

Jupiter's Critic & The Mind Of Mars

Kurupt

Yes, you're the star
I've got you on my radar
I've got have you in bed
You are the cutest one here I said
And all these guys in here are just jealous
Lookin at me like they might kill us
I don't give a fuck about none of y'all
I'm stabbin you all with
Balls, girls, that's all it take
Leave no shells at the scene of the hate crime
Take my 9 and bitch
Have you flappin all around like a goldfish
Where's your bowl? Where's your soul?
You said one too many things, nigga let's go
Your mouth wrote a check that your ass can't cash
so you got a 40 caliber rash (rash)
And I got your girl and smashed (smashed)
I took her to sea and bashed (bashed)
She had to be a beauty in the past (past)
I treat her like she has a little class (class)
I promise I won't cum too fast (fast)
She wanna put my name on her ass
ASSSSSSSS... awwwww yes, I smoke a lot of weed
Get paranoid then I grab my heat
I'd rather keep the dumper on me
No thank you, I'm not lonely
I don't need a date
I don't want a girl who like to get scraped
Real thick hoe in this fool; take that mini-skirt off
Get tested, call your momma, go back to school
You'll thank me later
Your boyfriend's a fuckin hater
I live in Hollywood
He's older than me and can't leave the hood
I make music you can laugh to
Radio playlist cause they have to
Awwwwwww yes, bang internet
woulda never skinny breath
Take that shit like you're a vet
You ain't nothin but a let
Flirtin with little boys under 14 years
Why you actin like a Gerald Levert in here?
Awwwwwww, I'm not rich, I'm barely here
I've had a pretty much fucked up year
Haven't been back since I left the mattress
upside down in my taxes and wages
So before you go and turn the page
I'ma come back to smash the bird cage
Awwwwwww yes, I'm fancy free
Suckers hate that whole thing about me
How can I fall off of the bull
and even losin, keep it movin?
Quik's the shit no need to prove it
Sex drive so good she's Fahrvergnügen
Awwwwwww I don't talk about swag
What it is? What was it?
Can you fizz it? Can you diss it?

This character, you miss it?
Miss America, you visit?
Did you get on the boat without a ticket?
Me too let's kick it!
Alright that's it, the party's over
I am Jupiter's critic with the mind of Mars
Bitch you need sun sheet gold wrapped stars
To the present and don't look back
The past don't owe you jack, shit
We are leaving them back, spit
I Kurpted y'all just that Quik