Wack Niggas

Consequence

Yeah
Yo... let me, let me, let me, let me tell you why - why
This nigga... why we dedicated this song to this kind of nigga
Cause number one, duke is drivin' in the motherfuckin' projects
With a - with a Sebring, and with - with a rag off
Y'na'mean? Y-you not ballin' like that play-boy
Straight up, then the bitch you got playin' shotgun
Like, I used to serve that bitch, c'mon
Really really good, I mean and you gotta shirt and tie
You wack ass nigga...

Wack niggas... I don't even like to be around 'em
Give 'em dap or pound 'em
See 'em out, they houndin' dawg
Sayin' they got tracks for me to get down on
Sayin' they hot when that shit don't even sound warm
Nigga I'm nasty, my style is sound porn
The graphic, exposin' wack asses
I emcee as free as Ol' Dirty Bastard
You think you Catholic tryin' to appeal to the masses
The Cassius Clay of rap today
Rock a beard like Castaway
You couldn't be dope for even half a day
We keep it hot like its after May
Smoke a nigga then I pass to K

The pastor say we goin' to mass today
We have to pray, these niggas is wack 'n' eh
I have to say, since Pac passed away
Most these niggas don't even deserve a track from me
First of all let's get rid of them Louis Vuitton boots
And get yo tall ass out that C Class coupe
Y'see the whiskay had them girls feelin' friskay
You was with mey, she said "Who's the sissay?"
And even if they did wanna get bizzay
Freaky like Missay and roll the weed up
You would roll three blunts and fuck up three blunts
Motherfucka you would fuck up a free lunch, dawg
Just keep it right thurr like Chingay
Yo girl don't like me how long has shee been gay
Spanish girls tell ya "No hable ingle"
And everbody wanna run to me for they single
It's funny how these wack niggas need my help
Wasn't around when I couldn't feed myself
Dawg, if I was you I wouldn't feel myself
Dawg, if I was you I'd kill myself

(Wack nigga) Wake up in the morning dawg, and you a
(Wack nigga) I'd kill myself if I was that
(Wack nigga) Everything you wear and rock, is just
(Wack nigga) Even if you flossin' rocks you still
(Wack nigga) You can't do it dawg, you's a
(Wack nigga) Bitin' ass, bitch ass, trick ass
(Wack nigga) Even your daughter says "My daddy's a - "
(Wack nigga - You wack nigga!)

You know you wack when ya dawgs tell you

That's how you know ya flow is weak
Cause you only got them there to 'Say Yes' like Floetry
The clique that I oversee ain't impressed by ya poetry
You're the place you're supposed to be
You ain't ain't comin' close to me
It ain't that you underrated
It's more that you're under dated
And mediocre at best is all the hoes you've ever dated
For all your guest appearances
You couldn't get the clearances
For them it's just a check they don't respect you as a lyricist
Look at what ya lyrics is, Murder, Death, Kill
But you never shot nothin', never have, never will
Better add on to ya skills before you join this round robin
Of super emcees that'll add to ya problems

In the beginnin', God created man in his own image
I'm 'bout to tell you how the story gon' finish
Kweli handle his business, niggas don't forget it
Cause a wiseman can choose to get ignorant with it
Na'mean - you all can get it, I'm conisdered the nicest
The way I spit it give these niggas all identity crisis
All day talkin' that shit like, "You hold a gat, right?"
The trip you on must be short cause you pack light - act right
You got it twisted, tellin' niggas that you pack heat
You ain't gunning now, you runnin' like an athlete
You ballas need to quit rhymin' like Allen I've
Start speakin' Nuwaubian and followin' Malachi
Or anything but rhyme, you need to sell drugs for real
Instead of on the radio, you'd be dead or in jail
All these thug niggas wanna rap
And all these rap niggas wanna thug
And all ya'll fuckin' the game up
It's time to change up, my lyrics rip ya frame up
Askin' if I'm nice like fuckin' with a chick
Who don't give head - that's a no-brainer
Niggas back bangers you don't even know the names of
I'mma bout to meet my quota, you about to meet ya Saviour
You wack nigga, you about to get shot
Fuck with Talib Kweli, that's how you get got boy!
Not that I'm wildin' or even promote violence
It's just you're fuckin' up my high, can a nigga smoke in silence?!

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