Yea. 203 where you at baby, Hempstead holla! I'm nice.

Yo, I'm a out do you, don't know what I'd do to You... Bitch I'm cookoo Only white boy at private school rockin' Fubu Spitting flames like a dragon homie call me Mushou Like Yogi leave you with a Boo Boo, from punches and kicks You'll catch a pummelin' now tell me who fucking with this I'm runnin' this shit with my troublesome clique Won't stop till I'm drowning in a puddle of spit Pussy tends to come my way, call me cat nip A fuckin' bull mastiff, hit em with a kick make em backflip This is madness, drunk and chuggin' a forty Writing in my Notebook but this isn't a love story Grimier than N.O.R.E. but I stay with cream Leaving you lost like Oceanic Flight 815 Real mean, when I get up on the mic and shred it No copy, paste, or edit, I'm nice so don't sweat it

And you know that I'm a rider boy So try the boy I'll spit flames and fry ya boy So ayyy I'm a out do you bitches (2x) And ya know I'm spittin' fire boy Retire boy Cause I'm a level higher boy So ayyy I'm a out do you bitches (2x)

I make a point like Uncle Sam, stay puffin' grams Drunk as fuck with my red solo cup in hand You better fuckin' scram, cause I am back bitch Bout to be blowing up like an inflatable mattress Not one to mess with, cleaner than antiseptic Check it, before this verbal tek makes your chest split I'm blessed, A plus, five stars with a check bitch Something like Borat, cause "You will never get this! " Yes it's Vindictive stay blazin' the herb Pockets full of more trees than a nature reserve Oh word? The illest in the two-oh-third So fuck what you heard, I'm kicking em to the curb With words illy cause everything I write you felt Until I'm rocking a gold medal like Michael Phelps I'm a keep swimming laps around you, raps surround you Out do you in things that I don't even know how to

And you know that I'm a rider boy So try the boy I'll spit flames and fry ya boy So ayyy I'm a out do you bitches (2x) And ya know I'm spittin' fire boy Retire boy Cause I'm a level higher boy So ayyy I'm a out do you bitches (2x)

And I'm doing my thang, doing my thang (Yea, holla)
Coming back around like a boomerang (Like a boomerang bitch)
And you know, you know (You already know)
That I'm the one y'all can't touch (Can't touch)
Never stop rapping till I'm rockin' handcuffs (Till I'm locked up)
I'm dope, I'm dope (I'm dope as a muh fucker)
And I hold it down, holdin' it down (Hold it down)
First rapper reppin' a suburban town (Suburbs!)
I flow, it shows (God damn right)
Don't got a gun, but you gotta run (Yea)
Cause stepping to me, your gunna get out done
You know
(Webby) Cause I'm nice and you mother fuckers know, baby