

Uptown

Consequence

Uh-uh, uhh, uhh, uhh, yeah
Now lemme hear you say aiiyo (yo) uhh, aight?

Cause I kept, kept kept them movin Uptown
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Across the five-nine cause you know we Queens bound

I went to check, check check this chick from Uptown
Who had a couple cousins that stayed by the Polo
Grounds
And even though I'm dolo you know I'm gon' hold it down
So of course I got to click you whenever I roll around
I hung for five minutes, she'll be on the way down
That's when her grandma came to the window and say loud
Don't you come up in here too late, like bitch you
ain't grown
And bring some milk for the baby, on the way home
Rasheeda sucked her teeth then she got in the Coupe
And rolled her eyes at the bitches who were stuck on
the stoop
And that would serve as proof of what I knew as a fact
y'all
That her head so big they should make her a brat don
Since Harlem's her backyard, she know where the smoke
at
But with detectives on me, sorta like Kojak
No pitstops for ziplocks cause I'm sure that
My data turns destiny the minute we get locked
But if they got the haze accordin to what this broad
say
That'll make 'em bring the color purple to broadway
And since I waited all day for this bitch to bust down
Ride with the Cons said we take a trip Uptown

Now when the deal done go sour, minutes turned into
hours
In a minute I'm a have to renegotiate for hours
Cause we waited in the car while I went into the Towers
To get a half a ounce that be done off in a hour
But once I showed my chain niggaz started talkin louder
Cause the charm alone'll put a broke nigga back in
power
Well claim you drive for 50 just to get the sack faster
I got back in the ride and the first thing I asked her
Is f'real lil' mama what the hell is you on~? !
I'm startin to feel like 'Pac when he had a session
with Shawn
That's when she tried to worm her way out like fishbait
By sayin whenever she can, the Catholic always went
straight
That's when I pulled off and I went straight before her
state of abuse
Her hands over my mouth, like I'll make it up to you
So why you thinkin we headed to the W for?
Cause she fillin out the jeans like a W-4

Now

Let me hear you say ayyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy-yo, aight?

{*2X*}

Now when we get to Times Square the niggaz who valet
Are lookin cause the shorty short enough to do ballet
So we take a elevator one flight to the skywalk
And guess who's orderin drinks and havin a sidewalk
Her older baby father and that nigga's Dominican
And they kinda possessive so he think he gon' hit again
But ain't no talkin to him cause he's trapped in his
logic

So he'd rather take, back his like she was a deposit
That's when I had to put him in his place like a rhyme
up

And that means son I'm beefin until the summer's up
But this bitch is dumb enough, to hit the Patron
So I'm a have a surprise for him by the time he get
home

Cause I keep, keep keep the chrome in the whip
For bitch-ass niggaz who don't know when to quit
That's when she came to his aid by throwin a fit
And stopped me from doin somethin that the judge won't
acquit

And I seen that as a sign of disloyalty
She's only in my ride for the royalties
So I can see through my eyes what this is gon' lead
If I don't get back to my ride one of us is gon' bleed