Yo Duke, you're dead wrong You'll never have the skills like mine I write the ill type rhymes Now I'm reaching my prime 360 dunk in your face You can't compete, you're just a basket case Let's separate the men from the boys And put your money where your mouth is No time for toys Your game is weak, get it, so don't sleep 'cause I'll be checking and wrecking ya When I start to creep Through the backdoor I know I caught you out there You got no clout here And I doubt there Is anyway that you can stop the beat down You better play the background And sit back down Chumps like you, I gotta keep'em in line So prepare to suffer boy, 'cause now you're mine

I'll fake you left and go right Straight down the lane Here's one in your eye You feel pain, you strain To put together some strategy But you're raggedy, and I'll be glad to see The frown on your grill when i drill and thrill Set out my offense, commence to kill I'll be leading from beginning to end And after I guard ya You're gonna want to make friends And make amends for the silly trash you were talking Take a walk and your shots I'm swatting With ease, and the ladies are swooning Clocking my swiftness, why you drooling? You ought ta practice up and get your game with mine I been waiting to guard you, and now you're mine

Hurry up, sucker Go ahead and pick your squad Try to play hard, but I'ma rob You of your crazy notions to defeat me Your weak see I rock all courts And even get down to give you a rematch After I wax and tax that butt When I slam the alley oop You can rally troops But I play the awesome defense I'll pick your pocket And send you to the bench With tears in your eyes as you realize The prize is for me Yes all the money Son, my flow is too nice

My handle's precise
I'll fake you right and go left
Because my game's so def, and now you're mine