

We're back for another round, southernunderground
we ain't following that traditional cookie-cutter sound
those that act like punks, treat 'em like trunks and shut-em-
down
riding sound waves without sails, orrs, or rudders now
Other clowns suck worse than funnel clouds
One verse and your lungs are drowned with much dirt and rubble
now
I've come to Earth to hunt em down, spit linguistics, pick up b
itches
jizz on big tits and get your mistress to do my dishes
Cannibalistic, intangible mechanical misfit
scandalous dipshit who's beats are too clean
So I'm back with some dirty tracks that were dubbed and played
Through an 8-Track and my grandma's hearing aid
I'm afraid, though, we rap for food, we're still hungry
in cyphers eatin up every muh'fuckah amongst me
people try to ax stupid and stump D (HOT!)
so much proof in me that i'm drunk and stumbling
Mmmmmumblin some thuggin shit is not a sin to me
but doesn't hip-hop need a little positivity?
It's all guns and slangin caine
We need some upliftment in the streets, somebody call David Bla
ine
Fuck positivity. I'll bang David Blaine's favorite dame
make her say my name and hog her hedge like a SEGA game
stay insane, take her chain to sell on ebay for change
and use the money for weed to ease her labor pains
I'm offended!
Why? Cause she's pregnant and smoking weed?
No, cus he let her toké for free, that's not how its supposed t
o be
but fuck it, you can find me at home lonely
Praying to my Eminem shrine holding a rosary
I can battle rappers for cash or sell trees
but I feel like Will High, cause I just want to drop an LP
Respect when it drops, if not I'll make your girl put her breat
h on my cock
by tellin her it tastes like peppermint schnapps
And after doing the grown-up, sit with her in soap suds
roll up, some wack distribution and smoke BUDS
for fuckin' with my paper, getting me hype as a coke rush
it's Cunninlynguists bitch, loving this since Cold Crush