

You know I rock microphones like they got back bones  
And I'll roll on your show like some biscuit dough  
Yeah you steady bitin' styles off the next man's flow  
Think your Jackson, but your name ain't Bo  
I'm only hittin' chicks fine as Madelyn Stone  
Got a closet in my crib where the hydroponic grow  
Act like you know, Lee tokes the chronic  
It ain't the season, the reason's strictly economic  
So pour the jinn and tonic  
Punk the Tony Bennet  
If wifey ain't watchin', hon, I'm runnin' up in it  
I make it hot and spicy like some wavos rancheros  
Then hit the Knick game with my man Don Terros  
And if the Knicks are winnin', then Spike Lee's grinnin'  
So next I hit the spot with Stretch Armstrong spinnin'  
Sippin' whiskeys to my favorite cuts  
Watchin' all the earthpieces shake their butts  
Some people think I'm nuts 'cause I act a little funny  
But play me soft, I'll beat ya down like ya stole money

Politickin' with your chickens, it's time to get loose  
(Sample: It's the wicked pain inflicted with the Mickey's deuce deuce)  
Throw your hands in the air and shake your caboose  
(Sample)

I see a million goin' out on the bottle  
The heavyweight champ never was a role model  
I keep it idle, with my B-boy bravado  
From downtown Brooklyn all the way to Colorado  
Yeah, someone play the lotto, kid, if you feel lucky  
I'm not a toy, but I'll hunt you down like Chucky  
You must be buggin' 'cause I heard you want to buck me  
You just trippin', 'cause your woman wants to me

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Yo, we're par for the course when behind closed doors  
You never go for yours when it matters the most  
Ya like to, brag and boast, and drink and make a toast  
But ya don't come close kid, you're comin' up ghost  
Plus you playin' high post like you got  
But your girl's on my jimmy tryin' to give me besos  
Before you vanish, kid that's spanish for kisses  
I'm nuttin' up, I'm cuttin' up, the first man that disses

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