

Ladies and gentlemen
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I banged a lot of shakers
And no I don't spit scratch rap
Just know that my hands exchanged a lot of paper
I lived a lifetime for most of y'all by twenty-one
Same spades game, different player man, plenty come, plenty go
Twenty-four with gleamers on the Benz
Might thicken up your friends, thicken up your hands
Make you feel like Charles Dickens dippin' with your pen
But you can see like Stevie do by lookin' at your kin
Family tell a story: neglect the ones you love the most
Famine for the glory, lookin' like Robert Horry
Tryin' to hit that clutch with three seconds on the clock
Viewin' things rather poorly
Those that went before me
Tried to school me well but the wisdom only bored me
I never lost yet but if I did it would be sorely
Therefore, I implore thee:
Never come before the champion of men
The beginning and the end

We're the enemy of friend Above the Rim like Leon
My blood color neon, my soul aged eons
My first name will be on the Nobel list
For now I settle for a Grammy on a track like this
I used to rap with the Kool G. lisp
Citizenship is British, red snapper, cook the fish
After grub, we hit the club and walk away with medallions
Came a long way but fuck it homey we back again
Whatever when I made it through he worst
I can die as drops in the hurricane, the rain never touches 'em
You got guts runnin' through your veins
Get freedom, the spook that sat by the door
You ain't even seen him cleanin' guns in the back
Serial numbers, they key 'em
They want half, I only need ten for my per diem
And you don't need no fuckin' wrist band to come to meet them
You can say you part of my band: The Grand Union, yeah