NIGGAS, BITCHES, CARS AND CRIBS:
IDEALIZING MASCULINE IDENTITY
TO ERASE FEMININE IDENTITY
IN RAP MUSIC

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ABSTRACT

This study examines how rap music informs society about racial and gender identities. In particular, the identities in consideration are black masculine identity and black feminine identity. Reinforcing the notion that identity is both socially and situationally constructed, it is argued that these gendered black identities are situated in the urban ghetto. Furthermore, as a result of this situational black identity, black masculine identity is idealized while black feminine identity is rendered invisible. Current research on rap music as it pertains to gendered black identity focuses on the reinforcement of stereotypes about black masculine identity and black feminine identity rather than considering them to be interdependent identities. To determine how these gendered identities incidentally construct one another, a content analysis of the lyrics for 26 purposefully chosen songs, between the years 2000-2009, was employed. The content analysis identified nine themes pertaining to black masculine identity, black feminine identity, and the urban ghetto. The songs were first coded for content, based on the nine themes, and then they were analyzed to determine if the innuendos about black identity in rap music were manifest or latent. Finally, the themes were analyzed as a means of displaying how rap lyrics contextualize gendered black identity. Implications of the conclusions are discussed and further research is suggested.
This abstract accurately represents the contents of the candidate's thesis. I recommend its publication.

Signed

Candan Duran-Asdintug
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CHAPTER 1

STATEMENT OF THE TOPIC

Popular media help to shape and define individual life experiences, while informing individuals about identity constructions within a given society. There are many different forms of popular media which influence how individuals negotiate, account for, and construct their identity. The medium in consideration for this project is rap music; more specifically rap lyrics. Rap music shapes and defines the constructs of black masculine identity and black feminine identity in a historically stereotypical and negative manner (Adams & Fuller, 2006; Littlefield, 2008; Morgan, 1999). In particular, rap music embraces a hyper-masculinized ideal in which black men are positioned as powerful, violent, dominating, and capable of instilling fear in others (Pough, 2004; Sharpley-Whiting, 2007). Accordingly, this idealized representation of masculinity allows no room for any congruent manifestation of femininity or feminine ideals (Littlefield, 2008). This leaves women in a troubling position because they are criticized for being feminine, yet they are also prohibited from appropriating any
masculine traits. With that, black women are denied the opportunity to create any real sexualized identity for themselves independent of black masculine identity. And given that black women are devoid of any true sexualized identity, no positive sexualized image of black women is allowed in rap music. Black women are most often degraded and objectified as bitches and hoes when they assume a sexualized identity; however, in specific cases, black women can be empowered as down bitches where down bitches exist specifically to reinforce the ideal of masculine identity. But, for the most part, black women are delegated to their hyper-sexualized role. Black men, on the other hand, occupy the dominant position; empowered physically, sexually, and financially, and men and women who embody femininity are dismissed as the disempowered Other. Either way, sexualized representations of black men and women are stereotypical in that their presented identity is an exaggeration of the very characteristics that have historically been ridiculed. Furthermore, rap music situates these identities in a manner in which they cannot operate independently; rather, they gain meaning from one another. Black masculinity only has meaning because black femininity is the negated Other.
CHAPTER 2
DEFINING RAP MUSIC

Rap Music

Rap music surfaced in the Bronx, New York in the mid 1970s; however, it didn’t become mainstream until 1979 with the production of the Sugar Hill Gang’s popular song “Rapper’s Delight” (McLeod, 2000). Over the years, the terms rap and hip-hop have come to be used interchangeably, but rap is merely one of the four elements of hip-hop culture. The four elements of hip-hop are rapping (or MCing), DJing (or spinning records), breaking (or break dancing), and graffiti writing (McLeod, 2000). Graffiti writing and break dancing have all but died out in the hip-hop culture, but rapping still remains popular. DJing is still associated with the performance aspect of rap music, but has all but died out as an art form in itself (McLeod, 2000). Rapping can be characterized as spare instrumentation with rhythmically spoken rhymes performed over beats often sampled from other music styles (McLeod, 2000). When rap broke onto the scene, it was largely an underground movement, but when it became mainstream, means
of expression evolved and that evolution is evidenced in the hardcore or gangsta rap subgenre.

Gangsta rap became popular in the late 1980s and coincidentally was heavily criticized. The West Coast is most often credited with creating gangsta rap; however, gangsta rap actually originated in the South Bronx, New York in mid 1970s with hip-hop (Abrams, 2000). Gangsta rap is highly controversial because of the sexist, misogynistic, homophobic, and violent lyrics that tell stories about life in America’s black urban ghettos (Abrams, 2000). What makes gangsta rap distinct is its descriptive storytelling, especially of hood life or street life. This combination of sex, drugs, and violence in the urban ghetto is a common theme within gangsta rap because many of the pioneers of gangsta rap were gang members, drug dealers, pimps, and hustlers; thus, the stories that they tell mirror much of what actually goes on in urban ghettos (Abrams, 2000). Gangsta rap has been criticized heavily over the years because of the intense exaggeration of the street life that it so mindlessly glorifies while, at the same time, impressing upon society the constituents of black identity. Once rap music, gangsta rap in particular, became commercialized and gained exposure to a wider audience, the medium as a whole was criticized for many reasons, and
consequently, the commercialization of rap music has contributed to the
critique of rap music as a means of authentically articulating black identity
through popular media.

Critiquing the Commercialization
of Rap

Thinking of rap music as a popular medium calls into question the
authenticity of the identities constructed within the lyrics. Given that the
majority of popular rap music is performed by black people, hip-hop
culture, and black culture have come to be used synonymously, and thus the
elements of rap music have become tied to black identity (Kitwana, 1994).
After rap music became commercialized within American society, it largely
became difficult for rap listeners to distinguish between the elements of
authentic black identity and the elements of rap music that construct a
commercialized caricature of black identity. Furthermore, as rap music and
the elements of hip-hop culture increasingly became commercialized, they
were viewed as a means of making money within America's capitalist
economy. Rap artists, thus, were supposed to be marketable to the
American public as a whole, and their rhymes were to remain an authentic
articulation of black culture (Kitwana, 1994). As Bakari Kitwana (1994)
expresses, "Corporate America has preconceived notions of who black
youth are and visions of who they should be and these images are represented (p. 18) in rap music by the rap artists who are most often promoted.

As rap gained more commercial success, the avenues through which it was marketed became more diverse. Instead of being marketed solely by record companies, rap artists found themselves and their rhymes being marketed by mass communication companies. These mass communication companies not only controlled the recording industry, but they also controlled media such as cable and network television as well as print media (Kitwana, 1994). These companies essentially nurtured a market for rap music which they created by exploiting and reinforcing preconceived notions about black people and black culture (Kitwana, 1994). The critique about commercialized rap is that rappers present images of themselves out of fashion, to keep up with the status quo, and they don’t represent themselves authentically. These rhymes, in essence, reinforce stereotypes of black people as violent, hyper-sexual, drug dealers and drug users within rap music (Kitwana, 1994). This urban experience, however, is indeed a reality for many black individuals, but it is by no means the only the experience for all black people, thus, the commercialized and commodified
black identity which is presented in rap music is a stereotypical representation of black identity. To understand how these representations of black identity manifest in rap music, it is crucial to understand how identity is constructed, negotiated, articulated, and situated with a specific social context.
CHAPTER 3

LITERATURE REVIEW

Theoretical Framework

Identity

How individuals negotiate and construct their identity is both personal and social, meaning that one's identity is a reflection of what s/he thinks s/he is and also a reflection of what others think s/he is. Identity is not static; rather, it is ever changing, reflecting the contexts in which it is situated. Joanna Rummens' 2003 article *Conceptualising Identity and Diversity*, discusses how individuals construct and define their identity. The argument is that defining one's identity is a way for one to distinguish him/herself from others; in particular, a way for individuals to identify with those who are like them, and to differentiate themselves from those who are unlike them (Rummens, 2003). People don't have one identity; rather, they have many which overlap and intersect to create a unique identity. Rummens (2003) defines identity as "the distinctive character belonging to any given individual, or shared by all members of a particular social
category” emphasizing “the sharing of a degree of sameness or oneness with others of a particular characteristic” (p. 4). Also, Rummens (2003) insists that identity is socially constructed. The characteristics that allow individuals to identify with others are situated in a social or cultural context which essentially is what gives the identities meaning. These characteristics are things such as age, sex, race, class, religion, and sexual orientation (Rummens, 2003).

Rummens (2003) suggests that instead of looking at identity as a “stacking” of all of the individual’s identities, identity needs to be examined as an intersecting or enveloping of the various identities. In other words, one’s identity is a composition of overlapping identities which makes his/her particular identity unique. The contexts of the identities vary in different societies thus identity is socially constructed. In other words, the same identity is given different meaning in different societies. This intersection becomes potent when the intersecting identities are marginal identities, specifically identities such as race, class, and gender. As these marginal identities intersect, a new identity is created, and likewise, the intersection, or overlapping of various identities has no meaning outside of its societal context (Rummens, 2003). One negotiates his/her identity
through how s/he defines his/her own identity and also by how others have labeled him/her within his/her respective society. All in all, identity is social, that is, it is a result of distinct identification processes contextualized within a given society; it is relational, meaning that it is dependent upon an individual’s identification with or differentiation from other groups; and it is situational, which means that it is dependent upon the social, cultural, and historical context in which the identity is created; identity is fluid and flexible (Rummens, 2003).

When one constructs his or her identity, there are many factors to take into consideration. The factors which create interference within intersecting identities are socially constructed. A given society has varying expectations for each different identity group, and as they intersect the expectations of said identities are ultimately undermined by interference from the other identities. The problem that is created by the intersection of these identities is that identity is fluid and ever changing, so the expectations for these identities change as well, which is why defining each identity is quite difficult.

Isis Settles’ (2006) article, Use of an Intersectional Framework to Understand Black Women’s Racial and Gender Identities, demonstrates how the
intersection of two marginal identities, black and woman, ultimately creates one identity, black-woman, which is qualitatively different from either of the identities independently. It is clear that both identities black and woman, in the United States, are marginal identities as Settles (2006) affirms, “‘woman’ and ‘black person’ are both considered to be lower status identities in the US. The low position that black women occupy is related to the fact that they are in the position of being subjected to both racism and sexism” (p. 589). Settles proposes that the intersection of these identities creates feelings of ambiguity for the black-woman as she negotiates her identity between the group which identifies as woman and the group which identifies as black (Settles, 2006). Furthermore, Settles (2006) argues, the black-woman will favor one identity over the other (specifically her racial identity) when she defines her own identity. Contrary to this understanding, Settles found that the black-woman often perceives both identities as equally important. Each identity differentiates her from other in-groups, meaning that the intersection of these two identities effectively distinguishes her from women of other races, and also from black men.

Settles (2006) holds that black women don’t view themselves “additively as black people and women,” (p. 590) rather they consider
themselves a combination of these two identities that ultimately create a unique identity. This is important because as these two identities intersect there are psychological factors that come into play as the identities interfere with one another. These psychological factors have to do with feelings of self-worth and self-esteem. Settles (2006) found that interference with the woman identity from the black identity had no affect on the black woman's self-esteem, but interference with the black identity from the woman identity effectively caused lower self-esteem and higher levels of depression. The black identity has a more interpersonal component to it, so being a woman often leaves black women to feel devalued as a member of the black person identity group, thereby leading to feelings of isolation and thus low-self esteem and depression (Settles, 2006). Overall, as the black woman negotiates her identity, she must secure both racial space and sexual space within each of the overlapping identity groups. And if she doesn't secure that space, then the intersection of these marginal identities will render her invisible.

Given how identity is constructed, it is unequivocally understood that these identities are not static and they have different meanings in different contexts. When individuals differentiate from those who they
perceive to be unlike them, they have placed said individuals in the category of Other. This Othering occurs when intersectional identities are undermined by other marginal identities. Moreover, just as the intersection of marginal identities allows for Othering, the negotiation of gender identity is often accomplished by embracing the principle of Othering.

*Masculine and Feminine Identity*

Attempts to define masculinity and femininity are difficult because, as a society, we have not found a way to define these identities without relating them to one another, or without relating them to men and women. As displayed by Paechter (2006) in *Masculine Femininities/Feminine Masculinities*, masculinity is ""what men and boys do,' and femininity is the Other of that" (p. 254). But the problem with this definition is that there is no concrete understanding of what men and boys do because not all men and boys do the same thing. There are stereotypical conceptions of what men and boys do, and this is what Paechter calls "hegemonic" or dominant masculinity (p. 254). Paechter (2006) cites the 1995 Connell study in defining hegemonic masculinity as something which allows for a gender practice in which men occupy the dominant position and women are subordinated. In particular, Connell (2005) defines hegemonic masculinity as "the
configuration of gender practice which embodies the currently adopted answer to the problem of the legitimacy of patriarch, which guarantees (or is taken as a guarantee) the dominant position of men and the subordination of women" (77). Furthermore, not only is femininity subordinated, but so are the masculinities that do not fall under the hegemonic conception of masculinity (Connell, 2005). Hegemonic masculinity is how our society conceives of gender and is thus perpetuated in popular media. Accepted conceptions of masculinity and femininity are exaggerated ways of "doing boy" or "doing girl" which, in essence, is hyper-masculinity and hyper-femininity respectively. Though hegemonic masculinity is not empirically founded as a typical manifestation of "what men and boys do," it has become the ideal understanding of what masculinity is and its feminine converse is the ideal conception of what women and girls do (Paechter, 2006). But what is tricky about masculinity and femininity is that they are constructed in different ways and their respective ideals have different meanings within society. Since hegemonic masculinity is supposed to dominate femininity, then masculinity represents power, and likewise femininity is the Other of that. This means that femininity cannot be empowered and therefore girls and women cannot be empowered. But
when women reject the notion of subordinated femininity, they also reject the disempowerment that comes with it (Paechter, 2006). This means that if women are believed to possess characteristics that are too masculine, then their femininity is seriously called into question; the same holds true for men who are believed to possess characteristics that are too feminine. What then happens is that there is a dualistic relation of masculinity and femininity in which hegemonic masculinity is idealized and subordinated femininity is negated leaving an imbalance between masculine and feminine identity (Paechter, 2006). Essentially, any embodiment of masculinity, whether it is by a man or a woman, is a negation of femininity as well as the powerlessness that femininity represents. There is no way to conceive of one without the other, meaning that there must be an agreed upon way to “do boy” while “doing girl” is the Other (Paechter, 2006). The challenge, then, is disassociating masculinity and femininity from their sexed bodies, men and women respectively.

The 1987 West and Zimmerman article Doing Gender reinforces the notion that it is virtually impossible to disassociate masculinity and femininity from their sexed bodies. West and Zimmerman (1987) bring to light the contention that within American society, gender is defined based
on biological and physiological differences which presuppose behavior. West and Zimmerman (1987) insist that, "things are the way they are by virtue of the fact that men are men and women are women," (p. 128) meaning that these categories are exclusive to those individual who exhibit the correct biological and physiological traits of their respective sexed groups. West and Zimmerman (1987) hold that one's gender identity is "learned and enacted" (p. 128) and consequently, gender identity is based on the situation in which it is realized as opposed to being based on a fixed or specific structure. Gender identity is, altogether, contextual. The argument that West and Zimmerman (1987) present is that "gender is not a set of traits, nor a variable, nor a role, but the product of social doings of some sort," (p. 129), where the focus is on authentic portrayals of gender. In other words, West and Zimmerman (1987) focus on how individuals portray their gender identity so that it is received as a natural or actual means of portraying gender. With that, one's portrayal of gender identity is not merely adhering to the normative conventions of his/her respective gender category; rather this gendered portrayal is supposed to encompass all aspects of said gender identity. For instance, West and Zimmerman (1987) present that a woman can portray herself as unfeminine, but her
categorization of female will not be called into question. Essentially, "doing gender" equates to adhering to behaviors that are acceptable under the hegemonic order of masculinity.

Finally, West and Zimmerman (1987) question if it is feasible to not "do gender," but they conclude to the contrary. This is the case because gender identity supersedes all other identities in relation to a person’s overall identity (West & Zimmerman, 1987). This distinction of gender identity upholds society’s hegemonic masculine order under which we learn how to "do gender" from a very young age. Furthermore, we learn how to recognize the constituents of maleness and femaleness from very young as well. Gender identity is not static, rather it is fluid and based on the situation out of which it is created. So to answer the question, we, as a society, cannot avoid "doing gender" because we have not learned how to conceive of gender identity as not being associated with maleness and femaleness.

The Hoffman, Borders & Hattie (2000) article Reconceptualizing Femininity and Masculinity, further illuminates the contention that masculine and feminine identities are socially constructed. This is achieved by considering many ways by which individuals can view, negotiate, and
account for their gender identities. Furthermore, masculinity and femininity
"[are] conceptually defined by lists of traits and interests that [are] based on
sex difference statistics," (Hoffman, Borders & Hattie, 2000: p. 476) which
means that to conceive of masculinity or femininity, one would have to
adhere to the socially acceptable, even if stereotypical, roles of men and
women. Masculinity and femininity are historically conceived of as bipolar
identities based on a one-dimensional identity. But in reality the opposite is
more likely true. Men and women possess both masculine and feminine
traits alike, but what is most commonly misunderstood is that men are not
masculine and women are not feminine, rather it is the traits that are
masculine and feminine thus men and women equally possess both
masculine and feminine traits (Hoffman, Borders & Hattie, 2000). This
integration of both masculine and feminine traits within a single individual
is what is commonly called androgyny (Hoffman, Borders & Hattie, 2000).
Androgyny is supposed to allow for constructions of gender identity which
are not polar opposites; however, the tendency to think of them as opposites
is still persistent possibly because society conceives of masculinity and
femininity as dichotomic identities.
Hoffman, Borders & Hattie (2000) offer a definition of gender identity as referring to “one’s subjective feelings of that of maleness or femaleness...a basic, existential conviction that one is male or female” and “the individual’s awareness of and satisfaction with being male or female” (p. 478). In short, “gender identity reflects an individual’s concept of himself or herself as male or female” respectively (Hoffman, Borders & Hattie, 2000; p. 478). What is tricky about gender identity is that it is how an individual interprets his/her own gender identity relative to what s/he believes to be the ideal construction of masculinity, or femininity in the case of a woman. This means that the negotiation of gender identity is relative.

Next, Hoffman, Borders & Hattie (2000) define gender role identity as “the degree to which a person identifies with or displays societal, but not necessarily personal, definitions of masculinity and femininity” (p. 479). Gender role identity is the outward expression of one’s gender identity. This is what individuals consider ideal or typical means by which a man is to express his masculinity and similarly how a woman is to expresses her femininity. Gender role identity is based on societal constructs while gender identity is personally constructed. Next, Hoffman, Borders & Hattie (2000) explore gender identity through gender self-concept. Like gender role
identity, gender self-concept is how one believes that he measures up to the typical or ideal construction of that gender identity (Hoffman, Borders & Hattie, 2000). In short, gender self-concept is the extent to which a man or woman believes that he or she is male or female, respectively. Finally, gender self-confidence is the extent to which one believes that he measures up to his personal concept of his gender identity (Hoffman, Borders & Hattie, 2000). In other words, gender self-confidence is how one views his masculinity in relation to how he defines his masculinity. Gender self-confidence is not necessarily related to, or derived from society’s construction of gender; rather, gender self-confidence is a personal inventory of what constitutes maleness or femaleness to that particular individual.

Even with all of the different ways to conceive of gender identity, there is a social construction of what it means to “do boy” and “do girl.” It is understood that gender identity is socially constructed, so there must be some agreed upon construct of masculinity and femininity. Though these constructs may not be hyper-exaggerated stereotypes of the constituents of masculine and feminine identity, they are generally conceived of as opposites. This is not to condone the idealization of masculinity and the
negation of femininity; rather it is to say that these identities are complementary. One cannot exist without the other. With that, it is clear to see that society cannot disassociate the concepts of masculinity and femininity from maleness and femaleness, respectively, or as Paechter (2006) so simply put it, “masculinity [is] ‘what men and boys do’ and femininity [is] the Other of that” (p. 254).

Black Identity

Understanding that identity is negotiated within a specific social, cultural, and historical context makes apparent the manner in which black men and women are forced to negotiate their identities. It is evidenced that the intersection of marginal identities creates interference within the negotiation of a unique identity. So, as black men negotiate their intersecting identities within white American society, they attempt to define their masculinity within the hegemonic conception of masculinity where masculinity supposed to be dominant and femininity subordinate. Thus, as the black woman defines her feminine identity relative to the black man, she is rendered invisible because her status as Other negates her blackness. As black feminist writer bell hooks (2004) so bluntly put it, when one attempts to define black identity, it all boils down to it being a “dick thing” (p. 63).
This means that black identity is black masculine identity because the black woman's femininity delegates her to a position of Other where she does not exist in the black person identity group.

In looking at gendered black identity, there are many aspects of identity to consider; however, the most prevalent aspect of black identity is black sexual identity. Black feminist bell hooks (2004) argues that black sexual identity has been commodified within America's white patriarchal capitalistic society so that any deviation from that identity is not accepted. In particular, black identity is hypersexual at best. Both black men and black woman have been deemed hypersexual as a direct result of slavery (hooks, 1992; 2004). Black women were seen as "licentious and seductive" (p. 68) and thus their rape and sexual abuse were justified (hooks, 2004). This led white people to believe that black women had an insatiable sexual appetite and likewise their men. So this historical misunderstanding of black identity has left it to be commodified, and objectified into a hypersexual ideal.

Black men are purported to appropriate a phallocentric ideal of masculinity as a direct result of the systems in place in the U.S. that stem from slavery (hooks, 1992). With that, they cannot appropriate a masculine
identity within the white capitalist patriarchal order, and they are thus forced to appropriate a masculine identity which is dangerous, violent, and hypersexual (hooks, 1992). Though they are not allowed to realize hegemonic masculine space, the black man’s masculine identity is still measured against white masculinity within the hegemonic order. This leaves black men in a position where they believe that the potency of their masculine identity is a direct reflection of how well and how often they can sexually satisfy their black women. They have come to see their penis as a weapon, and with that, the black man’s phallocentric notion of masculinity is born (hooks, 2004). Under the phallocentric masculine order, the black man realizes his masculinity based on his ability to conquer women with his penis (hooks, 1992). hooks (2004) argues that since power is displayed by force, then men assert their domination, while women are supposed to be subservient, and this is the case for every man. The problem is that when black bodies were supplanted into the white patriarchal capitalist society, they were supposed to follow suit. However, slavery stifled the development of these roles (hooks, 2004). Slavery effectively allowed for white men to dominate black women at the same time they dominated black men. Once slavery ended, the only way that black men were able to realize
their dominating power over black women was via sexual encounters (hooks, 2004). They found power in their penises. Black men believed that since they were the ones with the penises, then they were the ones with the power. They were able to conquer and dominate their women by “fucking” everything in sight (hooks, 2004: p. 71). Black men get their power by “fucking” thus their identity is commodified into a hypersexual ideal. And within the white capitalist patriarchal society, black men struggle to secure masculine space by using their penis as the weapon through which they can realize their power. This is the commodified, sexualized, black masculine identity, and any deviation from that identity is not accepted (hooks, 2004).

The black woman in the United States, on the other hand, has historically been the invisible Other, yet her body has always been visible as a means of fulfilling the sexual curiosity of white onlookers (hooks, 1992). White onlookers, however, don’t see the black woman as a complete human being; rather she is just a collection of her body parts (hooks, 1992). This fragmentation stems back to the auction block where the black woman was valuable because of her saleable body parts (hooks, 1992). Additionally, since the black woman’s body and sex parts were perceived to be larger than her white counterpart’s; larger breasts, protruding backsides, and
wider hips, they were seen as hypersexual beings (hooks, 1992). Following
the legacy of slavery, black female bodies have been thought of as
expendable and they gain attention solely when their bodies are readily
available and their sex is easily attainable. Furthermore, black feminine
identity is invisible because the black woman’s blackness is what renders
her everything but feminine (hooks, 2004). If the black woman is not
allowed to fulfill her feminine role because of her blackness, then her
identity cannot be defined. In essence, she is invisible. Moreover, since in
the United States, black identity is often condensed into black masculine
identity, there is no room for any manifestation of feminine identity even if
the person identified as feminine is a woman (hooks, 2004). This is because
the emasculated black male is forced to define masculinity by destroying
black femininity (hooks, 2004). Black women struggle to secure feminine
space that is not tied to their sexually objectified and fragmented black body
which ultimately allows black masculine identity to dominate black identity
as a whole and, consequently, subordinate black feminine identity to the
point of invisibility. Since black identity is constructed in such a manner in
which masculinity is idealized and femininity is rendered invisible in
Society, then the same should hold true for these constructions as are reproduced rap music.

_Situating Black Identity in “The Streets”_

What is most important about black identity as constructed in rap music is that it is situated within America’s urban ghettos. The urban ghetto, as presented in rap music, is often referred to as “the hood” or “the streets.” These areas are often presented as areas of hopelessness and helplessness. They are crime laden areas with a high incidence of drug dealing and incidentally drug use. The drug game is very competitive thus black men often view other black men as a threat to their material gain. Oliver (2006) displays how “the streets” effectively socializes black men, essentially empowering them by creating opportunities through avenues which otherwise would not have been available to them with the greater American society. This empowerment, in effect, is how black men realize their masculine identity. “The streets” is a “network of public and semi public social settings” where black men congregate and socialize (Oliver, 2006: p. 919). Oliver (2006) emphasizes that the black men who use the streets as an institution for socializing are the poor and the working poor. The space that these black men occupy in order to socialize are “street
corners, vacant lots, bars, clubs, after-hours joints, convenience stores, drug houses, pool rooms, parks, and public recreation places," to name a few (Oliver, 2006: p. 919). Essentially, black men congregate and socialize in any public space that is available for them to use. What is important to note about the streets is that the conditions that encourage street life socialization are found in urban ghettos, most commonly, areas with a high concentration of poverty. Socialization in "the streets" is a way for these black men to deal with their reality. Many families in the urban ghetto have some sort of dysfunction with the father, or both parents, being absent from the household and so black men, in particular, cope with this reality by finding kinship in "the streets" (Oliver, 2006). As Elijah Anderson (1999) reinforces, individuals "who have strong family grounding... are often most resistant" (p. 115) to socialization on the streets and everything that comes with it.

The black men who socialize in the streets are generally marginalized from greater society, thus, cannot realize their masculine identity; what Oliver (2006) insists is "frustrated masculinity" (p. 921). This frustrated masculinity is a direct result of "systematic exclusion from the conventional means of achieving identity" (Oliver, 2006). More simply put, black men are forced to define their masculinity within their own institution on their own
terms which, in essence, frustrates the expectations that black men have for their respective masculine identities. Performing the street code ritual becomes a rite of passage into black manhood. The socialization of black men in street culture further perpetuates the cycle of marginalization from greater society, leaving the streets the only outlet through which black men can realize their masculine identity. Furthermore, as Anderson (1999) argues, black men in urban ghettos don't believe that they can participate in mainstream American society, so they are highly resistant to mainstream America and any manifestation of participation within mainstream American society. Black men "hustle" on street corners, usually selling drugs as a means of earning money rather than working at a figurative 9 to 5 (Anderson, 1999). Instead of finding solace in familial kinship ties, they find solace in kinship on street corners (Anderson, 1999; Oliver, 2006). And finally, they police their own neighborhoods because they distrust the police and the justice system as a whole; they take matters in their own hands (Anderson, 1999). One successfully negotiates his masculine identity in the streets by using and manipulating others so that he can achieve success; he especially uses and manipulates women. Furthermore, black men are expected to use women as sexual outlets (Oliver, 2006). Black women are
presented as sexual objects to be exploited and thus their role is marginal to the men's, yet their existence is essential to men's realization of a prescribed masculine identity in the streets.

Anderson (1999) suggests that the role of women is very marginal yet is necessary for the negotiation of masculine identity where women are sexually objectified and presented as possessions to men who have attained success in the streets. Men desire multiple sexual relationships with women, and though they may have one "main" woman, she is still one of many (Anderson, 1999). Furthermore, women are marginalized because they are believed to only desire a man for financial stability. The black man attains financial stability so that he will be desirable to women so that he can make her one of his many material possessions (Anderson, 1999). The cycle of marginalizing women so that masculine identity can be realized is perpetual because both men and women alike accept the normalized masculine identity of the successful drug dealer who has acquired many material possessions through illegitimate means; by being a hustler. Given that, rappers often glorify and reinforce the norms of urban street life as a means of displaying how one should successfully navigate his masculine identity (Oliver, 2006).
Black Identity and Rap Music

Situating Black Identity in Rap Music

Masculine identity in rap music is situated so that listeners are aware of where this identity exists. Often rappers express their views about the conditions and experiences within the urban ghettos painting a picture of hopelessness for the black male unless he is successful in navigating his existence into black manhood in the streets (Oliver, 2006). Oliver (2006) asserts that the identities which are presented in rap music are manifestations of idealized masculinity and invisible femininity. Black men are presented as “gangstas, ballas, and players,” (p. 926) effectively promoting the hyper-aggressive masculine identity in which black men manipulate and exploit others for material gain, and through which they violently resolve disputes (Oliver, 2006). Consequently, women are presented as hyper-sexed beings that are “promiscuous, devious, violent, and willing to do anything to gain access to a man’s money and other material resources” (Oliver, 2006: p. 926). Negating feminine identity in the streets as well as in rap music is essential for successfully constructing black masculine identity.
Violence is also a reality with America’s urban ghettos and is therefore necessary to situate black identity within rap music. Violence manifests in the streets in many ways and for many reasons. Since drug dealing is a normalized means of making money in the streets, then the resultant violence is normalized as well. Individuals are expected to attain material wealth in the streets by selling drugs, but this becomes a problem when the person in question becomes too successful, attaining too much material wealth, which, consequentially, causes others to become jealous of his status (Anderson, 1999). He has thus become a target for rival drug dealers because of his successes. Many drug dealers are murdered because of their possessions, where rival drug dealers will kill them, take their drugs, take their money, and take their material possessions (Anderson, 1999). When this happens, there may be retaliatory killings if the person who was killed was popular, highly respected, and/or highly feared (Anderson, 1999). This is why most men in the streets often preempt this ever present threat by being prepared by having guns. These guns are often secured on their bodies, they are concealed in the trunk, in the glove compartment, under the seat, or anywhere within the car (Anderson 1999). Most men carry guns because they fear that their life is endangered just by
being visible or in the public eye (Anderson, 1999). With that, the vicious cycle persists, and violence continues to beget violence. The influence of street culture is crucial to the manifestation of the identities which persist in rap music. And since many rappers come from the streets, they tell stories about the streets. The drugs, the violence, and the money all represent a successful negotiation of masculine identity in the streets. Similarly, a successful negotiation of gendered black identity manifests itself within rap music as evidenced by the lyrics.

Current Research on Rap

Current research on identity construction within rap music is centered on black masculine identity situated in the urban ghetto, focusing specifically on the negative aspects of black masculine identity. Within the current research, there is no specific spotlight on feminine identity, yet what is commonly promoted in the research about feminine identity within rap music is the black woman as a victim (Adams & Fuller, 2006; Hurt, 2006; Jhally, 2007; Littlefield, 2008). With the exception of Hurt’s (2006) documentary, the research does not pit masculinity and femininity as oppositional identities in which one is the opposite of the other thereby allowing the identities to incidentally define each other. The research
suggests that feminine identity in rap is marginalized, victimized,
objectified, and misogynous (Adams & Fuller, 2006; Hurt, 2006; Jhally, 2007;
Littlefield, 2008). The research on rap doesn’t expressly touch on the fact
that masculinity and femininity are interdependent identities and thus one
cannot exist without the other, in which masculinity will be nullified if there
is no femininity to negate. In other words, current research on identity
construction within rap music does not directly focus on how masculine and
feminine identity incidentally define one another; in particular, masculine
identity is idealized while feminine identity is perceived as the Other.

In rap music there are two Others. The first Other is the Other black
man who is perceived as a threat (Kubrin, 2005). In order for the black
man’s masculinity to be realized, any masculine or feminine threat must be
eliminated. Since femininity is already negated on all levels, the threat of
the Other black man is eliminated either by feminizing his existence so that
he can be negated, or he is eliminated violently by force and ultimately
through death (Kubrin 2005 & 2009). The second Other is the black woman.
The threat of the feminine woman is easily eliminated by reducing her to
her sex and/or sexualized body parts (Kubrin, 2009). Furthermore, her
character is often assassinated or belittled. Additionally, when women are
sexually objectified or reduced to their ability to give sexual pleasure, the sex act is often performed with excessive violence (Kubrin, 2009). Women are to be dominated on all levels if their femininity is not negated.

Many feminists and feminist groups concur that rap music is misogynistic regardless of how well the misogyny is dressed up, so to speak. The 2006 Adams and Fuller study focuses on how negative stereotypes about black women are perpetuated in rap music. The two stereotypes presented in the article are the Sapphire and the Jezebel which have correspondingly manifested themselves in rap music as the bitch and the hoe respectively (Adams & Fuller, 2006). Adams and Fuller (2006) argue that these two stereotypes are not new constructs of black feminine identity; rather these historical stereotypes of black women are further degraded and demeaned in rap music. Even though rappers don’t necessarily come right out and call black women Sapphires and Jezebels, their intentions remain the same and are based on how they contextualize the black woman’s purpose relative to that of the black man’s (Adams & Fuller, 2006).

Obviously, the key assumption of the article is that when black male rappers speak of women in any manner, they are referring to black women, and even though it is not explicitly stated, it should also be understood that the
black man’s counterpart is the black woman. Nevertheless, Adams and Fuller (2006) display how rap music succeeds in negatively normalizing the construction of black feminine identity through the hateful and misogynistic approach that it employs. This article (Adams & Fuller, 2006) succeeds in displaying the misogyny in rap lyrics and it also brings to light how historically stereotypical identity constructions manifest themselves in popular media; however, the article does not confront the issue of how these identity constructions, in fact, are not representative of a true black feminine identity.

In addition to the misogyny found in rap lyrics, misogyny similarly manifests itself in the corresponding music videos. Sut Jhally’s (2007) documentary Dreamworlds 3 displays how music videos are misogynistic altogether. Jhally (2007) posits that misogyny manifests itself in music videos regardless if the artist is a male or a female. Furthermore, Jhally (2007) argues that women’s purpose in music videos is solely to fulfill the pornographic and sexual desires of men. The men of whom he speaks are the artists, directors, music executives, and viewers alike. With all of that, a superficial feminine identity is constructed as well. Though Jhally’s (2007) documentary does not focus solely on rap music or rap music videos,
*Dreamworlds* 3 succeeds in displaying how different forms of popular media, especially media directly related to popular music, help construct gendered identities, most specifically feminine identity. *Dreamworlds* 3 also brings to light that the constructed feminine identity is all too often demeaned and degraded as a means of implicitly constructing masculine identity. Basically, masculine identity is feminine identity’s converse. Feminine identity is undesirable because women are perceived as weak and thus the construct of feminine identity is exploited in order to aggrandize masculine identity (Jhally, 2007). Moreover, the representation of these women within the music videos is simply an extension of how these women are represented in the lyrics (Jhally, 2007). These images are often times exaggerated to fulfill the fantasy of male dominance and female subservience, thus the message that is received from the music and the music video alike is commonly perpetuated in real life thereby leaving no distinction between the fantasy world of the music video and real life (Jhally, 2007). Jhally’s (2007) study is useful to contextualize female subservience and male dominance within the music industry. Additionally, this study displays how power roles emerge which, in essence, balances the construction of feminine and masculine identity. Jhally’s (2007) study
touches on how these constructed identities are interdependent of each other and consequently define one another, but it still doesn’t directly address how masculinity’s feminine counterpart is necessary to define masculinity while simultaneously rendering feminine identity invisible.

Like Adams and Fuller (2006) and Jhally (2007), Marcia Littlefield (2008) examines how the construct of feminine identity is represented in popular media. Littlefield’s (2008) study focuses on the perpetuation of negative stereotypes about black women which are purportedly perpetuated through popular media. Littlefield (2008) does not focus on any particular medium for this study; however, this article makes apparent the negative normalizing of black feminine identity. Littlefield (2008) contends that the negative representations of black women in popular media stem from racism and attempts to keep black women marginalized. Basically, Littlefield (2008) posits that media are to blame for the negative constructed identities which are presented because they are the main agent informing the behavior of society. All in all, gendered black identity is constructed and perpetuated in the media, but it is done so in a negative and demeaning manner. Littlefield (2008) maintains that popular media display demeaning and objectified images of black women that are viewed through
Littlefield (2008) succeeds in displaying how gendered identity is constructed through media which reinforce stereotypes about marginalized identities. Littlefield’s (2008) study also shows how the perpetuation of stereotypes allows for the marginalization of black feminine identity, yet there still is room to explore how this marginalized feminine identity essentially renders black women invisible with no identity to which to attach.

Karrine Steffans, a self-proclaimed video vixen, defines her identity as the hyper-sexualized black woman in her 2005 memoire Confessions of a Video Vixen. On the one hand, this book is Steffans’ attempt to expose the hip-hop music industry’s hypocrisies and double standards as they relate to the role of women. Steffans (2005) offers a first-hand account of how women are treated by artists and music executives inside of the hip-hop industry. Steffans’ (2005) memoire is a cautionary tale about the negative aspects of the hip-hop industry where Steffans cautions young women against aspiring to be a woman in the hip-hop industry because of the abuses that are commonly endured by the women. On the other hand, the negative aspects of hip-hop which are most commonly glamorized in the book are similarly glorified in rap music. In her memoire, Steffans (2005)
illuminates how rappers embrace the idealized masculine identity which has stereotypically been constructed for them as they indulge in sex, drugs, alcohol, and enact violence against one another as well as against women. Representations of black masculinity such as these are often found in rap lyrics. Confessions is somewhat an account of the various men with which Steffans was intimately acquainted as well as a glamorization of the other factors which make hip-hop music appealing. Essentially, Steffans (2005) presents how many rap artist brag about drinking top-shelf alcohol so that they can be inebriated all day, and they boast about constantly being under the influence of one illegal narcotic or the other, and they glorify consensual or non-consensual sex with multitudes of anonymous women. Essentially, all one would have to do is add music to the background of the text, and one would have the workings of a rap song along with its corresponding video. Exaggeration aside, Confessions of a Video Vixen exposes the roles of men and women in the hip-hop industry, where men are on top in the dominant position, and women are at the bottom equally fulfilling their subservient role. Steffans’ (2005) account contextualizes the woman’s role in the music industry and it also displays how gendered black identity is constructed in rap lyrics. Steffans also does a good job of displaying how the woman’s role
in rap music is marginalized, but she still does not address how this corresponds to the authentic representation of the black woman’s identity, or the lack thereof.

In 1999 Joan Morgan contextualized black identity through hip-hop music in her book *When Chickenheads Come Home to Roost*. Joan Morgan is a self-proclaimed hip-hop feminist which basically means that her feminist ideology is specifically influenced by hip-hop music and its respective hip-hop culture. In her book *When Chickenheads Come Home to Roost*, Morgan focuses on the impact that hip-hop has had on her life. In Chapter 2, “From Fly-girls to Bitches and Ho’s,” Morgan looks at the role of love, both self-love and the love for others, in the hip-hop community (Morgan, 1999). Morgan (1999) explores the constructs of black feminine and masculine identity by how male rappers refer to themselves and their female counterparts. In this chapter Morgan (1999) looks at the role of women in rap music and how that role has changed in direct correlation to the role of men in rap music. Morgan (1999) observes that in rap’s beginnings, women were complementary to men and thus were seen in a positive light, as fly-girls, where fly-girls were women who were empowered and stood on a level equal to their male counterparts.
However, somewhere along the line, Morgan (1999) notes, women were delegated to a less complementary role and thus are now only viewed negatively in a subservient position to men, as bitches and hoes.

"From Fly-girls to Bitches and Ho’s" does not focus on sexism or the sexual objectification of women in rap music; rather this chapter’s focus is the loss of love that is apparent within the hip-hop community. Basically, Morgan (1999) argues that if black men disrespect themselves and other black men by calling themselves niggaz, then it should come as no surprise that they would do the same to black women by calling them bitches and hoes. Morgan’s (1999) main assumption is that the constructed identities, niggaz, bitches, and hoes, are negative and are a direct reflection of the loss of love within the black community. Furthermore, Morgan contends that it doesn’t stop at the name calling in the music; rather, hip-hop music adds to the negatively normalized perception of black identity which is essentially enacted in reality as individuals internalized the identities with which they are presented (Morgan, 1999). In a nutshell, these negatively constructed identities shape black individual’s interpretations of what constitutes authentic blackness.
Bakari Kitwana (1994) echoes Morgan’s (1999) beliefs about the negative identities (niggaz, bitches and hoes) which are constructed in rap music. However, Kitwana (1994) believes that the appropriation of these identities, or labels, is a way for black people to re-construct black identity so that the negative connotations behind the labels become insignificant. In the hyper-masculinized view of black identity within rap music, the nigga identity is idealized so that the label nigga is no longer a negative or derogatory term if used in the correct context; however, bitch and hoe are still negatively connoted regardless of who identifies with these labels (Kitwana, 1994). The argument that is presented is that one, whether male or female, can choose to identify with the representations of black identity or not (Kitwana, 1994). In other words, listeners understand that when the labels bitch and hoe are used, the respective identities are not inclusive of all women just as the nigga identity is not inclusive of all men. Contrarily, Kitwana (1994) examines how these identities manifest as counter identities in which “real” masculine identity dominates feminine identity. Women are sexual objects that can be mistreated, shared, and finally discarded (Kitwana, 1994). So, on one hand, Kitwana (1994) presents these identities as being optional representations of black identity; yet, on the other hand,
these constructs are real, and masculine identity is dominant while feminine identity is subordinate. In short, black identity is condensed into black masculine identity.

To display how rap music succeeds in reducing black identity to black masculine identity, Byron Hurt’s (2006) documentary *Hip-Hop: Beyond Beats and Rhymes* examines the construction of black masculine identity within rap music. Hurt follows both established rap artist as well as aspiring rap artist in order to determine how these men frame their masculine identity. Hurt (2006) follows only men because, as Hurt notes, even though there are increasingly more females in the hip-hop industry, hip-hop is still largely a man’s game. Hurt (2006) concludes that drugs, alcohol, sex, and violence (against other black men and black women) frame black masculine identity. Hurt (2006) arrives at this conclusion, especially after following the aspiring rap artists, because he found that their lyrics mirror much of what is currently glamorized in the hip-hop industry. These lyrics often revolve around selling drugs, more specifically cocaine in its various forms, smoking marijuana, essentially bragging about smoking the best weed in order to stay high all day, and other drug related crimes which should be frowned upon. Their rhymes also concentrate on being drunk
and drinking the most expensive brands of hard liquor. Violence manifests itself in many ways especially against other men. Many of these aspiring artists brag about having the biggest guns with the most bullets, being able to kill other men that look like them without even blinking an eye, and also being able to physically overpower other men who are perceived as weak (Hurt, 2006). Violence also manifests itself against women within these rhymes. Similar to Jhally’s (2007) Dreamworlds 3, Hurt (2006) displays how undesirable it is to be identified as feminine even if the person identifying with the feminine identity is a woman. Women are degraded and demeaned through rap music because ideal black identity is presented as black masculine identity which is also perceived to be the epitome of strength (Hurt, 2006).

Finally, sexuality frames masculine identity as well. Any heterosexual sex act with a multitude of anonymous women signifies black masculine identity. Often times these sexual acts are performed with excessive aggression thereby further victimizing the women, again playing into the misogyny of rap (Hurt, 2006). All of these things frame black masculine identity, and if one is to stray from that framed identity, then his masculine identity is seriously called into question (Hurt, 2006). Hurt’s
documentary is not exclusively focused on black men; however, his argument is that young men of color, in this case black and Latino men, most readily identify with this construction of masculine identity and consequently attempt to live up to that lifestyle (Hurt, 2006). Overall, Hurt (2006) shows how young black men frame black masculine identity as it is explicitly expressed in rap lyrics. Hurt's documentary touches on the invisibility of feminine identity speaking indirectly about the ideal of black masculine identity which leaves black women without any identity to claim since femininity is negated on all levels. Hurt (2006) in essence, pits these identities against one another making them oppositional identities. One cannot exist without the other even though it is evident that black masculine identity is the ideal identity to be achieved.

Looking at the current state of the issue clarifies the assumption that these constructed identities, black masculine identity and black feminine identity, function interdependently in order to define black masculine identity while coincidentally negating feminine identity. Understanding the purposes of each constructed identity elucidates how they function together. Looking at the current state of the issue makes apparent why it is necessary to look at the issue from a different perspective. Contemporary rap
provides great examples of how these identities are defined and correspondingly constructed. Also the role of women becomes extremely obvious relative to that of the role of men. Looking at a sample of contemporary rap will make evident the assertion previously presented, essentially answering the research question: how does rap music construct black identity so that black masculine identity is positioned as the ideal identity to be achieved while black feminine identity is simultaneously rendered invisible?
CHAPTER 4

METHODOLOGY

The Method

A content analysis of lyrics was employed on specifically chosen media, essentially taking a look inside of the lyrics in order to uncover the implicit and explicit innuendos about gendered black identity. The songs were analyzed wholly and similarly specific phrases, verses, and sections were deconstructed to determine their relevance in relation to the identities in question. Looking at specific phrases makes evident that these constructs manifest in these songs even in their most innocent forms. The sample is indiscriminant of East Coast, West Coast, Midwest, and Southern rap subgenres because the gendered black identities constructed in rap music has resonance throughout the rap community as a whole. To make the study inclusive of all subgenres of rap, twenty-six songs were purposively chosen for lyrical analysis between the years 2000-2009, inclusive, as they relate to the construction of gendered black identity. The sample was limited to songs performed by black rappers since the key assumption is
that black identity can only authentically be articulated by black artists. Moreover, to have black identity constructed by another race undermines the authenticity of the construction. It must also be noted that rappers who are not black most often distinguish themselves from black rappers in order to contextualize their own experiences.

The sample consists of songs performed by both male and female artists alike to show that the manner in which gendered black identity is constructed is the same regardless of who is constructing that identity. In other words, the manner in which male artists construct feminine identity is the same manner in which female artists construct feminine identity, and vice versa. More importantly, the songs in the sample are predominately performed by male artists because the rap industry is dominated by male artists. Given the abundance male rappers in the sample, it is assumed that female artists’ construction of identity must be similar to the male artists’ construction of identity in order for their lyrical contributions to gain recognition from their male counterparts. The sample consists of songs released in the last ten years to display that contemporary rap, even though it has been commercialized and commodified, still articulates black identity
in a manner in which the constructed identities are understandably authentic.

The Sample

The purposively chosen songs in this sample were exposed to a wide audience. Using billboard.com chart archives, I was able to measure how long a rap album was on a particular chart. I used albums charts as opposed to songs charts because there was more movement on the albums charts, and thus there was more of a variety of songs from which to choose. Since not all charts were available back to the year 2000, I searched for rap albums archived on the R&B/Hip-Hop Albums chart, the Rap Albums chart, the Independent Albums chart, the Billboard 200 chart, and the Hot 100 chart. To be considered for the sample, the rap album must have charted on one or more of these charts for a minimum of 15 weeks, and its peak chart position was in the top ten for one or more of the specified charts. Two exceptions to the criteria are Trina’s 2000 album Da Baddest Bitch, and Three 6 Mafia’s 2000 album Three 6 Mafia Presents: Hypnotize Camp Posse. Both of these albums’ peak position was #11 and respectively charted for 49 weeks and 22 weeks. Furthermore, both albums were charted on the R&B/Hip-Hop Albums chart as there was no Rap Albums chart archive for
the year 2000. All other albums considered for the sample, regardless of year of release, met the initial criteria for exposure to a wide audience.

The albums for the sample were purposefully chosen based on both my familiarity with the artist and also the themes that were presented on all of the tracks. Twenty of the 26 songs were chosen if they had been released as a single meaning that they were played in rotation on radio stations, and/or had a music video in rotation on the video channels. The remaining six songs were chosen in lieu of the singles because the lyrics specifically addressed black feminine identity.

I listened to the songs without the lyrics to determine if they superficially met the criteria for analysis. Then I read the lyrics without the music to see if the lyrics presented what I thought I heard. Then I listened to the song again while reading the lyrics to get the feel of the song. Finally, I coded the lyrics to determine how they constructed masculine identity and feminine identity. The songs in consideration contained at least four of nine criteria related to gendered black identity as determined by both the current research on rap music and also based on my understanding of urban ghetto life and the themes that I found to be common to many songs. Since most songs are centered on one specific theme, it was most common for them to
exhibit only four or five criteria at once, thus all songs considered for the sample were required to possess a minimum four of the nine criteria. These common themes resonated in the rap songs regardless of release year, sub-genre category, or if the song was performed by a male and/or a female artist. The nine criteria are: 1) the identities are situated in the urban ghetto; 2) there is gun use or violence; 3) there are references to being under the influence of drugs and/or alcohol; 4) there is drug dealing, hustling, or pimping; 5) there is an excessive display of material wealth, including women; 6) misogyny or references to the sexual availability of women; 7) fragmentation of women’s bodies; 8) the empowerment of women as bad bitches, down bitches, or wifeys; and 9) the negation of femininity or the feminization of masculinity. Once I determined that the songs displayed at least four of the nine criteria, I performed a content analysis. I coded the songs line by line to determine if they possessed any of the criteria outlined above. Each line was coded 0 if it did not possess any of the criteria, 1 if it possessed one or more of the criteria, or 2 if was uncertain as to whether or not any criteria were present. The coding was not used for quantitative analysis, rather it a way of displaying that these themes were both manifest
and latent, and the coded lines allowed me to better perform a qualitative analysis.

To assess intercoder reliability, a random sample of lyrics was coded by an independent researcher who performed a content analysis on nine of the twenty-six songs (representing approximately 35% of the sample). Similar to my method, the researcher read the lyrics and listened to the songs and coded the songs according to the designated rubric (See Appendix A).

Limitations

The lyrics were comprised from online lyric databases in which the lyrics were written and posted by fans. Twenty-one of the 26 song lyrics were comprised from The Original Hip-Hop Lyric Archive (ohhla.com), and the remaining five were comprised from urbanlyrics.com. Ohhla.com is a collection of only rap lyrics, and urbanlyrics.com is a collection of rap, soul, R&B, and urban crossover lyrics. Given that the lyrics were posted by fans as opposed to the artists, often times songs were missing words, phrases, and lines, words were misspelled, or the wrong word was used. Based on my familiarity with Black English Vernacular and street slang, and my knowledge of poetic devices such as metaphor, simile, hyperbole, and pun, I
was able to reconstruct some of the missing, incomplete, or erroneous lyrics. Also, I reconstructed lyrics that I believed were inaccurate based on the context of the lyrics and my understanding of the criteria. I listened to the songs and read the lyrics concurrently to make sure that the lyrics matched up. In cases where the lyrics could not be determined, I replaced the lyric with a question mark (?). Thus, the lyrics are an accurate reflection of the rap songs to the best of my knowledge.
CHAPTER 5
FINDINGS AND DISCUSSION

In America, there are many ways in which black individuals account for, negotiate, and construct their identities and accordingly, there are many elements to consider when thinking about black identity. This is why there are various factors to consider in rap music as it presents black identity in a socially acceptable manner. Thus, as black identity is presented in rap music, the most important element take into consideration is where this identity is situated.

“I'm So Hood!” Situating Black Identity in the Urban Ghetto

Rap music is generally situated in the urban ghetto which is where these specific identities are most commonly realized. Many rappers believe that their lyrical contributions will not be received as authentic if they do not present black identity as it would purportedly manifest in real life; therefore, the lyrics situate black identity where it is constructed in its most presumably authentic form. It is most evident that these identities exist in the urban ghetto when many rappers come right out and say it, or when
they rap about engaging in activities that would only occur in the hood and
the assumption of the hood is implicit. The hood is characterized as an area
riddled with violence, gang activity, drug dealing and drug use, so when
black identity is presented in rap music, implications of hood life become
apparent (Oliver, 2006; Anderson, 1999).

Rapper The Game implicitly situates identity within the hood when
he says, “I’ll show you where the bloods at, where the crips at/show you
where they flip crack, where they bitch at” (Hills, Mosley & Taylor, 2005).
Obviously, these are events that regularly occur in the hood, and so he’s
speaking to the outsider who is ignorant of hood life but who is also curious
of what hood life is like. The Game continues by showing that he’s not
afraid of the hood when he says, “I’m movin’ in the neighborhood, I’m not
passin’ through” (Hills, Mosley & Taylor, 2005). Outsiders would just pass
through out of curiosity, or speed through out of fear; they wouldn’t want to
move in next to those individuals who exhibit characteristics of hood life.

To show how situational black identity is expressed through drug
activity, as The Clipse present in “Grindin’,” Pusha T says, “From ghetto to
ghetto, to backyard to yard/I sell it whip on whip, it’s off the hard/I’m the
neighborhood pusha” (Hugo, Thornton, Thornton & Williams, 2002). The
neighborhood pusher is slang terminology for drug dealer. Essentially, what he is saying is, in the hood, whether it is the hood in which he resides or another hood, he sells drugs. The hood is also expressed by references to the block. Being on the block means that one is selling drugs, where one’s block is his respective drug territory, and more importantly this territory is implicit, and it is also respected by other hood dwellers. E-40 shows how territory is respected in his 2008 song “Hood Boy” when he says, “they throwin’ up they block/I represent my park” (Stevens & Tupolo, 2008). This shows how gang activity is an essential element of hood life. Showing possession over one’s territory is easily accomplished by one throwing up a simple gang sign. Drug territory is further evidenced by Cam’ron when he says, “I been huggin’ the block/ that’s right, hustlin’ rocks,” (Carter & Giles, 2006) which simply means that he’s been on his respective corner selling drugs. As presented in the lyrics, it is expected that a drug dealer will sell drugs with his comrades, this is shown by MJG when he says, “Roach sprayed on the block/ then I took my dope back/ now my soldiers posted up/ haggin’ like a coat rack” (Butler, Goodwin, Sewell & Smith, 2007). In this situation, the drug dealer is taking back his territory. “Roach sprayed” is a reference to committing a drive-by shooting, then he took his drugs
back, and now he and his comrades refill their respective places on their corner.

In addition to selling drugs in the hood, many rappers present the hood as an essential element to their identity; they talk about the hood running through their veins like blood. For example, 8ball says, “Ball and G are a part of the streets ’cause the streets are a part of us” (Crawford, Goodwin & Smith, 2004). Furthermore, hood niggaz present themselves in a manner in which masculine identity resists any societal elements that could be considered conformist or mainstream. Rapper I-20 displays this when he says, in reference to enforced dress codes at a night club, “fuck the dress code it’s street clothes/we all street niggaz” (Bridges, Lawson & Tyler, 2001). Other rappers believe that the hood is exclusive to those who know how to negotiate their identity within the urban ghetto, as Trick Daddy proclaims, “I’m straight out the hood bro’/See that’s what I do it for/My low class ghetto ass/Just renewed my ghetto pass” (Harr et. al, 2007). They also assert that the hood is where they learned how to successfully negotiate their identity. Rapper Plies says, “I’d like to thank da hood homie, you taught me how to rip” (Harr et. al, 2007). Regardless of how one negotiates his identity within rap music, what is essential about that identity is that it is
situated within the urban ghetto. The hood, by whatever name, gives meaning to these gendered black identities that are constructed within rap music.

“Real Nigga Role Call!” Idealizing Masculine Identity

There are many elements that contribute to idealized masculine identity as constructed in rap music, and the most outwardly expressed and criticized element of black masculine identity is the violent, trigger happy caricature of the black man; however, it is not the only characteristic of his identity that defines ideal masculinity (Hurt, 2006). Real niggaz are also presented as always being under the influence of alcohol, drugs, or both. The most common form of inebriation for the real nigga is accomplished by smoking marijuana, especially the good stuff. Next, there is the go getter persona which is characterized by greed. The go getter’s mentality is to get rich by any means necessary, which, in the hood, is usually accomplished by selling drugs, or some other illegal form of hustling. Go getters are also presented as pimps, where pimps convince women, from all walks of life not just women who reside in the hood, to sell their bodies for money. And finally, real niggaz are extremely materialistic. Every aspect of their identity is a reflection of how much wealth they have accumulated whether it is
displayed through jewelry, cars, houses, clothes, or women; material gain is the essential element of black masculine identity. Therefore, to understand how black masculine identity is defined in rap music, it is crucial to understand how each element of black masculine identity functions independently.

"Don't Make Me Kill..." Violence, Guns, and Black Men

Violence is portrayed in many ways within rap music, but the violence that is most often expressed is gun violence against Other black men. The masculine persona which is presented often has a clique, posse, crew, or some sort of entourage with which he is affiliated. These men are not seen as a threat to his masculine identity; however, all other black men are a threat even if they do not position themselves as such. This compels the black man to present his masculinity as a hyper-aggressive and violent entity. Other manifestations of violence, though they are less common, come in the form of fist fighting. Even though real niggaz are presented as hyper-aggressive, trigger happy men, the potency of their masculinity is also measured by how easily they can physically overpower and/or injure other black men without the use of a weapon.
Black men are generally presented as expecting a fight from other black men, so they stay ready with their gun at their side. They keep it on their body, in the glove compartment, in the trunk, under the seat, or anywhere inside the car. Rapper MJG, in reference to another nigga who he perceives as a threat, says, "Let’s race to the trunk/get a pump, unload and dump" (Crawford, Goodwin & Smith, 2004). This means that he and the Other nigga are going to race to get their guns out of the car and shoot at each other since they can’t bring their weapons inside the nightclub. Other rappers just speak of having their weapon by their side just in case anything happens. Rick Ross notes that he has his “4-5 of in the ride” and Plies mentions that his pants are “hangin' off me now ‘cause my pistol [is] heavy” (Harr et. al, 2007). Further mentions of having a concealed weapon are more implicit, generally they are understood by other hood dwellers, like when The Clipse say “Grindin’, when you what I keep in the linin’,” (Hugo, Thornton, Thornton & Williams, 2002) meaning that he has a gun concealed in the lining of his jacket. All of these niggaz are prepared to combat any threat that comes their way, even if this threat is a result of their own paranoia.
This paranoia of death is often a common theme within rap music, and the only way that these men know how to combat that threat of death is to be on the offensive; terminating that threat before it manifests. 50 Cent’s paranoia is obvious when he says:

Niggaz sayin’ they gon’ murk [murder] 50 how?
We ridin’ around wit’ guns the size of Lil’ Bow Wow
What you know about AK’s and AR 15’s
Equipped with night vision, shell catchers, and INF beams (Clervoix, Freeman & Jackson, 2003).

This shows that because real niggaz perceive a lurking threat of death, then they are ever-ready to combat it with the use of violence; essentially killing other black men.

Killing other black men comes easy to real niggaz, it spoken of as if it’s all just part of a day’s work. But of course, killing the Other black man is the measure taken to ensure that the real nigga’s masculine identity remains intact. Death is the ultimate price to pay for the Other nigga thinking that he can pose a threat to the real nigga. The Game says, “Stunt on me, I’ll leave you wit’cha chest open/vest broken, hop in the low-low with the tec’ smokin’” (Hills, Mosley, & Taylor, 2005). Twista is nonchalant in his endeavor at securing his masculine identity when he says, “Leaving niggaz’ bodies slump when I let the thumpa dump/ if I ever catch you fuckin’ with the bump bump” (Mitchell & Moore, 2005). Snoop Dogg is more direct with
his approach, he says “If you play me close, you’re on a read beam/Oh you got a gun, so you wanna pop back/AK-47 now nigga, stop that!” (Brodus, Hugo & Williams, 2004). So even if the Other nigga uses violent force in response, the real nigga presents his masculine identity in a manner so that his violent force is more potent than that of the Other nigga’s. In some cases the real nigga is not the one who will combat the threat of the Other nigga; however, the potency of his masculine identity will remain intact if the threat is not allowed to be realized. This is displayed by Pharrell Williams who employs an indirect approach at neutralizing the threat of the Other nigga when he believes that his masculine identity is being challenged. He doesn’t say that he’ll combat the threat himself; rather, he has connections with others who are more than capable of combating that threat for him. He says:

Killer wit’ the beat, I know killers in the street
With the steel that’ll make you feel like Chinchilla in the heat
So don’t try to run up on my ear talkin’ all that raspy shit
Tryin’ to ask me shit
When niggaz fill ya vest they ain’t gon pass me shit.
You should think about it, take a second
Matter fact, you should take four B
And think before you fuck wit’ lil’ skateboard P (Brodus, Hugo & Williams, 2004).

Three 6 Mafia brag about the multiple ways by which they can combat the threat of the Other nigga. First DJ Paul explains:

We can do some straight war for war
We can do some stickin' and movin
We can meet in the middle of the streets
Or the middle of this rain
I can pop your chest
Blast the glock
Or pop your jaw, diamond ring (Beauregard & Houston, 2000).

He is saying that he can and will combat the threat of the Other nigga through whichever means that are most convenient for the Other nigga.

They can come to blows and fist fight, or he can shoot him in the chest with his gun. Either way, the threat of the Other nigga will soon be a mute issue.

Crunchy Black sees himself combating the threat of the Other nigga with the use of a weapon plain and simple. He says:

Keep it easy, you don’t want to get skeeted
All on this mothafuckin’ room, nigga boom
Get on your back so we can get up soon
Stab you in your heart with a har-fuckin’-poon
Nigga boom, nigga boom! (Beauregard & Houston, 2000)

This shows that the real nigga identity is most easily established by positioning it as a powerful identity. The real nigga feels that his masculinity is threatened because he fears that the Other nigga’s masculine identity will in some way supersede his, so he must do everything in his power to ensure that his masculine identity remains untarnished. This is why real niggaz are hyper-aggressive because other niggaz have the same agenda; to secure their masculine identity.
In direct contrast to the lurking paranoia of death, real nigga present themselves as being untouchable, especially by other nigga. Cam’ron brags about the potency of his masculine identity when he says:

You’ll be D.O.A (Boy) your moms will say (oh boy)
Shit ain’t no stoppin’ ’em, guns we got a lot of ‘em
Shit, matter of fact, gurus start poppin’ ’em
Then slap up his (boy) clap up his (boy)
Wrap up his (boy) get them gats (oh boy) (Giles, James & Smith, 2002).

Juelz Santana reinforces the perception of the untouchable real nigga when he says:

Ya’ll nigga can’t fuck with the (boy) I’m tellin’ ya (boy)
Put a shell in ya (boy) now he bleedin’ (boy)
Get him, call his (boy) he weezin’, he need his (boy)
He screamin’ (boy, boy, boy, boy) (Giles, James & Smith, 2002).

Once the threat of the Other nigga presents itself, the real nigga solves that problem by eliminating the threat completely. The nonchalance displayed by the real nigga is a reflection of his need to secure his masculine identity by overpowering the masculinity of other nigga. The hyper-aggressive nature of the real nigga is the most visible component of black masculinity as presented in rap music, but it is not, by any means, the only one. Black masculinity within rap music is constructed in a manner so that each component of this identity creates meaning for the identity as a whole. This is why being under the influence is also necessary for the real nigga to negotiate his masculine identity.
"I gotta Stay High...” Alcohol, Marijuana, and Black Masculinity

Having a blunt in one hand is just as essential to black masculine identity as having a gun in the other. Rick Ross reinforces this notion when he says, “4-5 off in the ride/four blunts for me to get high” (Harr et. al, 2007). Being under the influence is a crucial element of black masculine identity, but real niggaz don’t just get high or drunk off of anything; rather, they get drunk off of the most expensive brands of hard liquor, and they get high off of the most potent grades of marijuana. Plies shows how hard liquor is what real niggaz drink, while other niggaz sip champagne when he says “I drank yak homie, y’all drank Cris” (Harr et. al, 2007). I-20 reinforces this notion when he says, “I got a fifth of the Remy, Fuck the Belve’ and Cris” (Bridges, Lawson & Tyler, 2001). Both of these masculine personas accept the idea that Cognac is more potent and more masculine than champagne (Cristal) or vodka (Belvedere).

In order for black men to successfully negotiate their masculine identity, it is crucial that their identity is presented as always under the influence. In fact, being under the influence is particularly desirable for black men. Ice Cube demands, “If you fucked up, put your cups up” (Broodus, Jackson, Love, Phillips & Smith, 2006). But being under the
influence of alcohol is not enough, real niggaz are generally drunk and high at the same time. Twista notes, “I was sippin’ on Patron ‘bout to fade out” (Round, Mitchell, Round, Pilgrams & Lindley, 2009), meaning that he was already in the process of getting drunk, and next he’s going to get high. 8ball shows how two forms of inebriation are necessary for him and his crew when he says, “everybody wit’ me drunk as fuck/break it down, roll it up” (Crawford, Goodwin & Smith, 2004). Similarly, E-40 shows how essential it is to remain under the influence when he says, “I keep the bottles cracked/I got the ‘dro sparked” (Stevens & Tupolo, 2008). Clearly, black men don’t have to choose between their drugs of choice; rather, it is perfectly acceptable for them to be under the influence of both.

Getting high is glamorized more often than getting drunk, and, furthermore, when rappers speak of getting high, they generally talk about getting high with the most potent forms of weed. For instance, brightly colored marijuana, though it is known by various names, is very potent. Rich Boy says, “I got purp [purple] in my blunt” (Crawford, Debarge, Jones & Williams, 2007). Additionally, hashish (or hash) is a very potent form of marijuana giving a different effect when smoked (Hashish). Twista proclaims that “I’m smokin’ weed with hash,” (Mitchell & Moore, 2005)
while Snoop Dogg mentions “I mix hash with the green” (Brodus, Jackson, Love, Phillips & Smith, 2006). Evidently, the potency of one’s marijuana equates to the potency of one’s masculine identity. Conversely, the potency of his marijuana is insignificant if he smokes it abundantly. For instance, 8ball proclaims that he will “twist the pine, [and] smoke a pound” (Butler, Goodwin, Sewell & Smith, 2007) and Cam’ron proclaims that he “been puffin’ a lot” (Carter & Giles, 2006) while Bun B talks about having “Swisher Sweet cigarillos filled up with the Sticky” (Crump et al., 2008). Whatever the case may be, having abundant amounts of marijuana are necessary for the black man to successfully negotiate his masculine identity.

“’I’m a Hustler, Homie!’ Selling Crack and Selling Sex in the ’Hood”

Since black identity is situated within the urban ghettos, incidences of dealing crack cocaine are plentiful. Being from the hood means that one does not conform to the norms of mainstream society, so then one would make money illegitimately by selling crack. Hustling also occurs in the form of pimping women. While some rappers come right out and say that they’ve been selling crack, others insinuate that they sell crack as a means of making money in the hood. Rich Boy comes straight out and says “Rich Boy sellin’ crack/fuck nigga wanna jack,” (Crawford, Debarge, Jones &
Williams, 2007) while Cam’ron says, “I been huggin’ the block/that’s right hustlin’ rocks” (Carter & Giles, 2006). This right here shows that status within the hood is determined by being able to sell crack. Furthermore, real niggaz present themselves as big time hustlers, while small time hustlers, other niggaz, have not successfully negotiated their masculine identity. This is why small time hustlers are perceived as wanting to steal the big time hustler’s crack. Fabolous makes note to the fact that he’s a big time drug dealer when he says, “Hustlin’, guys send Po’s ‘cause I chop rocks the sized of Mentos,” he reinforces the fact that he’s a big time drug dealer bragging that “I done copped coke and started droughts before,” essentially, he has bought so many drugs that other drug dealers couldn’t buy any (Hugo, Jackson & Williams, 2001). 50 Cent explains that the dope game is for men who are experienced, not for amateurs. The inexperienced drug dealers of which he speaks are what he terms nickel and dime hustlers; those drug dealers who make just enough money to get by. In his song “Wanksta” 50 Cent observes, “We do this all the time/right now we on the grind/ so hurry up and cop/ and go sell nicks and dimes” (Clervoix, Freeman & Jackson, 2003). Later in the song 50 Cent points out that drug dealing, in any capacity, though it is the accepted means of making money in the hood,
may not always be the best way to make money, “This rap shit so easy/I'm gettin’ what you get for a brick to talk greasy,” (Clervoix, Freeman & Jackson, 2003) where a brick, as 50 Cent so eloquently put it, is a kilo of cocaine.

Bricks of cocaine usually come in powder form, requiring the drug dealer to cook it into crack. For instance, E-40’s 2008 album Ballstreet Journal has a song called “the recipe” which, in short, is a step by step guide for cooking cocaine into crack. But in songs that are not exclusively devoted to crack, rappers will most likely allude to the fact that they have to cook the crack themselves. 8ball notes that “work1 come soft, never hard, that’s a different charge” (Butler, Goodwin, Sewell & Smith, 2007). Malice alludes to cooking cocaine when he says, “patty cake patty cake, I’m the baker’s man/I bake them cakes as fast as I can” (Hugo, Thornton, Thornton & Williams, 2002). Though Malice doesn’t come right out and say that he’s cooking cocaine into crack, he refers to himself as a baker. Furthermore, there are many ways that rappers refer to crack cocaine in which they don’t just come right out and say it, but taken in context, it is easy to determine what they are talking about. There’s work as E-40 proclaims, “I bet you ain’t never

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1 Work is a slang term for drugs to be sold
seen a nigga pushin’ that work” (Stevens & Tupolo, 2008), there’s white, as Rick Ross says, “Pray at night when you sellin’ white/got one ki’ [kilo] tryin’ to sell it twice” (Crump et. al, 2008), and there’s weight as The Clipse offer, “my weight, that’s just as heavy as my name” (Hugo, Thornton, Thornton & Williams, 2002). Called by any name, selling large amounts of crack cocaine further promotes black masculine identity within rap music.

Not only is selling crack presented as a full time hustle, but it is also presented as being very dangerous. Drug dealers are constantly on the run from both the law and from rival drug dealers who won’t hesitate to take their drugs from them and/or kill them in the process. Young Jeezy illustrates how this happened to him, but it didn’t discourage him from continuing on: “what’s whiter than a napkin, harder than a dinner plate?/ If you want it, come and get it, you know I stay super straight/ ran up in my spots, now I’m workin’ out the Super 8” (Gholson, Jenkins & West, 2008). Jeezy presents that he’s selling crack, he notes that he’s selling premium product, and as a result someone tried to take it from him, so he’s packed up shop and now runs his operations out of a motel. This is just one of the dangers of selling crack, yet more dangers of selling crack are ever lurking.

A successful drug dealer is always prepared, for the police and for rival
drug dealers. MJG shows how it’s achieved when he says, “Gun in the bushes and work in the stash pot/overtime, all night tryna make a fat knot” (Butler, Goodwin, Sewell & Smith, 2007). So since he has to work all night to make money, he’s prepared. He keeps his drugs “in the stash pot” just in case the police harass him, and he keeps his gun close just in case a rival drug dealer comes to try to steal his drugs from him. MJG continues the negotiation of his masculine identity by bragging about the high quality of his drugs when he says “got the shit to make them junkies hyper like a pep rally/ give ‘em just a piece it make ‘em mind me like a step daddy” (Butler, Goodwin, Sewell & Smith, 2007). Pimp C also brags about the high quality of his drugs when he says, “No I ain’t no lame, got cocaine/It ain’t no thang bitch/ for you to drive down holl’n for ten/guaranteed when you test it you’ll come and get ‘em again” (Butler, Goodwin, Sewell & Smith, 2007). In both cases it’s almost guaranteed that the drug addicts will come back because of the high quality of the drug. These drug dealers present themselves as successfully negotiating the go getter identity within the prescribed black masculine identity, but dealing drugs is not the only form of hustling within the hood.
Hustling not only encompasses drug dealing, but pimping women is also a form of hustling. One’s pimp identity is presented as extremely potent if he can “turn out” a good girl, essentially convincing her to sell her body for sex. The Game implies that he will do that to any woman when he says, “Girl if you got a big back let me pin that/tell me where your friends at we can flip that/let me put you on the game” (Hills, Mosley & Taylor, 2005). Basically what he is saying is that he will take a woman with a big butt, have sex with her, and then make her and all of her friends prostitute themselves out. Twista is more explicit at describing how exquisite his pimp game is, he shows that his hoes are happy hoes so they effortlessly sell their bodies just for him. He says:

Shit, money makin’ is the mission
I’m glisten, killin’ off the competition.
Steady tippin’ 2 ‘cause of how I be pimpin’ hoes
Now I know just how to treat ‘em ‘cause I need ‘em
I don’t really got to beat ‘em so we cool
As long as they bring me my money.
Got ‘em walkin’, servin’ ass with a passion
while I’m talkin’ better never see you laughin’
know I got show ‘em ain’t a damn thing funny (Mitchell & Moore, 2005).

Next he shows how he will turn women out, when he says:

Get your dame
Put ‘em on the boulevard
Now I got ‘em trainin’ with my bottom bitch
She can learn a lot of shit
Like how to get it on a stroll

2 Tippin’ is a slang term for showing of one’s wealth and or material possessions.
Be in control and shit on the other hoes.
And be able to get ‘fetti\(^3\) for her daddy from a lot of tricks (Mitchell & Moore, 2005).

Regardless of which form of hustling the black man employs as a means of negotiating his masculine identity, what is important is the fact that he chooses to hustle rather than working at the figurative 9 to 5. Working does not create the opportunity for the black man to achieve status within the hood. Hustling, on the other hand, creates avenues through which he can successfully negotiate his masculine identity by displaying the wealth that he has accumulated from hustling.

"Money, Hoes, Cars and Clothes..." Money, Materialism, and Masculinity

After one has displayed that he can make money through hustling, he must then show off his wealth. If he has successfully negotiated his identity as a go getter, then he should have no problem showing off his money, his material wealth, and his women. Men often use their cars as a status symbol. The cars about which rappers brag are generally souped up, classic muscle cars, Cadillacs, or any other high end luxury car. Twista displays his wealth through his cars by saying: “take a look at my Impala/make ‘em take a look at my Chevy Caprice/now take a look at my platinum blue 500 Benz rollin’ through the streets” (Mitchell & Moore, 2005). He then turns his

\(^3\) ‘Fetti is short for confetti which is a slang term for money, more specifically, lots of money.
attention to bragging about other material possessions, more specifically
clothing and jewelry: “take a look at my Jacob/now come look at the
diamonds up in the ears/now come take a look at the gators/jumpers and
150 hat crocodile on the bib/and the ice on my charm” (Mitchell & Moore,
2005). Bun B also brags about his car, but his focus is the extent to which his
car is souped up, he says: “It’s that candy paint, 84’s, belts and buckles,
chrome and grill/leather seats, stitch and tuck, TV screens, wooden
wheels/suede roof, neon lights, whole tires swing and bang/tops
drop/blades chop/fifth wheel just hanging mayne” (Crump et. al, 2008).
Rich Boy, again, displays his wealth through his car:

Rich Boy sellin’ crack, fuck niggaz wanna jack
Shit tight, no slack, just bought a Cadillac
Took it to the chop shop, got the damn top dropped
Two color flip-flop, candy red lollipop...
New money, mothafucka, don’t you see the big knot
Wonder who they hatin’ on lately baby it’s him
Candy paint, gator skin seats call me Dundy
Off in yo’ hood, I’m the one that you wanna be
Haters wish they could feel the wood in my ‘83
Ridin’ with no tint, so the mothafucka know it’s me (Crawford, Debarge, Jones &
Williams, 2007).

Rich Boy displays that one successfully negotiates his masculine identity
when he becomes the one to be envied. People are at awe when they see
him, and they despise the fact that he has done very well for himself,
consequently, he has no problem showing off the wealth that he has
accumulated from selling crack. Essentially, if he didn’t have anything to show from his endeavors on the block hustling, then his masculine identity would be called into question because real niggaz sell big dope, and thus have accumulated much wealth.

In addition to defining their masculine identity through their wealth, black men also use their wealth as a means of attracting women. The more material wealth one displays, the more potent his masculine identity. Similarly, the more women one can attract as a result of the wealth that he has accumulated, the more potent his masculine identity. E-40 displays the potency of his masculine identity in “Hood Boy” when he first brags, “I bet you ain’t never seen 26’s on a Range/Iced out VVS stones in a chain,” then he brags about his high end car in which he “be ridin’ wet/insides jelly/touch screen deck,” and finally he gives the woman whom he is trying to attract the whole picture when he says, “Breitling from Bentley watch/26 inch socks/pick a ride girl/I got a car lot” (Stevens & Tupolo, 2008). This posturing is all to attract women. However, it’s not only the men who support the notion that material wealth measures the potency of one’s masculine identity, women do it too.
The idea that one's masculinity is measured by how much wealth he possesses is also reinforced by women. Trina compares the man's wealth with the size of his penis, essentially the potency of his masculinity, when she says:

I'm representin' for the bitches  
All eyes on your riches  
No time for little dicks  
You see the bigger the dick  
The bigger the banks  
The bigger the Benz  
The better the chance to get close to his rich friends  
I'm going after the big man (Taylor, 2008).

Obviously, Trina associates material wealth with a potent masculine identity. A successful negotiation of masculine identity is also reflected in how much material wealth one has accumulated.

Taken separately these elements of masculine identity hint to the definition of a real nigga, but taken together, it is clear to see how ideal black masculine identity functions as situated within the hood. Da Brat, sums it all up in her song “That's what I'm lookin' for.” The ideal man for Da Brat is one who possesses all of the elements of a real nigga. Da Brat asks:

Where my rag wearing soldiers that  
Love to watch the dough stack  
Never leave the house without their strap.  
(That's what I'm lookin' for)  
They know just what a woman need  
Keep a big bank roll and a bag of weed  
When it's time to go down they ain't scared to freak.  
(That's what I'm lookin' for)
Where my Rolley wearing thugs who
Claim they don’t love you
But any time you want something done they do it.
(That’s what I’m lookin’ for)
The ball all night type
Frontin’, screamin’ “Thug Life”
That’s the type of nigga I like.
(That’s what I’m lookin’ for) (Da Brat & Dupri, 2000).

Essentially, only a real nigga will fit the bill. Da Brat’s ideal man is a gun
toting, weed smoking, drug dealing, thug who has accumulated a lot of
wealth from selling drugs in the hood. Despite the fact that Da Brat only
implies that these characteristics represent her ideal man, she desires them
nonetheless. Furthermore, this ideal man successfully negotiates his
masculine identity, while he coincidentally hers. When Da Brat says, “he
claim he don’t love you” (Da Brat & Dupri, 2000) she makes obvious the
negation of feminine identity. A real nigga will not admit to loving a
woman, rather that feminine act is reserved for women, so he, in essence,
negates the fact that she loves him back by claiming that he doesn’t love her.
All of these components work together to construct an idealized real nigga
masculine identity, while, at the same time, they work together to negate
feminine identity to the point of invisibility.

Defining feminine identity within rap music is quite difficult because
the feminine entity has no agency and thus feminine identity exists solely to
enhance the potency, visibility, and power of idealized masculine identity.
Moreover, understanding the role of feminine identity within rap music puts in perspective the reason why rap music has so heavily been criticized by feminist listeners.

"I Don't Want That Hoe, I Want That Bitch!" Bitches, Hoes, and Everything Feminine

Misogyny is often understood as the hatred of women; however, this study focuses on femininity differently. This is not to say that rap lyrics are not hateful toward women and do not cast women in a negative and subordinated light; however, it is to say that the subordination and objectification of women within rap music necessarily defines masculine identity in a positive light. Current research on rap music suggests that black feminine identity, in particular, is presented in a historically stereotypical manner following the notion that black women are hyper-sexual beings who emasculate black men (Adams & Fuller, 2006; Littlefield, 2008; Morgan 1999). In other words, rap music depicts black women as bitches and hoes. This begs the question as to what is accomplished by depicting black feminine identity in such a manner. However, the problem with declaring that the terms bitch and hoe are demeaning to women implies that they are only used to refer to women. This is not the case in rap
music. Instead, these terms represent feminine identity as a whole, even if the person embodying the feminine identity is a man. Thus, the critique that these terms reinforce misogyny is misinformed. Therefore, the argument is that the negation of feminine identity within rap music allows for masculine identity to realize its ideal status.

Feminine identity within rap music reinforces the hyper-masculine ideal in which masculinity is positioned at the top and feminine identity is positioned at the bottom. As assumed in rap music, women are sexually available to men at all times and, furthermore, their bodies are fragmented into the body parts which offer the most sexual pleasure. Conversely, in cases when women empower themselves, or when their identity is empowered by a man, this empowerment further degrades feminine identity only giving it power over subordinated masculinity thereby further promoting the masculine ideal and giving it power over other forms of feminine identity in general. In some cases, men embody a feminine identity and thus these men are accordingly disregarded as the feminine Other by both men and women alike. But, for the most part, feminine identity is negated altogether only allowing room for the hyper-masculinized ideal to prevail.
"From the Look in Your Eyes I Can Tell
You Wanna Fuck!" Sexually
Available Feminine Bodies

Staying with the notion that rap lyrics are misogynous, it is also argued that women are presented as hyper-sexual bodies who constantly desire sexual fulfillment. Even if the woman doesn’t present herself as wanting it, the man has no problem giving it to her anyway. Feminine bodies are sexually available at all times because this is the nature of the black woman. This sexual availability is not exclusive to sexual intercourse; rather black women are presented as willing and ready to perform any and every sex act imaginable. This is evidenced not only in male’s lyrics, but female’s lyrics often echo the male’s when it comes to sex. Cam’ron devotes an entire song to ensure that his female counterpart is available to perform oral sex on him in his 2006 song “Touch/Suck it or not.” Cam’ron says:

Ma, I been huggin’ block (huggin’ the block)
That’s right, hustlin’ rocks (hustlin’ rocks)
I know, I been puffin’ a lot (puffin’ a lot)
But a nigga wanna know
Baby girl, you gon’ suck it or not (Carter & Giles, 2006).

This shows how all of the elements of masculine identity coincide with the elements of feminine identity so that the agency of feminine identity is appropriated by masculine identity. Essentially, he’s been in the hood, on his block, selling crack, smoking weed, in short successfully negotiating his
masculine identity. And since he’s proven himself as a real nigga, then
women should be sexually available, essentially promoting the potency of
his masculine identity. But Cam’ron doesn’t stop there; rather, he goes into
explicit detail as to how he expects for the woman to be sexually available to
him, and also as to how he prefers to have his manhood serviced. He says:

My dick hard as a motherfucker
You don’t what? Tell that shit to another sucker (what I look like?)
I ain’t no sucka, mama, come on fuck the drama (fuck that)
Pet, kiss it, then, lil pucker-rama (lil pucker-rama)
I’m so active, you being so drastic
Got something for ya face, fuck pro-activ...
But I need to know ma, you gon’ suck it or not?
Baby girl, I’m in love wit’ the twat
Missionary, back shots, pop it off, rock it off
I tell you right now if my cock is soft (what I want?)
Head before and after (what’s that?)
On ya knees, show you how to top a boss (How it go?)
Lick, suck, deep throat, stop, cough
Hop on, hop off, lollipop off
I know it’s white, but here come the hot sauce (Carter& Giles, 2006).

So what he is saying is that he expects sexual fulfillment from the woman in
one way or another. She’s going to perform oral sex on him, or they are
going to have intercourse, either way, she must ensure that he is sexually
satisfied. Furthermore, it is implied that the woman to whom he is talking
shows some sort of apprehension or resistance to his demands, but he
clearly won’t take no for an answer. Finally, if it wasn’t enough for him to
degrade her down to her ability to give sexual pleasure, he further degrades
her by ejaculating on her face. Again, he appropriates her agency into what
he wants and into how he constructs his masculine identity.

But it doesn’t stop there either. To further promote the potency of his
masculine identity, he shows how he is able “turn out” a woman who is
obviously a lesbian. He notes her resistance to his sexual advances, and he
essentially blows her off and insists that she pleasure him anyway. He says:

Lookin’ light skinned, mami was tight slim
Fat ass, big tits, I noticed her nice chin (sturdy chin)
I approached her, slight grin, white Timbs,
Number you can type in
Said she don’t like men (ha ha ha)
I just laughed, ma if we link, we link
You don’t like men? Me neither, what a coinkidink (what a coincidence)
Ms. Jiggy, Ms. Figgy, pinky mink, pinky ring bilingin’
Ma, you gon’ suck it or not?
I ain’t the type to dis’ you, kinda like the issue (I like that)
That’s the situation, bring wifey with you (bring her)
Would you like a tissue? (Why?)
You gon’ need it for the cum up in your nose,
Baby girl ‘cause you suckin’ my cock!
Ain’t a question now, it’s a guarantee
They say I think I’m the shit (oh well) well apparently
But you won’t hear words like ‘marry me’ (what? Marry me?)
Only thing you gonna here is ‘suck it or not!’ (Carter & Giles, 2006).

Clearly, the expectation that women’s bodies are ever ready persists. Even
though, superficially, the woman is not sexually available to him as a direct
result of her sexual orientation, he doesn’t see that as an obstacle since all
women are supposed to be sexually available to him. As evidenced in the
lyrics, he demands sexual favors from her, she resists, he insists, and when
she continues to refuse, he implies that he will force her regardless of what she says. Yet, it isn’t enough that he forces the woman to perform sexual favors for him which is why he further degrades her by ejaculating up her nose and telling her that all she is worth is her ability to give sexual pleasure.

Similarly, Lil’ Flip speaks of how he and his crew have no problem making available women who don’t present themselves as such. He says, “when we walk inside the clubs/niggaz hold they gal’s hands/’cause they know we run trains (choo-choo) all night/how could yo’ gal leave me/and be wit’ you all night” (Butler, Crump & Weston, 2003). Obviously these women are not supposed to be sexually available to Lil’ Flip and his crew because they are already spoken for. Yet, these real niggaz don’t acknowledge that the boyfriends are obstacles because all women are sexually available to them. In fact, when a real nigga succeeds in taking another man’s woman, his masculine identity is further promoted. Contrarily, when a woman presents herself as not being sexually available to the man, it becomes a problem. Kanye West complains that previous encounters with women left him short changed, he says, “I feel like it’s still bitches that owe me sex” (Gholson, Jenkins & West, 2008). Apparently these
women are from his past, before he successfully negotiated his masculine identity, and now that he has realized his ideal masculine identity he believes that he must collect on the debt owed to him since these women did not present themselves as sexually available to him previously. This assumption that the woman’s body is available and disposable at the whims of the man’s desire first disconnects any agency from the female body and second constructs a feminine entity whose sole function is defining masculine identity. In short, feminine identity is invisible.

It is not always men who expect women to be sexually available to them at all times; rather, women also present themselves as always being sexually available to men. Trina displays her sexual availability even though she empowers femininity in the process. She shows that she’s willing to perform any sex act with any man as long as the price is right. Even though the sexual availability of women can be empowered in which the woman’s agency is not transferred to the man, she still does not embrace a positive sexualized feminine identity. She makes herself sexually available to men because that is the only way that she can make visible her invisible identity. Trina brags:

G-string make his dick stand
Make it quick, then slow head by the night stand...
I want a nigga with a wedding ring...
See I fuck him in the living room
Wile his children home
Make him eat it while my period on...
And yes dick suckin' comes quite natural (Taylor, 2000).

Even though Trina makes it apparent that she assumes power over these men by offering sexual favors, it is evident that the men of which she speaks have not successfully negotiated their masculine identity within the hood because first and foremost, they are married. Real niggaz don’t get married, rather they need a woman for nothing but sexual pleasure. This is why Trina can assume and identity with agency above these men because they are not real niggaz. The masculine identity of which she speaks is not ideal, thus her feminine identity can supersede his. Furthermore, she positions her hyper-sexual identity as one that can be used by any man. She brags about her sexual prowess and how it is available to all men when she says, "X-rated elevated, butt naked/and I’d probably fuck your daddy/if your mammy wasn’t playa hatin’" (Taylor, 2000). She makes herself sexually available to all men, any man. The men of which she speaks are not real niggaz, but they are men nonetheless. Trina explicitly outlines how her sexual availability allows her to realize power over men who have not successfully negotiated their masculine identity within the hood.
Contrarily, men who have successfully negotiated their masculine identity within the hood view women in a sexual light even though they may not always explicitly outline it. The availability of female bodies is often implied where the female actor allows her body to be manipulated at the whims of the male actor. For instance, Twista suggests that the woman’s body is available to be touched and fondled as the man pleases when he says:

Now when I touch on yo’ body babe (when I touch on yo’ body babe)  
And when I grind on yo’ body babe (when I grind on yo’ body babe)  
When I feel on yo’ body babe (when I feel on yo’ body babe)  
I say (ooh) hell yeah...  
I got it bad for yo’ body  
Girl I need yo’ body  
I see you with my body every time I see yo’ body  
I say ooh ooh  
If you was a car girl you’d be a Phantom  

He doesn’t explicitly come out and say that he will do any and every sexual thing with her body that he could possibly imagine, but he does mention that there’s no telling what he would do to her body if given the opportunity. First this woman is reduced to her sex, and then her body is fragmented into her the parts which give the most sexual pleasure. In short, this woman has no identity to which to attach. The female body is being manipulated into what the male desires of it, leaving the woman without
agency and thus her identity is invisible. It can be inferred that the sexual availability of feminine identity aids in idealizing masculine identity, thereby allowing the reduction of women’s bodies into the parts that offer the most sexual pleasure. In essence, the black woman’s fragmented body is visible, but her identity isn’t.

“Pull Over That Ass Too Fat!” Fragmentation and Sexual Satisfaction

The examples above clearly articulate how the sexual availability of women directly correlates with the fragmentation of their bodies. These female bodies are objectified, and thus they are effectively viewed as a collection of their body parts rather than as agents. Fragmentation manifests in rap music in many ways, but what is most surprising is that women often fragment themselves as a means of empowering themselves. Shawnna’s 2006 song “Damn!” pays homage to her ass. She speaks of her ass like it has a mind of its own, while, at the same time, being the object to blame for the attention that she receives from men and also for the power which she possesses over these same men. Shawnna Brags about her ass when she says:

Damn! Damn she got a donkey
And that shit so chunky
How she get them jeans on the monkey
Like blam! Got me like a junky
Only when she pump me
Whisper in my ear I think she want it (Frawford, Guy, Morton & Ratliff, 2006).

Shawnna displays how fragmentation and sexual availability go hand in hand. Basically, the man notices that the woman has a very appealing posterior, wonders how she was able to fit her jeans over her large behind and, apparently, her large vagina, as he references her monkey, and then suggests that she is ready to have sex with him because she looks so appealing to him. However, it doesn’t stop there. In the third verse Shawnna personifies her ass, giving it a mind of its own. She says:

Got 'em all up on it, want it, watch it go right to left
Watch it go up and down like that
Watch it go front to back, hope it don’t hurt too bad...
They like it how I move it up and down and make that booty roll
They see the pussy swol', it be so juicy ohh.
He said he wanna try to take me home and eat that pussy whole
Said he never had the chance but he gotta have a taste
And he was like a kid and I was like shit I just wanna ride the face.
And that’s just how I play ‘em I ain’t never been out to lay ‘em
My shit’s so mean up in them jeans and now I got ‘em sayin’ [Damn!] (Frawford, Guy, Morton & Ratliff, 2006).

Not only does her ass have a mind of its own, but it also is what informs the male onlookers that she is sexually available. Even though it is now the man who wants to perform oral sex on her, he still expects that she be willing and ready to partake in multiple sex acts. Shawnna admits that she had no intentions of having sex with anybody, but her ass informed the man
to the contrary. Ironically, Shawnna is now sexually available to men even though she has found power in her ass.

Contrarily, the second verse is sung by a man, and he also fragments her body; however, he positions her only as a sexually available entity. She is fragmented into the parts of her body that offer the most sexual pleasure, and accordingly it is assumed that her sexually available body expects and desires every aspect of the resultant sex:

I want to jam it in her hello
Anything from me she want it
Like a beast she be so funky
You can see it from the front
She got more ass than a team of donkeys.
Itty bitty waist like a humble bee
Titties plump please Dolly Parton up
When she walk trough and make way for the double D's.
I love that pretty brown round
She shakin' got me shook
'cause her print so fat between her thighs
It look just like a camel foot.
Can I look, can I rub it
Matter of fact, fuck that let me cut it
Can I touch it, can I grab it
That hair nappy fat rabbit
Meet me there I take a flight
Your dark chocolate fixin' to be up in the air like a kite
Caught up in the Chicago wind
Just to be up in your guts from dusk to dawn
Humpin' like a camel back
From a.m. to p.m. from p.m. to a.m.
I beat it up like a punching bag (Frawford, Guy, Morton & Ratliff, 2006).

Clearly, fragmentation and sexual availability go hand in hand. The male identity fragments the female identity; he describes what he likes about her
body parts, and then proceeds to display what he will do with her body because of its enticement. Again, this fragmented woman is reduced to her ability to provide sexual pleasure for a man. And even though this fragmented feminine identity is highly visible, it represents everything that masculine identity doesn’t. Essentially, when feminine identity is visible it is not seen in a positive light even if the woman is empowered. She realizes power through her sexual availability; however, masculine power is exerted over that sexualized feminine body.

The female body, no doubt, has power which is why men accordingly admit that the woman’s body is the one thing that distracts them from successfully negotiating their masculine identity. Consequently, men reduce women to their parts so that it is the woman’s fragmented body that has realized power over masculine identity rather than the woman herself. It is also evident how the fragmentation of women’s bodies is tied to the sexual availability of women’s bodies. Just as Shawnna displayed, the most common body parts into which women are fragmented are their buttocks and their genitals. Rick Ross notes that his ideal woman “shaves her juice box4 till it looks perfect,” and has an “ass like Trina” (Gholson & Roberts, 4 Juice Box is slang terminology for vagina. It is a reference to the natural wetness of a woman during intercourse.
E-40 is more explicit about the ideal body type of his woman when he says, "I don’t want no model/I want some stretch marks/30 pound butt meat/cheeks pull apart" (Stevens & Tupolo, 2008). Twista loses focus of his masculine identity when he is blown away by the woman’s posterior as he notes, “when I see the way the fatty⁵ lookin’ from way back/you be kinda reminding me of a Maybach/you be the type I know I might kiss” (Round, Mitchell, Round, Pilgrams & Lindley, 2009). Obviously kissing undermines the real nigga identity because it implies weakness, and the act of kissing is too much like showing respect and/or love to a woman whose sole purpose is purportedly sexual fulfillment. However, real niggaz are not totally devoid of loving a woman. They will tolerate her if she proves herself a worthy counterpart, but in the end she is still reduced to her body parts that offer the most sexual pleasure. Bun B tells his woman, “I swear to God if yo’ pussy wasn’t the bomb/I would have left yo’ ass a long time ago/Bitch!” (Butler et. al, 2006). With all of that, it is evident that women’s bodies are powerful in that they will cause a man to lose focus on the negotiation of his masculine identity. However, it is the female body that is powerful rather than the woman herself which, in essence, allows the masculine ideal to

⁵ Fatty is slang terminology for butt. He is implying that she has a large butt, more commonly called a “fat ass”
prevail while feminine identity remains undefined. Essentially, the
woman’s fragmented body lacks agency and thus she is still left without any
identity to which to attach.

"I’m Da Baddest Bitch! What?" Empowering
Feminine Identity

It is the case that when feminine identity is empowered within rap
music, the identity to which it is attached is masculine identity. This is not
to say that empowered femininity lacks agency; however, it is to say that
this agency is another means of defining masculine identity. Though
instances of empowered feminine identity are few and far between, they
exist. In extreme cases men will allow women to appropriate some
masculine characteristics if the beneficiary of this empowerment is the man.
These empowered women are generally down bitches, bad bitches, and
wifey’s. But what is most important about these women is that their identity
is connected to their real nigga’s identity. Rick Ross empowers his woman,
what he terms a "real bitch," by allowing her to perform masculine duties.

He says:

I needs a real bitch, 365
Let her count the cheese, let her see the pies
Might say I’m foolish but we have a bond
She made moves on my behalf when I had no bond
All the death threat ‘cause I owed niggaz
She told me get rest those are hoe niggaz
That's a real bitch, she had to show niggaz
'cause I was blind to the fact that she was a hoe, nigga.
I'm countin' dough, nigga she'll double count
Somethin' come up short, she'll point it out
Niggaz try to holla, she'll point it out
She'll catch a flight, she'll run a route (Gholson & Roberts, 2008).

This empowered woman, this “real bitch,” is allowed to appropriate the “go getter” identity because she is doing it for her man, the real nigga. When he was jail, she made sure that his dope business didn’t miss a beat. She proved herself because she made money for him when he wasn’t in the position to do so himself. Furthermore, she assures him that she is sexually available only to him. This exclusive sexual availability is evidenced when he says, “Niggaz try to holla, she’ll point it out” (Gholson & Roberts, 2008) meaning that she’ll let him know if another nigga makes a pass at her.

Moreover, this “real bitch” is allowed to realize an empowered identity above other niggaz because she has proven herself worthy. Rick Ross continues to empower his woman when he says:

She a real bitch, so she got to stunt
She get her weave done at least five times a month
She don’t call ‘em purses, bitch call ‘em bags
I don’t know they names, but they cost some stacks
She deserves this, she serves a purpose
She shaves her juice box till it looks perfect....
I needs a real bitch,
Ass like Trina and the brains is the business
I needs a real bitch, she get ya’ what ya need
She get ya what ya want, she’ll even roll ya weed (Gholson & Roberts, 2008).
In the second verse he justifies why he has allowed this woman to appropriate these masculine characteristics. And in reference to the fact that he is spoiling her with material things and money, he notes that “she deserves this, she serves a purpose” (Gholson & Roberts, 2008). Basically, he has noticed that she is purposeful for something other than sexual pleasure. Other purposes aside, he still expects her to be sexually available to him at all times. She is empowered because she has proven that she will go out of her way to ensure that his masculine identity remains intact especially when he is not in a position to do so himself. And at the end of the day, she further secures his masculine identity by making sure that he will remain under the influence; she rolls his weed. This empowered woman has agency, she serves a purpose, she’s not just a fragmented object, however this agency is purposely attached to a masculine identity that is not her own. So in essence, this feminine identity is still invisible because she has yet to attach to a positive feminine identity of her own.

Similarly, Ja Rule empowers his woman by allowing her to appropriate a violent identity for his benefit. In his 2001 song “Down ass bitch,” Ja Rule says:

I know that you’re lovin’ me
‘cause you thug with me
Who bust slugs for me? (my baby)…
And to make it better
Baby got the nina Beretta tucked low
And I'm two cars back with the four-four (Atkins, Aurelius & Gotti, 2001).

He shows how his woman has proved herself loyal to him by “thugging” with him. While “thugging” with him she displays that she has no problem “busting slugs” or shooting other niggaz, for her man. Ja Rule presents himself and his woman as one entity since his woman selflessly negates his masculine identity for him by negating her own femininity.

In the second verse, the woman illuminates her worth as a down bitch as Charli Baltimore points out:

Now I'mma show you blood or love
There's no belly you bounce from
Blow sellin', dough amounts to no tellin'
There'll be no tellin', snitches get it back
Those gats to your backs for my boy
What part of the game is that, huh?
Niggaz in they feelings 'cause I handle your dealings,
Keep your name intact
My fame's intact so cops won't know what it's hittin' for
Now hoes wanna know what you shittin' for
'Cause I'm your bitch, the Bonnie to your Clyde
It's mental, mash your enemies, we out in the rental
I'm your bitch, niggaz run up on ya, shift ya lungs, who's your organ donor?
What they know about extreme measures I'mma ride with you
And my baby three-eighty at my side
And we lock the town, I'm down as any thug
My love, they gotta take us in blood, what (Atkins, Aurelius & Gotti, 2001)?

She proves her loyalty to her man by not telling on him, selling drugs for him, and disposing of those other niggaz who would rather see him in fall. She shows how she is empowered over other niggaz because those other
“niggaz in they feelings ‘cause I handle your dealings” (Atkins, Aurelius & Gotti, 2001) and through this process she is able to keep his name intact.

Again, her feminine identity is not empowered for her; rather, she realizes this empowered identity as a means of securing her man’s masculine identity. To put the icing on the figurative cake, she displays how they are one entity when she says, “I’m your bitch, the Bonnie to your Clyde” (Atkins, Aurelius & Gotti, 2001). She’s a ride or die chick. She can’t negotiate her feminine identity if it is not connected to his identity. In short, her identity is invisible.

This connection to masculine identity is not the only way in which feminine identity is empowered within rap music; however, this is the only way in which feminine identity is empowered in a positive light. Hyper-sexualized feminine identity cannot be viewed positively because it is most often negated, but when the woman attaches herself to her man’s identity, her identity is viewed by both men and women alike at a level higher than other women. This again leaves women in a troubling position in which they have no positive identity to which to attach which is not directly associated with masculine identity. Empowering femininity in such a
manner makes visible feminine identity, but only to the extent which masculine identity allows.

“Bitch Ass Niggaz!” Negating Femininity on All Levels, Even in Men

In direct contrast to the empowerment of femininity is the negation of femininity. The negation of femininity can be as simple as a male disregarding any element of identity that implies femininity or it can be as striking as the feminizing of masculine identity. Real niggaz successfully negotiate their identity by proving that they are stronger and more powerful, than men and women alike, or that they are more financially secure than other niggaz, which is ultimately achieved by feminizing the Other nigga. Real niggaz will most often refer to other niggaz in the same manner as they would a woman. Particularly these other niggaz are bitch niggaz, hoe niggaz, pussy niggaz, fuck niggaz, or anything that may be considered feminine. Real niggaz will often assign feminine attributes to the feminized niggaz just as DJ Paul of Three 6 Mafia does when he says, “they wonder what I got comin’/niggaz I’m comin’ like this, off in your mouth like a bitch” (Beauregard & Houston, 2000). This feminized masculine identity assumes the role of the sexually available woman, where the
feminized man is seen in the same light as a woman who is expected to
perform oral sex on a man, and accordingly, DJ Paul refers to him as a bitch.

Many times, real niggaz don’t distinguish between men and women
when they speak of bitches and hoes; however it is generally implied in
context that the bitches and hoes to which they refer are the Other niggaz.

As I-20 displays in Ludacris’ 2001 song “Move bitch”:

We on the dance floor, throwin’ bows, beatin’ up niggaz...
Fuck this rap shit, we clap bitch, two in ya’ body
Grab ya’ four, start fighting dog, ruin the party.
So move bitch! Get out the way hoe!
All you faggot mothafuckas make way for the 2-0, so
Move Bitch! Get out the way
Get out the way bitch! Get out the way… (Bridges, Lawson & Tyler, 2001).

Though he doesn’t come right out and say that he’s talking about another
man when he uses the terms bitch and hoe, it is still implied. He starts off
talking about “beatin’ up niggaz” and then he throws in some bitches and
hoes that are a little ambiguous as to whom he is referring, but he finishes
out saying that all the “faggots” need to make room, and get out of his way.
So by then it is understood that he’s not referring to a woman when he
throws these terms around. Essentially, I-20 has succeeded in negating the
Other nigga’s masculine identity by feminizing it. And since it is already
established that feminine entities have no identity, if not attached to
idealized masculine identity, then it is safe to assume that the Other’s
feminized masculine identity is also without agency. This means that the Other nigga’s feminized masculine identity exists solely to promote the real nigga’s idealized masculine identity.

Other examples of feminized masculine identity are more explicit. Real nigga often feminize other nigga by positioning them as individuals who are riddled with fear. Being scared or fearful is something which is often associated with women, so again, these other nigga are feminized so that they can assist the real nigga in successfully negotiating his masculine identity. Ice Cube’s 2006 song “Go to church” pays homage to the scared nigga. He says:

Nigga, if you scared, go to church...
You scary motherfuckers don’t wanna bring the ruckus (NAH!)
You just spend all your time in the club tryna duck us (WHAT?)
And if you walk by nigga, I’mma knock fire nigga
From yo’ ass, you can come try nigga (HEY!)
In the hood, all the way down South (YEAH!)
I ain’t Mike Jones, keep my name out’cha mouth bitch! (Mike Jones)
We can get it crackin if it get to clickin’ clackin’
Look at Mr. Jackson, nigga with no reaction
If you scared go to church, we gon’ hit you where it hurts
That don’t work we gon’ put you in the dirt...
If you a scared motherfucker go to church (GO TO CHURCH!)… (Brodus, Jackson, Love, Phillips & Smith, 2006).

This bolstering of the real nigga identity by feminizing the other nigga’s masculine identity is generally accomplished through violent means. As displayed by both I-20 and Ice Cube, the Other nigga, even in the most
innocent, feminized form, is still a threat that needs to be neutralized. Ice cube explicitly outlines what he will do to the feminized Other nigga in order to successfully define his masculine identity. After he tells the scared nigga what he will do to him if he presents himself as scared, he taunts him in order to reinforce the presumed potency of his masculine identity. He says:

You scared, you scared,
You scared motherfucker you scared!
You scared (you scared), you scared (you scared),
You scared motherfucker you scared (you scared)!
You scared, you scared,
You scared motherfucker you scared!
You scared (you scared), you scared (you scared),
You scared motherfucker you scared (you scared) (Brodus, Jackson, Love, Phillips & Smith, 2006)!

This taunting further demeans the Other nigga’s identity, while it promotes the real nigga’s identity. Again, this Other nigga has no agency. Yet, if the feminized Other did not exist, then the real nigga identity could not exist.

Another way that masculine identity is feminized is by making it seem childlike. Real niggaz are grown men while other niggaz are little boys trying to act like grown men. 8ball and MJG hit this notion right on the head in their 2007 “What’cu gon’ do” when they say “This some grown man shit, pussy ass nigga!/How you wanna do it we can just get to it, bitch!/What’chu gon’ do? How you wanna do it? Pussy ass nigga we can
just get to it” (Butler, Goodwin, Sewell & Smith, 2007). What they are talking about is fighting. Whether or not they are fighting with guns or fighting with fists is irrelevant. What is relevant, however, is the fact that the Other nigga’s identity is belittled before the fight takes place. It’s like the real nigga must pump himself up before the big fight in order to ensure that he will beat the Other nigga seeing as how his idealized masculine identity is supposed to dominate the Other nigga’s feminized and childlike masculine identity.

Finally, the Other nigga’s masculine identity will be feminized if it is not situated within the hood. As Trick Daddy displays, he says,

Everybody wanna mothafuckin’ know why I dress so fly
sit so high, bitch!
I do it for the hood/bitch ass nigga I do it ‘cause I could
Every star on my jeans, 4X on my white tee
livin’ life like a G, that’s why these bitch ass niggas wanna fight me (Harr et. al, 2007).

Trick presents himself as successfully negotiating his masculine identity within the hood and thus has lots of material wealth to show for it by way of cars and clothes. He feminizes the Other nigga because he is perceived as being a threat since the Other nigga wants to fight him. Again, he feminizes the Other’s masculine identity as a means of ensuring that his idealized masculine identity will prevail.
Feminine identity is most commonly negated by the feminization of masculine identity, but it is by no means the only way that feminine identity is negated. Many rappers simply dismiss anything that constitutes feminine identity in order to negate it. E-40 negates the feminine identity of a woman when he says, “She love me, I like her / I’m too hood to wife her... plus I got three just like her” (Stevens & Tupolo, 2008). Succumbing to one’s emotions is not desirable for masculine identity; therefore, real niggaz negate everything feminine to ensure that the potency of their masculine identity will not be challenged. Furthermore, E-40 negates the fact that the woman loves him by disregarding her as a disposable object. He has three more women just like her, and, for that reason, he couldn’t possibly be accused of loving this woman since he considers her as just one of many. Similarly, Cam’ron negates the femininity of a woman when he says, “but you won’t hear words like ‘marry me’/ only thing you gonna hear is ‘suck it or not’” (Carter & Giles, 2006). Cam’ron succeeds in reducing the woman to her ability to give sexual pleasure. Desiring wedlock is a very feminine action, in society in particular, thus Cam’ron secures his masculine identity, both as a member of the greater society and as a real nigga, by rejecting the idea of getting married. Lil’ Flip also negates the femininity of a woman when he
"cause you know we don’ kiss/like Too $hort said/bitches ain’t shit” (Butler, Crump & Weston, 2003). Basically, a real nigga would never be caught kissing a woman, because kissing equates to showing affection which ultimately equates to loving the woman. And since women are not worthy of such love, they “ain’t shit,” then a real nigga would not compromise his masculine identity on account of her.

All in all feminine identity in rap music is masculine identity’s converse, and the essential component of femininity is subordination. Feminine identity has no agency and likewise is manipulated by masculine identity so that the ideal of masculine identity prevails. The influence of greater society on the gendered identities which are presented in rap music is undeniable, and what is surprising about these identities is that they are not contested. Women try, as they might, to define a feminine identity which is empowered and independent of masculine identity but that also fails because the reality holds that rap music is male dominated and thus rap lyrics are constructed through a myopic lens of masculinity.
Conclusions

Taken together, it is clear that all of the elements of identity, as presented in rap lyrics, combine first to idealize masculine identity, and second, to render feminine identity invisible. These masculine and feminine identities play off one another to define one another. Society attaches masculinity and femininity to men and women respectively, thus, the identities which manifest in rap are also attached to their sexed bodies. Furthermore, given that rap music/hip-hop culture has become synonymous with black culture, then the identities that manifest within rap music imply the constituents of black identity as a whole. This, in effect, leaves black men to be demonized as drug dealing, gun toting, weed smoking, societal menaces, while black women are visibly hyper-sexual bodies that lack agency. Even though the idealized notion of masculine identity within rap music may not be positive, at least black men have an identity to which to attach. Black women, on the other hand, are left
searching for that ideal identity that is neither attached to a man's nor is subordinated. Understanding that the conception of femininity and masculinity is created by society simply exacerbates the situation since black identity as a whole has been demonized. These identities manifest themselves in a popular medium that is now mainstream; therefore, what sells is the ideal. This ultimately begs the question as to whether or not a positive ideal feminine identity can be realized within rap music, or furthermore, if a positive ideal black identity, as a whole, can be realized within rap music. And, finally, if that ideal can be realized, then it is questionable as to whether or not a positive ideal black identity could ever be received as an authentic representation of blackness.

Implications for Future Research

Given the time constraints and the sample size, these findings cannot be generalized, but they do warrant further research. There is something here that needs to be studied in order for black identity and gender identity, as defined by popular media, to be understood in a manner that is not stereotypical. Though the sample was small, it was exposed to a wide audience. As my research analyzed a mere twenty-six songs, further research should investigate the albums as a whole to see if the same themes
about black masculine and black feminine identity hold up. Specific
attention needs to be paid to the assumptions about empowered black
feminine identity, or the lack thereof. Further investigation of these nine
themes is necessary, and in cases where these themes don’t hold up,
speculation as to why they don’t could be helpful. This research necessitates
investigation into how popular media constructs identity, particularly
intersectional identity, and even though the research was small scale, it has
greater implications.
## APPENDIX A
### BILLBOARD CHART POSITION

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Artist</th>
<th>Song (sex: M or F)</th>
<th>Album</th>
<th>Peak/Time</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2000</td>
<td>Da Brat</td>
<td>That's What I'm Looking For (F)</td>
<td>Unrestricted</td>
<td>#1/28 Weeks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2000</td>
<td>Three 6 Mafia</td>
<td>Who Run It? (M/F)</td>
<td>Hypnotize Camp Posse</td>
<td>#11/22 Weeks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2000</td>
<td>Trina</td>
<td>Da Baddest Bitch (F)</td>
<td>Da Baddest Bitch</td>
<td>#11/49 Weeks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2001</td>
<td>Ludacris</td>
<td>Move Bitch (M)</td>
<td>Word of Mouf</td>
<td>#1/72 Weeks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2001</td>
<td>Fabolous</td>
<td>Holla Back (Young'n') (M)</td>
<td>Ghetto Fabolous</td>
<td>#2/35 Weeks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2001</td>
<td>Ja Rule</td>
<td>Down Ass Bitch (M/F)</td>
<td>Pain is Love</td>
<td>#1/53 Weeks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2002</td>
<td>Clipse</td>
<td>Grindin' (M)</td>
<td>Lord Willin'</td>
<td>#1/52 Weeks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2002</td>
<td>Cam'Ron</td>
<td>Oh Boy (M)</td>
<td>Come Home With Me</td>
<td>#1/35 Weeks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2003</td>
<td>50 Cent</td>
<td>Wanksta (M)</td>
<td>Get Rich or Die Tryin'</td>
<td>#1/104 Weeks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2003</td>
<td>David Banner</td>
<td>Like a Pimp (M)</td>
<td>Mississippi: The Album</td>
<td>#1/36 Weeks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2004</td>
<td>Snoop Dogg</td>
<td>Drop it Like it's Hot (M)</td>
<td>R&amp;G: The Masterpiece</td>
<td>#3/40 Weeks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2004</td>
<td>8Ball &amp; MJG</td>
<td>You Don't Want Drama (M)</td>
<td>Living Legends</td>
<td>#1/37 Weeks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2005</td>
<td>Twista</td>
<td>Holdin' Down the Game (M)</td>
<td>The Day After</td>
<td>#1/29 Weeks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2005</td>
<td>The Game</td>
<td>Put You on the Game (M)</td>
<td>The Documentary</td>
<td>#1/65 Weeks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2006</td>
<td>Cam'Ron</td>
<td>Touch (Suck) it or Not (M)</td>
<td>Killa Season</td>
<td>#1/25 Weeks</td>
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<tr>
<td>2006</td>
<td>Ice Cube</td>
<td>Go To Church (M)</td>
<td>Laugh Now, Cry Later</td>
<td>#2/29 Weeks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Year</td>
<td>Artist</td>
<td>Song Title</td>
<td>Album</td>
<td>Peak Position</td>
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<tr>
<td>------</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>2006</td>
<td>Shawnna</td>
<td>Damn (F/M)</td>
<td>Block Music</td>
<td>#3/15 Weeks</td>
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<tr>
<td>2006</td>
<td>E-40</td>
<td>She Say She Love Me (M)</td>
<td>My Ghetto Report Card</td>
<td>#1/35 Weeks</td>
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<tr>
<td>2007</td>
<td>8Ball &amp; MJG</td>
<td>Whatchu Gon' Do? (M)</td>
<td>Ridin' High</td>
<td>#2/24 Weeks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2007</td>
<td>DJ Khaled</td>
<td>I'm So Hood (M)</td>
<td>We The Best</td>
<td>#1/50 Weeks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2007</td>
<td>Rich Boy</td>
<td>Throw Some D's (M)</td>
<td>Rich Boy</td>
<td>#1/26 Weeks</td>
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<tr>
<td>2007</td>
<td>Young Jeezy</td>
<td>Put On (M)</td>
<td>The Recession</td>
<td>#1/78 Weeks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2008</td>
<td>Rick Ross</td>
<td>Money Make Me Come (M)</td>
<td>Trilla</td>
<td>#1/63 Weeks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2008</td>
<td>Bun B</td>
<td>You're Everything (M)</td>
<td>Trilla</td>
<td>#1/30 Weeks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2009</td>
<td>Twista</td>
<td>Yo' Body (M)</td>
<td>Category F5</td>
<td>#1/40 Weeks</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
APPENDIX B
LYRICS

Artist: 8Ball & MJG ft. Pimp C
Album: Ridin' High
Song: "Whatchu Gonna Do"
Year: 2007

[MJG:] Roach sprayed on the block then I took my dope back; 1
Now my soldiers posted up hangin' like a coat rack; 1
Gun in the bushes and work in the stash spot; 1
Overtime, all night try'na make a fat knock; 1
Swell in my pocket like I'm carryin' a loaf of bread; 1
Been around the world but I still love local head; 1
Got the shit to make 'em junkies get hyper like a pep rally; 1
Give 'em just a piece it make 'em mind me like a step daddy; 1
Glock, Chevy parked in the yard with' the double pipes; 1
If I catch ya try'na steal it I'm a get double life; 1
I ain't wanna do it, I ain't even really hate son; 2
That's a damn shame but tomorrow, I'm a make bond; 2
Black Hummer waitin' for me in front of the jail house; 1
Comin' for the boys who thought that I wouldn't bail out; 1
Top notch citizen, on top of his shit again; 2
Pimp tight, M-J-G, another hit again; 0

[Hook: MJG (Pimp C)]
This some grown man shit, pussy ass nigga!; 1
How you wanna do it, we can just get to it; 2
(bitch, Watchu wanna do, how you wanna do it?); 1
(Pussy ass nigga, we can just get to it, bitch); 1
This some grown man shit, pussy ass nigga!; 1
How you wanna do it, we can just get to it; 2
(Watchu wanna do, how you wanna do it?); 2
(bitch, Pussy ass nigga, we can just get to it); 1

[B Ball:]
Boys ask me all the time am I tired of the grind; 1
Hell naw nigga, gettin' richer that's all on my mind; 1
Twist the pine, smoke a poound, grabbin' chickens, buy a ticket; 1
Delta airlines, pimp, I got some down ass bitches; 1
Broads with' them credit cards make her listen, let her charge; 1
Flat TVs and some tiles for my momma car; 1
Eighty-thousand dollars, I'mma fuckin' ghetto superstar; 1
Work come soft, never hard, that's a different charge; 1
Tre-8 never jam if I gotta blam blam!; 1
If you not a regular, I'm taxin' you like Uncle Sam; 2
Rubber gloves, blue magic and some Downy sheets; 2
Plenty plastic wrap and a vacuum pack machine; 2
My uncle, "Old School" don't need nothin' but a triple-beam; 1
A dollar and a plate, he like to hit it while he mix it; 1
I be rollin' up blunts in the den, countin' bread; 1
30 dollars till my heart stop beatin' and I'm dead; 2

[Hook]

[Pimp C: ]
Unh
Sweet Jones is the pimp of the year; 1
Wrist full of frozen fireworks; 1
6 in my ear; 1
fly hoes and chains and Swangin' on them thangs (bitch); 1
No I ain't no lame, got cocaine; 1
It ain't no thang bitch, for you to drive down holl'n for ten; 1
Guaranteed when ya test it you'll come and get 'em again; 1
I heard a nigga say his name was Pimp C on that "Boss'n Up" movie; 0
But that nigga ain't me; 0
Too many clones in the streets and on the microphone; 0
Pussy ass nigga need to leave my legacy alone; 1
'Cause I'm a motherfuckin' king in that Texas; 0
Don't hesitate to put that thang on them plexers; 1
'Cause it ain't no thang to lay yo' lump off in yo' lap boy; 1
Hit his figure with' the trigger, scratch off in the toy; 1
Fuck me, not a chance nigga fuck you; 0
You want a war? It's whateva you bitches wanna do; 1

[Hook: till fade]
Artist: BBall & MJG ft. P. Diddy
Album: Living Legends
Song: "You Don't Want Drama"
Year: 2004

[Intro: P. Diddy]
It's Bad Boy South Niggaz, Ball and G
Orange Mound, the moment you been waitin for
Collaboration, c'mon now
Let's go, let's go, let's so, c'mon

[Verse 1: BBall]
Straight from the underground, fat boy from the mound; 0
Spit it how I live it, keep it gutter, that's how we get down; 2
I wanna see you get it crunk, let a nigga know what hood you from; 1
Everybody with me drunk as fuck, break it down, then roll it up; 1
Back it up, a girl like you, a nigga like me can't pass it up; 1
Rollin by, lookin good, put it in reverse then back it up; 1
What's the deal, lemme make it clear what you got right here; 0
They break mold, one of a kind, fat boy witta gold mouth that shine; 1
Hard to touch, sorry to tell you, boys out here ain't hard as us; 1
Ball and G, part of the streets, cause the streets are a part of us; 1
Lay it down, please remember, games we don't play them now; 1
Disrespect, please remember, stains we gon' spray them 'round; 1

[Chorus]
Buss a nigga head, smack a ho, shoot the club up; 1
Buss a nigga head, smack a ho, shoot the club up; 1
Bitch... nigga!; 1
Bitch... nigga!; 1
Bitch... nigga!; 1
Bitch...; 1
You don't want drama, no!; 1
You don't want none, no!; 1
You don't want drama, no!; 1
You don't want none, no!; 1

[Verse 2: MJG]
Get up (get up) Get crunk (get crunk); 2
Let's race to the trunk (to the trunk); 1
Get a pump, unload and dump; 1
Fuck it, he chose to jump; 1
In the middle of a fire, scotch and burn him, overheat him; 1
Really mistreat him, let's Rodney King him and over beat him; 1
MJG is the reason yo season needed seasonal spices; 0
They needed more life and lucky yo wife was bleedin; 1
Now your wife is leavin yo party, for drinkin too much Bacardi; 1
You should've known when you started; 2
Never fuck with G; 1
In any climate I'm shinin, floss, I'm perfect with timin'; 1
I'm good for rippin' and rhymin' in and out the beat; 0
And 8 Ball is loadin the clip, for niggaz supposin to trip; 1
And you know I'm rollin the whip, we finna set 'em free; 1

111
[Chorus]

[Verse 3: 8 Ball]
8 Ball and G, get it crunk fa sho; 2
My swagger, my flavor, my pimpin, my flow; 1
My hoe, my woman, my slacks, my denims; 1
My backstroke in swimmin, in pools with models in ’em; 1
Them boys, they hate it, we hustle, we made it; 1
We richer, the picture, is two of the greatest; 1

[M/G]
The realest, you bump some Ball and G you gon’ feel it; 0
Guaranteed, muhfucker, stamp, sign, seal it; 0

[8 Ball]
We placin, the fakest, they don’t give it up we gon take it; 1
The realest up in this niggaz buckin, bitches shakin; 1

[M/G]
They asses, for cash it, might be a habit; 1
Like mics when we grab it, we cock it, we blast it; 1

[Chorus]

[Outro: P. Diddy]
So here we go, Bab Boy South
Ball and G, Orange Mound
New York collaboration
You don’t want no drama, you don’t want none
I see you ATL, let’s tear this shit up
C’mon, c’mon... I said let’s tear this shit up!
Yeah, Ball and G, Bad Boy South
Let’s go, let’s work these motherfuckers
Let’s get this money niggaz, yeah, as we proceed.
[Intro: 50 Cent]
It's 50 a.k.a Ferrari F-50
Break it down
I got a lot of living to do before I die
And I ain't got time to waste
Let's make it

[50 Cent]
You said you a gangsta but you neva pop nuttin'; 1
We said you a wanksta and you need to stop frontin'; 2
You ain't a friend of mine, (huh); 0
You ain't no kin of mine, (nah); 0
What makes you think that I'ma run up on you with the nine; 1
We do this all the time, right now we on the grind; 1
So hurry up and cop and go sell nicks and dimes; 1
Shorty she so fine, I gotta make her mine; 1
A ass like that gotta be one of a kind; 1
I crush 'em every time, punch 'em with every line; 1
I'm fuckin with they mind; 0
I make 'em press rewind; 0
They know they can't shine if I'm around the rhyme; 0
Been on parole since '94 'cause I commit the crime; 1
I send you my line, I did it three to nine; 0
If D's ran up in my crib, you know who droppin' dimes; 2

[Chorus 2X: 50 Cent]
You said you a gangsta but you neva pop nuttin; 1
We said you a wanksta and you need to stop frontin'; 1
You go to the dealership but you neva cop nuttin'; 0
You been hustlin a long time and you ain't got nuttin; 1

[Verse 2]
Damn Homie, in highschoo' you was the man, homie; 0
What the fuck happened to you?; 0
I got the sickest vendetta, when it come to the cheddar; 1
And if you play wit' my paper, you gon' meet my beretta; 1
Now shorty think I'ma sweat her, sippin on amoretto; 1
I'm livin' once than deada, I know I can do betta; 0
She look good but I know she after my cheddar; 1
She tryna get in my pockets, homie and I ain't gonna let her; 1
Be easy, stop the bullshit, you'll get your whole crew wet; 1
We in the club doin' the same ol' two step; 0
Gorilla unit cuz they say we bugged out; 2
'Cause we don't go nowhere without toast we thugged out; 1
[Chorus 2X]

[Verse 3]
Me I'm no monsta, me I'm no gangsta; 1
Me I'm no hitman, me I'm jus' me, me; 1
Me I'm no wanksta, me I'm no acta; 2
But it's me you see on your TV; 0
'Cause I hustle baby, this rap shit is so easy; 1
I'm gettin' what you get for a brick to talk greasy; 1
By any means, partner, I got to eat on these streets; 1
If you play me close, for sure I'm gonna pop my heat; 1
Niggas sayin' they gon murk 50 how?; 1
We ridin' 'round with guns the size of Lil Bow Wow; 1
What you know about AK's and AR 15's?; 1
Equipped with night vision, shell catchers and INF beams, huh; 1

[Chorus 2X]
Artist: Bun B ft. David Banner, 8ball, MJG, Rick Ross  
Album: II Trill  
Song: "You're everything"  
Year: 2008

[Bun B]
Man I'm real I love bein from the Dirty South mayne; 2
It made me the G I am today, made me the hustler I am today; 1
The grinder, the baller; the gangster I am today mayne; 1
Lot of people got opinions and, issues and, problems with; 2
what they see comin from the South and who doin what in the South mayne; 2
But I'ma tell you like this - FUCK YOU DAWG~! This the South nigga; 2
We gon' be here, we been here, and ain't goin no motherfuckin where; 2
Take it how you like it, hate it or love it hoe!; 1

It's that candy paint, 84's, belts and buckles, chrome and grill; 1
Leather seats, stitch and tuck, TV screens and wooden wheels; 1
Suede roof, neon lights, whole tire swang and bang; 1
Tops drop, blades chop, fifth wheel just hangin mayne; 1
White T's, fitted hats, Jordans or the dickies (dickies); 1
That Swisher sweet, cigarillos filled up with the sticky (sticky); 1
The fifteens bam'n and the bass kick-kickin; 1
Cadillac do's slammin on them po'-po's tippin; 1
We ain't trippin just flippin these haters dip when they see us (dip when they see us); 1
Cause they could never beat us best us or be us; 1
I'm a G that's a genius, best to just respect my thuggin mayne; 1
It's the South, ain't nothin above it and that's why I love it mayne!; 0
F'real; 0

[Chorus: Jodeci samples]
You're everything I knew! (Ohh yeah)
Do what you want me to (I will doooooooo anything)
Get on my knees for you (ohhhhhhhhh bab-bayyy)
What else is there to do (I don't know, I don't know, but I'll cry)

[Rick Ross - talking over Chorus second half]
Yeah, keepin it trilla baby; Texas, P.A. to H-Town
3-oh-5 to Mi-Yayo... you know what it is

Pray at night when you sellin white, got one ki' tryin to sell it twice; 1
Yellow stones all in my shit, yellow bones all on my dick; 1
Honeycomb I call my crib, money long that's on my kids; 1
R.I.P. to my Uncle Chad, UGK you can't fuck wit that; 0
Niggaz fake, they hate candy paint, and all the paper that your partner make; 1
Shakin dice like a face of life, champagne just ain't tastin right; 1
Haterade they Gatorade, look at these seats they gator made; 1
Friend or foe niggaz never know (know) never know when you fin' to blow; 2

[David Banner]
Dude scrapin the curb, dippin sippin some syrup; 1
Fingers blistered twisted Swishers, Pimp died and it hurt; 1
But I handle my issue, I got several pistols; 1
that won't whistle, missiles knockin' gristle from fatty tissue; 1
Mississippi's my home, 'til I'm die and I'm gone; 0
I know I put it on my back, held that bitch up alone; 2
With no label b-backin, pride split into fractions; 0
I hit the ocean on Peggy bustin back at the crackin; 1
And y'all scared (y'all scared); 1

[Chorus]

[Eightball]
Let's talk about Pimp C, Bun B, 8ball, MJG; 0
Big Boi, Dre 3000, Scarface, Willie D; 0
T.I.P, Young Jeezy, Birdman, Lil Weezy; 0
Trick Daddy, Young Buck, SoSoDef, Jermaine Dupri; 0
J Prince, Rap-A-Lot, Juicy J, DJ Paul; 0
Slim Thug, Lil' Keke, Chamillionare, Paul Wall;
We all different but we all rep the same thang; 2
God first, family then money in the South mayne; 1

[MJG]
They call me PEEIMP TYTE~! MJG; 0
The Dirty South, is everything I want; 2
Everything I need, everything I'm longin for; 0
when I'm outta town gotta get home, just for; 0
Everything that I been raised to love, the wisdom my grandmomma gave to us; 0
Racial profilin, police harassment regular days to us; 1
You say door, we say do'; you say four, we say fo'; 1
You say whore, we say hoe; you want more, but we want mo'; 1
What else is there left for me to do?; 2
This the dedication from me to you; 0
The South, I know you gonna see, me through; 2
So until I die I wanna be, wit'chu; 2
You're everything; 0

[Chorus]
Artist: Cam'ron ft. Juelz Santana
Album: Come Home with Me
Song: "Oh Boy"
Year: 2002

[Intro: Cam'ron]
Just Blaze (Oh Baby) oh baby uh, killa

[Verse 1: Cam'ron]
All the girls see the (Boy) look at his kicks (Boy); 1
Look at his car (Boy) all I say is (Oh Boy); 1
Look mami I'm no good I'm so hood; 1
Clap at your soldiers sober then leave after it's over; 1
Killa, I'm not your companion or your man standin; 0
Hit me when you wanna get rammed in, I'll be scrambling; 1
With lots of mobsters, shot for lobsters; 1
Cops and robbers, listen every block is blaka (BLAKA!!!); 1
But she like the way I diddy bop, you peeped that?; 1
Mink on, Maury kicks plus Chanel ski hat; 1
She want the (Boy) so I give her the (Boy); 1
Now she screeamin out (Boy, Boy, Boy, Boy); 1
Now she playin with herself, Cam dig it out lift her up; 1
Ma it's just a fuck girl get it out pick on up; 1
They want the boy, Montana with guns with bandanas; 1
Listen to my homeboy Santana; 0

[Verse 2: Juelz Santana]
Y'all niggas can't fuck with the (Boy) I'm tellin ya (Boy); 1
Put a shell in ya (Boy) now he bleedin (Oh Boy); 1
Get him, call his (Boy) he wheezin he need his (Bo; 1y)
He screeamin (Boy, Boy, Boy, Boy); 1
Damn shut up (Boy) he's snitchin (Oh Boy); 1
This nigga's bitchin (Boy) he's twistin (Oh Boy); 1
If feds was listenin (Boy) damn, whoa, damn....; 1
I'm in trouble need bail money, shit; 1
Where the fuck is my (Boy) I got trust for my (Boy); 1
That's why I buck with my (Boy) that's my nigga (Oh Boy); 1
He gon' come get his (Boy) he got love for his (Boy); 0
That's my (Boy, Boy, Boy, Boy); 0

[Verse 3: Cam'ron]
When he got caught with the (Boy) we went to court for the (Boy); 2
Just me and my (Boy) and we sayin (Oh Boy); 0
Be on the block with my (Boy) with the Roc fella (Boy); 1
When the cops come......squalin!!!!; 1
Yeah this is for the sports cars, Bonita's, Jimmy's; 1
PJ's, old school, eighteenth at the sports bar; 1
Eight or nine on the (Boy) holla at your boy; 2
Killa.. holla.. listen; 0
It's the D-I-P (Boy) plus the R-O-C (Boy); 0
You'll be D-O-A (Boy) your moms will say (Oh Boy); 1
Shit, ain't no stoppin 'em, guns we got a lot of 'em; 1
Shit, matter of fact, gurus start poppin 'em; 1
Then slap up his (Boy) clap up his (Boy); 1
Wrap up his (Boy) get them gats (Oh Boy); 1
Diplomats are them (Boy) for the girls and the (Boy); 0
Say (Boy, Boy, Boy, Boy); 0

[Verse 4: Juelz Santana]
Now when they see Cam and his (Boy) they say damn (Oh Boy); 0
Santana's that (Boy) that squeeze hammers (Oh Boy); 1
Canons and bandanas glammers we don't brandish; 1
Blam at your man's canvas then scram with your man's leaded; 1
And I'm back with my (Boy); 0

[Cam'ron]
Until that man is vanished; 1
Away in the Grand Canyon these kids are grand standin'; 1
Niggaz demand ransom over them grams scramblin' (Boy, Boy, Boy, Boy); 1
Well fuck it, Van Damme 'em, Cam'll blam blam 'em; 1
Call up his (Boy) I'm down south tannin (Oh Boy); 0
Mami I got the remedy Tommy's I bet the enemy; 1
Hire me somebody but now my body your feelin finicky; 0
Killa and Kopel we chill in Morocco for reala; 0
We got doe chinchilla doe and fill with them hollows, huh; 1
It's the (Boy) I said it's the (Boy); 0
I'm the (Boy, Boy, Boy, Boy) Killa...; 0
Artist: Cam'Ron ft. Lil' Wayne  
Album: Killa Season  
Song: "Touch it or Not (Suck it or not)"  
Year: 2006

[Cam'Ron]
Killa!  
Dip-set!  
Lil' Weezy, Cash Money!  
Yo ma, lemme holla  
Let's do it!

[Chorus: Cam'Ron]
Ma, I been huggin' the block (huggin' the block); 1  
That's right! Hustlin' rocks (hustlin' rock); 1  
I know, I been puffin' a lot (puffin' a lot); 1  
But a nigga wanna know; 0  
Babygirl, you gon' suck it or not?; 1

[Cam'Ron]
Huh?  
My dick hard as a motherfucker; 1  
You don't what?! Tell that shit to another sucker (what I look like?); 1  
I ain't no sucka, mama, come on fuck the drama (fuck that); 0  
Pet, kiss it, then, lil pucker-rama (lil pucker-rama); 1  
I'm so active, you being so drastic; 0  
Got something for ya face, fuck pro-activ; 1  
I'm a pro at this; 0  
Round the globe, atlas; 0  
But I need to know ma, you gon' suck it or not?; 1  
Babygirl, I'm in love with the twat; 1  
Missionary, back shots, pop it off, rock it off; 1  
I tell you right now if my cock is soft (what I want?); 1  
head before and after (what's that?); 1  
top it off (do what?); 0  
On ya knees, show you how to top a boss (how it go?); 1  
Lick, suck, deep throat, stop, cough; 1  
hop on, hop off, lollipop off; 1  
I know it's white, but here come the hot sauce; 1

[Chorus]

[Cam'Ron]
Lookin light skinned, mami was tight slim; 0  
Fat ass, big tits, I noticed her nice chin (sturdy chin); 1  
I approached her, slight grin, white Timbs, number you can type in; 1  
Said she don't like men (hahaha); 0  
I just laughed, ma, if we link, we link; 0  
You don't like men? me neither, what a coincidink (what a coincidence); 1
Ms. Jiggy, Ms. Piggy, Pinky mink, pinky ring blingin';
Ma, you gon' suck it or not?;
I ain't the type to dis you, kinda like the issue (I like that);
That's the situation, bring wifey with you (bring her);
Would you like a tissue? (Why?);
You gon' need it for the cum up in your nose, babygirl, cause you suckin my cock!;
Ain't a question now, it's a guarantee;
They say I think I'm the shit, (oh well) well apparently;
But you won't hear words like "Marry me" (what, marry me?);
Only thing you gonna hear is, "suck it or not!";

[Chorus]

[Lil Wayne]
I get head in the strangest places;
two at the same time, call it changin' faces;
I tell a bitch "we ain't tradin' places";
Now stand back and catch my amazing greatness (heh heh heh);
Taste and savor it;
Vanilla Ice Cream, she say "ooh, my favorite";
Do you know who you playin' wit?;
Chillin' like a scarecrow, looking for some brain;
Drivin' in the Range or;
flies on a plane;
Her head is crazy so she's insane;
She know the game, get in and get right;
Every bitch in the industry wanna rock my mic;
I'm hot like light;
I'm tough like Ike;
I don't fuck with dog hoes cause them hoes might bite;
Yeah, and then she follows;
In the back of my mind, I'm hopin' she swallows;

[Chorus] - repeat 2X
Artist: The Clipse ft. Pharrell Williams (N.E.R.D.)
Album: Lord Willin'
Song: "Grindin"
Year: 2002

[Pharrell] & (Pusha T in sing-song voice)
Yo...I go by the name... (I'm yo' pusha)
of Pharrell from the Neptunes...
And I just wanna let y'all know... (I'm yo' pusha)
The world is about to feel...
Something... (I'm yo' pusha), that they've never felt before
C'mon

(Pusha T)
From ghetto to ghetto, to backyard to yard; 1
I sell it whip on whip, it's off the hard; 1
I'm the...neighborhood pusha; 1
Call me subwoofer, 'cause I pump "base'/bass" like that, Jack; 1
On or off the track, I'm heavy cuz; 1
Ball 'til you fall 'cause you could duck to the Feddi Gows [Federal Government]; 1
Sorry my love, what I'm seeing through these eyes; 0
Benz convoys with the wagon on the side; 1
Only big boys keep deuces on the ride; 1
Gucci Chuck Taylor with the dragon on the side; 1
Man, I make a buck, why scram?; 1
I'm trying to show y'all who the fuck I am; 0
The jewels is flirtin me, damned if I'm hurting; 1
Legend in two games like I'm Pee Wee Kirkland; 0
Platinum on the block with consistent hits; 0
While Pharrell keep talking this music shit; 0

[Chorus: Pharrell]
......Grindin'! (Ahhhh); 1
......Grindin'! (Ahhhh); 1
Grindin'! (Ahhhh); 1
Grindin'! (Ahhhh); 1
Grindin'! (Ahhhh); 1
...(Hu-huuh...); 0

(Malice overlapping last line of Chorus)
Patty cake, patty cake, I'm the baker's man; 1
I bake them cakes as fast as I can; 1
And you can tell by how my bread stack up; 1
And disguised in this rap so the feds back up; 1
Watch it, like my whip, like my chick, topless; 1
Doing a buck-six with me in the cockpit; 1

6 Pusha is slang terminology for someone who sells drugs
7 Base means crack cocaine. Called base because of how it is prepared
Grindin' cousin, I got hoes for a dozen; 1
Even eleven-5, if I see ya keep it comin'; 0
And my weight*, that's just as heavy as my name; 1
So much dough, I can't swear I won't change; 1
Excuse me if my wealth got me full of myself; 1
Cocky, something that I just can't help; 0
'Specially when them 20's is spinning like windmills; 1
And the ice 32 below minus the wind chill; 1
Filthy, the word that best defines me; 0
I'm just grinding man, y'all never mind me; 1

[Chorus]

[B-Sec: The Clipse in sing-song voice and (Pharrell)]
Grin-din', when you know what I keep in a lining (Whooof...); 1
Niggas better stay in line, when (Whooof...); 2
When you see a nigga like me shinin' (Grin-ding!); 0
Grin-din', when you know what I keep in a lining (Whooof...); 1
Niggas better stay in line, when (Whooof...); 2
When you see a nigga like me shinin' (Grin-ding!); 1

(Malice)
My grind's 'bout family, never been about fame; 1
From days I wasn't "Abel/able", there was always "Cain/caine"; 1
Four and a half will get you in the game; 1
Anything less is just a goddamn shame; 0
Guess the weight, my watch got blue chips in the face; 1
Glock with two clips, whoever gets in the way; 1
Not to mention the hideaway that rests by the lake; 1
Consider my raw demeanor the icing on the cake; 0
I'm Grinding; 1
(Pusha T overlapping Malice's last line)
I move 'caine/cane like a cripple; 1
Balance weight through the hood; 1
Kids call me Mr. Sniffles; 0
Other hand on my nickel--; 1
Plated whistle, one eye closed I'll hit you; 1
As if I was Slick Rick my aim is still an issue; 1
Lose your soul in...whichever palm I'm holdin'; 1
One'll leave you frozen, the other, noddin' and dozin'; 1
I'm grindin' Jack; 1

[Chorus]

[B-sec: The Clipse in sing-song voice and (Pharrell)]
Grin-din', when you know what I keep in a lining; 1

*Weight is slang terminology for drugs that are to be sold
Niggas better stay in line, when; 2
When you see a nigga like me shinin' (Grin-ding!); 0
Grin-din', when you know what I keep in a lining; 1
Niggas better stay in line, when; 2
When you see a nigga like me shinin' (Grin-ding!); 0
[Brat]
Hey JD, why you be saying oh, oh
Is that like flossin' shit?
You just like walk in and so people say, oh shit, it's him
Bounce to this, come on

1 - Where my rag wearing soldiers that; 1
    Love to watch the dough stack; 1
    Never leave the house without their strap; 1
    (That's what I'm looking for); 0
    They know just what a woman need; 0
    Keep a big bank roll and a bag of weed; 1
    When it's time to go down they ain't scared to freak, shit; 1
    (That's what I'm looking for); 0
Where my Rolley wearing thugs who; 1
    Claim they don't love you; 1
    But any time you want something done, they do it; 0
    (That's what I'm looking for); 0
    The ball all night type; 0
    Frontin', screaming, thug life; 1
    That's the type of nigga I like; 0
    (That's what I'm looking for); 0

Uh I get high, get mine; 1
I like a thug in my life to get by; 1
That's why I spit shine the pussy; 1
'Till it get tight and fine; 1
He push me over to the other side; 0
If he act right he could hit it from behind; 1
We can bump and grind all night 'till we reach a climax; 1
Make sure you leave a fat sack for Brat; 1
Till you come back for more; 1
Six pack surrounding my belly hole, it's tight; 2
You ain't gotta tell me So; 0
So Def is the way that I flow; 0
Made to blow, pave the road; 0
Unfaddable, capable to save your hoe; 1
Wherever I go, stack dough; 1
I'm looking for a nigga roll, that ain't broke; 1
If its time to lick off shots he don't trust; 1
Even know how to flip cocaine and when the funds is low; 1
For the show stopper, this for the know nadas; 1
Shit get mo' hotter, nigga holla my name; 2
They follow me when I'm drivin' the Range; 1
And wait for me to finish performing backstage; 1
Never have a nigga yawning; 1
When they keep up with the shorty; 1
Weed pumping as strong as me; 1
Gotta be the ball all night type; 1
I like it every minute when he charmin' me; 1

[Repeat 1]

Stretch out your arms; 0
Flip out your wrists; 0
Let me see what to hit for; 2
I'm fixing to know if you can afford to cop; 1
A couple of dem thangs for your girl to rock; 1
When we stepping in the door we killing 'em; 1
Let the heads know we ain't feeling them; 2
Or affiliated with them; 2
I glisten and glow, 38 caliber go pop; 1
Niggas that wanna show off; 0
Don't just stop; 0
My soldier's not having that; 1
I'm looking for a thug that'll kill for Brat; 1
And make million dollar deals for Brat; 1
And pay some of the bills for Brat; 1
And just chill for Brat; 0
Watch dough stack, been broke, am I goin' back? Nope; 1
Need to know how to surround a bitch with stability; 1
Get down, bitches, if he feel me, rich now; 1
I can't afford to sit down, get bored if; 1
We got hits out nigga need big clout; 0
Don't crowd my space if we dip out; 1
Running with some other nigga face he don't trip out; 1
Never leave the house without weed and a glock; 1
Even got keys to the spot to drop the PO Box; 1
And in the drawer when he find his underwear; 0
I keep a fresh do rag in his hair; 0

[Repeat 1]

That's what I'm looking for; 0
That's what I'm looking for; 0
That's what I'm looking for; 0
That's what I'm looking for; 0
Artist: David Banner ft. Lil' Flip
Album: Mississippi: The Album
Song: "Get Down (Like a Pimp)"
Year: 2003

Real girls get down on the flo' (on the flo') (4x); 1
Like a Pimp; 1
Real girls get down on the flo' (on the flo') (2x); 1
Like a pimp; 1
Real girls get down on the flo' (on the flo')(2x); 1

[Lil' Flip]
By the time I hit the door; 0
I saw hoes on the flo'; 1
Niggas dressed in suits; 1
Tricking all they hoes; 1
Me I'm a pimp; 1
I ain't paying for no sex; 1
Man I'd rather buy a car; 1
Or a new Rolex; 1
Cause I got street paint; 2
So hoes flock like birds; 1
I got one hoe in the Range; 1
And another in the surbs'; 1
When I hit the club; 0
Imma be wit David Banner; 0
A thug ass nigga; 1
Wit' bad table manners; 2
We act bad (my nigga what is y'all saying); 2
Like when we walk inside clubs; 0
Niggas hold they guil's hand; 2
Cause they know we run trains (choo choo) all night; 1
How could yo' gal leave me; 0
And be wit' you all night; 0
But it's all right; 0
Cause you know we don't kiss; 1
Like Too $hort said; 0
Bitches ain't shit; 1
I tried to told ya; 0
That most girls really freaks; 1
And this is how they gotta; 0
make they money every week; 2

[Chorus]{repeat 4 times}
Real girls get down on the flo' on the flo'(2x); 1
Like a pimp; 1

[David Banner]
Step into club looking just like a pimp; 1
We got cash; 1
So we screaming out "shake something BITCH"; 1
This is the song; 0
Tell the DJ put it on; 0
Micheal Tyler made you shake; 1
Sisqo made you show your thong; 1
Bitch I'm dead wrong; 0
The playa from the crib; 1
So get out on the flo'; 0
And girl get it how you live; 2
And since you so hot (hot); 0
Then show yo' pussy lips; 1
[?'] but I know you still flip; 1
Bitch don't trip; 0
Ain't a damn thang changed; 0
I still love my queens; 0
But bitches keep me to the game; 1
So if you gotta hoe; 1
Shake 'em up and let 'em go uhh; 2
And let them girls get down on the flo' on the flo'; 1
Like a Pimp; 1

[Chorus]

[Lil' Flip]
Now don't you hate them ole' lying ass hoes; 1
Smiling in your face wearing her best friend's clothes; 1
I suppose
They like the way me and Banner pimp; 1
You can catch us at Pappadeaux; 1
Eating steak and shrimp; 1

[David Banner]
Or you can catch us at E&G pouring it up; 1
Flip whipping Cali trucks; 1
Guls licking my nuts; 1
We some south side pimps; 1
And we ain't giving a fuck; 0
Fuck yo' gul up in the throat; 1
And make her swallow the nut; 1

[Lil' Flip]
We make 'em swallow the nut so; 1
Follow the truck; 0
Lil' Flip and David Banner; 0
We got all of the butts and; 1
All of they sluts and; 1
All of the hoes; 1
So drop it like it's hot girl; 1
Touch yo fucking toes; 2
Oohh

[David Banner]
Go'n touch yo toes and; 2
Make me a roll and; 1
Gone hit the mall; 0
And buy me some clothes mayne; 1
And if yo boy's trill; 2
Imma bust a clip; 1
Yall bitches can't fuck wit' me;
And

[Lil' Flip]
Lil' Flip Nigga; 0
Nigga Nigga; 0
Yea nigga; 0
This for the real money makers out there you know; 0
Get yo mother fucking money; 0
Don't worry 'bout the next nigga; 0
Get yo mother fucking money; 1
Get yo mother fucking money nigga; 1
Uh get your money money; 1
Money money; 1
Artist: DJ Khaled ft. T-Pain, Trick Daddy, Rick Ross & Plies  
Album: We the Best  
Song: "I'm So Hood"  
Year: 2007

DJ Khaled we the best  
Who? We Nigga  
We the best  
The runners. I represent the ghetto across the world  
And you represent the hood two hands in the sky

[T-Pain:]  
I'm so hood (Listen!); 1  
I wear my pants below my waist; 1  
And I never dance when I'm in this place; 0  
Cause you and your man is plannin' to hate (I'm so hood); 1  
And I got these golds up in my mouth; 1  
If you get closer to my house then you know what I'm taking bout I'm out the (hood); 1  
And if you feel me put your hands up (hood); 0  
My hood niggas can you stand up (I'm so hood); 1  
If you not from here you can walk it out; 1  
And you not hood if you don't know what I'm talkin bout; 1

[Trick Daddy:]  
Everybody wanna motha fuckin' know why I dress so fly sit so high (Bitch);  
I do it for the hood; 1  
Bitch ass niggas I do it cause I could; 1  
Every star on my jeans 4X on my white tee; 1  
Livin' life like a G that's why these bitch ass niggas wanna fight me; 1  
Trick ain't gon' play with 'em; 2  
No a brother 'a let the AK hit 'em; 1  
Tough niggas get fucked up; 1  
And put on ice for the rest of they life; 1  
I'm straight out the hood bro'; 1  
See that's that I do it for; 0  
My low class ghetto ass; 1  
Just renewed my ghetto pass; 1

[T-Pain:]  
I'm so hood (yeah); 1  
I wear my pants below my waist; 1  
And I never dance when I'm in this place; 0
Cause you and your man is plannin' to hate (I'm so hood); 1
And I got these golds up in my mouth; 1
If you get closer to my house then you know what I'm taking bout I'm out the (hood); 1
And if you feel me put your hands up (hood); 0
My hood niggas can you stand up (I'm so hood); 1
If you not from here you can walk it out; 1
And you not hood if you don't know what I'm talkin' bout; 1

[Rick Ross:]
Ross yeah 4-5 [.45 magnum] off in the ride; 1
Four blunts for me to get high; 1
Feel bump when I ride by (I'm so hood); 1
I got 'em hatin' talkin' like Plies; 1
Niggas keep droppin' like flies; 1
Snitchin ain't gon' cut no time (I'm so hood); 1
I murder one of you fuck niggas; 1
Rob for you last; 1
You 'nough comin' mad (I'm so hood); 2
For money for mayhem for yayo [crack cocaine] and millions; 1
I made 'em, the mayblock is mine, the city is mine (I'm so hood); 1

[T-Pain:]
I'm so hood (yeah); 1
I wear my pants below my waist; 1
And I never dance when I'm in this place; 0
Cause you and your man is plannin' to hate (I'm so hood); 1
And I got these golds up in my mouth; 1
If you get closer to my house then you know what I'm taking bout I'm out the (hood); 1
And if you feel me put your hands up (hood); 0
My hood niggas can you stand up (I'm so hood); 1
If you not from here you can walk it out; 1
And you not hood if you don't know what I'm talkin' bout; 1

[Plies:]
(PLIES!)
Damn my P-O ya'll can tell her I said it; 1
Violate me if she want have to come catch me; 1
Piss test me all you want, I'm a smoke when I'm ready; 1
Pants hangin off me now 'cause my pistol heavy (HOOD!); 1
I ain't spoke to you yet dawg, 'cause I ain't friendly; 1
I drank yak [Cognac] homie, ya'll drank Cris [Cristal Champagne]: 1
I like bust it babies\(^9\), I 'on’t want dat bourgeois bitch\(^{10}\); 1
I'll neva buy a Phantom, 28's [28 in rims] can't fit; 1
Dey say I'm fed [federal penitentiary] bound, dey call me high risk; 1
I'm a full blooded goon [thug], lames make me sick; 1
You getting' 3 or 4 birds where I'm from we call you rich; 1
I'd like to thank da hood homie you taught me how to rip; 2

\[T-Pain:]

I'm so hood (yeah); 1
I wear my pants below my waist; 1
And I never dance when I'm in this place; 0
Cause you and your man is plannin' to hate (I'm so hood); 1
And I got these golds up in my mouth; 1
If you get closer to my house then you know what I'm taking bout I'm out the (hood); 1
And if you feel me put your hands up (hood); 0
My hood niggas can you stand up (I'm so hood); 1
If you not from here you can walk it out; 1
And you not hood if you don't know what I'm talkin' 'bout; 1

\[Dj Khaled:]

I'm So Hood
Trick Daddy, T-Pain, Rick Ross
Nigga We So Hood
We The Best
Dj Khaled Florida Stand Up
Let's Go

---

\(^9\) Bust it babies are women in the hood who are always available for sex. Essentially they allow the man to “bust it” or reach his sexual climax

\(^{10}\) Bourgie bitches are women who don't reside in the hood and, therefore, are not sexually available to the man
[Hook:]
I bet you ain't never seen 26's on a range; 1
Iced out VVS\textsuperscript{11} stones in a chain; 1
She Want a Hood boy [x4]; 1
I bet you ain't never seen a nigga pushin' that work; 1
Gettin' it, how he live stuntin' on the turf; 2

[Verse 1: E-40]
She Want a Hood boy; 1
She want a hood boy; 1
She don't want no mark; 1
Body art on his arms and neck and across his heart; 2
They throwin' up they block; 1
I represent my park; 1
It's a zoo I got more animals then Noah's ark; 2
I keep the bottles cracked; 1
I got the dro sparked; 1
44 cocked; 1
S65 parked; 1
I'm a hood boy; 1
I be ridin' wet; 2
Insides jelly; 1
Touchscreen deck; 1
They say you go boy; 0
I love yo' swag and 'staljha'; 2
I remember fo' you rap you used to sell that yola [crack cocaine]; 1
Breitling for Bentley watch; 1
26 inch socks [car rims]; 1
Pick a ride girl; 1
I got a car lot; 1

[Hook:]
I bet you ain't never seen 26's on a range
Iced out VVS stones and a chain
She Want a Hood boy [x4]
I bet you ain't never seen a nigga pushin' that work
Gettin' it, how he live stuntin' on the turf
She Want a Hood boy [x4]

[Verse 2: E-40]

\textsuperscript{11}VVS diamonds have very-very slight imperfections, extremely clear diamonds
I got paper; 1
But I be on the under; 2
Every 3 or 4 weeks I change my phone number; 2
Popes [police] be trying to watch me; 1
On some old shit; 0
I give em' the same line; 0
I don't know shit; 1
I don't want a model; 1
I want some stretch marks; 1
30 pound butt meat cheeks pull apart; 1
Damn I be coonin'; 2
Japanese jeans on; 1
Shorty on my line; 0
She got me on her ringtone; 0
She love me; 1
I like her; 1
I'm too hood; 1
To wife her; 1
I'm to hood to wife her; 1
Plus I got 3 just like her; 1
I'm on this XO Landy [Land Rover]; 1
Mixed with 40 water; 0

[Hook:]
I bet you ain't never seen 26's on a range
Iced out VVS stones and a chain
She Want a Hood boy [x4]
I bet you ain't never seen a nigga pushin' that work
Gettin it, how he live stuntin' on the turf
She Want a Hood boy [x4]

[Bridge:]
I can tell when she lookin' at me; 0
I can tell she wan't a nigga from the streets; 1
She wan't that hood boy [x4]; 1
I can tell when she lookin' at me; 0
that she wan't a nigga like 40; 2
She wan't that hood boy [x4]; 1

[Hook:]
I bet you ain't never seen 26's on a range
Iced out VVS stones and a chain

133
She Want a Hood boy [x4]
I bet you ain’t never seen a nigga pushin’ that work
Gettin it, how he live stuntin’ on the turf
She Want a Hood boy [x4]
[CHORUS]
She say she love me
she she say (she love me)
she say she love but,
all we do now is fucking fight
[s3]

[E-40]
if I ask you rob that bank with me would you do it? ; 1
would do ya time like Martha Stewart? ; 1
would bust a nine [9mm]; 1
would ya go bat; 2
would ya put ya life on the line; 2
with me hit the dough track? (dough track); 1
is ya down will ya beat a pooch down? ; 1
if a pimp couldn't swim, would ya let a pimp drown?; 1
could stop naggin me about last night ; 0
two wrongs dont make a right, ; 0
all we do is fucking fight ; 0
kiss and make up lay up all night.; 1
now bend over while I lay this pipe, ; 1
while I beat the coochie up till the broad day light.; 1
she say she love me but ; 1
when I'm in the studio she be getting all ugly (she say she love me); 2
but I could give a fuck about it because I'm 'bout my money.; 1
bendin corners ridin jumbo, money long like Mutombo [Dikembe Mutombo]; 1
got that twig pushin fees; 2
franklin stack two two three (two three); 1
I'm bout my money; 1
hangin out the window throwing up the playbook bunny, ; 0
ain't never phony ; 0
I'ma keep it moving man 'cause I'm always hungry; 2
lil mama what it is tell me what you need; 0
what it be? ; 0
do you need a lil Q T; 0
a lil quality time a lil bumpin and grind a lil wine and dine a lil movie, ;1
a lil money, some time, a lil Dolce et Gabana, cheri, Louis Viton a lil jewelery, ; 1
why you mad why you always take it out on me ; 0
why you always showing out in front company?; 2

[CHORUS]
[**8 Ball**]
MAN! Ain't never seen one look like you cutie; 1
DAMN!! 5'2 with a nice round booty; 1
You was just my type and; 0
I could see it in yo' eyes and I knew that from day one; 0
stayin up all night just chillin ; 0
talkin bout what we going name our son ; 0
24/7 hustlin' ; 1
the objective not being broke again; 1
let me get ya whole pay check ; 2
one time when I couldn't pay the rent ; 0
now look at ya baby Benz; 1
with the lil TV and the crazy rims; 1
big rocks on ya hand; 1
tell ya friends big daddy bought them; 1
now on the otha hand here we go talkin' 'bout; 0
where the fuck you been; 0
always in at the studio ; 0
in another time zone ; 0
tryin to get rich ; 1
get you on the zimfendale fire up one let you hit the green; 1
niggas mad that you on my team; 1
cause they how you move them things; 1
come home be a mama and a wife a freak in the bed baby; 1
I'm trying to work why you gotta call 100 times like you crazy; 2
don't play when the time is right we can go up in the air and go play; 1
wanna go there and stay here and love me every day; 2

[**CHORUS**]

[Bun B]
now there's a stranger in my house and my bed; 0
fucking up my life and my bread; 1
playin' mind games all in my head; 0
sometimes I swear you worse than the feds; 2
you love a nigga then hate a nigga ; 1
then you love me again; 1
this shit's confusing; 0
in the streets hittin' licks I'm winnin'; 1
comin' fucking with you and I'm losin'; 0
I'm built for drama but not this kind; 2
been slide before but not this time; 0
these years of viding this year hustlin'; 1
you can't be fucking up this grind; 1
now you been doing too much cappin'; 0
bumpin' ya gums and yappin'; 1
Interfering grown folk business; 1
and baby girl I just can't let that happen; 1
I been out here spittin' this blood; 2

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Fuckin' with cut throats to get this cake.; 1
but I swear it seem like the more I give ya; 1
the more ya try to take.; 1
my heart and my back ya tryna break.; 2
I ain't crazy I see the signs.; 0
trying steal my light and my shine.; 1
you must be outta yo fucking mind.; 0
I just wanted to spoil ya ass and I guess I succeed.; 1
but now ya just to fucking conceited.; 2
if this is love I don't need it.; 1
you acting like you the pimp and I'm the hoe (hell no).; 1
man I swear the god if yo' pussy wasn't the bomb.; 1
I would have left ass long time ago.; 1
BITCH!!!.; 1
Artist: Fabolous
Album: Ghetto Fabolous
Song: "Young'n (Holla Back)"
Year: 2001

[Intro: spoken]
Brooklyn, uh uh uh uh
Huh Huh uh huh do it huh Yea
Uh Uh do it huh huh what ya'll want huh

[Verse 1]
Rollin', gold two seater; 1
Stash in the dash; 1
Hole through heaters; 1
Blockahhhhh put holes through beaters; 1
Ghetto Fab stroll through Cheetahs; 1
Ballin', Brooklyn don; 1
Addicted to Cris' hooked on Dom; 1
15 G's hookers on; 2
Ma, I wanna see how you look in thongs; 1
Hustlin', guys that send Po's; 1
Cause I chop rocks the size of Mentos; 1
Blame me, I tried to hit hoess; 1
Look at the hurt your eyes will squint closed; 2
Pimpin' here's a new way to flirt; 1
Listen to the two-way alert; 1
It goes (2 way beeps in song's beat); 0
Let's go VIP boo raise your skirt; 1

[Chorus]
Holla back Young'n (Hoooo Hoooo!)
Holla back (Hoooo Hoooo!)
Holla back Young'n (Hoooo Hoooo!)
Holla back (Hoooo Hoooo!)
Holla back Young'n (Hoooo Hoooo!)
Holla back (Hoooo Hoooo!)
Holla back Young'n (Hoooo Hoooo!)
Holla back (Hoooo Hoooo!)

[Verse 2]
I'm Gangsta; 1
Ya'll just wannabe's; 1
Federal Agents on their P's; 2
30 grand 28 on the keys [kilos]; 1
Gotta good lawyer I'm gonna squeeze; 2
Thuggin' jeans and Tim's; 1
Fitted to the front lean the brim; 1
Ride but never on teenage rims; 1
And I keep a chick's face between limbs; 1
Stylin' ya'll heard about my kick game; 2
I'm on the parkway see me at the Knicks game; 1
Probably seen this tatted on your chick's frame; 1
F-A-B-O-L-U-S; 0
Ridin' Ya'll know as well I do; 0
That's the way you can tell I flew; 0
So I got a deal I sell pies too; 1
Cause before I hit the pens [penitentiary] I'm gettin' bailed by Clue; 2

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]
Cruisin' top on the Mercedes low; 1
Turn us up when you hear this on the radio; 0
Blastin' with the nineteen eighty flow; 0
Make the necks on the ladies go (wooo woop); 0
Holla that's what a pretty thug will do; 1
Hit Branson get a fifty jug or two; 2
Ya'll throwin' on them gritty mugs for who; 2
Like ya'll don't know what fifty slugs will do; 1
Hatin' I just bought the uz'; 2
I put ya'll in the front page articles; 2
I got 'em lookin' at the billboard charts confused; 0
And I still freestyle to start the Clue's; 0
Reppin' I'm that kid about the doe; 1
I done copped coke [cocaine] and started droughts before; 1
Shit Platinum out the door; 0
Now I drop the top down just to shout to hoes; 1

[Chorus -until fades]

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Artist: Ice Cube ft. Lil Jon, Snoop Dogg  
Album: Laugh Now, Cry Later  
Song: "Go to Church"  
Year: 2006

[Snoop Dogg]  
Nigga you need to stop snitchin'; 1  
All that yip-yappin' and jaw-jackin'; 1  
Nigga if you scared, go to church; 1  
You knew the job was dangerous when you took it; 1

Whattup it’s the big boss Dogg; 0  
Snoop D-O-double-G, Eastside L.B.C; 0  
And I’m bobbin to the beat of my O.G. homeboy Ice Cube; 0  
And I’m C-walkin on the motherfuckin concrete; 1

[Intro: Ice Cube]  
Yo if you’re fucked up, put your cups up; 1  
Ice Cube and Snoop Dogg, nigga what’s up; 0  
See he’s a gangster, I’m a hustler; 1  
Yo it’s either thank ya, or it’s fuck ya; 2

[Ice Cube] + (Lil Jon)  
I’m down with Lil Jon ain’t got to pretend (YEAH!); 2  
Crunk Juice nigga run the club that you in (HEY!); 1  
You scary motherfuckers don’t wanna bring the ruckus (NAH!); 1  
You just spend all your time in the club tryin to duck us (WHAT?); 1  
And if you walk by nigga, I’m a knock fire nigga; 1  
from yo’ ass, you can come try nigga (HEY!); 1  
In the hood, all the way down South (YEAH!); 1  
I ain’t Mike Jones, keep my name out’cha mouth bitch (Mike Jones); 1  
We can get it crackin’ if it get to clickin’ clackin’; 1  
Look at Mr. Jackson, nigga with no reaction; 2  
If you scared, go to church, we gon’ hit you where it hurts; 1  
That don’t work, we’ll put you in the dirt; 1  
Cause a whole lot of rappers make a whole lot of noise (hey); 2  
Lyrics full of steroids, niggaz paranoid (hey); 2  
And when you get that blowup, it make you throw up; 2  
When you realize your favorite rapper ain’t got no nuts; 2

[Chorus 2X: Ice Cube] + (Lil Jon)  
If you a scared motherfucker go to church (GO TO CHURCH); 1  
If you a gutter motherfucker do your dirt (A DO YOUR DIRT); 1  
If you a down motherfucker put in work (A PUT IN WORK); 1  
IF you a crazy motherfucker go berserk (A GO BERSERK!); 2

[Snoop Dogg]  
Click clackin’, pistol-packin’, Crip raggin’ foolio; 1  
Who the only nigga in the club with the toolio; 1
You ain’t know? Yeah you did; there it was, there it is; 2
"Is that Coolio?" Naw bitch, let me in; 2
Jibba-jabba snatcha get at ya, spit at actors & rappers; 2
Hang out with kidnappers and jackers; 1
Make money off crackers; can you imagine how I keep shit crackin?; 1
It's the big boss Dogg I'm back in action and smashin; 2
I flash with the bling I sur-pass the supreme; 1
You don't really wanna have a clash with my team; 1
I mix hash with the green I'm the last of the kings; 1
If I got a bitch with me she got ass in them jeans; 1
Rollin through yo' neighborhood, my Cadillac so clean; 1
Servin' all you suckers cause you all dope fiends; 1
Just like that dopeman, nigga what's up?; 1
You run up with that bullshit I'll fuck yo' ass up; 1

[Chorus]

[Lil Jon: repeat 2X]
You scared, you scared; 1
You scared motherfucker you scared; 1
You scared (you scared) you scared (you scared); 1
You scared motherfucker you scared (you scared); 1

[Chorus]

[Ice Cube] + (Lil Jon)
It goes one for the money (HEY) two for the show (YEAH); 1
Three for the pussy, fo' the glow (HEY); 1
Five for the rookies, six for the pros (NAH); 2
Seven for the numbers of them fuckin' zeroes (WHAT?); 1
Eight for haters, nine for the cause; 1
Ten for my nigga, behind big bars (HEY); 1
Fuck these devils and they laws (YEAH!); 1
Never question the size of Ice Cube's balls; 1
Artist: Ja Rule ft. Charli Baltimore
Album: Pain is Love
Song: "Down Ass Bitch"
Year: 2001

[Ja Rule: talking]
Ja Rule, Chuck B-more
Every thug needs a lady
And every thug needs a down ass bitch, huh, feel me
Every thug needs a lady
Baby I'm convinced, you my down ass bitch

[Chorus - Ja Rule]
Baby say yeah, (baby say yeah); 0
If you'd lie for me, like you lovin' me; 1
Baby say yeah, (baby say yeah); 0
If you'd die for me, like you cry for me; 1
Baby say yeah, (baby say yeah); 0
If you'd kill for me, like you comfort me; 1
Baby say yeah, (baby say yeah); 0
Girl I'm convinced, you're my down ass bitch; 1

[Ja Rule]
Uh
I know that you're lovin' me, 'cause you thug with me, who bust slugs for me?; 1
My baby; 0
Who gon' kill for you, like I comfort you, who else but the Rule?; 1
You feel me; 0
Girl when we connect the dots we hit the spot; 0
Twin Benz's, you ride hard, I ride drop; 1
And to make it better, baby got the nina' Beretta tucked low; 1
And I'm two cars back with the four-four; 1
And it freaks you out, on your momma's couch, that's what us thugs be 'bout; 1
You know me; 0
And when I pray for love, baby pray for us, who celebrates the thugs?; 1
My lady; 0
Got me seekin' capital game when I spit sixteen; 2
Whether bars or sixteens in the doors of cars; 1
A star is born; 0
In the hood, made a name live on, R-U-L-E, ladies, feel me; 1

[Chorus]

[Charlie Baltimore]
Now I'mma show you blood or love, there's no belly you bounce from; 1
Blow sellin', dough amounts to no tellin'; 1
There'll be no tellin', snitches get it back; 1
Those gats to your backs for my boy; 1
What part of the game is that, huh?; 1
Niggas and they feelings 'cause I handle your dealings, keep your name in tact; 1
My fame's intact so cops won't know what it's hittin' for; 1
Now hoes wanna know what you shittin' for; 1
'Cause I'm your bitch, the Bonnie to your Clyde; 1
It's mental, mash your enemies, we out in the rental; 1
I'm your bitch, niggas run up on ya, shift ya lungs, who's your organ donor?; 1
What they know about, extreme measures I'm a ride with you; 1
And my baby three-eighty at my side; 1
And we lock the town, I'm as down as any thug; 1
My love, they gotta take us in blood, what; 2

[Chorus]

[Ja Rule]
You could die from love, at any given time I could die from slugs; 1
But that's what this life is capable of; 0
The death and the life of a bitch and a thug, is what I'm scared of; 1
But got a woman that ain't afraid to, tuck the toast in the Escalade; 1
Pop on niggas that showin' me shade, but only for the Rule 'cause that's my baby; 1
Got me a down ass bitch with red hair, that don't care; 1
Blazed by the shots and flares; 1
Girl c'mon, follow me, and bust back at police, conceal ya heat; 1
It's a bit much to blaze up; 2
Rule and Chuck and I.G., the Murderers, I-N-C; 2
With one on the hip, one in the holster, nigga will toast ya quick; 1
Especially a down ass bitch; 1

[Chorus]

[Ja Rule]
Thug on, 'cause you my down ass bitch; 1
Thug on, ladies; 0
Thug on, 'cause you my down ass bitch; 1
Thug on, baby; 0
Thug on, 'cause you my down ass bitch; 1
Thug on, ladies; 0
Thug on, 'cause you my down ass bitch; 1
Thug on, baby; 0

[Chorus] 2X

Baby say yeah, (baby say yeah); 0

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Artist: Ludacris ft. I-ZO, Mystikal
Album: Word of Mouf
Song: "Move Bitch"
Year: 2001

[*whistling*]

Chorus 2x: Ludacris

Move bitch, get out the way; 2
Get out the way bitch, get out the way; 2
Move bitch, get out the way; 2
Get out the way bitch, get out the way; 2

[Ludacris]
Oh NO! The FIGHT'S OUT; 1
I'm 'bout to punch yo'... LIGHTS OUT; 1
Get the FUCK back, guard ya grill; 1
There's somethin' wrong, we can't stay still; 1
I've been drankin' and bustin' too; 1
and I been thankin' of bustin' you; 1
Upside ya motherfuckin' forehead; 1
And if your friends jump in, "Ohhh gurrill", they'll be mo' dead; 1
Causin' confusion, Disturbin' Tha Peace; 1
It's not an illusion we runnin' the streets-a; 1
So bye-bye to all you groupies and gold diggers; 1
Is there a bumper on your ass? NO NIGGA!; 0
I'm doin' a hundred on the highway; 2
So if you do the speed limit, get the FUCK outta my way; 2
I'm D.U.I., hardly ever caught sober; 1
and you 'bout to get ran the FUCK over; 1

[Chorus]

[Mystikal over second chorus]
BITCH! Watch out, watch out, watch out; 2
BITCH! Watch out, watch out, watch out, move; 2

Here I come, here I go; 0
UH OH! Don't jump bitch, move; 1
You see them headlights? You hear that fuckin' crowd?; 2
Start that goddamn show, I'm comin' through; 2
Hit the stage and knock the curtains down; 1
I fuck the crowd up - that's what I do; 1
Young and successful - a sex symbol; 1
The bitches want me to fuck 'em - true true; 1
Hold up, wait up, shorty; 0
"Oh awww waazzzupp? Get my dick sucked, what are youuu doin'?"; 1
Sidelinin' my fuckin' business; 1
Tryin' to get my paper, child support suin'; 2
Give me that truck and take that rental back; 1
Who bought these fuckin' TVs and jewelry bitch, tell me that?; 1
No, I ain't bitter, I don't give a fuck; 2
But I'ma tell you like this bitch; 1
You better not walk in front of my tour bus; 1

[Chorus]

[I-20 over second chorus]
Bring it, get 'em

2-0, I'm on the right track; 0
Beef, got the right mack; 0
Hit the trunk, grab the pump, punk I'll be right back; 1
We buyin' bars out, showin' stars out; 1
We heard there's hoes out, so we brought the cars out; 1
Grab the peels cause we robbin' tonight; 1
Beat the SHIT outta security for stoppin' the fight; 1
I got a fifth of the Remy, fuck the Belve' and Cris'; 1
I'm sellin' shit up in the club like I work in the bitch; 1
Fuck the dress code, it's street clothes, we all street niggaz; 1
We on the dance floor, throwin' bows, beatin' up niggaz; 1
I'm from the Dec'[Decatur, GA], tryna to disrespect D.T.P.; 0
And watch the bottles start flyin' from the V.I.P.; 1
Fuck this rap shit, we clap bitch, two in ya body; 1
Grab ya four [.44 magnum], start a fight dog, ruin the party; 1
So move bitch, get out the way HOE; 1
All you faggot motherfuckers make way for 2-0; 1
So... 0

[Chorus]

[*whistling*]
[Rich Boy]  
Zone 4...  
Get money!  
New money!  
Heyy!  

[Chorus 2X]  
Rich Boy sellin' crack; 1  
Fuck niggas wanna jack; 1  
Shit tight, no slack; 1  
Just bought a Cadillac; 1  
Throw, Throw some D's on that bitch; 1  
Just bought a Cadillac; 1  
Throw some, Throw some D's on that bitch; 1  
Just bought a Cadillac; 1  
Throw some, Throw, Throw some... 0  

[Rich Boy]  
Rich Boy sellin' crack, fuck niggaz wanna jack; 1  
Shit tight, no slack, just bought a Cadillac; 1  
Took it to the chop shop, got the damn top dropped; 1  
Two color flip-flop candy red lollipop; 1  
It's hoes in the parking lot; 1  
But I still got my glock [gun] hot; 1  
New money, mothafucka don't you see the big knot; 1  
Don't you see the big chain, don't you see the big rims; 1  
Wonder who they hatin' on lately baby it's him; 1  
Candy paint, gator skin seats call me Dundy; 1  
Off in yo' hood, I'm the one that you wanna be; 1  
Haters wish they could feel the wood in my 83'; 1  
Ridin' with no tint, so the mothafucka know it's me... 1  

[Chorus]  

[Polow Da Don]  
I never slip, I never fall; 2  
A lot of ho's, give me they numbers, but I never call; 1  
A real OG look at me,[?] see a nigga ball; 1  
Then after we hit the club, baby I'm gonna hit them draws; 1  
Yea, I'm gonna break you off; 1  
And that's all; 0  
Every freak should have a picture of my dick ; 1  
On they walls.; 0  
Polow be the shit, Zone 4 be the clique, yea this for; 2  

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My dogs.; 0
Yea gangstas, hustlas, wankstas, bustas; 1
Wait a minute mothafucka...; 0

[Chorus]

[Rich Boy]
Hit the block, on some new 10 thousand dollar rims; 1
Can’t explain how it feels touching gator on the wheel; 1
Got peanut butter ice cream, Peter Pan seats; 1
Just got a fresh cut, now we lookin’ for the freaks; 1
Take a bad yellow bitch, make her drop them draws; 1
I’m a show ya how to ball, middle finger to the law; 1
So fuck them niggas, what they wanna do; 1
Hatin’ on a playa ‘cuz my Lac’ skatin 22’s; 1
When I pull up, I’m a park right at the front; 0
Pour lean in my cup, got purp’ in my blunt; 1
I’m a real pimp, bitch, ain’t payin’ like a trick; 1
Just bought a new Lac’ and put them thangs on that bitch...; 1

[Chorus]
[Girl: Talkin]
Dis for the trill bitches fuck a nigga money make me cum; 1
Boss you betta tell em; 1

[Rick Ross:]
I needs a real bitch 365; 1
let her count the cheese let her see the pies; 1
Might say I'm foolish but we have a bond; 2
She make moves on my behalf when I had no bond; 1
all the death threats 'cause I owed niggas; 1
She told me get rest those are hoe niggas; 1
that's a real bitch she had to show niggas; 1
'cause I was blind to the fact she was a hoe nigga; 1
I'm counting dough nigga she'll double count; 1
Somethin' come up short she'll point it out; 1
niggas try to holla she'll point it out; 1
She'll catch a flight she'll run a route; 1

[Chorus]
We got grams in this bitch girl come and get you some; 1
Money make me cum money money make me cum [x3]; 1

She a real bitch so she got to stunt; 1
she get her weave done at least five times a month; 1
She don't call 'em purses bitch call 'em bags; 1
I don't know they names I know they cost some stacks; 1
she deserves this she serves a purpose; 1
she shaves her juice box till it looks perfect; 1
Fuck the Aston Martin fuck with a astronaut; 1
I'm in the gulf streams knots in my acid wash; 1
I needs a real bitch/[x2]; 1
ass like Trina and the brains is the business; 1
I needs a real bitch she get ya what ya need; 1
she get ya what ya want she'll even roll ya weed; 1

[Chorus]
I needs a real bitch 365; 1
let her count the cheese can't believe her eyes; 1
Might say I'm foolish but we have a bond; 2
she make moves on my behalf when I had no bond; 1
cop the big ranch let her move in it; 1
the condo around the corner with all the tools in it; 1
take her two minutes she'll be there and back; 1
so when you see that pretty face you betta lay it flat; 1

[Chorus: till it fades]
Artist: Shawnna
Album: Block Music
Song: "Damn"
Year: 2006

[Intro]
Ohhhhhhh! That's right.
Your girl Shawnna checkin' in witcha
DTP in the building
Hustle what up! Check this out ya'll
It's gone go down like this
Listen up. Let's go.

[Hook]
Damn, damn she got a donkey; 1
And that shit so chunky; 1
How she get them jeans on that monkey; 1
Like man got me like a junky; 2
Only when she pump me; 1
Whisper in my ear I think she want it; 1

[Shawnna]
Now you can tell my stilettos cost about nine hundred; 1
I'm in Miami actin' ghetto hollerin' out Chi' run it; 1
And you can see I hold the crown ain't no taken it from me; 1
I let my chain hang down from my neck to my tummy; 1
I got a pet pink poodle named Fifi; 2
I love taking pictures cause these bitches wanna be me; 1
I only swim in Donatella or some BCBG; 1
You can catch me on the yacht we chasin' vodka wit' some Fiji; 1
You bitches ain't know I do this shit for fun; 1
My daddy got that paper I been rich since I was one; 2
 Been living in them mansions been soaking up the sun; 1
Can see me in that Rolls or that Ferrari either one; 1
Before you try to holla at me know I'm bout that paper; 1
And I'mma I'mma a hustler I don't need no captain saver; 1
They feelin' all my flava and that ass so plush; 1
Before you take a look make sure them haters don't touch; 1
I got 'em sayin'; 0

[Hook 2X]

[Smoke]
She's a ten in them nines with stilettos; 1
With a figure 8 frame in them 7 jeans; 1
6-5-4-3-2-1 Let’s go; 0
She’s a trophy I put her on a pedestal; 1
Damn can’t be feelin’ the way it shake; 1
I wanna jam it in her jello; 1
Anything for me she want it; 0
Like a beast she be so funky you can see it from the front; 1
She got more ass than a team of donkeys; 1
Itty bitty waist like a bumble bee; 1
Titties plump please Dolly Parton up; 1
When she walk through and make way for the double D’s; 1
I love that pretty brown round; 1
She shaking got me shook; 0
Cause her print so fat between her thighs; 1
It look just like a camel foot; 1
Can I look can I rub it; 1
Matter fact fuck that let me cut it; 1
Can I touch it can I grab it; 1
That hairy nappy fat rabbit; 1
Meet me there I take a flight; 2
Your dark chocolate fixin’ to be up in the air like a kite; 1
Caught up in the Chicago wind; 0
Just to be up in your guts from dust to dawn; 1
Humpin’ like a camel back; 1
From am from pm from pm to am; 2
I’ll beat it up like a punching bag; 1

[Hook 2X]

[Shawnna]
Hold up wait a minute step back let a nigga just catch my breath; 0
Got ’em all up on it want it watch it go right to left; 1
Watch it go up and down like that; 1
Watch it go front to back hope it don’t hurt too bad; 1
This here aint a baby momma song ‘cause it’s gonna make me mad; 2
You like it how I do it fast love it how I do it slow; 1
They Like it how I move it up and down and make that booty roll; 1
They see that pussy swole’ It be so juicy Ohh; 1
He said he wanna try to take me home and eat that pussy whole; 1
Said he never had the chance but he gotta have a taste; 1
And he was like a kid and I was like shit I just wanna ride the face; 1
And that’s just how I play ’em I ain’t never been out to lay ’em; 2
My shit’s so mean up in them jeans And now I gotta ’em sayin; 1
[Intro]
Snooooooooot...  
Snooooooooot...

[Chorus - Snoop Dogg]
When the pimp’s in the crib ma; 1  
Drop it like it’s hot; 1  
Drop it like it’s hot; 1  
Drop it like it’s hot; 1  
When the pigs try to get at ya; 1  
Park it like it’s hot; 2  
Park it like it’s hot; 2  
Park it like it’s hot; 2  
And if a nigga get a attitude; 2  
Pop it like it’s hot; 1  
Pop it like it’s hot; 1  
Pop it like it’s hot; 1  
I got the Rolley on my arm and I’m pouring Chandon; 1  
And I roll the best weed cause I got it going on; 1  

[Verse - Pharrell Williams]
Uh! I’m a nice dude, with some nice dreams; 0  
See these ice cubes, see these Ice Creams?; 1  
Eligible bachelor, million dollar boat; 1  
That’s whiter than what’s spilling down your throat; 1  
The Phantom, exterior like fish eggs; 1  
The interior like suicide wrist red; 1  
I can exercise you, this can be your Phys. Ed; 1  
Cheat on your man ma, that’s how you get ahizzed; 1  
Killer wit’ the beat, I know killers in the street; 1  
Wit’ the steel that’ll make you feel like Chinchilla in the heat; 1  
So don’t try to run up on my ear talking all that raspy shit; 2  
Trying to ask me shit; 0  
When my niggaz fill ya vest they ain’t gon’ pass me shit; 1  
You should think about it, take a second; 0  
Matter fact, you should take four B; 0  
And think before you fuck wit’ lil’ skateboard P; 2  

[Chorus]
I keep a blue flag hanging out my backside; 1
But only on the left side, yeah that's the Crip side; 1
Ain't no other way to play the game the way I play; 2
I cut so much you thought I was a DJ; 1
("scratches") "two!" - "one!" - "yep, three!"; 0
S-N double O-P, D-O double G; 0
I can't fake it, just break it, and when I take it; 2
See I specialize in making all the girls get naked; 1
So bring your friends, all of y'all come inside; 0
We got a world premiere right here, now get livel; 0
So don't change the dizzle, turn it up a little; 0
I got a living room full of fine dime brizzles; 1
Waiting on the Pizzle, the Dizzle and the Shizzle; 1
G's to the bizzack, now ladies here we gizzo; 0

[Chorus]

[Verse - Snoop Dogg]
I'm a Bad Boy, wit a lotta ho's; 1
Drive my own cars, and wear my own clothes; 1
I hang out tough, I'm a real Bo$$; 1
Big Snoop Dogg, yeah he's so sharp; 1
On the TV screen and in the magazines; 0
If you play me close, you're on a red beam; 1
Oh you got a gun so you wanna pop back?; 1
AK-47 now nigga, stop that!; 1
C mid shoes, now I'm on the move; 1
You're family's crying, now you on the news; 1
They can't find you, and now they miss you; 1
Must I remind you I'm only here to twist you; 1
Pistol whip you, dip you then flip you; 1
Then dance to this motherfucking music we crip to; 1
Subscribe nigga, get yo' issue; 0
Baby come close, let me see how you get loose!; 2

[Chorus]

[Outro]
Snoooooooooooop....
Snoooooooooooop....

154
Artist: The Game ft. Timbaland  
Album: The Documentary  
Song: "Put You on the Game"  
Year: 2005

Electro-convulsive therapy, part one

[Timbaland]  
Go 'head, go 'head, go 'head, do the prep with me; 0  
Go 'head, go 'head, go 'head, do the skate with me; 0  
Go 'head, go 'head, go 'head, do the walk with me; 1  
Go 'head, go 'head, go 'head Game; 0

[The Game]  
First things first (Aftermath) "The Chronic" is back; 1  
This is indo, produced by Timbo; 1  
Game over; nah the N.W.A. chain choker; 1  
is burnin' rubber inside the Range Rover; 1  
Chain smokin', purple haze; 1  
This ain't another one of those, this the rebirth of Dre; 0  
The rebirth of L.A., the rebirth of hip-hop; 0  
Another memorial for Makaveli and Big Pop; 0'  
Hold up, Timb stop - I said; 0  
This another memorial for Makaveli and Big Pop'; 0  
G-G-G-G-G - young homey got shit locked; 1  
Public Enemy #1, Flavor Flav with a wristwatch; 1  
All black G-Units, all black Impala; 1  
I'm a schizo', three-wheelin' the six-fo'; 1  
50 Cent know; 0  
I'm Compton's most wanted when I'm ridin with Timbo; 1

[Chorus]  
Girl if you got a big back let me pin that; 1  
Show me where your friends at, we can flip that; 1  
Let me put you on the Game (let me put you on the Game); 1  
Let me put you on the Game (let me put you on the Game); 1  
I'll show you where the Bloods at, where the Crips at; 1  
Show you where they flip crack, where they bitch at; 1  
Let me put you on the Game (let me put you on the Game); 1  
Let me put you on the Game (let me put you on the Game); 1

[The Game]  
I ain't got the West on my shoulder, got the West in the backseat; 0  
of the Rover, ridin on dubs, nigga I'm West coastin; 1  
The next Hova, from the home of the best doja; 1  
Makin all that racket, I got the "U.S. Open"; 2  
Stunt on me, I'll leave you wit'cha chest open; 1  
Vest broken, hop in the low-low [low rider car] with the tec' [tech .9] smoking; 1  
G-G-G-G-G I done paid my dues; 0
N.W.A. is back, this is front page news;
I got Dre in the back, ridin on 22's;
Bitches screamin' let me ride, it must be the shoes;
Red and black G6's, red dot on the glock;
I'm goin' three times platinum dawg, how do I stop? I'm hot;

[Chorus]

[The Game]
My Unit is Gorilla;
Fuck with my "la familia" I will kill ya;
G-G-G-G G-Unit I know that boy, not familiar;
But you got to feel him if the Doctor sealed him;
(Is Compton in the house?) Without a doubt;
I'm the rapper with clout other niggaz yap about;
You know the one that introduce New York to the beach cruiser;
Got 'em puttin' red and blue strings in they G-Units;
Get "Groupie Love," tell 'em to keep movin';
If I got a problem with a bitch I let Eve do it;
Unless she got on Le Pearla and I can see through it;
I don't just let her ride, I give her the keys to it;
Me and my bitch lay back in the Coupe;
I'm movin' in the neighborhood, I ain't passin' through;
I woulda been here after Snoop, but I slowed down;

to show Timbaland how to iron a khaki suit;

[Chorus]
Artist: Three 6 Mafia
Album: Hypnotize Camp Posse
Song: "Who Run It"
Year: 2000

DJ Paul: Who run it (15x)

Chorus: DJ Paul (4x)
These bitches ain't runnin' (runnin'), shit but y'all mouth; 1
Cause the first hater step, the first hater get tossed out; 1

DJ Paul
These niggaz got plenty ammo, but they ain't got plenty guns; 1
I'm bustin' out of luxury cars, got the hoes on the run; 1
I'm hearin' plenty of words, but ain't no actions to boot; 1
We can do some straight war for war, we can do some stickin' and movin'; 1
We can meet in the middle of these streets or in the middle of this rain; 1
I can pop your chest, blast the glock, or pop your jaw diamond ring; 1
Bitch don't hate me hate the bank, or snatch the G's that I take; 1
Or hate my shiny wristband, and big ass rims I rotate; 1
See people flip when I'm comin', got some of 'em sick at the stomach; 2
They wonder what I brought in, they wonder what I got comin'; 2
Niggaz I'm comin' like this, off in your mouth like a bitch; 1
Test me when you think I'm in, I'm bread and water, I'll start it; 1

Juicy J
What's this; 0
It's that player that you love to hate, always see come out the bank; 1
Always have to mention my name, when you high on that drank; 1
Catch you with this boy you can't, cause you know I'm holdin' rank; 1
When you see the platinum Rolex with the ice it make you faint; 1
Through the streets now have you heard, out the Mafia droppin' birds; 1
Runnin' from the Nazi cops, tossin' out the bags of herb; 1
Ain't afraid to pop the steel, hollow tips to make you feel; 1
If you wanna punk me out, pop these niggaz in they grill; 1

Chorus: DJ Paul (2x)

Crunchy Black
I can't take any more, I'm 'bout to explode; 2
I'm 'bout to overload, I'm 'bout to kill boy; 1
All I wanna know is where the G's at, where the Ki's [Kilos] at; 1
Keep it easy, you don't want to get skeeted; 2
All on this motherfuckin room, nigga boom; 1
Get on your back so we can get up soon; 0
Stab you in your heart with a har-fuckin-poon; 1
Nigga boom, nigga boom; 1

Lord Infamous
Scarecrow's on it, I'm still hungry, stoppin' for a platinum supper; 2
Wipe it easy, some black founded, crooked ass set'll be eating rubber; 1
Cause if they skit-skat, gun 'em all down, leavin' ghost towns; 1
Splish-Splash, brains on the ground, with a cannon round; 1
Ball bat, bash him in his back, beatin' bitches down; 1
Battle like blaze from the cross that he never found; 1
Catch a close encounter from the anarchism of these A-bombs; 1
Chemical reaction cause the venom shot in to his arm; 1

Chorus: D) Paul (3x)

[Gangsta Boo]
Here we go, all you weak ass hoes; 1
In my face like you my friend; 1
Triple Six dropped in again, time to make ends; 1
Dope game, my game, hoes lame, it's a shame; 1
How that Gangsta Boo is runnin' the click up on you bitches man; 1
Fat cat, what I be, packin' how you love that; 2
Fuck a platinum plaque, gimme money, where the dollars at; 1
(Blap, blap) We dare them to stack it for 10 G's; 1
(Where you from?) Black haven is where I be on my P's; 1

[Koopsta Knicca]
Parents beware, watch out for your children; 0
This the one that'll lock 'em in the basement; 0
Some of them talkin' so rugged, some corrupted ugly pussa-pussa; 2
Cause the fuckin' all my niggaz, Koopsta tryin' to tell ya somethin'; 2
Peter-Peter, pussy eater, one of them fucked by Koopsta Knicca; 1
Lord, I done some sins, 'cause she married, but I don't know that nigga; 1
Figured he is a killa, so he figures he'll watch us fuckin'; 1
Put them muthafuckin' slugs upside that thug, cuz, oh my; 1

Chorus: D) Paul (til fade)
[Trick Daddy (Trina)]
Who's bad? Who's bad?
Who's bad? Who's, who's bad?
Who's bad? Who's bad? (Wait hold up)
Who's bad?

[Verse 1]
I'm representin' for the bitches; 1
All eyes on your riches; 1
No time for the little dicks; 1
You see the bigger the dick; 1
The bigger the bank, the bigger the Benz; 1
The better the chance to get close to his rich friends; 1
I'm going after the big man; 1
G-string make his dick stand; 1
Make it quick then slow head by the night stand; 1
Like lightning I want a nigga with a wedding ring; 1
Bank accounts in the Philippines; 1
Blank note to take everything; 1
See I fuck him in the living room; 1
While his children home; 1
I make him eat it while my period on; 1
A little nasty ho, red-bone but a classy ho; 1
Young jazzy ho and don't be scared; 1
If you're curious just ask me hoes; 1
And yes dick sucking comes quite natural; 1
I'm da baddest bitch what; 1

[Chorus - Trick Daddy (Trina)]
Who's bad? Who's, who's bad?
Who's bad? Who's, who's bad?
(Shit I'm the baddest bitch)
Who's bad? Who's, who's bad?
Who's bad? Who's, who's bad?

[Verse 2]
See I hate hoes who take their niggas on talk shows and for hoes; 1
See if I’m ever crossed or ever caught up in the cross; 0
And if it’s your fault ho, I’m going off ho; 1
See I’m unemployed with no boss ho; 1
While y’all sucking dick for free I’m broke off ho; 1
See it pays to be the boss ho; 1
Shit that’s how you floss hoes; 1
X-rated elevated, buck naked; 1
And I’d probably fuck your daddy; 1
if your mammie wasn’t playa hatin’; 2
Cause I’m da baddest bitch; 1
I’m da baddest bitch what; 1

[Chorus 2X]

I got game for young hoes ; 1
Don’t grow to be a dumb hoe, that’s a no-no; 1
See if you off the chains; 2
Stay ahead of the game, save up buy a condo; 1
Sell the pussy by the grands; 1
And in months you own a Benz; 1
Another week a set of rims; 1
See if I had the chance to be a virgin again; 2
I’d be fucking by the time I’m ten; 1
See off glass is my motto; 0
Dick suckin in the auto; 1
Quick fuckin ’bout to follow; 1
On the back of the truck; 2
Or when I’m dead ass drunk; 1
But I don’t get high though; 1
I never took it up the ass; 1
Often tried but I pass; 1
And from what I heard it ain’t bad; 1
I’m a curious bitch who took off to get broke off; 1
From the baby’s dad; 2
Cause I’m da baddest bitch; 1

[Chorus 3X]
[Intro]
Chi’ town balla K town nigga; 1
Runnin’ through the streets with my hands on the trigga; 1
and on the block; smokin’ weed with hash; 1
when I breeze pass; 0
I’m ‘bout to run through the game like I was Steve Nash; 1

naw naw T naw I feel that shit man but we gotta come with some of that
original Twista shit you know
some of that Chi’ town playa shit you know you know that old shit man lets
kick that shit T
Alright I got ya cuz

[Verse 1]
take a look at my Impala; 1
make ’em take a look at my Chevy Caprice; 1
now take a look at my platinum blue 500 Benz rolling through the streets; 1
in the city of the gold; 0
shit making money is the mission; 1
I’m glistenin killin off the competition; 1
steady tipping ’cause of how I be pimpin’ hoes; 1
now I know just how to treat ’em cause I need ’em; 2
I don’t really got to beat ’em so we cool; 2
as long as they bring me my money; 1
got ’em walkin servin’ ass with a passion; 1
while I’m talkin’ better never see you laughin’; 0
know I gotta show ’em ain’t a damn thing funny; 0
twista got game; 1
finna spit it to ’em hard; 2
get your dame; 1
put ’em on the boulevard; 1
now I got ’em in training with my bottom bitch; 1
she can learn a lot a shit; 1
like how to get it on a stroll; 1
be in control and shit on the other hoes; 1
and be able to get ‘fetti for her daddy from a lot a tricks; 1
but the thump bumpin’ speakers in the trunk; 1
‘cause a nigga have to cop a little some some; 1
leavin niggaz bodies slump when I let the thumpa dump; 1
if I ever catch you fuckin’ with the bump bump; 1
like a diamond I’m flawless; 1
ain’t no fucking with rawness; 2
when you enter my vicinity better be cautious; 1
if you into makin’ money step into my office; 1
makin’ hoes close shop; 1
my flow ‘caine got the block hot; 1
two for tens got me swoopin’ through the city in the drop top; 2
screamin’ out I just don’t give a fuck; 0
I’m the truth in the booth from when you see me coming through with the crew; 1
I make you do what I do; 2
I’m a win for the city; 0
for the Chi’ till I die cause there’s just no givin up; 2

[Chorus 2X]
I’m holdin’ down the game; 1
what would you be hatin’ for;
I’m a playa from the go
with the shit that you’ve been waitin’ fo’; 1
I’m holdin’ down the game; 1
show me how you get buck lil’ momma; 1
you can make a buck lil’ momma; 1
niggaz out here like to fuck lil’ momma; 1

[Verse 2]
take a look at my Jacob [Mark Jacob]; 1
now come look at the diamonds up in the ears; 1
now come take a look at the gators; 1
jumpers and 150 hat crocodile on the bib; 1
and the ice on my charm; 1
man I’m no joke came up big in the ’04; 2
now as fast I can kill ’em with the slow flow; 0
‘specially if I been smokin’ that hydrogen bomb; 1

[Interlude]
shit man now that’s what I’m talking about
now that’s that original twist right there man
man but you know what man lets gon’ slow it down man
and take it down south Houston style cause

[Outro (Screwed)]
Chi’ town balla; 1
K-town nigga; 1
Runnin’ through the street with my hand on the trigga; 1
and on the block; smokin’ weed with hash when I breeze pass; 1
I’m ‘bout to run through this game like I was Steve Nash; 1
Ain’t no fuckin’ with the Twista when I toss words; 1
that’s the 22 up against a moss berg; 1
feel the thump in your trunk from the fatty chaser; 1
alias Aralias nigga call me gladiator; 0
spittin’ screw words at a screw pace; 0
Two times stronger than them bitches call me screw face; 1
you fuckin’ with a real ass nigga; 1
stuffin’ pockets tryin’ to make ‘em bigger; 1
gotta let you know; 1

[Chorus (Screwed)]
[B-Soc]
Now when I touch on yo body babe, (touch on yo body); 1
And when I grind on yo body babe, (when I grind on yo body babe); 1
When I feel on yo body babe, (when I feel on yo body babe); 1
I say (ooh) hell yeah.; 0
Can I, re-introduce myself for the city of the chi.; 0
west side ain't it mayne.; 0
put some flame to the Mary Jane [marijuana], down with the same thang; 1
with mayne in the left lane, peep game.; 0
put the duck in the ash tray.; 1
got on the freeway.; 0
sprayed a lil cologne on the car seats; 0
then I got up with Big D and six freaks.; 1
they was thick as hell, you understand me?; 1
I was sippin' on Patron about to fade out.; 1
got up with lil' ma, had the whole lick laid out.; 1
put the Gucci on the door seat countin' some mo' Gs.; 1
the dice game damn near broke me.; 1
so I'm callin' fo' mo' Gs and put a pound of weed and four Bs.; 1
my thumper and my door keys, walked up like she know me.; 1
I gotta keep it moving 'cause she pro'ly be the police.; 1
so I, chirped her told her to meet me in the Range Rove'; 1
tonight we in the hotel cause I got it in the main floor.; 2
all them looking good, but I wanna hit the main fo'; 1
what you think I'm spittin game for?; 2
cause I talk a lotta spots, andele, andele, andele, chop chop.; 0

[Chorus:]
I gotta bad for yo' body.; 1
Girl I need yo' body.; 1
I see you with my body every time I see yo' body.; 1
I say ooh ooh.; 0
If you was a car, girl you'd be a Phantom.; 1
Yo' ass and yo' titties, ain't no tellin' if I had them what I'd do (ooh); 1
!
I was chose in this game.; 1
to be a cold mothafucka with the fe's and the 'lacs.; 2
now let the roof all down; 0
while I'm gettin good ol' head.; 1
smokin' trees in the back.; 1
you see the mix with the jewels and the stacks.; 1
don't try to pull it, I got goons with the gats.; 1
my money long like a python, makes yo' bitch say fuck it.; 1
I'm a roll with the mack.; 1
B-low gettin' all that dough.; 1
B-low gon' pimp them hoes.; 1
B-low getting' all that snow.; 1
and my mink gon' touch the floor.; 1
mothafucka, get on Skid row.; 1
like I said you already know.; 1
P-O-P-I-M-P.; 1

[Chorus]

Girl, you got a bangin' body like a Begarri; 1
she got work like a cooking pot.(oh!); 1
she got legs like a potential hit (yes!); 1
and a frame like a (?) car.; 1
but who the one the women lookin' spectacular fo'; 1
who the one that got the bump in the back of the truck; 1
who the one that saw the body with the booty of a Mazerrati
while I'm in the party way back in the cut.; 1
you be kinda reminding me of my G princess.; 2
so I gotta say majesty when I say that.; 0
and when I see the way the fatty lookin from way back.; 1
you be kinda reminding me of a Maybach.; 2
you be the type I know I might kiss.; 1
and if I flow it right I know I'm so righteous.; 1
and if you wanna try and get as lyrical like the Twist; 0
you gotta flow li-li-li-li like this.; 0
so now I'm a go to the back; 0
get a cup fill it up with the drank; 1
when I mack on a hoe.; 1
triple it up when I get up; 0
'cause when I get out; 0
I wanna cut 'cause I'm the twist and; 0
I'mma kick that spectacular flow.; 0
now I spit you with the kind of glory.; 0
know it's kinda gory when I come out of the laboratory, let's ride.

Ain't no fuckin with the Twista, JP, Do or Die.

you are now with the Category F5.

[Chorus]

[B-Sec]
I put on...; 0
I put on...; 0
I put on...; 0
I put on for my city, on, on for my city; 0
I put on for my city, on, on for my city; 0
I put on for my city, on, on for my city; 0
I put on for my city, on, on for my city; 0

[Young Jeezy]
When they see me off in traffic, they say Jeezy on some other shit; 2
Send them pussy niggas running straight back to the dealership; 1
Me I'm in my spaceship, that's right I work for NASA; 2
This 7H is not a fraud, call that my bitch my bodyguard; 1
Call that bitch your bodyguard? Yeah that's my bodyguard; 1
Own a lot of jewelry, Young don't do security; 1
What's whiter than a napkin harder than a dinner plate?: 1
If you want it come and get it you know I stay super straight; 1
Ran up in my spots and now I'm working out the Super 8; 1
Know you niggas hungry come and get a super plate; 1
Y'all sing happy birthday yeah I got that super cake; 1
100 karat bracelet I use it like some super bait; 1

[Hook - X2]
I put on for my city, on, on for my city; 0
I put on for my city, on, on for my city; 0
Put on - Eastside; 2
Put on - Southside; 2
Put on - Westside; 2
Put on...; 0

[Young Jeezy]
Hat back, top back aint nothin but a young thug; 1
HK's, AK's I need to join a gun club; 1
Big wheels, big straps you know I like it super sized; 1
Passenger's a red bone her weave look like some curly fries; 1
Inside's fish sticks outside's tartar sauce; 1
Pocket full of celery imagine what she telling me; 1
Blowing on asparagus the realest shit I ever smoked; 1
Ridin' to that "Trap or Die" the realest shit I ever wrote; 1
They know I got that broccoli so I keep that glock with me; 1
Don't get caught without one comin from where I'm from; 2
Call me Jeezy Hamilton flying down Camelton; 2
So fresh, so clean, on my way to Charlene's; 1
[Hook - X2]

[Kanye West]
I put on... 0
I put on... 0
I put on... 0
I put on for my city, I put on for my city, on ...; 0
I feel like it's still niggas that owe me checks; 1
I feel like it's still bitches that owe me sex; 1
I feel like this but niggas don't know this stress; 2
I lost the only girl in the world that know me best; 2
I got the money and the fame and that don't mean shit; 1
I got the Jesus on the chain man that don't mean shit; 1
Cuz when the Jesus pieces can't bring me peace; 2
Yo I need this at least, uh, one of Russell's nieces on; 1
I let my nightmares go I put on everybody that I knew from the go; 2
I know hoes that was frontin' when they knew we was broke; 1
They say damn Yeezy Yeezy you don't know us no more; 1
You got that big fame homey and you just changed on me; 1
You can ask Big Homey man the top so lonely; 2
I ain't lyi-ying so lonely I aint lyyy-ying; 0
Let me see what we have tonight what we have tonight; 0
I'm high as a satellite (satellite); 1
I see those flashing lights (flashing lights); 0
Cuz' every night, every night; 0

[Hook - X2]
REFERENCES


