

Ride with the thumper, pimp I ain't scared
You call it paranoid I call it prepared
I never bust in the air!
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Ooh!
A noun is a person, place or thing my mackin' (my mackin')
But people be calling me verse cause I'm about that action
I'm standing outside of myself looking at me (looking at 'chu?)
Off this boat diddly bow and the eighth of broccoli
We working real limited space mane
Don't fuck around with fakes mane
Them fragile muthafuckas a get my period ass erased mane
Get rid of the dead weight mane
Before I get too late mane
I live in the Bay where they mad-ed the famous word 'playa hate' mane
I was forced to be a monsta, I turn into sumthin'
long as I can see it coming
I take it there I keep a spare hundred round drumming
Give you a pass if you with 'cha kids or ya woman
Depending on where I'm at what time of the day and how I'm feeling
But non RK outside of the club or in the fuckin' building
I'm having my bread getting my means having my fuckin' cash
Remove ya head I put it on skinnies I'll beat that ass

Watch ya drinks when ya purp (in ya purp)
Got a Oldsmobile high alert, when ya see a chick flirt
Never know cause a bitch could have a wire in her skirt
Never know cause a bitch can have a camera in her purse
Never call nobody a snitch until you see some paper work
It's a new game, tell on Hilmar he goin tell first
This is true mane, the rule done changed they need to be rehearsed
Nowadays these youngstas out here shoot you for a verse
Being scarred since they birth, no Christmas jingle bells
Parents ain't home so they raising they self's
I'm into worry I'm out the way I ain't out here stunnin' the clumsy
I don't want none of these hungry niggas to think I got money
Stay polished in them shop
Keeping it one hunnit is my muthafuckin job
And anybody would want it can get the whole catalog
The cartridge, the clip
The po-po and they dogs I might be dumb but I ain't stupid
Bia, biatch

I was remember when I was little
A lil young mustache when I got my first pistol
From my best friend potna's dad he was a loosey machine Isreal
In a Safeway paper bag
For the playa pricer nickel, cause he was doing kinda bag
He used to fuck around with the triple, once known to floss
Bragging about what he had and everything he lost
Anybody disrespect him I'm a chop they head off
On the streets he a fiend but in the pen he a boss
I'm rubber up on game not the rapper that's my past
Watching OG shoot the shit and pow-wow
A sponge it up like Sham-wow
How do ya like me now?
Wherever it is in this rapping got a silly ass style

I might be stronger than my ground (growling)
Then my Chevy on the prow (growls)
I been in the dark and loud as I wanna be, smoking on some broccoli
All the bitches jockin' me, police always bother me...
BIATCH!

Oooooohhhhh
I never bust in the air!