed.

### 4.1 Male as homophobe

This section shows examples of how rappers discursively construct their identity of a homophobe in their lyrics.

#### 4.1.1. Ice Cube as homophobe

In the song “No Vaseline” released in 1991, Ice Cube asserts himself as the heterosexual male of uncompromised integrity when he distances himself from the remaining members of N.W.A., the group he left in 1990. With just the song title serving as an oblique reference to ‘rough’ anal sex, Ice Cube points out his old group members as homosexuals, asserting himself as the superior, heterosexual male.

Ice Cube’s decision to leave the group was because their manager took a very high percentage out of what money the group was making (Chang 2005 :331). Therefore, the word “fuckin’” in the following quote has two meanings, where the figurative meaning is that the group is getting screwed over by their manager, thus, losing money, and the literal meaning is just referring to the group members as homosexuals, which, according to many hip-hop artists, is a mark of inferiority.

*Ex. 1*

*You little maggot; Eazy E turned faggot.  
With your manager, fella,  
fuckin' MC Ren, Dr. Dre, and Yella.*

Identifying the group members by name, Ice Cube verbally attacks his rivals.. He ends the song with an attack on Eazy-E (real name Eric Wright), the leader of the group:

*Ex. 2*

*Eric Wright, punk, always into somethin', gettin' fucked at night.  
By Mista Shitpacker, bend over for the goddamn cracker, no vaseline...*

Ice Cube proposes that the members of N.W.A. have anal sex with their manager who, in this song is referred to as Mista Shitpacker. The word “shitpacker” is for a reference to anal sex that describes the actual packing of feces that is believed to take place during intercourse. Ice Cube thus concludes his attack by not only implying homosexuality, but also his ex-band members’ receiving-end position in the homosexual relationship, a traditionally feminine role. When Snoop Dogg re-released Ice Cube’s “Death Certificate” on Priority Records in 2010, he wrote in the liner notes about the songs for the album. When commenting “No Vaseline”, he wrote:

The hardest song on this album right here. It’s the last song. This is probably the hardest diss song in Hip Hop history, **No Vaseline**. Ice Cube...he went so hard in the yard. This is what took him to the next level as far as saying, ‘Don’t fuck with Cube. Never ever, ever, ever.

#### 4.1.2 Dr. Dre as homophobe

After disbanding the group N.W.A., Dr. Dre released his gangsta rap masterpiece *The Chronic* in 1992, featuring up-and-coming rap-star Snoop Doggy Dogg. This album is famous for establishing the style of beats (the music rappers use to rap to) which would dominate for years, but also ushering in gangsta rap, with explicit language about weapons, drugs, and misogyny.

On the song *Bitches Ain’t Shit*, Dr. Dre and Snoop Dogg reveal both misogynistic and homophobic tendencies, by dissing ex-N.W.A.-member, Eazy E(Eric Wright) with whom Dr. Dre was having a conflict, both economically (as with Ice Cube and N.W.A. manager Jerry Heller), but also personally.

*Ex. 3*

*I used to know a bitch named Eric Wright  
We used to roll around and fuck the hoers at night*

By introducing Eazy E as a bitch, which, in Dr. Dre’s and other gangsta rappers’ vocabulary means woman, Dr. Dre emasculates Eazy E, directly challenging his gangsta character. Later in the same song, Dre describes Eazy E’s interaction with Jerry Heller, the ex-manager of their former group N.W.A (see section 4.1.2)

*Ex. 4*

*But she was hangin' with a white bitch doin' the shit she do  
Suckin' on his dick just to get a buck or two  
And the few ends she got didn't mean nothin'*

*Now she's suing 'cause the shit she be doin' ain't shit  
Bitch can't hang with the streets, she found herself short  
So now she's takin' me to court*

Referring to Jerry Heller as a “white bitch”, Dre claims Eazy E was performing oral sex for money, but nevertheless found himself ‘short’, instigating a lawsuit. That Eazy E was referred to as a bitch in the following quote is elaborated in this quote by Dre, using a feminine pronoun reference for Eazy, being referred to as a ‘she’, to further emasculate him.

#### **4.1.3. Snoop Dogg as homophobe**

Dr. Dre’s *The Chronic* represents an extensive collaboration with rapper Snoop Dogg. While the former directed homophobic slurs at Eazy E, Snoop Dogg’s object of attack is rapper Tim Dog (of no relation), whose mother Snoop Dogg claims was homosexual in the song *Fuck Wit Dre Day*.

*Ex. 5*

*But here's a jimmy joke about your mama that you might not like  
I heard she was the 'Frisco dyke  
But fuck your mama, I'm talkin about you and me  
Toe to toe, Tim M-U-T*

Telling Tim Dog that he had heard his mother “was the ‘Frisco dyke”, Snoop claims Tim Dog’s mother was a San Francisco lesbian. The homophobic discourse continues in the following line:

*Ex. 6*

*I'm hollin' one-eight-seven with my dick in yo mouth, beeyatch*

‘187’, pronounced ‘one-eight-seven’ is slang for murder, originating in the code used by law enforcement when reporting a murder. A literal reading of the sentence results in “I am screaming murder while my penis is in your mouth, bitch”. The underlying meaning is that Snoop Dogg is going to murder Tim Dog, while having his penis in Tim Dog’s mouth. This is a way of Snoop emasculating his opponent by putting Tim Dog in a traditionally female position. Having put himself in the receiving end of oral sex, Snoop Dogg ‘degrades’ Tim with the ‘humiliation’ of being in the female, giving position of heterosexual oral sex while, at the same time, he threatens to kill Tim Dog and calls him bitch. As the word ‘bitch’ in the gangsta rap world refers to women, Snoop has also called Tim a woman, while putting him in

this position. This is probably not seen as Snoop Dogg wanting to engage in homosexual activity, but rather an attempt to further emasculate and humiliate Tim Dog.

#### 4.1.4 Eminem as homophobe

One of the world's most famous and provocative rappers, Eminem, has produced lyrics which have been subject to many protestors and gay-rights activists objecting to his views on homosexuality. In the song "Criminal" released in 2000, Eminem's first verse is a verbal assault on anybody who is not heterosexual.

*Ex. 7*

*My words are like a dagger with a jagged edge  
That'll stab you in the head  
whether you're a fag or lez  
Or the homosex, hermaph or a trans-a-vest  
Pants or dress - hate fags? The answer's "yes"  
Homophobic? Nah, you're just heterophobic*

Eminem specifically targets homosexuals, hermaphrodites, and transvestites, admitting his own intolerance, even 'hate', of non-heterosexual practices. What is interesting with Eminem is that it seems there is an explanation to why he has chosen to attack homosexuals and pop stars more than other rap artists, and that is because there seems to be some kind of taboo in hip-hop where you can only say certain things if you are an African American. As a white rapper, Eminem is excluded from the African American speech community, and thus chooses to target a group not identified primarily by race, but by sexual orientation. His attacks on homosexuals are thus more aggressive manner than those from other, African-American rappers.

#### 4.1.5 DMX as homophobe

On the song entitled "Where The Hood At", released in 2003, DMX attacks both homosexuals and rapper Ja Rule and his "crew", Murder Inc.

*Ex. 8*

*Last I heard, y'all niggaz was havin sex, with the SAME sex  
I show no love, to homo thugs  
Empty out, reloaded and throw more slugs  
How you gonna explain fuckin a man?  
Even if we squashed the beef, I ain't touchin ya hand*

This song revisits the now familiar theme of emasculating one's enemies by implying homosexual tendencies. In this song, however, DMX expresses his contempt and genuine disgust for a man having sex with another man, uttering the question "How you gonna explain fuckin a man?" His disapproving opinion of homosexuality is furthermore established in the line, "I show no love to homo thugs."

Finally, DMX claims that he could never shake Ja Rule's hand if the two were to terminate their conflict, since DMX does not want physical contact with a homosexual.

#### 4.1.6 Lil Wayne as homophobe

Lil Wayne is well known for his frequent use of the expression "no homo", which has also caused him to be the subject of criticism. "No homo" is an expression used cataphorically or anaphorically to emphasize that something a person is about to say or has already said should not be interpreted as having gay overtures. The expression was coined in the 1990's in New York, but the biggest rap stars in the United States (such as Kanye West, Lil Wayne, Cam'ron) started using it approximately ten years later (Weiner 2009).

In his hit song *Lollipop*, Lil Wayne says "no homo" at the very beginning of the song, since the song is about oral sex, and by interjecting "no homo" as the very first thing to be said on the song, he points out that he is the one receiving oral sex from a woman, as opposed to giving oral sex to another man. This could be seen as a disclaimer to emphasize that the subject of the song is about heterosexual oral sex. The song begins with word play in the following lyrics:

*Ex. 9*

*No Homo  
I say he so sweet make her wanna lick the wrapper  
So I let her lick the rapper  
She lick me like a lollipop*

By using the words 'wrapper', and 'rapper', Lil Wayne uses word play to make the listener think first of the wrapper on a lollipop, but when he says rapper again, one is to understand that he is talking about "letting" a girl "lick the rapper". This is a typical example of homophony, where two words are pronounced the same way, but have different meaning.

#### 4.1.7 2Pac as homophobic

2Pac has, as many other rap artists before and after him, verbally attacked other rappers by saying that they are homosexual. This emasculation technique has been used by among others, Ice Cube, and what the two rappers have in common is that they claim producer/rapper Dr. Dre is homosexual. What they also have in common is professional collaboration with Dre: 2Pac had songs produced by Dr. Dre, but 2Pac was also a recording artist on Dr. Dre's record label, Death Row Records. The two also sang a duet for the track *California Love*.

Shortly after the duet was released, Dr. Dre decided to leave the label due to the hostile, violent, and aggressive ways the other CEO, Suge Knight handled the label's business. This resulted in 2Pac commenting on Dre's departure from the label on two songs, *To Live & Die in L.A.* and *Toss It Up*. *To Live & Die in L.A.* is a song about 2Pac's love for Los Angeles and California, a kind of love he had once expressed together with Dr. Dre on *California Love*. The song ends with the following line:

*Ex 10*

*L.A., California Love part motherfucking two, without gay ass Dre*

as a comment on Dre's departure from Death Row Records, and a reference to their earlier collaboration, *California Love*. 2Pac's reference to "gay ass Dre", positions Dr. Dre as a coward who did not want to bring the "East vs. West" conflict to a full-scale war. This pacifist stance was interpreted as feminine, thus rendering Dre 'gay'.

2Pac continues to humiliate Dr. Dre on the song *Toss It Up*

*Ex. 11*

*Still down for that Death Row sound, searchin for paydays  
No longer Dre Day, arrivederci  
Blown and forgotten, rotten for plottin Child's Play  
Check your sexuality, as fruity as this Alize  
Quick to jump ship, punk trick, what a dumb move  
Cross Death Row, now who you gon' run to?  
Lookin for suckers cause you similar  
Pretendin to be hard, oh my God, check your temperature  
Screamin Compton, but you can't return, you ain't heard  
Brothers pissed cause you switched and escaped to the burb*

2Pac refers to Dr. Dre's sexuality "as fruity as this Alizé" (a fruit-flavored liqueur). 2Pac continues the homophobic attack by calling Dr. Dre a sucker, referring to a man performing oral sex on another man.

What has been presented in this section is evidence of how homophobia appears in the lyrics of songs by some of the most successful hip-hop artists in the world. Not only do they all share an idea of thinking it is something they need to distance themselves from, i.e. in targeting an ‘enemy’ as homosexual, but by doing this they manage to assert themselves as more masculine, because they have emasculated their opponent by putting him in a traditionally female position, or by targeting them as homosexuals. This practice, and other ways of linguistically distancing themselves from anything that is not masculine, is a strategy of how one discursively constructs a heterosexual male identity.

## 4.2 Male as misogynist

This section shows examples of how rappers discursively construct their identity of a misogynist, a person who demeans women, in their lyrics.

### 4.2.1 Snoop Dogg as misogynist

On Snoop Dogg’s debut album *Doggystyle*, the song titled *Ain’t No Fun (If the Homies Can’t Have None)*, by the rapper then known as Snoop Doggy Dogg, featured two other artists, Kurupt and Nate Dogg. The negatively inverted title of this song expresses the lack of joy in being with women if their male friends (“homies”) cannot have sex with them too. In the following extract, Kurupt expresses his misogynistic feelings towards women:

*Ex. 12*

*I have no love for hoes  
That's somethin I learned in the pound  
so how the fuck am I supposed  
to pay this hoe, just to lay this hoe  
I know the pussy's mine, I'ma fuck a couple more times  
And then I'm through with it, there's nothing else to do with it  
Pass it to the homie, now you hit it  
Cause she ain't nuthin but a bitch to me  
And y'all know, that bitches ain't shit to me*

Kurupt explicitly claims to have ‘no love’ for women, also known as “bitches” and “hoes”. He explains his unwillingness to pay for sex with a woman, not necessarily in terms of hiring a prostitute, but rather by buying things for a woman (a later verse includes the lines, “Well, if Kurupt gave a fuck about a bitch I'd always be broke. I'd never have no motherfuckin indo to smoke”, meaning that courting a woman costs money, leaving him none to buy marijuana.) Kurupt then asserts his right to have sex repeatedly with his woman, and once he is done with

'it', a degendering reference to the woman, he passes 'it' on to his male friends for their sexual enjoyment. Women are nothing but 'bitches', which are of little significance to Kurupt and his friends.

Snoop Dogg also expresses some adversarial opinions on women in this song, exemplified below:

*Ex 13*

*Guess who back in the motherfuckin house, with a fat dick for your motherfuckin mouth*

In this single utterance, Snoop Dogg manages 1) to assert his presence, notably employing swearwords as typical features of male discourse, 2) assert his manhood via reference to the 'fat' size of his penis, and 3) assert his superior status to and position of power over a woman by implicating her as the receiver of his sexual advances.

#### **4.2.2 Eminem as misogynist**

Eminem has made no secret about his dislike of women, particularly of his ex-wife, Kim. In his 1997 track *'97 Bonnie & Clyde*, Eminem describes bringing his daughter to a beach in the middle of the night, to throw his murdered ex-wife in the water. In the song *Kim*, Eminem raps about returning to his old house, where his daughter, his ex-wife, her new husband and his son live. As the narrative unfolds, Eminem murders Kim's new husband and son before forcing Kim out with him to the woods for the song's finale, where he finally kills her:

*Ex. 14*

*Don't you get it bitch, no one can hear you?  
Now shut the fuck up and get what's comin to you  
You were supposed to love me  
\*Kim choking\*  
NOW BLEED! BITCH BLEED!  
BLEED! BITCH BLEED! BLEED!*

#### **4.2.3 Cam'ron as misogynist**

The rapper who popularized the homophobic term 'no homo' (and who is also the person appearing on the cover page of this essay) has also recorded several misogynistic lyrics for his songs, one of them being the song *Suck It Or Not* featuring Lil Wayne. The song is about oral sex and how the two rappers explain how the only thing they want to know from a girl is the

answer to their question; “Are you gonna suck it or not?” Cam’ron uses his lyrics to assert himself in three ways on three lines in the second verse of the song.

*Ex. 15*

*They say I think I'm the shit, well apparently  
But you won't hear words like 'Marry me'  
Only thing you gonna hear is, suck it or not*

By referring to himself as being ‘the shit’ (a positive thing), making it sound as something that is obvious, Cam’ron shows how powerful and strong he is, and, continuing with explaining how he would not ask a woman to marry him, the only thing he would say to a woman is “suck it or not”.

### **4.3 Male as womanizer**

This section shows examples of how rappers discursively construct their identity of a womanizer in their lyrics.

#### **4.3.1 Lil Wayne as womanizer**

It has been discussed whether Lil Wayne is a feminist or misogynist (Hess, 2009), because often in his lyrics, he gives the impression that the listener (or reader) could see some of the lyrics as rather feminist, as they do acknowledge women’s sexuality, and Lil Wayne’s urge to satisfy women sexually is more ‘feminist’ compared to other rap artists. When having explained his need to perform cunnilingus on women in the song *Pussy Monster* (“I’m the pussy monster, the pussy monster, and you got to feed me pussy”), Wayne manages to assert himself as a good lover because he wants to satisfy women sexually and not only concern himself with his own sexual pleasure. In the song *EveryGirl in the World*, Lil Wayne and featured artists describe their desire to “fuck every girl in the world”, the song’s chorus. In the following verse, Lil Wayne asserts himself as a good lover. Lil Wayne’s verse is, as in many of his other songs, about vaginas.

*Ex. 16*

*Open up her legs then filet Mignon that pussy  
I'ma get in and on that pussy  
If she let me in I'ma own that pussy  
Gon' throw it back and bust it open like you posed' to  
Girl I got that dope dick  
Now come here let me dope you*

*You gon' be a dope fiend  
Your friends should call you dopey*

This excerpt from *EveryGirl in the World* describes what Lil Wayne would want to do with “every girl in the world”, and in detail how he would handle the “pussy” of all women. That he sees a vagina as a filet mignon, an expensive piece of beef, and wants to “get it and on that pussy”, which refers to the penetration which occurs in vaginal intercourse. By giving his own penis compliments and explaining how his penis is so “dope”, women will instantly be addicted to it, something which is underscored by the word play in the phrase “dope fiend”, which means a drug addict.

#### **4.3.2 2Pac as womanizer**

When 2Pac released his gangsta rap opus, ‘All Eyez On Me’, he included songs with lyrics about his love for his mother, but also, to assert his masculinity, made a song about his supposedly great libido, and how he felt women saw him in the song *What’z Ya Phone No.* He manages to both explain his priorities by claiming he always chose money before women (“money over bitches”), and at the same time have an approximately 3 minute long telephone conversation with a woman. In their conversation, the woman tries to make 2Pac remember that she performed oral sex on him, and then the conversation transforms to a ‘phone-sex’ conversation, ending with 2Pac driving to the woman’s house, to bring “that thug passion”.

What is interesting with this conversation is that, in a staged telephone conversation, 2Pac manages to diminish the importance of the sexual relation he and the woman in this conversation had, but also assert himself as a powerful lover.

What has been done in this manuscript is that he shows his power by not acknowledging he remembers a certain girl on the telephone, and makes her paint a picture of their sexual history to make him remember her. The girl reminds him that she has performed oral sex on him, and, by saying how big his penis is, 2Pac does not have to explain his loving skills, or brag about his penis size himself. The following excerpt (on page 21) is from the beginning of the staged conversation in *What’z Ya Phone No.*

*Ex. 12*

*Girl: Do you recognize my voice?*

*2Pac: Nah, I know you?*

*G: Yeah, you know me. I guess you don't recognize me when I'm talkin.*

*2: Where I know you from? Where I know you from?*

*G: You just know me, baby.*

2: *Where? Talk up I can't barely hear you.*  
 G: *You know me from when we were, you know, intimate.*  
 2: *Oh, we fucked?*  
 G: *Oh baby, did we ever.*  
 2: *Oh, tell me about it baby.*  
 G: *I remember when I put that big dick in my hand and stroked it up and down.*  
 2: *OOOOH!*  
 G: *Then I put it in my mouth. I fucked it.*  
 2: *Ooh, you did.*  
 G: *Ooh, I did.*  
 2: *Shit!*  
 G: *Fucked it and fucked it. Put me in. You came.*  
 2: *Did I come?*  
 G: *Ooh, baby: everywhere, everywhere. You don't remember me yet?*  
 2: *I'm starting to get a picture. Why don't you help me out. What did I do to the pussy?  
 What a nigga do to the pussy?*  
 G: *You rocked it.*  
 2: *Did I?*  
 G: *Yeah, you did.*

This conversation also shows that, with 2Pac not remembering this woman, it gives the impression to the listener that he has had so many sexual encounters with different women that he cannot remember all of them. Also, he is seeking approval of his abilities in bed by asking the question “What did I do to the pussy? What a nigga do to the pussy?” with the answer coming directly, “You rocked it”. By having read into these lyrics, what one realizes is that there is no other way a woman will be mentioned as a person with sexual needs without mentioning the sexual abilities of the male rapper and how well he has satisfied her.

## **5. Conclusions**

According to the data analysis, I would suggest that a large variety of rappers, from the period 1990-2010 have homophobic, misogynistic, and womanizing lyrics in common, with similar topics that have also remained constant during this period. The artists' lyrics function as evidence of how they discursively construct an overtly masculine identity. In a variety of textual examples, it has been shown that a popular way for rappers to assert themselves as masculine men is by targeting their rivals as homosexuals or feminine. By showing how their ‘enemy’ is seen as having feminine traits, they imply that the ‘enemy’ is inferior to oneself, the same person who asserts himself as a stronger, more powerful and masculine man than his ‘weaker’, feminine opponent. Not only has this essay shown that masculinity in lyrics continues to be one of the most important aspects of a rapper’s identity, it has also given evidence of how they discursively construct a masculine identity through lyrics.

After exploring the content of the top selling rap artists lyrics from 1990-2010, I have herein shown that these artists have lyrics with sometimes questionable content, with lyrics revolving mostly around the topics of drugs, weapons, women, and money. All these rappers assert themselves as very tough, street-wise people that have a very conservative view on things, in a relatively new genre of music. The rappers are almost obligated to construct a *gangsta* mentality to sell records, a mentality that needs to verbally attack people such as homosexuals and women, and the artists' opponents, but also to rap about weapons and violence, which is needed to keep their gangsta image "authentic"

Having explained what a discursive construction of identity is, and also shown evidence of how it occurs often in hip-hop lyrics, this essay has managed to apply theoretical foundations put forth by linguists and cultural scholars into an analysis of hip-hop lyrics. The aim of this essay was thus to explore the practice among many of the most popular artists in hip-hop of discursively constructing their identities as womanizers, homophobes, or misogynists, or even a combination of these three identities. The persisting prevalence of these identities professed in the lyrics of many of the top-selling hip-hop artists in the United States also suggests that the consumers of hip-hop music and the leaders of the record industry approve of the ideology represented in these lyrics. The record industry consistently releases records of similar lyrical content, and consumers continue to respond positively.

The fact that rap artists assert themselves in their lyrics as misogynists, womanizers and homophobes, is shown by using typically masculine language, (as shown in 2. Literature review) and also by their extreme alpha-male behavior in general which is applied onto their lyrics and speech.

The reason why I chose the title "Fuck Bitches, Get Money" is that it seems to be what these rappers want to achieve the most. The artists strive to get powerful, and use their male identities combined with women and money as symbols of power. The rappers analyzed in this essay all share a similar, negative view on women and homosexuals which lead them into recording lyrics that are truly offensive, but still attract consumers of hip-hop music. The title of this essay, "Fuck Bitches, Get Money", effectively indicates two central themes of the male hip-hop culture. Featured in Lil Wayne's song *Money on my Mind*, the phrase neatly exploits the ambiguity of the verb 'fuck', suggesting at once that women are both to be used as sexual objects and disregarded as significantly less important than money and wealth. Apparently, money is to be prized above all else, or at least above women, a position Lil Wayne so blatantly subscribes to via his chest tattoo of 'M.O.B.': money over bitches.

Thus, “Fuck Bitches, Get Money” is the result of the record label executives and hip-hop music consumers’ way of rewarding rappers. By naming women ‘bitches’, and how they ‘fuck’ them, the rappers construct a misogynistic identity in their lyrics on their albums, which rewards them with “getting” money.

## 6. References

- Alim, H. S. (2004). *You know my steez: an ethnographic and sociolinguistic study of styleshifting in a Black American speech community*. Durham, N.C.: Duke University Press for the American Dialect Society.
- Alim, H. S. (2006). *Roc the mic right: the language of hip hop culture*. New York: Routledge.
- Androutsopoulos, J. (2009). *Language and the Three Spheres of Hip Hop*. In Alim, H.S., Ibrahim, A., & Pennycook, A. (Eds.) *Global Linguistic Flows: Hip-Hop Cultures, Youth Identities and the Politics of Language*, pp. 43-62. New York, NY: Routledge
- Beers-Fägersten, K. (2006). The Discursive Construction of Identity in an Internet Hip-Hop Community. *Revista Alicantina de Estudios Ingleses*, 19, 23-44.
- Cameron, D. (1997) *Performing Gender Identity: Young Men's Talk and the Construction of Heterosexual Masculinity*. In Johnson, S. A., & Meinhof, U. H. (Eds.) *Language and masculinity*, pp. 47-64. Oxford, UK: Blackwell Publishers.
- Cameron, D. (2001). *Working with spoken discourse* . London: Sage.
- Chang, J. (2005). *Can't stop, won't stop: a history of the hip-hop generation*. New York: St. Martin's Press.
- Coates, J. (2004). *Women, men, and language: a sociolinguistic account of gender differences in language* (3rd ed.). London: Longman.
- Hess, A. (2009). Lil Wayne: Feminist or Misogynist? - The Sexist - Washington City Paper. *Washington City Paper - D.C. Arts, News, Food and Living*. Retrieved December 3, 2010, from <http://www.washingtoncitypaper.com/blogs/sexist/2009/11/04/lil-wayne-feminist-or-misogynist/>
- Johnson, S. A., & Meinhof, U. H. (1997). *Language and masculinity*. Oxford, UK: Blackwell Publishers.
- Joseph, J. E. (2004). *Language and identity: national, ethnic, religious*. Houndmills, Basingstoke, Hampshire: Palgrave Macmillan.
- Kiesling, S. F. (1997). *Power and the Language of Men*. In Johnson, S. A., & Meinhof, U. H. (Eds.) *Language and masculinity*, pp. 45-85. Oxford, UK: Blackwell Publishers.
- de Klerk, V. (1997) *The Role of Expletives in the Construction of Masculinity*. In Johnson, S. A., & Meinhof, U. H. (Eds.) *Language and masculinity*, pp. 144-158. Oxford, UK: Blackwell Publishers.
- Rickford, J. R. 2004. What is Ebonics? ( African American Vernacular English). *Linguistic*

*Society of America* online. Retrieved December 31, 2010, from [http://www.lsadc.org/info/pdf\\_files/Ebonics.pdf](http://www.lsadc.org/info/pdf_files/Ebonics.pdf)

Sells, P., Rickford, J., & Wasov, T. (1996) An Optimality Theoretic Approach to Variation in Negative Inversion in AAVE. *Natural Language & Linguistic Theory*, Vol. 14, 3 (Aug., 1996), pp. 591-627 <http://www.jstor.org/stable/4047801> Retrieved December 3, 2010 from SpringerStable database

Stearns, P. N. (1990). *Be a man!: Males in modern society*. (2<sup>nd</sup> ed.) New York: Holmes & Meier.

Weatherall, A. (2002). *Gender, language and discourse* . Hove [England: Routledge.

Weiner, J. (2009, August 6). Does This Purple Mink Make Me Look Gay? The rise of no homo and the changing face of hip-hop homophobia.. *Slate*, 1. Retrieved December 3, 2010, from <http://www.slate.com/id/2224348/>

### Appendices:

#### “No Vaseline”

Ice Cube

Death Certificate

Priority Records 1991

God damn, I'm glad ya'll set it off.  
 Used to be hard, now you're just wet and soft.  
 First you was down with the AK,  
 and now I see you on a video with Michel'le?  
 Lookin' like straight bozos.  
 I saw it comin', that's why I went solo.  
 And kept on stompin',  
 when ya'll mothafuckers moved straight outta Compton.  
 Livin' with the whites, one big house,  
 and not another nigga in site.  
 I started off with too much cargo,  
 dropped four niggas now I'm makin' all the dough.  
 White man just rulin'.  
 The Niggas With Attitudes -- who ya foolin'?  
 Ya'll niggas just phony,  
 I put that on my mama and my dead homeys.  
 Yella Boy's on your team, so you're losin';  
 Ay yo Dre, stick to producin'.  
 Callin' me Arnold, but you Been-a-dick;  
 Eazy E saw your ass and went in it quick.  
 You got jealous when I got my own company,  
 but I'm a man, and ain't nobody helpin' me.  
 Tryin' to sound like Amerikkka's Most,  
 you could yell all day but you don't come close.  
 Cuz you know I'm the one that flown,  
 ya done run 100 miles, but you still got one to go.  
 With the L-E-N-C-H M-O-B, and ya'll disgrace the C-P-T.  
 Cuz you're gettin' fucked out your green by a white boy,  
 with no vaseline...

[Refrain]

[L.L. Cool J sample:] "Now you're gettin' done without vaseline..." [3x]

[Biz Markie sample:] "Damn, it feels good to see people...on it"

The bigger the cap, the bigger the peelin',  
 who gives a fuck about a punk-ass villain?  
 You're gettin' fucked real quick,  
 and Eazy's dick, is smellin' like MC Ren's shit.  
 Tried to tell you a year ago,  
 but Willie D told me to let a hoe be a hoe, so  
 I couldn't stop you from gettin' ganked,  
 now let's play big-bank-take-little-bank.  
 Tried to dis Ice Cube, it wasn't worth it  
 cuz the broomstick fit your ass so perfect.

Cut my hair and I'll cut them balls,  
 cuz I heard you're, like, givin' up the drawers.  
 Gang-banged by your manager, fella,  
 gettin' money out your ass, like a mothafuckin' Ready Teller.  
 Givin' up the dollar bills,  
 now they got the Villain with a purse and high-heels.  
 So don't believe what Ren say,  
 cuz he's goin' out like Kunte Kinte,  
 but I got a whip for ya Toby;  
 used to be my homey, now you act like you don't know me.  
 It's a case of divide-and-conquer,  
 cuz you let a Jew break up my crew.  
 House nigga gotta run and hide,  
 yellin' Compton, but you moved to Riverside.  
 So don't front, MC Ren, cuz I remember when you drove a B 2-10.  
 Broke as a mothafuckin' joke.  
 Let you on the scene to back up the Verse Team.  
 It ain't my fault, one nigga got smart,  
 and they rippin' your asshole apart.  
 By takin' your green, oh yeah,  
 the Villain does get fucked with no vaseline.

[Refrain scratched]

I never have dinner with the President.  
 I never have dinner with the President.  
 I never have dinner with the President.  
 And when I see your ass again, I'll be hesitant.  
 Now I think you a snitch,  
 throw a house nigga in a ditch.  
 Half-pint bitch, fuckin' your homeboys.  
 You little maggot; Eazy E turned faggot.  
 With your manager, fella,  
 fuckin' MC Ren, Dr. Dre, and Yella.  
 But if they were smart as me,  
 Eazy E would be hangin' from a tree.  
 With no vaseline, just a match and a little bit of gasoline.  
 Light 'em up, burn 'em up, flame on...  
 till that Jheri curl is gone.  
 On a permanent vacation, off the Massa plantation.  
 Heard you both got the same bank account,  
 dumb nigga, what you thinkin' bout?  
 Get rid of that Devil real simple, put a bullet in his temple.  
 Cuz you can't be the Nigga 4 Life crew  
 with a white Jew tellin' you what to do.  
 Pullin' wools with your scams, now I gotta play the Silence of the Lambs.  
 With a midget who's a punk too,  
 tryin' to fuck me, but I'd rather fuck you.  
 Eric Wright, punk, always into somethin', gettin' fucked at night.  
 By Mista Shitpacker, bend over for the goddamn cracker, no vaseline...

**"Bitches Ain't Shit"**

(Dr. Dre feat. Snoop Dogg, Dat Nigga Daz, Kurupt, Jewel)  
 The Chronic  
 Death Row Records 1992

*[Snoop]* Bitches ain't shit but hoes and tricks...

*[Chorus (Snoop (2X):]*

Bitches ain't shit but hoes and tricks  
 Lick on these nuts and suck the dick  
 Get the fuck out after you're done  
 And I hope in my ride to make a quick run...

*[Dr. Dre]*

I used to know a bitch named Eric Wright  
 We used to roll around and fuck the hoes at night  
 Tight than a motherfucker with the gangsta beats  
 And we was ballin' on the motherfucking Compton streets  
 Peep, the shit got deep and it was on  
 Number one song after number one song  
 Long as my motherfucking pockets was fat  
 I didn't give a fuck where the bitch was at  
 But she was hangin' with a white bitch doin' the shit she do  
 Suckin' on his dick just to get a buck or two  
 And the few ends she got didn't mean nothin'  
 Now she's suing 'cause the shit she be doin' ain't shit  
 Bitch can't hang with the streets, she found herself short  
 So now she's takin' me to court  
 It's real conversation for your ass  
 So recognize and pass to Daz

*[Dat Nigga Daz]*

Now as I'm rollin' with my nigga Dre and Eastwood  
 Fuckin' hoes, clockin' dough up to no good  
 We flip flop and serve hoes like flap jacks  
*([Snoop:] But we don't love them hoes) Bitch, and it's like that*  
 This is what you look for in a ho who got cash flow  
 You run up in them hoes and grab the cash  
 And get your dash on  
 While you're chillin', with your homies and shit  
 And how my niggaz kick the anthem like this

*[Snoop]* Bitch!!

*[Chorus]*

*[Kurupt]*

...To the store, to get me a 4-0

Snoop Doggy Dogg paged, that must mean more hoes  
 So I head down the street to long beach  
 Just so I could meet, a freak  
 To lick me from my head to my feet  
 And I'm here, now I'm ready to be done up  
 Nothin' but homies around so I put my gun up  
 Bitches on my nuts like clothes  
 But I'm from the pound and we don't love them hoes  
 How could you trust a hoe? *[Snoop:] Why? [echoed 3X]*  
 'cause a hoe's a trick  
 We don't love them tricks *[Snoop:] Why? [echoed 3X]*  
 'cause a trick's a bitch  
 And my dick's constantly in her mouth  
 And turnin' them trick ass hoes the fuck out  
 Now...

*[Snoop Doggy Dogg]*

I once had a bitch named Mandy May  
 Used to be up in them guts like everyday  
 The pussy was the bomb, had a nigga on sprung  
 I was in love like a motherfucker lickin' the pearl tongue  
 The homies used to tell me that she wasn't no good  
 But I'm the maniac in black, Mr. Snoop Eastwood  
 So I figure niggaz wouldn't trip with mine  
 Guess what? Got gaffled by one time  
 I'm back to the motherfucking' county jail  
 6 months on my chest, now it's time to bail  
 I get released on a hot sunny day  
 My nigga D.O.C. and my homey Dr Dre  
 Scooped in a coupe, Snoop we got news  
 Your girl was trickin' while you was draped in your county blues  
 I ain't been out a second  
 And already gotta do some motherfucking chin checking  
 Move up the block as we groove down the block  
 See my girl's house, Dre, pass the glock  
 Kick in the door, I look on the floor  
 It's my little cousin Daz and he's fuckin' my hoe, yo  
 (Bitches ain't shit)  
 I uncocked my shit... I'm heart-broken but I'm still locked  
 Man, fuck a bitch!

*[Chorus]*

*[Jewell]*

*[Dr. Dre in background "Bitches ain't shit"]*

I don't give a fuck about a bitch  
 But I and her know that they can't fade this  
 'cause I'm doin my own thingdown with the swang  
 I'm hangin' with Death Row like it ain't no thing  
 I say you know can't deal

'cause I'm a bitch that's real  
 Motherfucker need to step back, hell yeah  
 They need to chill  
 Because I don't give a fuck  
 And I don't give a fuck [x3]

And now I gotta do some...  
 And now I gotta do some shit that's clean  
 But when I'm on a dick, hell yeah, I get real mean  
 Like a washing machine  
 I can wash the clothes  
 All the hoes knows  
 That I'm on the floor ho  
 But they can't hang with my type on swang  
 I ain't tryin' to say I suck every ding-a-lang  
 But just the juicy ones  
 With he tip of the tongue  
 And then their sprung  
 With the nuts hung  
 [Dr. Dre:] Bitches ain't shit

### "Fuck Wit Dre Day"

Dr. Dre feat. Snoop Dogg  
 The Chronic  
 Death Row Records 1992  
 [Intro: Dr. Dre]

Ha, yeah, hell yeah, ha knowhatI'msayin  
 (Sssss)

[Verse One: Dr. Dre]

Yeah, Mista Busta, where the fuck ya at?  
 Can't scrap a lick, so I know ya got your gat  
 Your dick on hard, from fuckin your road dogs  
 The hood you threw up with, niggaz you grew up with  
 Don't even respect your ass  
 That's why it's time for the doctor, to check your ass, nigga  
 Used to be my homey, used to be my ace  
 Now I wanna slap the taste out yo mouth  
 Nigga bow down to the row  
 Fuckin me, now I'm fuckin you, little hoe  
 Oh, don't think I forgot, let you slide  
 Let me ride, just another homicide  
 Yeah it's me so I'ma talk on  
 Stompin on the 'Eazy'est streets that you can walk on  
 So strap on your Compton hat, your locs  
 And watch your back cause you might get smoked, loc  
 And pass the bud, and stay low-key

B.G. cause you lost all your homey's love  
 Now call it what you want to  
 You fucked wit me, now it's a must that I fuck wit you

*[Interlude: Dr. Dre]*

Yeah, that's what the fuck I'm talkin about  
 We have your motherfuckin record company surrounded  
 Put down the candy and let the little boy go  
 You knowwhatI'msayin, punk motherfucker  
 (We want Eazy, we want Eazy)

*[Verse Two: Snoop Doggy Dogg]*

Bow wow wow yippy yo yippy yay  
 Doggy Dogg's in the motherfuckin house  
 Bow wow wow yippy yo yippy yay  
 Death Row's in the motherfuckin house  
 Bow wow wow yippy yo yippy yay  
 The sounds of a dog brings me to another day  
 Play with my bone, would ya Timmy  
 It seems like you're good for makin jokes about your jimmy  
 But here's a jimmy joke about your mama that you might not like  
 I heard she was the 'Frisco dyke  
 But fuck your mama, I'm talkin about you and me  
 Toe to toe, Tim M-U-T  
 Your bark was loud, but your bite wasn't vicious  
 And them rhymes you were kickin were quite bootylicious  
 You get with Doggy Dogg oh is he crazy?  
 With ya mama and your daddy hollin' Bay-Bee  
 So won't they let you know  
 That if you fuck with Dre nigga you're fuckin wit Death Row  
 And I ain't even slangin them thangs  
 I'm hollin' one-eight-seven with my dick in yo mouth, beeyatch

*[Interlude: RBX]*

Yeah nigga, Compton and Long Beach together on this motherfucker  
 So you wanna pop that shit get yo motherfuckin cranium cracked nigga  
 Step on up. Now, we ain't no motherfuckin joke so remember the name  
 Mighty, mighty D-R. Yeahhh, MOTHERFUCKER!

*[Verse Three: Dr.Dre and Snoop Doggy Dogg]*

Now understand this my nigga Dre can't be touched  
 Luke's bendin over, so Luke's gettin fucked, busta  
 Musta, thought I was sleazy  
 Or though I was a mark cause I used to hang with Eazy  
 Animosity, made ya speak but ya spoke  
 Ay yo Dre, whattup, check this nigga off loc

If it ain't another ho that I gots ta fuck with  
 Gap teeth in ya mouth so my dick's gots to fit  
 With my nuts on ya tonsils  
 While ya on stage rappin at your wack-ass concerts  
 And I'ma snatch your ass from the backside  
 To show you how Death Row pull off that who-ride  
 Now you might not understand me  
 Cause I'ma rob you in Compton and blast you in Miami  
 Then we gon creep to South Central  
 On a Street Knowledge mission, as I steps in the temple  
 Spot him, got him, as I pulls out my strap  
 Got my chrome to the side of his White Sox hat  
 You tryin to check my homey, you better check yo self  
 Cause when you diss Dre you diss yourself, MOTHERFUCKER  
 Yeah nigga...

*[Outro: Snoop Doggy Dogg]*

Yeah, nine-deuce  
 Dr. Dre, dropin chronic once again  
 It don't stop, Punishing punk motherfuckers real quick like  
 Compton style nigga,  
 Doggy Dogg in the motherfuckin house, yeah  
 Long Beach in the motherfuckin house, yeah  
 Yeah, straight up, really doe  
 Breakin all you suckaz off somethin real proper like  
 YouknowwhatI'msayin?  
 All these sucka ass niggaz can eat a fat dick  
 Yeah, Eazy-E Eazy-E Eazy-E can eat a big fat dick  
 Tim Dog can eat a big fat dick  
 Luke, can eat a fat dick, yeah...

### **"Criminal"**

Eminem, "The Marshall Mathers LP" Interscope Records 2000

*[Eminem]*

A lot of people ask me.. stupid fucking questions  
 A lot of people think that.. what I say on records  
 or what I talk about on a record, that I actually do in real life  
 or that I believe in it  
 Or if I say that, I wanna kill somebody, that..  
 I'm actually gonna do it  
 or that I believe in it  
 Well, shit.. if you believe that  
 then I'll kill you  
 You know why?  
 Cause I'm a

CRIMINAL

CRIMINAL

You god damn right

I'm a CRIMINAL  
Yeah, I'm a CRIMINAL

*[Eminem]*

My words are like a dagger with a jagged edge  
That'll stab you in the head  
whether you're a fag or lez  
Or the homosex, hermaph or a trans-a-vest  
Pants or dress - hate fags? The answer's "yes"  
Homophobic? Nah, you're just heterophobic  
Staring at my jeans, watching my genitals bulging (Ooh!)  
That's my motherfucking balls, you'd better let go of em  
They belong in my scrotum, you'll never get hold of em  
Hey, it's me, Versace  
Whoops, somebody shot me!  
And I was just checking the mail  
Get it? Checking the 'male'?  
How many records you expecting to sell  
after your second LP sends you directly to jail?  
C'mon!-- Relax guy, I like gay men  
Right, Ken? Give me an amen (AAA-men!)  
Please Lord, this boy needs Jesus  
Heal this child, help us destroy these demons  
Oh, and please send me a brand new car  
And a prostitute while my wife's sick in the hospital  
Preacher preacher, fifth grade teacher  
You can't reach me, my mom can't neither  
You can't teach me a goddamn thing cause  
I watch TV, and Comcast cable  
and you ain't able to stop these thoughts  
You can't stop me from topping these charts  
And you can't stop me from dropping each March  
with a brand new CD for these fucking retards  
Duhhh, and to think, it's just little ol' me  
Mr. "Don't Give A Fuck," still won't leave

*[Chorus: Eminem (repeat 2X)]*

I'm a CRIMINAL  
Cause every time I write a rhyme, these people think it's a crime  
to tell em what's on my mind - I guess I'm a CRIMINAL  
but I don't gotta say a word, I just flip em the bird  
and keep going, I don't take shit from no one

*[Eminem]*

My mother did drugs - hard-liquor, cigarettes, and speed  
The baby came out - disfigured, ligaments indeed  
It was a seed who would grow up just as crazy as she  
Don't dare make fun of that baby cause that baby was me  
I'm a CRIMINAL - an animal caged who turned crazed

But how the fuck you supposed to grow up when you weren't raised?  
 So as I got older and I got a lot taller  
 My dick shrunk smaller, but my balls got larger  
 I drink more liquor to fuck you up quicker  
 than you'd wanna fuck me up for saying the word ...  
 My morals went thhbbpp when the president got oral  
 Sex in his Oval Office on top of his desk  
 Off of his own employee  
 Now don't ignore me, you won't avoid me  
 You can't miss me, I'm white, blonde-haired  
 and my nose is pointy  
 I'm the bad guy who makes fun of people that die  
 in plane crashes and laughs  
 As long as it ain't happened to him  
 Slim Shady, I'm as crazy as Em  
 -inem and Kim combined - [*\*kch\**] the maniac's in  
 Replacing the doctor cause Dre couldn't make it today  
 He's a little under the weather, so I'm taking his place  
 (Mm-mm-mmm!) Oh, that's Dre with an AK to his face  
 Don't make me kill him too and spray his brains all over the place  
 I told you Dre, you should've kept that thang put away  
 I guess that'll teach you not to let me play with it, eh?  
 I'm a CRIMINAL

*[Interlude Skit]*

Aight look (uh huh) just go up in that motherfucker  
 get the motherfucking money and get the fuck up outta there  
*[Em]* Aight  
 I'll be right here waiting on you  
*[Em]* Aight  
 Yo Em  
*[Em]* What?!  
 Don't kill nobody this time  
*[Em]* Awwright... god damn, fuck...  
 (whistling) how you doin'?  
*[Teller]* HI, how can I help you?  
*[Eminem]* Yeah I need to make a withdrawl  
*[Teller]* Okay  
*[Eminem]* Put the fucking money in the bag bitch  
 and I won't kill you!  
*[Teller]* What? Oh my god, don't kill me  
*[Eminem]* I'm not gonna kill you bitch, quit looking around...  
*[Teller]* Don't kill me, please don't kill me...  
*[Eminem]* I said I'm not gonna fucking kill you  
 Hurry the fuck up! [*\*BOOM\**] Thank you!

*[Eminem]*

Windows tinted on my ride when I drive in it  
 So when I rob a bank, run out and just dive in it  
 So I'll be disguised in it

And if anybody identifies the guy in it  
 I'll hide for five minutes  
 Come back, shoot the eyewitness  
 Fire at the private eye hired to pry in my business  
 Die, bitches, bastards, brats, pets

This puppy's lucky I didn't blast his ass yet [*\*dog whines\**]  
 If I ever gave a fuck, I'd shave my nuts  
 tuck my dick in between my legs and cluck  
 You motherfucking chickens ain't brave enough  
 to say the stuff I say, so just tape it shut [*\*tape unrolls\**]  
 Shit, half the shit I say, I just make it up  
 To make you mad so kiss my white naked ass  
 And if it's not a rapper that I make it as  
 I'ma be a fucking rapist in a Jason mask

[*Chorus 2X*]

### **Lil Wayne featuring Static Major**

*Lollipop*

**“Tha Carter III”, Cash Money Records, 2008**

Ow... Uh huh  
 No Homo  
 Young Mula Baby  
 I say he so sweet make her wanna lick the wrapper  
 So I let her lick the rapper

She lick me like a lollipop [*x4*]

[*Chorus 1 (x2):*]

Shawty wanna thug  
 Bottles in the club  
 Shawty wanna hump  
 You know I like to touch your lovely lady lumps

[*Verse 1: Lil Wayne*]

OK, little mama had a swag like mine  
 She even wear her hair down her back like mine  
 I make her feel right when it's wrong like lying  
 Man, she ain't never had a love like mine  
 And man I ain't never seen an ass like hers  
 And that pussy in my mouth had me loss for words  
 Told her back it up like erp erp  
 And I made that ass jump like jerk, jerk  
 And that's when she lick me like a lollipop (oh yeah I like that)  
 she lick me like a lollipop (I like that)  
 she lick me like a lollipop (I like that)  
 she lick me like a lollipop

*[Chorus 1]*

*[Chorus 2:]*

Shawty wanna thug (oh yeah I like that)  
 Bottles in the club (oh yeah I like that)  
 Shawty wanna hump  
 You know I like to touch your lovely lady lumps

*[Static Major:]*

OK after you back it up and stop  
 Drop it shawty drop it like it's hot  
 Oh, drop it like it's hot  
 Do it shawty don't stop

*[Verse 2: Lil Wayne]*

Shawty said the nigga that she with ain't shit  
 Shawty said the nigga that she with ain't this  
 Shawty said the nigga that she with can't hit  
 But shawty I'm a hit it hit it like I can't miss  
 And he can't do this  
 And he doesn't do that

Shawty need a a refund, need a bring that nigga back  
 Just like a refund I make her bring that ass back  
 And she bring that ass back  
 Because I like that

*[Chorus 2]*

she lick me like a lollipop *[x3]*  
 So I let her lick the wrapper  
 Like a lollipop

*[x4]*

Call me so I can make it juicy for you  
 Call me so I can get it juicy for you

*[Chorus 1]*

I get her on top she drop it like it hot  
 And when I'm at the bottom she Hillary Rodham  
 The middle of the bed  
 Giving getting head, giving getting head, giving getting head

I said mhm... I like that  
 Said u. I like that  
 I said mhm... I like that  
 Mhmm

Call me so I can come and do it for your  
 Call me so I can come and prove it for your  
 Call me so I can make it juicy for you  
 Call me so I can get it juicy for you

Shawty wanna lick me like a lollipop  
 she lick me like a lollipop  
 She said he's so sweet  
 Makes her wanna lick the wrapper  
 So I let her lick the rapper

**Artist:** 2Pac

**Album:** Greatest Hits

**Song:** Toss It Up

**Record label:** Interscope

**Year:** 1998

[Tupac]

The money behind the dreams  
 My right hand, my other Capo in this big motherfuckin war we got  
 My other Capo in this big ass, conglomerate called Death Row  
 Snoop motherfuckin Dogg, Tha Doggfather  
 And who he comin through right now, Makaveli the Don  
 Feel this, Killuminati

(Toss it up!)

Lord have mercy, father help us all  
 Since you supplied yo' phone number, I can't help but call  
 Time for action, conversatin, we relaxin, kickin back  
 Got you curious for Thug Passion, now picture that  
 Tongue kissin, hand full of hair, look in my eyes  
 Time to make the bed rock, baby look how it rise  
 Me and you movin in the nude, do it in the living room  
 Sweatin up the sheets, it's the Thug in me  
 I mean no disrespectin when I tongue kiss your neck  
 I go a long way to get you wet, what you expect  
 Late night, hit the highway, drop the top  
 I pull over, gettin busy in the parking lot  
 And don't you love it how I lick your, hips and glide  
 Kiss you soft on your stomach, push my love inside  
 Got ya lost in a love zone, stuck in the lust  
 I got the bedroom shakin back-breakin when we're tossin it up

[K-Ci, JoJo]

In this baby, I like the way it's goin down  
 When all that is around, slip slide ride  
 Givin me love nice like  
 Female I like, what I wanna give all night  
 You and me alone everybody's gone toss it up  
 Baby let's, get it on!

I like the way you please me, babe  
 The sexy way you tease me, sugar  
 The way you move your body  
 It really drives me crazy  
 Your body hypnotizing, your smell is so exciting  
 So baby come on home with me, I like the way you give it to me!

[Chorus: K-Ci, JoJo]

I like the way you give it to me -- let me see you toss it up  
 [repeat 4X w/ variations]  
 Play on, play on, play on, play on, play onnnn!  
 [repeat 4X w/ variations]

[K-Ci, JoJo]

Ohhh, it's K-Ci baby, mmm that want you lady  
 Ohhh, don't act so shady, baby your taste as fine as gravy  
 The way you move that thang, you make me wanna sang  
 Girl you make my bells rang, make them go ting-a-ling!  
 Now the man, I'm here again  
 Don't worry to ever end  
 It's feeling too good  
 Gimme some more, oh lady lady  
 Your body the kind I like-ah  
 Big booty to the lung delight-ah  
 Bag it up yo, let me in there  
 Toss it up for me!!

[Chorus 1/2]

[Tupac]

Do you want me what's your phone number, I get around  
 Cali Love to my true Thugs, picture me now  
 Still down for that Death Row sound, searchin for paydays  
 No longer Dre Day, arrivederci  
 Blown and forgotten, rotten for plottin Child's Play  
 Check your sexuality, as fruity as this Alize  
 Quick to jump ship, punk trick, what a dumb move  
 Cross Death Row, now who you gon' run to?  
 Lookin for suckers cause you similar  
 Pretendin to be hard, oh my God, check your temperature  
 Screamin Compton, but you can't return, you ain't heard  
 Brothers pissed cause you switched and escaped to the burbs  
 Mob on to this new era, cause we Untouchable  
 Still can't believe that you got 'Pac rushin you  
 Up in you, bless the real, all the rest get killed  
 Who can you trust, only time reveals -- toss it up!

[Chorus w/ variations]

[Tupac]  
 Play on playa, play on  
 How can some non-players do a song about Compton  
 and then wanna do a player song?  
 How can non-players do it? (We not little kids, we not playin)  
 Tellin lies, who?  
 Puffy, I read your little interview buddy, c'mon  
 You still ain't touchin us, all that peace talk  
 I don't care if you kiss my ass from here to across the street boy  
 It's on  
 Toss it up, we took you on, and we took y'all beat  
 You know we beat you down, and we took y'all beat  
 Cause you wasn't rockin it right  
 Tired of suckers rockin it, toss it up, is how we did it  
 Yeah, toss it up now!

**Artist:** 2Pac

**Album:** Greatest Hits

**Song:** To Live & Die In L.A.

**Record label:** Interscope

**Year:** 1998

*[Dominique]* Street Science, you're on the air *[static]*  
 What do you feel when you hear a record like Tupac's new one? *[static]*  
*[Man responds]* I love Tupac's new record *[static]*  
*[Dominique]*  
 Right, but don't you feel like that creates *[static]*  
 a tension between East and West? *[static]*  
 He's talking about killing people *[static]*  
 I had sex with your wife and not in those words *[static]*  
 but he's talking about I wanna see you deceased *[static]*

*[Intro: Makaveli]*

No doubt... to live and die in LA  
 California -- what you say about Los Angeles  
 Still the only place for me that never rains in the sun and everybody got love

*[Verse One: Makaveli]*

To live and die in LA, where everyday we try to fatten our pockets  
 Us niggas hustle for the cash so it's hard to knock it  
 Everybody got they own thang, currency chasing  
 Worldwide through the hard times, worrying faces  
 Shed tears as we bury niggas close to heart  
 What was a friend now a ghost in the dark, cold hearted about it  
 Nigga got smoked by a fiend, trying to floss on him  
 Blind to a broken man's dream, a hard lesson  
 Court cases keep me guessing, plea bargain ain't an option now,  
 So I'm stressing, cost me more to be free than a life in the pen  
 Making money off of cuss words, writing again  
 Learn how to think ahead, so I fight with my pen  
 Late night down Sunset liking the scene

What's the worst they could do to a nigga got me lost in hell  
To live and die in LA on bail, my angel sing

*[Chorus: Val Young]*

To live and die in LA, it's the place to be  
You've got to be there to know it, what everybody wanna see  
*[repeat 2X]*

*[Verse Two: Makaveli]*

It's the City of Angels and constant danger  
South Central LA, can't get no stranger  
Full of drama like a soap opera, on the curb  
Watching the ghetto bird helicopters, I observe  
So many niggas getting three strikes, tossed in jail  
I swear the pen the right across from hell, I can't cry  
'cause it's on now, I'm just a nigga on his own now  
Living life Thug style, so I can't smile  
Writing to my peoples when they ask for pictures  
Thinking Cali just fun and bitches, ha ha ha  
Better learn about the dress code, B's and C's  
All them other niggas copycats, these is G's  
I love Cali like I love woman  
'cause every nigga in LA got a little bit of Thug in him  
We might fight amongst each other, but I promise you this  
We'll burn this bitch down, get us pissed  
To live and die in LA  
(Let my angel sing)

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse Three: Makaveli]*

'cause would it be LA without Mexicans?  
Black love brown pride and the sets again  
Pete Wilson trying to see us all broke, I'm on some bullshit  
Out for everything they owe, remember K-DAY  
Weekends, Crenshaw -- MLK  
Automatics rang free, niggas lost they way  
Gang signs being showed, nigga love your hood  
But recognize and it's all good, where the weed at?  
Niggas getting shermed out  
Snoop Dogg in this motherfucker perved out, M.O.B.  
Big Suge in the Low-Low, bounce and turn  
Dogg Pound in the Lex, with a ounce to burn  
Got them Watts niggas with me, OFTB  
They got some hash took the stash left the rest for me  
Neckbone, Tre, Head Ron, Punchy too  
Big Rock got knocked, but this one's for you  
I hit the studio and drop a jewel, hoping it pay  
Getting high watching time fly, to live and die in LA  
(Let my angel sing)

*[Chorus]*

*[Outro: Makaveli]*

This go out for 92.3, and 106  
 All the radio stations that be bumping my shit  
 Making my shit sells katruple quitruple platinum, he he  
 This go out to all the magazines that supported me  
 All the real motherfuckers  
 All the stores, the mom and pop spots  
 A&R people, all you all motherfuckers  
 LA, California Love part motherfucking Two  
 Without gay ass Dre

**Artist:** DMX

**Album:** Grand Champ

**Song:** "Where The Hood At"

**Record label:** Def Jam

**Year:** 2003

*[DMX talking]*

Aiyyo, ya niggaz must be outcha fuckin mind  
 Thinkin dog can't pull another motherfuckin rabbit out the hat  
 Nigga I ain't gotta check out my motherfuckin sleeves you bitch ass niggaz  
 Fuck is y'all niggaz...  
 Y'all niggaz just thinkin I'm sittin around doin nothin?  
 Oh my God, y'all niggaz can't be serious

*[Chorus: DMX - repeat 2X]*

Where the hood, where the hood, where the hood at?  
 Have that nigga in the cut, where the wood at?  
 Oh, them niggaz actin up?!? Where the wolves at?  
 You better BUST THAT if you gon pull that

*[DMX]*

Man, cats don't know what it's gonna be  
 Fuckin with a nigga like me, D-to-the-M-to-the-X  
 Last I heard, y'all niggaz was havin sex, with the SAME sex  
 I show no love, to homo thugs  
 Empty out, reloaded and throw more slugs  
 How you gonna explain fuckin a man?  
 Even if we squashed the beef, I ain't touchin ya hand  
 I don't buck with chumps, for those to been to jail  
 That's the cat with the Kool-Aid on his lips and pumps  
 I don't fuck with niggaz that think they broads  
 Only know how to be ONE WAY, that's the dog  
 I know how to get down, know how to BITE  
 Bark very little, but I know HOW TO FIGHT  
 I know how to chase a cat up in the tree

MAN, I GIVE Y'ALL NIGGAZ THE B'INESS FOR FUCKIN WIT ME, IS YOU CRAZY?!?

*[Chorus]*

*[DMX]*

Once a song, I come though, guns is drawn  
 BLAM BLAM, lungs are gone, sons will mourn  
 From dusk till dawn, nighttime belongs to the dog  
 On the street passed midnight, look for 'em in the morgue  
 Don't play with these cats cuz I ain't got nothin to say to these cats  
 For the mothers that really do love em, please pray for these cats  
 Cuz I know niggaz is hardheaded but I ain't got the patience  
 Don't want me havin no patience turn into more patience  
 More trips to ICU cuz I see you  
 Tryna get away with shit a real nigga wouldn't do  
 Where my dogs at? (RIGHT HERE) See them niggaz? (RIGHT WHERE?!?)  
 GET EM BOY! (RIGHT THERE) That's how we do... (AIIGHT THEN)  
 This is for my dogs, this is for my dogs  
 YO, WHERE WE AT BABY?!? (CREEPIN THROUGH THE FOG)  
 From then till now, don't ask me how  
 Know that we gon roll like them niggaz and hit every block on the job

*[Chorus]*

*[DMX]*

I get tapes doin times, stop niggaz like grapes makin wine  
 Five CD's with mad rhymes  
 Don't hit me with that positive shit, I know you lyin  
 You really wanna stop niggaz from dyin? Stop niggaz from tryin  
 I cuz I ain't really got that time to waste  
 and I thought I told you to get these fuckin bums out my face  
 Lookin atchu in your grill, I might be nice to cut  
 Once I split ya ass in two, you'll be twice as butt  
 Yeah, you right, I know ya style - PUSSY cuz I'm fuckin it  
 Since we all right here, you hold my dick while he suckin it  
 MOTHERFUCKER, don't you know you'll never come near me  
 Shove ya head up ya ass, have you seein shit clearly  
 Never heard that D be runnin, cuz D be gunnin  
 I beat my dick and bust off in ya eye so you can see me comin/cumin  
 Empty clips and shells are what I leave behind  
 and if they get me with the joint, they hit me with a three-to-nine

*[Chorus]*

*[DMX talking]*

WHERE THE FUCKIN HOOD AT?!? (It's all good, the dog is the hood)  
 NO ONES' FUCKIN WITH ME NIGGA, FO REAL (It's all good, the dog is the hood)  
 I AM THE HOOD, I AM THE STREETS (It's all good, the dog is the hood)  
 YOU BITCH ASS NIGGA (It's all good, the dog is the hood)  
 TAKE IT HOW YOU WANT, MOTHERFUCKER (It's all good, the dog is the hood)

I'M IN THE HOOD ALL DAY (It's all good, the dog is the hood)  
 I THINK I'M LIKE THE ONLY NIGGA, DOG (It's all good, the dog is the hood)  
 THAT CAN GO TO THE PROJECTS (SCHOOL STREET, HOME OF THE BRAVE)  
 BY HIS FUCKIN SELF AND BE GOOD  
 YEAH NIGGA, ASK NIGGAZ ON Y.O. (MY PROJECTS, Y.O.)  
 WHEN THE LAST TIME THEY SEEN DOG (Not too long ago baby)  
 MOTHERFUCKER..  
 DEE, WAAH, UGH... (Y'all niggaz is homeless)  
 KATO... (Where the hood at?)

**Artist:** Eminem

**Album:** The Marshall Mathers LP

**Song:** Kim

**Record label:** Interscope Records

**Year:** 2000

*[Eminem]*

Aww look at daddy's baby girl  
 That's daddy baby  
 Little sleepy head  
 Yesterday I changed your diaper  
 Wiped you and powdered you.  
 How did you get so big?  
 Can't believe it now your two  
 Baby you're so precious  
 Daddy's so proud of you  
 Sit down bitch  
 If you move again I'll beat the shit out of you

*[Eminem]*

(Eminem as Kim)

(Okay)

Don't make me wake this baby  
 She don't need to see what I'm about to do  
 Quit crying bitch, why do you always make me shout at you?  
 How could you?  
 Just leave me and love him out the blue  
 Oh, what's a matter Kim?  
 Am I too loud for you?  
 Too bad bitch, your gonna finally hear me out this time  
 At first, I'm like all right  
 You wanna throw me out? That's fine!  
 But not for him to take my place, are you out you're mind?  
 This couch, this TV, this whole house is mine!  
 How could you let him sleep in our bed?  
 Look at Kim  
 Look at your husband now!  
 (No!)  
 I said look at him!

He ain't so hot now is he?  
 Little punk!  
 (Why are you doing this?)  
 Shut the fuck up!  
 (You're drunk! You're never going to get away at this!)  
 You think I give a fuck!  
 Come on we're going for a ride bitch  
 (No!)  
 Sit up front  
 (Well I can't just leave Hailie alone, what if she wakes up?)  
 We'll be right back  
 Well I will you'll be in the trunk

*[1]* - So long, bitch you did me so wrong  
 I don't wanna go on  
 Living in this world without you

*[Repeat 1]*

You really fucked me Kim  
 You really did a number on me  
 Never knew me cheating on you would come back to haunt me  
 But we was kids then Kim, I was only 18  
 That was years ago  
 I thought we wiped the slate clean  
 That's fucked up!  
 (I love you!)  
 Oh God my brain is racing  
 (I love you!)  
 What are you doing?  
 Change the station I hate this song!  
 Does this look like a big joke?  
 (No!)  
 There's a four year old boy lyin' dead with a slit throat  
 In your living room, ha-ha  
 What you think I'm kiddin' you?  
 You loved him didn't you?  
 (No!)  
 Bullshit you bitch don't fucking lie to me  
 What the fuck's this guy's problem on the side of me?  
 Fuck you asshole, yeah bite me  
 Kim, KIM!  
 Why don't you like me?  
 You think I'm ugly don't you  
 (It's not that!)  
 No you think I'm ugly  
 (Baby)  
 Get the fuck away from me, don't touch me  
 I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU!  
 I SWEAR TO GOD I HATE YOU

OH MY GOD I LOVE YOU

How the fuck could you do this to me?

(Sorry!)

How the fuck could you do this to me?

*[Repeat 1 (2x)]*

Come on get out

(I can't I'm scared)

I said get out bitch!

(Let go of my hair, please don't do this baby)

(Please I love you, look we can just take Hailie and leave)

Fuck you, you did this to us

You did it, it's your fault

Oh my God I'm crackin' up

Get a grip Marshall

Hey remember the time we went to Brian's party?

And you were like so drunk that you threw up all over Archie

That was funny wasn't it?

(Yes!)

That was funny wasn't it?

(Yes!)

See it all makes sense, doesn't it?

You and your husband have a fight

One of you tries to grab a knife

And during the struggle he accidentally gets his Adam's apple sliced

(No!)

And while this is goin' on

His son just woke up and he just walks in

She panics and he gets his throat cut

(Oh my God!)

So now they both dead and you slash your own throat

So now it's double homicide and suicide with no note

I should have known better when you started to act weird

We could've...HEY! Where you going? Get back here!

You can't run from me Kim

It's just us, nobody else!

You're only making this harder on yourself

Ha! Ha! Got'cha!

(Ahh!)

Ha! Go ahead yell!

Here I'll scream with you!

AH SOMEBODY HELP!

Don't you get it bitch, no one can hear you?

Now shut the fuck up and get what's comin to you

You were supposed to love me

{\*Kim choking\* }

NOW BLEED! BITCH BLEED!

BLEED! BITCH BLEED! BLEED!

*[Repeat 1 (2x)]*

**Artist:** Snoop Dogg, Kurupt, Nate Dogg

**Album:** Doggystyle

**Song:** Ain't No Fun (If the Homies Can't Have None)

**Record label:** Death Row Records

**Year:** 1993

Intro:

You're back now at the jack-off hour this is DJ, Eazy Dick  
 On W-Balls, right now, somethin new, by Snoop Doggy Dogg  
 And this one goes out to the ladies, from all the guys  
 A big bow wow wow, cuz we gonna make it a little mystery  
 here tonight, this is DJ Eazy Dick, on the station that  
 slaps you across your fat ass, with a fat dick

Verse One: Nate Dogg

When I met you last night baby  
 Before you opened up your gap  
 I had respect for ya lady  
 But now I take it all back  
 Cause you gave me all your pussy  
 And ya even licked my balls  
 Leave your number on the cabinet  
 And I promise baby, I'll give ya a call  
 Next time I'm feelin kinda horny  
 You can come on over, and I'll break you off  
 And if you can't fuck, that day, baby  
 Just lay back, and open your mouth  
 Cause I have never  
 met a girl  
 That I love  
 in the whole wide world

Verse Two: Kurupt

Well, if Kurupt gave a fuck about a bitch I'd always be broke  
 I'd never have no motherfuckin indo to smoke  
 I gets loced and looney, bitch you can't Do Me  
 Do we like BBD, you hoochie groupie?  
 I have no love for hoes  
 That's somethin I learned in the pound  
 so how the fuck am I supposed  
 to pay this hoe, just to lay this hoe  
 I know the pussy's mine, I'ma fuck a couple more times  
 And then I'm through with it, there's nothing else to do with it  
 Pass it to the homie, now you hit it  
 Cause she ain't nuthin but a bitch to me  
 And y'all know, that bitches ain't shit to me

i gives a fuck, why don't y'all pay attention  
 Approach it with a different proposition, I'm Kurupt  
 Hoe you'll never be my only one, trick ass beeeitch!

Chorus: (repeat 4X)

It ain't no fun, if the homies can't have none

Verse Three: Snoop Doggy Dogg

Guess who back in the motherfuckin house  
 With a fat dick for your motherfuckin mouth  
 Hoes recognize, niggaz do too  
 Cuz when bitches get scandalous and pull a voodoo  
 What you gon do? You really don't know  
 So I'd advise you not to trust that hoe  
 Silly of me to fall in love with a bitch  
 Knowin damn well, I'm too caught up with my grip  
 Now as the sun rotates and my game grows bigger  
 How many bitches wanna fuck this nigga named Snoop  
 Doggy, I'm all the above  
 I'm too swift on my toes to get caught up with you hoes  
 But see, it ain't no fun, if my homies can't get a taste of it  
 Cause you know I don't love em

Verse Four: Warren G

Whoa!  
 Hey, now ya know, inhale, exhale with my flow  
 One for the money, two for the bitches  
 Three to get ready, and four to hit the switches  
 In my Chevy, six-fo' Red to be exact  
 With bitches on my side, and bitches on back  
 So back up bitch cuz i'm strugglin, so get  
 on your knees and then start jugglin  
 these motherfuckin nuts in your mouth  
 It's me, Warren G the nigga with the clout  
 Whoo!

Chorus

**Artist:** Young Money (Lil' Wayne, Drake, Jae Millz, Gudda Gudda, Mack Maine)

**Album:** We Are Young Money

**Song:** EveryGirl In The World

**Record label:** Cash Money Records

**Year:** 2009

**Lyrics:**

Uh

I like a long haired thick red bone

Open up her legs then filet Mignon that pussy  
 Ima get in and on that pussy  
 If she let me in Ima own that pussy  
 Gon' throw it back and bust it open like you posed' to  
 Girl I got that dope dick  
 Now come here let me dope you  
 You gon' be a dope fiend  
 Your friends should call you dopey  
 Tell em' keep my name out they mouth if they don't know me  
 Huh  
 But you can't call me tunecha  
 I'll fuck the whole group  
 Baby I'm a groupie  
 My sex game is stupid  
 My head is the dumbest  
 I promise  
 I should be hooked on phonics  
 haha

But anyway I think you're bionic  
 And I don't think you're beautiful  
 I think you're beyond it  
 And I just wanna get behind it  
 and watch you

(back it up and dump it back-  
 back it up and dump it back)

[CHORUS:]  
 Cause' we like her  
 And we like her too  
 And we like her  
 And we like her too  
 And we like her  
 And we like her too  
 And we like her  
 And she like us too

I wish I could fuck every girl in the world  
 I wish I could fuck every girl in the world  
 I wish I could fuck every girl in the world

[Drake:]  
 yea  
 alright  
 (ohh ohhh)  
 She be jumpin up and down  
 Tryna fit that ass in  
 Took her half an hour

Just to get that belt to fasten  
 All they want to talk about is partyin' and fashion  
 Every single night I have a dream that I am smashin  
 Them all  
 Young Money man this shit so timeless  
 And I'm in the mood to get faded so please bring your finest  
 And what are all your names again we drunk remind us  
 Are any y'all into girls like I am (lesbian)honest

She wants me she wants me  
 Cause' I got it all shawty tell me what you don't see  
 I will fuck with all y'all  
 All y'all are beautiful  
 I just cant pick one so you can never say I'm choosing hoes  
 And Wayne say pussy pussy pussy  
 And weed and alcohol seem to satisfy us all  
 Damn  
 And every time I think of staying with her  
 She bring that friend around that make a nigga reconsider man

#### CHORUS

[Jae Millz:]  
 I aint being disrespectful baby I'm just being Millz  
 And I don't know how fake feels so I gotta keep it real  
 I just wanna fuck every girl in the world  
 Every model every singer every actress every diva  
 Every high saddity chick every college girl every skeezer  
 Stripper and every desperate housewife that resemble eva  
 My role model was wilt  
 So married woman or milf  
 It don't matter who you is miss  
 You can get the business  
 Haaaa

[Gudda Gudda:]  
 These hoes is gods gift like Christmas  
 I like em caramel skin long hair thick ass  
 And I swear I'm feelin all y'all  
 I'm scrollin down my call log  
 And Ima call all y'all  
 My butter pecan Puerto Rican  
 She screamin out papi every time a nigga deep in  
 And I'm about to get my Bill Clinton on  
 And Hilary can Ride em' too boy I gets my pimpin on

#### CHORUS

[Mack Maine:]  
 And bitch Im Mack Maine -aine -aine -aine

Sanaa Lathan  
 Meagan Good  
 Angelina Jolie  
 Hah  
 D Woods  
 For free suites Id give Paris Hilton all-nighters  
 In about 3 years, holla at me Miley Cyrus  
 I don't discriminate, no not at all  
 Kit kat a midget if that ass soft I break her off  
 I exchange V cards with the retards  
 And get behind the Christian like Dior cuz he are  
 Mack Mizzo  
 baby  
 Cause he are Mack Mizzo  
 Baby

[CHORUS:]  
 Cause' we like her  
 And we like her too  
 And we like her  
 And we like her too  
 And we like her  
 And we like her too  
 And we like her  
 And she like us too

I wish I could fuck every girl in the world  
 I wish I could fuck every girl in the world  
 I wish I could fuck every girl in the world

Young Mula baby

### **"Money On My Mind"**

Yeah

*[Chorus 2X with variations]*  
 Money on my mind  
 Money on my mind  
 Money on my mind  
 Money money on my mind  
 Money on my mind  
 Money on my mind  
 Money money on my mind  
 So money is all I think of

Steppin out the motherfuckin car they in awe  
 I'm lookin like a star bitch when you see me make a wish  
 Holla at ya motherfuckin boy J.R.  
 Birdman my pa bitch ball bred born rich

Dear Mr. Toilet I'm the shit  
 Got these other haters pissed cause my toilet paper thick  
 I know but trip and that forty make a chip  
 Out a potato head wimp and like ranch I dip  
 And the hustle was all muscle just strength  
 When it comes to that weight I don't struggle I just lift  
 I got my hand on the game yeah I make a grip  
 Hundred grand in my fist same on my wrist  
 Get key money from a quarter blame it on my wrist  
 I whip coke like hoes nigga I'm a pimp  
 Lil nigga bout to rape the market  
 If we talkin bout money baby now we talkin

*[Chorus]*

*[Hook: during chorus]*

Fuck bitches [3X]  
 Get money [3X]  
 Get money fuck bitches  
 Fuck bitches get money  
 Fuck bitches get money

Yeah  
 Nigga get it in a slump if you know how  
 In the heart of the summer we need a snow plow  
 What you know bout that baby its yo time  
 Coke transactions on the phone we call it blowjob  
 Too fast for the feds too cocky for the cops  
 Had to ditch my old bitch gettin sloppy wit the pots  
 Hoppin off the boat meetin papi at the docks  
 He tell me I'm gainin weight I tell him I'm gettin paid  
 Money over bitches I'm yellin it to the grave  
 Developed at a young age go after what pays  
 These Gabana sunshades block the sunrays  
 I drop a car note in the mall on the first day  
 I gotta get it even if its in the worst way  
 That cake like it's it's my birthday  
 New Orleans my birthplace ya heard me  
 Where moneys more important than the person  
 Nigga

*[Chorus + Hook during chorus]*

Twistin up a blunt thinkin bout my next dollar  
 I'm diggin in the game tryna get some money out her  
 I'm so vain its a problem  
 It ain't a stain on these Pradas I'm just bein modest  
 Got me a goddess sure how to divide it  
 She still down and she don't get none of the profit  
 We around the city let the tints hide me

Thats a cold muhfucker whoever inside it  
 Forever symbolizing the grind it don't walk to you  
 I make it run like horses do  
 Giddy up baby if you got it then hit 'em up baby  
 I know its crazy but I can't get enough baby  
 I love it I fuckin love it  
 I'm a self made millionaire fuck the public  
 Ridin to myself cause I don't fuck with nothin  
 Pistol on my lap on the way to the money

*[Chorus + Hook during chorus]*

**"Suck It Or Not"**  
**(feat. Lil Wayne)**

*[Chorus: Cam'Ron]*

Ma, I been hugging the block  
 That's right! hustlin rocks  
 I know, I been puffin alot  
 But a nigga wanna know  
 Babygirl, are you gonna suck it or not?

*[Cam'Ron]*

Huh? My dick hard as a motherfucker  
 You don't what?! tell that shit to another sucker  
 I ain't no sucker mama, come on fuck the drama  
 And kiss it down, lil pucker-rama  
 I'm so active, you being so drastic  
 Got something for ya face, fuck pro-activ  
 I'm a pro at this  
 Round the globe, atlas  
 But I need to know ma, are you gonna suck it or not?  
 Babygirl, I'm in love with the twat  
 Missionary, back shots, pop it off, rock it off  
 I tell you right now if my cock is soft  
 But I want head before and after, top it off  
 On ya knees, show you how to top a boss  
 Lick, suck, deep throat, stop, cough, hop on, hop off, lollipop off  
 I know it's white, but here come the hot sauce

*[Chorus]*

*[Cam'Ron]*

Lookin light skinned, mami was tight slim  
 Fat ass, big tits, I noticed her nice chin  
 I approached her, slight grin, white Timbs number you can type in  
 Said she don't like men  
 I just laughed  
 Ma, if we link, we link

You don't like men? me neither, what a coincidink (what a coincidence)  
 Ms. Jiggy, Ms. Piggy, Pinky mink, pinky ring blingin'  
 Ma, are you gonna suck it or not?  
 I ain't the type to diss you, kinda like to hit you  
 That's the situation, bring wifey with you  
 Would you like a tissue? (Why?) You gon' need it  
 for the cum up in your nose babygirl cause you suckin my cock  
 Ain't a question now, it's a guarantee  
 They say I think I'm the shit, well apparently  
 But you won't hear words like "Marry me"  
 Only thing you gonna hear is, suck it or not

*[Chorus]*

*[Lil Wayne]*

I get head in the strangest places  
 2 at the same time, call it +Changing Faces+  
 I tell a bitch "we ain't trading places"  
 Now stand back and catch my amazing graces (hehehah)  
 Taste it, savour it  
 Vanilla Ice Cream, she say "ooh, my favorite"  
 Do you know who you playin' wit? Wayne  
 Chillin' like a scarecrow, looking for some brain  
 Drivin' in the range or flying on a plane  
 Her head is crazy so she's insane  
 She know the game  
 Get in and get right  
 Every bitch in the industry wanna rock my mic  
 I'm hot like light  
 I'm tough like Ike  
 I don't fuck with dog hoes cause them hoes might bite  
 Yeah, and if she follows  
 In the back of my mind, I'm hoping she swallows

*[Chorus - repeat 2X]*

**2Pac – What'z Ya Phone No.**

**“All Eyez On Me” 1996 Death Row Records**

What'z ya phone number  
 Now I could make miracles with pimp hoes.  
 It's instrumental.  
 Waitin for the nimphoes.  
 That's the intro.  
 Shoot when ya rush me.  
 Walked up and touched me.  
 Why? Do you want to fuck me?  
 Just cuz I'm paid in the worst way? True.  
 Lookin kind a good in your birthday suit.  
 I wonder if your wild and ya act shy.  
 Do you like to be on top or the back side?

Watch me while you lick your lips, shake your hips.  
 Goddamn, I love that shit.  
 Yo, let's stop fakin and be real now.  
 I got a room and a hard on. Still down?  
 Met ya standin at a bar full of black dudes.  
 Said ya wanna see my scars and my tatooes.  
 When we head for my hideout, act right.  
 Boss playa when I ride out, that's right.  
 What'z ya phone number?

If you really wanna fuck with me, I'm ready.  
 Baby, let me give you a call.  
 How long will it take to break you off?  
*[Repeat once more]*

Oh shit, baby is a dime piece.  
 Wanted this fine seat.  
 ?  
 If I see ya right.  
 Now she can get me.  
 Hor didn't wanna talk to me till she see my car.  
 Never had sez with a rich rap star  
 Till I got her in the back of my homeboy's car.  
 Tell me, why do we live this way?  
 Money over bitches.  
 Let me here you say:  
 What'z your phone number?  
 Are you alone?  
 Got a pocket full of rubbers, let's bone.  
 Time for your girlfriend to take you home.  
 I had fun,  
 But baby, gotta leave me alone.  
 Picture in my rhyme.  
 Take time to rewind these ? words I say.  
 If you open your mind,  
 Bet in a minute you'll find it's time.  
 Let the Outlaws play.  
 What'z ya phone number.

*[Chorus repeats 2X]*

*[Girl and Tupac converse]*

*[G:] Hello?*

*[2:] Hello? who is this?*

*[G:] Is this Tupac?*

*[2:] This is who?*

*[G:] Is this Tupac?*

*[2:] Yeah, it's Tupac. Who dis?*

*[G:] Hi baby. How are you?*

*[2:] I'm aiight. What' up baby?*

[G:] You don't recognize the voice?  
[2:] You recognize my voice, huh?  
[G:] Do you recognize MY voice?  
[2:] Nah, I know you?  
[G:] Yeah, you know me. I guess you don't recognize me when I'm talkin.  
[2:] Where I know you from? Where I know you from?  
[G:] You just know me, baby.  
[2:] Where? Talk up I can't barely hear you.  
[G:] You know me from when we were, you know, intimate.  
[2:] Oh, we fucked?  
[G:] Oh baby, did we ever.  
[2:] Oh, tell me about it baby.  
[G:] I remember when I put that big dick in my hand and stroked it up and down.  
[2:] OOOOH!  
[G:] Then I put it in my mouth. I fucked it.  
[2:] Ooh, you did.  
[G:] Ooh, I did.  
[2:] Shit!  
[G:] Fucked it and fucked it. Put me in. You came.  
[2:] Did I come?  
[G:] Ooh, baby: everywhere, everywhere. You don't remember me yet?  
[2:] I'm starting to get a picture. Why don't you help me out.  
What did I do to the pussy? What a nigga do to the pussy?  
[G:] You rocked it.  
[2:] Did I?  
[G:] Yeah, you did.  
[2:] Did I do some of that Thug Passion?  
[G:] Mmmmmm  
[2:] Heh, heh. Eh, so what cha doin right now, though?  
[G:] Me and my finger are gettin acquainted.  
[2:] How many you got?  
[G:] I got ten. But only one is workin.  
[2:] Oh, well can I come over there?  
[G:] If you want to.  
[2:] Do I want to? Do a bear shit in the woods and wipe his ass with a rabbit.  
[G:] Mmm. You gon rock it baby?  
[2:] Hell yeah, I'm gon rock it baby.  
[G:] ]Like you did before?  
[2:] No dizoubt. You gon feel that Thug Passion for real.  
[G:] Mmmm, baby.  
[2:] I'm on my way though. I'm about to fly over there in a 500.  
It ain't gon take but a minute. Eh, light the candles.  
Get the baby oil out. Turn all the lights out. Drink a little bit of that shit. I'm on my way babe. I'm gon knock that pussy to the next week.  
[G:] Knock it out, baby, knock it out.  
[2:] I'm gon knock the taste out yo mouth, girl. I'm gon put your legs on your head. I'm a tie you up, blindfold you. And we gon play which hole

feel the best.

[G:] You know which hole feel the best.

[2:] We fin to see tonight, though.

[G:] I'm gon make you remember me.

[2:] Oh, yeah.

[G:] Yeah.

[2:] Oh yeah, you got my dick hard. I can't find the steering shift you got me so fucked up. I'm playin with myself and shit.

[G:] Can I shift your gear?