

I flipped a Lexi, speed up and catch me  
Lexus of Concord, reached out and touched me  
Some of you hoe fake ass niggas like Roz, be messy  
I know some beautiful black intelligent women, they're sexy  
E-40's back and blackened  
I don't be barkin, nor even high cappin  
You better watch me, I'm comin smebbin  
Ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven  
Bet your persodian, 30-R-6-castodian  
Special shout to Casual Del the Souls and opium  
About the town, the Valley-Joe  
Just like a democratic, I'm for' the po'  
Fuck the bumble, New Clik Shit ain't no punk hoe  
Pedestrian stumble sound like a gorilla  
tryin to get up out of a trunk hoe  
Continue strikin it, hope you likin it  
Filthy McNasties at the bus stop hitchhikin' it  
Every egg that I pull in bulges  
When it comes to spittin I'm ferocious  
Management in cabbages, Savage  
Hangin out when all the sudden I'm eatin ham sandwiches  
All day, everyday, 40 play, he say  
She say, bieetch! that-a-way  
Keep it goin though - don't stop  
Shakin baking soda, forms a rock  
36 steps on a triple beam scale  
Burn the duct tape but keep all the ya-yo  
Rip a peel, extra crisp, really really  
Ate it like I'm a specialist  
(Drisidrisomina?) is the illest zaggin  
Thinkin I put cause like this  
You know I'm (puzackin'?)  
M the mornin, cookin bacon  
From the ghetto in the bullet-proof apron  
Here comes the laws, valium crushin through my balls  
I rip my drawers runnin from the canine cocaine-sniffing dogs  
Some niggaz hate me, some niggaz love me  
Some niggaz shake my paw, some niggaz mug  
I see ya tweakin, I see ya peekin  
Y'all bootches with me, why you sleepin?  
A motherfucker ain't gotta be Flash Gordon  
always runnin up the backstreets in a batch  
That having a hoe protect the shit won't work  
that batch just wants your scrizzach  
Lettin em know, preferred zodiac sign Scorpio  
See the breeze soldier, V-A-L-L-E-J-O  
Never show witness to your  
Never leave your crib with out your pepper, beeotch!  
I'm tryin to get legal with it  
Open up a shop cotton candy and licorice  
Cash in stashes, that's a must  
We leavin with a million and that's a plus  
Don't get it twisted, don't try to find me  
Might be in Switzerland, or Hawaii  
1-2-3-40, wheels new shoes scrappin toe to toe  
Crack black jack and keno, strike sideways hit Reno  
Ball cappin, no smilin

Sittin lo somethin profilin, beeitch!  
Fuck the bumble, you bitches it ain't no punk hoe  
You clits it ain't no punk hoe

[Outro chit chat]