

Nah Mean

will.i.am

Will.i.am's in the house and uh (yeah)
Phife Dawg's in the house and uh (yeah)
Lots of honeys in the crib and uh (yeah)
We got Zumas in the fridge so uh (yeah)
Pop a cap and fill me up (ya nah mean?)
Let's get this party started up (ya nah mean?)
Yeah, and we don't stop, c'mon, and we don't stop

Guess who's back and outta blood clot house?
With obscure ways to turn a party out
Shut a sucka, down, stage left clown
It's the Five-Foot Invasion that's about to go down
So what the deal, now? Who want it with the PhiFer?
Number one, hands down, yo eff you and your cypher
If you wan' see me, betta make sure you're ready
Better revamp your ish, make sure it's legit
Rethink before recitin, gotta make sure you ain't bitin
Cause what I lack in height-in, I sho' make up in writin
+Remember this Titan+, who verses stay tight and
Step up on the scene and the whole place bitin
Should a brought'cha A-Game, you wouldn't be so frightened
So now we're on the steez that ya broad-a straight likin
Better yet lovin, she love to get ta cuttin but EWW~!
(Yeah)...So I passed her on to will

Yo, we did it like this and we did it like that
Mr. will.i.am comin heavy on the track
You know it's intact precise and exact
When I'm hittin' your lovely with the soul clap
Cause nothin vibrates without a vibe
And you'll never have a nation if you never had a +Tribe+
And that's the sure shot
A-check, check, baby, cause ya don't stop

Diggy-Dawg Mutt Ranks, here I go to end the soft
Peep my persona, I bleeds up north
With a basic uniform would be, all types
Of Tim boots, LIG, or a Sean John suit
My Knickerbocker retro compliments all that
New Era fitted to match, now who you think started that?
Queens we dress for success, never catch us lookin awful
Steel briefcase with the all black snorkel
With all that bein said, I rest in ATL
But New York is like my badge of honor, I wear it well
And with all that I've accomplished, no doubt my head swell
While clowns +Wish+ to be Carl Thomas or R. Kel
Need mortal words of Nas, +It Ain't Hard to Tell+
If you don't honor your craft then you can never excel
Y'all must of caught amnesia for all this work my Tribe put in
Despite breakin up, promoters still bookin
Tip "Amplified", I think a million was sold
Shaheed and Lucy Pearl, I think a million was sold
I'm the only one from Tribe who didn't get to see gold
Yet I'm platinum in the streets so my jewels you hold
Quadruple platinum if you let me tell it, well mother- uh!
Landspeed, yeah, that's right, I said it
Them bitch-ass niggas coulda said they ain't know how to sell it

So when I'm seen in Cincinnati, y'all go straight +Hi-Tek+ it
When I'm seen in Motown, I'm a straight +Jay Dee-er+
Phife Dawg, left hand on penis, yuh nah see it?
One time for your mind, don't make me tap your jaw
I rep this mic for El Salvador to Baltimore, and even more
Hardcore, I bring to ya raw, ha!
You know I have no flaws , yeah
It's like that, y'all, it's like that, y'all
It's like that-a-da-da-dat, it's like that y'all,uh

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Yeah, Black Eyed Peas in the house and uh (yeah)
One fourth of Tribe in the house and uh (yeah)
We rep it like this (yeah)
'Robi one, where you at son? (yeah)
LA, back down to Queens
ATL, Oaktown, wassup? Ya nah mean?
(And we don't stop, c'mon, and we don't stop)