

The cold funk has you sunk feel the mids pump  
Blessed are those who erupt when we turn up  
Right now we corrupt

Cons the shades we don in the neon night  
We're gonna feed on the mics and blast through a pipe  
I gotta feed on the mics and blast through a pipe  
I gotta cool capability to toast and ill  
Yo my daddy told me, "Hey son you must act chill"  
Alien rough  
My galaxy is tough

Here comes the bang of a hip-hop thang that we bring and swing  
Men from Mars ain't ever gonna hang  
With dope Buddha's come to the stage we are attackin  
Space assassin naked live and never slackin  
Come a day on the way enter on S.A.  
Amplified form another world far away

I got the pang of a gang and I come from the Southside  
Here's the thang that I bring and I promise to come live  
While the masses passes upon there fucking asses  
And if you don't see get glasses

That is a shot out to the words of Curt Grubb  
The motherfucker is not scrub I said the man is the kind  
With the one that I call Brine Shrimp  
We never ever do skimp I limp on a stage in a huff  
Like magic dragon I puff on the stuff of a Humbolt cone  
Then I'm stoned watch out

Smoke the weed that come from Northern California  
Don't do no cocaine that come from Columbia  
That the thing that mash up your nature  
Mash up your body and mash up your culture

Take a tip from the the flipped script of Daddy Freddy  
I give complete props to the one that rocks steady  
With dexterity and goes on and on and on  
And turn out the dope shit like the one that's called  
Pawn Shop Press yes it's on what's up  
P-Nut change it up