

I left my daddy round '97, he was lazy  
Couldn't hit the ground but making babies I'm crazy  
Smoking bouquet cop it from my niggas pushing daisies  
Like a romance, push a nigga buttons like a program  
I been on the Jäger for a day-ger watch me slow dance  
Tough as Conan this the art of barbarian  
I got four white girls all Aryan  
I wonder what their daddy think fuck 'em it's a revolution  
Fuck it, fuck 'em, take a break, let 'em fuck each other  
I ain't your everyday normal brother, porno lover  
She save insurin' by the low and guzzle, what is muscle?  
And I'm finessing like I'm Timmy Duncan  
When you saw him macking this scatter rapping no passing my blunt  
Don't you put me on freshman covers I'm posing with lunch  
Think they worthy of presence presently passing 'em up  
No competing with bleachers jogging I'm running a muck  
Sweet Jesus, I fuck around and need a street sweeper  
Got the bodies on the cul-de-sac, follow me the quarter's back  
Sippin' on that cogniac and that Jim Jones  
Watching movies like damn that Vince Vaughn is a funny cat  
Fred Claus and the Kelly up in your closet  
Belly full of smog and ciggys just make me nauseous  
Wonder how the fuck you let a nigga make you cautious  
But you jamming out in fucking Maryland aussie shit  
Ponzi scheme selling everybody dreams  
Kill it like your neighbour, I'm as nice everybody seems  
We just breaking bad and my brother serving Walter White  
I hope he ain't caught with that possession like a poltergeist  
Momma, where the Priests at? Why we gotta lease that?  
Why we can't own that? All these fat loaners  
Ain't no forewarning came bombing and I'm just Vietnam  
If you gon' be trippin' like a bitch, you should be a mom, see the son