Kanye West, Two Words ft. Freeway, Yasiin Bey

[Chorus: Kanye West]
We in the streets, playa, get your mail
It's only two places you end up: either dead or in jail
Still nowhere to go
Still nowhere to go
Now throw your hands up—hustlers, busters, boosters, hoes
Everybody—fuck that!
Still nowhere to go
Still nowhere to go

[Verse 1: Mos Def]
Listen, two words: United States, no love, no breaks
Low brow, high stakes, crack smoke, Black folks
Big Macs, fat folks, ecstasy capsules
Presidential scandals, everybody move
Two words: Mos Def, K. West, hot shit
Calm down, get back, ghetto people got this
Game 'pon lock shit, gun 'pon cock shit
We won't stop shit—everybody move!
Two words: B-K, N-Y, Bed-Stuy
Too harsh, too hungry, too many, that's why
These streets know game, can't ball, don't play
Heavy traffic, one lane—everybody move!
Two words: Mos Def, Black Jack, hot shit
Calm down, get back, ghetto people got this
Game 'pon lock, gun 'pon cock
We won't stop—everybody move!
[Chorus: Kanye West & Harlem Boys Choir]
Now throw your hands up (Throw your hands up high)
Hustlers, busters, boosters, hoes
Everybody—fuck that
Still nowhere to go
Still nowhere to go
And keep your hands up ('Til they reach the sky)
Hustlers, busters, boosters, hoes
Everybody—fuck that
Still nowhere to go
Still nowhere to go

[Verse 2: Kanye West]
Two words: Chi-Town, Southside, worldwide
'Cause I rep that 'til I fuckin' die
One neck, two chains, one waist, two gats
One wall, twenty plaques, dues paid, gimme that
I am limelight, Blueprint, five mics
Go-Getters rhyme like should've been signed twice
Most imitated, Grammy nominated
Hotel accommodated, cheerleader prom-dated
Barbershop player-hated, mom-and-pop bootlegged it
Felt like it rained 'til the roof caved in
Two words: Chi-Town raised me, crazy
So I live by two words: "Fuck you, pay me"
Screaming, "Jesus, save me"
You know how the game be, I can't let 'em change me
'Cause on judgment day, you gon' blame me
Look, God—it's the same me
And I basically know now, we get racially profiled
'Cuffed up and hosed down, pimped up and ho'd down
Plus, I got a whole city to hold down
From the bottom, so the top's the only place to go now
You might also like
Show Go On
Freeway & Twista
Through the Wire (Still Standing)

Kanye West
Mercy
Kanye West
[Chorus: Kanye West & Harlem Boys Choir]
Now throw your hands up (Throw your hands up high)
Hustlers, busters, boosters, hoes
Everybody—fuck that
Still nowhere to go
Still nowhere to go

[Verse 3: Freeway]
Two words: Freeway; two letters: A-R
Turn y'all rap niggas to two words: fast runners
Like Jackie Joyner, you better sleep with your burner
The heat skeet, blow a reef through your car, my God
Two words: no guns, break arms
Break necks, break backs, Steven Seagal
Free, young boss, freshman of the Roc
With the beef in the pot, Jay sent for his dogs to brawl
Forget your squad, better 'fend for yourself
Have you screamin' out four words: "Send for the law," ugh
Two words: Freeway, slightly retarded
Fuck around, throw a clip in your artist, leave with his broad

[Outro: Mos Def & Harlem Boys Choir]
Red, white, blue, black (Throw your hands up)
Calm down, move back (Throw your hands up)
Motherfuckers askin', "Who is that?" (Throw your hands up)
You know it's the almighty Black Jack (Throw your hands up)
Mos Def, K. West (Throw your hands up)
Ghetto people, get this shit off your chest (Throw your hands up)
North to the south, to the east, to the west (Throw your hands up)
Black Jack Johnson, it's no contest (Throw your hands up)
(High) And show it to 'em like