

Intro:

(\*Man, have you heard this stuff?  
This gangsta rap? It's fuckin bullshit.  
They're just talkin about dealin drugs and,  
beatin on people and shit,  
carryin guns to the studio. It's fucked up shit.  
And y'know, you niggas  
can't communicate with people\*)  
[Mack 10] Aw fuck you, you punk ass motherfucker  
What the fuck you mean we can't communicate with people?  
I tell you what, since we can't communicate, eh-eh  
Eh B (yo) I'm gonna write this motherfucker a letter (alright)  
Eh dogg, hand me my notebook (Here you go, dogg)

Verse One:

To whom it may concern whoever you may be  
Before you criticise, try to understand me  
If this shit do a million everytime you drop it  
then you would be foolish to change the topic  
I straight fiend for the cheddar, you know I got to get it  
So I swing for the fence everytime I hit it  
I been raised around the gangsta shit since elementary  
with Gz and the feds and the state penitentiary  
I'm from the place where the enemies put the scope on you  
and when the police pull you over they plant dope on you  
But you do what you need to feed your kids and your girl  
But you bastards don't even understand my world  
What you know about bangin, drug distributin and lootin  
eviction notices and, drive-by shootin?  
So to whom it may concern, this letter is to show  
that real niggas only rap about what they know

Chorus:

I do it all for the cash, scrilla and the doe  
If you ban gangsta rap then I gotta sell blow  
To whom it may concern, this letter is to show  
that real niggas only rap about what they know  
\*repeat\*

Verse Two:

I done had it up to here with the ass kissin  
plus a nigga fed up with the media dissin  
Politicians protest and hate like the rest  
while niggas in the ghetto remain under stress  
But I stay gangsta, keep bangin and hittin switches  
while some West Coast Gz act like bitches  
How the fuck you gonna speak against gangsta rap, nigga?  
when that's what the fuck made you a gang of snaps, nigga  
Fool was the shit, now how could you dare  
become a millionaire and forget what got you there?  
Fuck that, I hit a stick laced with embalment fluid  
and make jams that make ya B and C walk to it  
I was able to bang the hood and pack a fo'-fo'  
Avoid the po-po and become a rap pro  
So to whom it may concern, this letter is to show  
that real niggas only rap about what they know

Chorus

Verse Three:

I keep my pants saggin and my boxers showin  
And nigga it's Hoo Bangin for life in case you ain't knowin  
Look at the cops, I know they fed around and fiest out  
Peepin me cos I'm a thug and the watches iced out  
I got homies cookin chemicals like a chemist  
Next thing ya know we're outta town with birds flippin like a gymnast  
All we know is bang or boss so we're jugglin  
Can't get a job with two strikes so we're drug smugglin  
Wit heat on my back like I'm solar, wit a pistola  
mashin thru the ghetto witta car fulla yola  
But I'd rather write rhymes and rap over beats  
And if they ban that then a nigga still got to eat  
In every situation poverty's what I'm facin  
So I leave shell cases and keep my smoker's free basin  
So to whom it may concern, this letter is to show  
that real niggas only rap about what they know

Outro:

PS, all you punk motherfuckers out there  
hatin on us young niggas gettin all this money, eat a dick!  
Cos we gon' stay rich, and continue to do our  
thang and forever hoo ridin and Hoo Bang, nigga

Chorus to fade