

Prepared for the hatred  
With my problem solver my patriot  
Goon up and get tooned up  
Dropped off erased it  
Stay dedicated and faithful to my camp (what about yo camp?)  
Try my loved ones they get stamped  
Stapled, removed  
Soil tested and block approved  
Really a good dude  
But he can get trooped  
From the school of hubbarocks some life savers up in the socks  
Sprintin and runnin from the cops  
The cherries, the sirens  
The po-po penelope one time  
The alphabet boy's stilettos  
The sophisticated dog trained attackers  
The K9 Sheppards  
In order to do some right you gotta do some wrong  
Got hella shit goin on  
The dusty, the dirty, the smirk (ugh)  
I ain't paranoid I'm prepared  
I ain't nervous  
When you cookin birdies in the kitchen  
Can't be slippin like a transmission  
Gotta be on your peesin toes  
It's hard to make an honest livin  
When your kids ain't got no clothes

Playin the game how it was meant to be played  
The way it's supposed to be  
Money hungry and sany  
Soil savy and grainy  
Hard headed and mannish  
Me and my Philippinos and Hispanics  
Romanians and Asians, Samoans, Tongans and Caucasians  
Not no California Bears  
Not no California raisins  
All of us is fools  
All of us is patients  
Ethiopians, Afghanis and Eritreans  
Africans, Jamaicans and Indians  
Ugh, ave animal  
We some hood hysterians  
You can tell by the way I carry it that I'm a block barbarian  
A goon witta spoon, wrist game sick  
Pay the neighbourhood chef to teach a nigga how to whip  
A nigga how to whip  
A fixture how to mix  
Got it clock wise twistin it  
Drop it off, deliver it  
Never half step  
Go for the juggler  
Get yo money man  
Don't be no couch potato hustler

Fella you're a silent dude  
Your name just came up

Bro you gon' live a long time  
We just talked you up  
Wha-what was the subject  
What about was the subject  
Was it good or was it bad?  
The subject was about how you make them suckaz back up like sea crab  
Gotta raise the white flag  
Too many drinks they had  
Disrespecting the boss, that's how you got fucked off  
You mean something  
You somebody  
You really stand for something  
They got big ass M on they chest (for what?)  
For nothing  
You know my homie with the two-toned legs (what about him)  
He thuggin  
A couple of them niggas were off  
They licked the sweaty balls  
These hoes nowadays is dogs  
Givin up them drawers  
Do anything for the cash  
Wipe the coochie off witta napkin and take a hooker bath  
Ain't none of my niggers kept us  
They gotta pay our mackin ass  
We be slummin'em we be trapin'em  
In the slow lane and the fast  
Money hogs fame and kissin  
Alcohol weed and bitches man we back da fuck in business