

Yes, yes, yes; yes
Ha, ha, ha, ha
Aha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha
Aha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha
Whoa!!!
Hoo Hoo!!!
Shit, shit
Only so much is critical
in my relation to the individual
I remain hieroglyphical, ripping it for
Fans appreciating, flows, not depreciating
I'll try not to keep you wanting, but I can peep you hating
The situation so degrading, and pitiful
So many butt ass tapes out man, so much shit to do
I been to you MC's, stead you think you got the room
I sock it to 'em
Like a flamer getting his ass beat in the locker room for peeki
ng
You'll never forget the day I sent you there
To intensive care
On the respiratory, get some air
Breathe deeply
Listen to advice, you need beats see
Plus skills you missing on the mic
It's like something about my rational and analytical lobes
To make me gifted with flows
That'll get ripped fa' sho
On the mic I never act like I was born hard
Telling lies for cash or selling my ass like a porn star
In Cali, the jealous rally in hundreds
We went from signed to independent
And they offended cause they ain't done shit (Busters)
But we in though, popular like indo, in the "O"
Where they throw your weak ass tape straight out the window
Cause it's weak as fuck
I want my money back
Wack ass shit
Shit hella butt
Hella butt