

# No Respect

Kool Moe Dee

What you want, you ain't gon' get it  
What you need, you won't admit it  
It really don't matter how hard you try  
Cause money can't buy respect

The material mind is enticed by the dollar bill  
It makes some brothers fight, and some would even kill  
Some will do anything for a bill  
Cause they think they'll get respect

Bought a big Mercedes, and you got about ten more cars  
Now you impress the ladies, and you're a neighborhood star  
Gold on your fingers and your neck  
But you still get no respect

Your mind is weak, so when you speak  
You're obsolete, your mental peak  
Is in the street, your mouth's a beak  
Big like a bird, and your future's bleak  
Now you should seek some help decree  
You're sellin crack and livin cheap  
Bought a brand-new ride to go beep-beep  
Playin music outside loud in your jeep  
But you should know, unless you're slow  
There comes an end to the sidewalk show  
And up the river's where you'll go  
Wearin stripes from head to toe  
No fancy gold, no fancy car  
And the brothers inside don't care who you are  
A 7-foot brother doin life  
300 pounds, says you're his wife  
Walks in your cell and says: "Fix it up"  
Then you look up and say: "Not the butt"  
He says: "Shut up" "But... but" No 'but'  
Now what you gonna do, freaky-deaky or what?

The money was good, the money was fast  
No business mind and the money won't last  
In the money rate you fell first to last  
Now every night you fight for your ass  
They say what goes up must come down  
All hustlers know that sound  
Cause you're here today, gone the next  
And you'll find out the hard way: you get no respect

[Old hustler:]  
Man, you must be crazy and bugged  
Whatcha mean I don't get no respect?  
You crazy?  
You got to respect me  
Cause I was the first millionaire off the streets, boy  
Ain't nobody ever had a hustle like mine  
In '72, I was killin em, boy  
[Young hustler:]  
Man, go 'head, go 'head  
[Old hustler:]  
I'm tellin ya, I was shittin on it

Word up, I was the man  
And a car - these niggas ain't got no cars today, man  
My car was so pretty, I ride by, niggas' dicks get hard  
You dig what I'm sayin?

[Young hustler:]  
Ha-ha, man, get outta here, go 'head  
[Old hustler:]  
Caddy, boy, Grand Daddy Caddy  
They used to call me Mackaroni Tony, boy  
[Young hustler:]  
Aw man, go 'head, shut yo broke ass up, man

Word, I spell it out, I'll yell it out  
For those brothers that keep sellin out  
Cause local clout is all you're about  
A few bullshit bitches and hanging out  
And every day's like a title bout  
When the next man wants you taken out  
I'd like to know what you're thinkin about  
It sure ain't dyin without a doubt  
But you better wake up before it's too late  
Or they'll be doing your make-up down at the coroner's place  
And you will have lived just to die  
And you'll die with no respect

[Young hustler:]  
Yo man, what about hoes, what about hoes?  
[Old hustler:]  
Hoes?  
Shit man, I had mo' bitches than muthafuckin Con-ed got switches, boy  
I had hoes, loads of hoes, you know what I'm sayin  
Hoes, hoes, you dig?  
[Young hustler:]  
You're just talkin shit  
[Old hustler:]  
I had all the money man, I was the man...  
Where you goin Sam? Hold up, hold up  
[Young hustler:]  
Yeah, yeah - well, I'm outta here  
I don't wanna hear more of this shit  
[Old hustler:]  
Wait, before you go - can I get a dollar, man?  
[Young hustler:]  
Aw, go 'head, you broke ass, I ain't hearin no more of that shit  
What happened to all your money, boy?  
[Old hustler:]  
Aw go 'head, nigga, I thought you said you had all the money...  
[Young hustler:]  
I got all the money man, that shit ain't happenin to me  
You just fucked up man, I know how to hustle  
[Old hustler:]  
I got respect, you crazy, man  
I can go in any liquor store, anywhere, anytime 'the day  
And get any bottle or anything for free, that's respect, boy!  
[Young hustler:]  
Aw go 'head with all that shit  
[Old hustler:]  
That's respect!  
[Young hustler:]  
I got the dollar boy, I'm the man nowadays, you understand?  
You was killin em in '72, I'm killin em in '87, man  
That shit ain't happenin to me, I'm the man!  
Yeah, I'm a hustler's muthafucka

Me - I ain't never fallin off  
[Old hustler:]  
Aw man, I used to say the same thing, man..