Off The Cuff

Swizz Beatz

[Swizz Beatz:]
Uh, right off the cuff
Blow your head off shoulders, nothin but dust
Got some big boy, toys, them toys is us
We pop shots, y'all niggaz'll just fuss
Now e'rybody talkin 'bout they run New York
I grew up the street, don't see 'em up in New York
I ride in Bentleys, Lamborghin's in New York
Nigga know how we do it in the streets of New York
I, make make that guacamole
Y'all niggaz comin up but y'all movin slowly
Praise the Lord like you owe He
Cause He is makin possible for me
To see the light, to see all good things, comin
In forth and behind what we have
Leavin when the smoke and behind in my half
Damn, my pinky ring keep blindin yo' ass

[Chorus: Swizz Beatz]
Why you talkin to me, like I don't know what's goin on?
I been in the hood on fire, and you know it's always on
Oh-oh, say what, oh-oh, what say what
Oh-oh, say what, oh-oh, ay (man)
Are you lookin at me, like I don't know what's goin on?
I'm from the ghetto, nigga, that where I was born
Oh-oh, say what, oh-oh, say what say what
Oh-oh, say what, oh-oh

[Swizz Beatz:]
A genie told me - give me a call to alter your fortune
Spin your head 'round like your "Wheel of Fortune"
Goddamn, the ghetto hot, the ghetto scorchin
Them goons'll take everything you pride and bought and
Come on kick your door in, ATF
Move, they takin everything that's left
Oh-oh! Say what, oh-oh! They comin through
Oh-oh! Get out, oh-oh! They catchin who?
Not me~! I'm goin out the fire escape, climbin down
I almost bust my ass gettin to the ground
Fuck it~! I kept a little back of my stash
I kept a little bundle in the crack of my ass
Don't tell nobody, because we gettin it goin
Y'all niggaz know how we do but they ain't really knowin
And they ain't really showin, the truth is goin down
Muh'fuck me in the hood, so you know it's goin down

[Chorus: w/ ad libs]

[Swizz Beatz:]
You should just - believe in yo'self
If you don't, nobody else will
So just - redeem yo'self
Don't worry about (redeem yourself) the cars and wealth, homie
Cause God put us, on this green green Earth
And what we do? Turn that thing into gang turf
We can make it better but we make things worse
You could be in the Benz or in the black hearse

But whatever, however, you get my drift
Gotta, go to the block, just smoke this spliff
I was droppin the jewel, you know, givin you a gift
Make your soul better, make your mind uplift
I am, gon' continue to marinate
In a sea of whirl and changin the world
This music thing I call my girl
Better yet my wife cause it changed my life

[Chorus: w/ ad libs]

[Ad libs to the end]

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