One of the only white rappers not rockin' a buzz cut Chuckle until they see me spit and then they know whats up Bum rush the city when i left the illadel I moved to baltimore once we copped us a citadel YE- BP my teams, I'mma spit until I can't or till I get out my dreams I.E ma ma ma misster 52 weeks, bigger catalogue than mafuckin' ll bean Dilla silly with the beats Willy wonka with the treats No filler, go iller pull the people out they seats No frills go ill prez obama with the speech Teleprompt the rocket launcher akmadinajhad beef BOOM- goes the dynamite, the mafuckin' time is right To pull out all the stops and make it pop like a hymen might Yuck and its gonna get worse too Think of all the things I mighta said on verse 2 But fuck a verse 2, I'mma keep it terse WHO- ever want a chorus go ahead and cop my first two ALBUMS you can find em' up on i-tunes Spicy and sweet its kinda like your eating thai food And I choose to go and buy MY FOOD from friend kitchen Cuz' I'm bigger than A Typhoon And I'm sorry that's an inside joke Lighten the tone a lil' bit for my been high folks Filthy slap with the bracelet Raps from the basement Now we overground and the sound got a facelift And we do this shit all by ourselves Black paisley homeboy already got my help From toothache to ben skrank Too long been anne frank No more hidin' I decided we riding for this thang We got the thinktank some inglorious basterds Even spelled it with the "e" so tarantino would thank us Fuck Sanka and all that decaf I spit that epinephren put you up into rehab And WE have ourselves quite a conundrum And if you're not a fan yet I hope you become one