

Aiyyo spark up the phillies and pass the stout
Making quick money grip before your ass is out
In a street brawl, I strike men quicker than lightnin
You seen what happened in my last fight friend? Aight
then

L's a clever threat, a lyricist who never sweat
Comparing yourself to me is like a Benz to a
chevrolette

And clown rappers I'm bound to slay
I'm saying hi to all the cuties from around the way
Yeah, cause I got all of them sprung Jack
My girls are like boomer-rangs
No matter how far I throw them, they come back
I'm coming straight out the N.Y.C.
I'm down with diggin in the crates
And I'm M.V.P.

If rap was a game I'll be M.V.P.
The most valuable poet on the M.I.C.

Yo it's a must that I get papes
Peace to all the DJ's who gave me love on they mix
tapes
And once again the man's back with a dance track
So here's your chance jack to get loose and let your
hands clap
I got juice like boco, mad crews I broke through
brotha's be mad cause I hit more chicks than they spoke
to
And everytime I'm in a jam I always find a loophole
I got a crime record longer than Manute Bol
And my raps is unbelievable like aliens and flying
saucers
No more iron horses cause I'm buying Porsches
I'm coming straight out the NYC peace to the Kid Carpi,
I'm M.V.P.

Battles I lose none I make crews run
I get fools done, got ten fingers but only use one
My run is like Machine Gun Kelly, with a black skully
Put one in your belly, leave you smelly, then take your
Pelle Pelle
I'm the neighborhood lampor, punani vamper, mess around
you'll find
My silkboxers in your mommy's hamper
And nowadays girls want you for your money
I'm like Hev, I got nothing but love for you honey
And yes I'm living slick and my pockets are thick
I need surgery to get chicks removed from my (chill)
I'm coming straight out the N.Y.C., raps my J.O.B., and
I'm M.V.P.