

I have no idea what I'm doing
I have no idea what I'm doing, but

Everybody get up, sit up Christopher
They're miserable without you, Superman is a-
-live and he's flowing like the Mystic River
Girl don't act like you never been kissed before
One, two, three, four, five, six, this a
Rhyme is about to hit you right in the kisser
How did anybody ever find me, I disap-
-peared I was hiding in Freeway's beard, just a
Hop skip and a jump from my skin, gushing
Nails into my face that I been pushing
Hell-raiser, my face is my pincushion
It's like when I'm on the mic, I can squish a
Sucker like a vice-grip, my pen put ya
In the slaughterhouse cause ya styles been butchered
I'll spin chainsaw, take off like the blades on
My brain's on hyperdrive someone put the brakes on

Here's a smidget admitted to get your digits, Bridget
Don't try to fidget with it, err ribbit, ribbit
I got ya slippin on my swag juice, my swag juice
I got ya slippin on my swag juice, my swag juice

I got it figure out now nigga,
See, my minds on my money right here,
And no one stopping how I getting it,
And Hind Sight should never left when I was Living,
And probably wouldn't be getting pressed by all these women,
And then again, I wouldn't rap the ones I was diggin'
So annihilate the looking, and talking alot about the hood; Kim'n, Kim'n,
Uh, so Selena Williams, just like my dad talks about more John Dick'n,
This girl talkin' how she pregent, she crazy, so later I crushed that hoe,
and left baby,
And never trust her, no shit! Even she specialize in massaging on my testicl
es,
And I never trust her, a whole lot, even on the first date, she basically ge
t her mouth rimmed,
And turn around and ask me for a kiss, no bitch I'm straight,
And I never really get concerned how my own dick tastes,
I think I'm about to slip on my swag juice,
I think I'm about to slip on your swag juice,
Oh, no! No! Don't slip on your swag juice,
Ye, ye! I think I'm about to slip on my swag juice.

Slim is in the house, simmer down there sister
Bound to get you dizzy cause he gets as busy as a
Bee, baby you can throw a frizbee in a blizzard
He'll catch it in his teeth, what is he? He's a wizard
Standing in the disco with a disco biscuit
And I'm pretty sure it isn't Bisquick, is it?
Now baby don't forget to bring your lipstick with ya
I want a kiss 'fore I blow this bitch to smithe-
-reens, get the guillotines, this is a situ-
-ation that's critical as Dre spins his, uh
Turntables and he cuts a record like a scissor

Cheka chicka, checka chicka, cheka-cheka chicka
Who wreck it in a second tell me what the heck is sicker
Wait a minute, I just dropped my necklace in the liquor
Now baby just to make a little breakfast and it's six o-
-clock in the morning 'less you want to get some dessert