

feat. Carl Thomas

[Dave]

It's like, New York without a New York yanks  
Better yet, New York without the New York franks  
It's like hot summers without no A.C  
Or never hitting numbers when you go to A.C  
It's like six years of your life, go ask Rob  
I'm like "Yo how is it?" he like "It's like hard"  
Trying for that queen but you nothing but a man  
You wanna keep it clean but you can't  
Why it gotta be, like, that  
And what the life, see life is like a J shot  
Shooters son, they got  
One point one second, you half court  
I'm feeling the adrenaline like you half court  
Like pink slips and dipping these ink tips to paper  
Imagine if we fuck around and lose Hip-hop  
Imagine if it didn't exist  
Imagine nothing shining your wrist  
See, imagining to you is a risk  
But think about it, like no chrome rims  
And tims would be construction boots (ill)  
We probably wouldn't even substitute (ill)  
For words we use defining our likes  
I'm coal mining these mics  
To keep that gold nugget like Dave Megget  
Giant like a motherfucker, like Dave said it  
But ya ain't listening, ya paper gon' stack  
Why it gotta be like that?

That, dadadat, dadat, dadat, dadat, dadat, dadat, dadat, dat  
Dat, dadadat, dadat, dat, dadadat, dadadat, dat, dat, dadat, dadat

[Chorus: Carl Thomas]

Just running, running, fast as I can  
I'm trying to be a person but I gotta be the man  
If I, can't stand the life that I'm in  
I gotta keep running 'cause I'm still gon' win  
Yes I got to go on (it's like that, it's like that)  
Yes I got to go on (it's like that, it's like that)

[Posdonus]

It's like, Slick Rick without the eye patch  
More like, saying slick shit you won't catch  
It's like bed time without your PJ's  
Or no fed timing in out the PJ's  
It's like, one minute you got it, then you broke  
Like what I do with it? I copped a few with it  
Looking like a problem, but you won't get it solved  
You working but you won't get the job  
It's like, who would of thought (thought)  
It you would of bought (bought)  
Into my religion you'd be more like God  
But you were steady swimming so you more like cod  
See these fools is fish scale, converting to ish male  
See I see it like, A alike, B alike  
I was taught, if you play alike, be alike  
How they don't see it for one to go pop  
And this is how you treat Hip-hop?  
Imagine if you didn't have that phantom chrome sitting on a curb nigga  
The word nigga wouldn't be a bit disturbing nigga  
See them roots are like begging for the rain  
You entering my kingdom just a begging for the reign  
Putting shit stain to paper  
Ink pain feeling like fifty-five licks on a slave niggaz back  
And not a one of y'all stopping to hate  
But why it gotta be like that?

That, dadadat, dadat, dat, dat, dadat, dat, dadadat, dat, dat  
Dadadat, dadat, dadadat, dat, dat, dat, dat, dadat, dadat, dadat

[Chorus] x2