

Pain from a rap cat  
Man you didn't know that  
3 AM, man, we bumping Bobby Womack  
My homie keep all his bullets hollow  
That's why I smell like Salvatore Ferragamo with the diamond sparrow  
A rap cat with the BOSS apparel  
I put my rhymes on your block then I run it just like little Darrell  
Money and dope, man, don't come for free  
Man, I don't have no competition, ho, all I got is enemies  
I turn around like a tornado  
Rock it like a baby cradle  
Call me Doctor J if you a baller and it's getting fatal  
I make MC's do angel dust  
Take 'em to the Bay Bridge, make 'em strip, tell 'em jump  
I don't know why I get high  
I'm so in love with money I keep spending 'til it runs dry  
Hot like a kettle, when the pedal hit the metal  
Pinocchio you know son of Guipetto, hello  
Deep fried just like Friday fish  
A lot a hot sauce, now we got it popping in this bitch

Yeah, in anything I do I put my everything  
Always feel it deep inside just like Mary J.  
Ha, I'm never panicing, I'm bored stiff as a mannequin  
Grew up fast just like Anakin.  
Baby is gullible, as Alison in Wonderland  
All the excuses in the world I can't understand  
'cause I'm a man of these times, demand to get high  
Blow big with my closest family ties  
Ain't no way to intervene in my industry  
Moving quicker then a centipede on enemies  
One of a kind, once in a lifetime rhymes is written  
It goes on, as long as time commences

Shit, it's like a jungle sometimes  
It makes me wonder how I keep from going under  
When they hit me with the thunder and lightning  
its trifling, enlightening, and frightening  
some might think that it's even exciting

I'm like a Harley Davidson motorcycle, born to ride  
With the force that the courts call the last Jedi  
I'm like a veteran, off Excedrins  
'cause I be getting headaches from these Letterman's  
I asked this little freak about my rap style  
She said, "It's so damn dope they might take you to trial."  
I hit the weed like I'm kamikaze next to the cosmos  
Chopping up shit, yeah, with Quipto and Vago  
Raps like a Tommy gun, watch how the body run  
Raps from the Tommy gun will make anybody run

I'm bout to go in like a movie, but no stunt double so parachute me  
But somehow I feel I survived on a fluke, see  
I have to hit the scene, livin' out my dreams  
Then I said I was sorry to DJ's and MC's  
Complete to everyone who kept their ear to the street  
Then my homie came through with the Al Capone Suite

Got twice as deep, don't forget, you know how low they get  
Intimidating so I pose a threat  
Coming like a slider, right by ya  
Known to drop a rhyme in on time, and prescribing accurate alignment  
The center of attention, we'll bend a agenda  
To enter this rap game the number one contender  
The outta sight, and dope lyrical white, and watchin' tricks fightin'  
Hyping up the crowd late night, and watching Tennessee Titans  
Everybody just loving because we like and  
I strike in first class light fast, just like lightning

I force my rhymes in your veins like hot shot of heroin  
You'll got cold turkey trying to work me  
It's like a pad lock, when you in the headlock  
Six in the morning and you didn't hear the Feds knock

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I'm consistent, adding on statistics  
Why don't we cover the spread like the bitch never existed  
Phonographic rotate the plastic spinning  
Living like I'm knowing it's gonna be a drastic ending  
Playing classics, meditating these tactics to overcome  
The show is done, anticipating to roll a blunt  
Baby, getting anxious, hitting and I can't miss the focal point  
When locals say, "He ain't shit."  
Man it's Equipto, put it all down for my homies  
And rolling my weed right next to the police  
Nothing but love for all my homeboys hustling drugs  
Up in your program fucking it up

I'm in the fast lane, the cash lane, some think it's a bad thing  
Hitting 'em off with the C&H pure cane  
I get stuck in your membrane  
I'm like a pimp at a party when you say "Look at them rings."  
I use a Motorola, to move this baking soda  
Whether it's in Denver, man, Houston, man, or North Dakota  
With no apology, tech-tech-tech technology  
Some brother disin' me, or even thinkin' he  
I got the soul and the spirit of the wrath of Kahn  
Kick back and write just like the holy Koran

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