

Middle Of The Cake

Das Racist

My pocket full of loud, yeah I got that Fran Drescher
I'm straight up out of Queens but ain't no Tec up on my dresser
Just a bunch of dusty books and a statue of Ram
Or Hanuman, a big framed poster of Veerapan
Yeah I spit it great, mommy move it like a snake
We leaving the club like somebody called the Jakes
Eating Ritalin and steak
I'm in the middle of the cake
Belittling, little idiots who think their shit is great
But it's wack

How many licks does it take to get to
The middle of the cake? Giggle if you're awake
Chuckle if you're asleep, knuck if you buck
Now we counting all the sheep
Baa baa baa baa blah blah blah blah blah

Let me try it
Anything that don't match the skin color, the brother dye it
Show promoters paying for rooms at the Hyatt
Firewater costs a lot of bread, but heads buy it
And keep the owner fed, peep the overhead
This sword of Damocles swings over the coldest
Holders of boulders and money folders
Who sold the bread to hungry dummies at high markup
But money is money is money is money is money

RapGenius.com is white devil sophistry
Urban Dictionary is for demons with college degrees
Google ad technology is artificial karma, B
Rick Ross on the radio at the pharmacy

If I die today, remember me like Guru Dutt
Or anyone, tweet about it forget about it
And then don't give a fuck. I'm feeling weird, I'm up in a rut
Nah! PMA got me now. Picking it up!