

I got to jump back and kiss myself,  
The Hoods have comeback to rip this girl,  
Live on the drum track you dissed yourself,  
So drunk that you nearly pissed yourself,  
And if you come wak you risk your health,  
I'm the one that made LL ring the bells,  
Sharp as a thumb tack, it's the infidel,  
In the back with some girl named Isabelle,  
And I'm a, you're gonna what? I'm a wreck this, the freshest,  
Thermoelectrics, technics and a set list,  
So check this, Hilltop locks jaws like tetanus,  
Fuck breakfast at Tiffanies I want Tiffany for breakfast,  
The funk leader, told you last LP,  
With a style that make you smile like a Chelsea,  
Smile, what the fucks that man? It's when you place,  
Razor blades on the cheeks then a kick to the face,  
In the place and we raising the roof,  
Like Al Qaeda had placed a case in the booth,  
A taste of the truth and some flawless shit,  
Like John Howard knows the taste of George's dick,  
Man I'm born to spit these kids wish they stuck me,  
I warn you kid you're bitch made like puppies,  
Switch blade to Nazis' cut them through their khakis,  
I lose it every time I put it down like car keys.

It only takes one man to bust,  
But takes these two to raise them standards up,  
Take three, Debris man the cuts,  
This is for, those that will stand with us,  
From sundown into the dawn didn't I warn?  
The lyrical storm hits you in a physical form,  
This isn't your norm, didn't reform, isn't your average,  
Wishing to score listeners for pitiful crap it's,  
Off Richter, sicker than cough fits you,  
Listen to pop hits? This isn't your soft shit you,  
All in the mix so start warning the kids,  
They're adopted and not that they were born with a gift,  
I'm so fatal that reverends won't stay till confession,  
You all can't hold your own like post natal depression,  
I've got a mouth of profanity, a spouse and a family,  
At my house man no wonder that I'm doubting my sanity,  
I'm an honest drunk, what a mentality,  
Avoiding the truth is staying sober; I'm an addict of reality,  
I live for tomorrow so cheating death today,  
Means at all costs avoid repeating yesterday,  
I'm a loose cannon, enough juice to soothe famine,  
Break your back with this rap then ask you who's slamming?  
Some rapper claiming a throne, unaware they,  
Aint kings only royalty they know is airplay.