

"So fuck the commercial tracks you be doin,
A brother got to eat. Why don't you rap for food then."

The music makes me high
Even though I stay away from cannabis, like Wyclef

Similar to Christ,
we got divine reps so tell me
If you know your gonna die why step?
Show no mercy
For rules and crews
You hit with more bricks than new ?
Riddles confusing fools, like Confucian rules
Cos most cats are more squared than Rubik's Cubes
We spit raps that are totally murderous
The rhymes are like an anaconda serpent clutch
So check out how these herbs get touched
Unless your broads giving us brains
Nigga you ain't servin us
Deacon and Kno, cunning lynguists with stunning English
Our true lies bring more pumps than Harry Rehnquist
Every week with the best speech
Roll with cats who smoke more trees than the flash and burn tec
hniques
Sex, beats, between bed sheets
Red fleets, Pulp Fiction style
leaving your car with red seats
We make like fly swatters and smash pests
Put peeps under more pressure than a Kelly Price bed set
Keep your bodies looking like samples for the Rorscach Test
Ink blots, so fuck around and get your team rocked
Jugga's in the back with the beam cocked
Gots to have everything between L.A. and Queens locked

Uh huh, word, uh huh word, yo yo, check it out
Cunninlynguists, know what I'm saying?
You know how we do
I mean, you probably don't know how we do
But you're about to find out.
Like wha, like wha...