

Uncle Rahiem

Consequence

What the f**k, y'all niggaz supposed to be family man
Niggaz out here fightin in the street and shit man

After ten long, years, guess who comin, home
Uncle Rahiem who got busted with the chrome
But this sorta uncle's like Rich Porter's uncle
So he be in my shoebox and messin with my hustle
This nigga keep playin around we gon' have to tussle
Cause this ain't, back in the days when he had all the
muscle
And used to be on Hollis with Joey Simmons and Russel
So I'm here to clap my things, and figure out this
puzzle
Cause what'll make this nigga think he could come to my
momma house
If he wasn't family I'd probably pull the llama out
But I'm a go the karma route, ever go to the karma
route
Well you know, nigga be buckin with the armor out
But this nigga be on the couch and watchin my pockets
hard
Peekin through the blinds when I pull up and park the
car
And read between the lines when I push up to talk to
broad
Startin real live, we gon' definitely wind up at odds
Cause if I see another shirt, offa my wardrobe
I'm a turn this lil' happy home to a war zone
And if I find another piece missin from my package
He'd better grab his piece cause this time we goin at
it

Cause this nigga right here must got it out for me
(uhh)
This nigga right here must got it out for me (uhh) /
(yeah)
Cause I solemnly swear that we about to see
Cause this nigga right here must got it out for me
"I told that motherf**ker grip up, grip up; nigga grip
up, grip up
And I'll be waitin right here when you slip up"

Uhh; cause after six long, months, guess who's unem-
ployed
Uncle Rahiem, cause he been runnin with his boy
And now he got a girlfriend, this fiend named Joy
I guess he bad smokin but I'm tryin to keep my poise
But if my momma tell me some'n missin from her jewelry
box
I'm a probably be trapped by my peers in a jewelry box
I try to love him my heart, and disregard my brain
But ever since he moved in, the crib's been off the
chain
I don't need no one to blame cause the facts are the
facts
Since the word got back to me just as fast as a fax
Cause I got cash in the jack, askin me what I'm doin

How you gon' work this hard and let your hustle get ruined?
And I had to admit, that that's a point well taken
Here's the world of price I'm payin for the L that I'm takin
Cause the trouble he done caused done got my connects and them stallin
Cause now I got the hottest crib in all of {? }
So when I see 10-4, my body parts I'll
Cause I'm scared to death they might give me the mob grill
Cause ever since he gave out our number like Mike Jones
Them di-rects be comin at me harder than Spike Jones
So I hope his parole officer, ask where he live
So I could say "No officer, this not where he live
And I ain't seen the nigga and don't know what he did
And he'll get by later 'til he through with his bid"
I know it sounds cold like the wind below freezing
You might not understand but I got my own reasons
Cause once we at odds I could only get even
But maybe my foolish pride is why we in the precinct

Word to my mother I'm a FUCK you up when we get out of here

(Nigga you ain't doin shit, pussy!)

Aight, watch son, soon as I post bail, nigga, I'm a come holla at you

(Nigga you ain't doin nothin)

You f**kin crackhead-ass nigga, f**kin my shit up

(Yo son, word to my mother man

Call me a crackhead again and we got a f**kin problem nigga

I changed your motherf**kin diapers punk!)

Yeah aight nigga, whatever bitch