

I'm the problem and the solution The revolution won't be televi
sed, it's too gruesome Too gangster, too graphic for you born-a
gain faggots My words inspire people like the ten commandments
I floss with diamond teeth, SCUBA dive on a private beach Billy
Idol smoke chronic with Cheech I cut your tongue out for talki
ng against me My enemies' grandchildren will remember me for ce
nturies The fine line between insanity and genius Murder you, I
give your reality a remix Humanity's beneath us, we super huma
ns Super tyrants, super violent, listen to the way my nine clic
k Right before I pop your collar The most hated from New York l
ike I shot your mamma Compare me to Amazon.com for dollars Cana
rsie Osama, riding with a ? of martyrs, fucker

Hardcore chemical, gangster material Tri-city machine bang in y
our stereo Put em up, shut em down Keep it raw, riding with the
gutter sound

The thicker the plot, the quicker the shot, the liquor and pot
Got me higher than the Denver junkie, shocking the monkey Feedi
ng his habit, set it up, cook it up, tie it off and stab it Sho
ot it up, feel the rush then throw up your guts Nod out for a w
hile cause the style is nuts Like I'm in Roca, it's fucking Cok
a These other cats fake it with that baking soda

This is it, this is it, yeah I'm back on the shit again (Slaine
: Danny Boy, Danny Boy, you ever gonna spit again?) C'mon homie
you know me, yeah I birthed your style The money-back guarante
e, I make it worth your while Still the Cadillac King, I don't
fuck with foreign cars American, I need a blowjob and a porn st
ar Nobody move, no not one punk I fuck around and pull out my s
hotgun pump

Yeah dope motherfuckers I came back to spit Move with the hunge
r fueled by a lack of chips When I lose my cool and shoot it's
accurate Give me some room, I make yous move back a bit I came
from a town where the hope can drown Bought a teaspoon ? from t
he dope and found With their necks tied up and the rope around
Eighties cars overheated broken down Car-thieving heathen, livi
ng where no odds or even Gambling fist fighters watching the ki
d bobbing and weaving Everybody scheming, we all deceiving I wr
ote my words on the walls of mausoleums Now I stand in a positi
on of strength So I speak for those who can't, I spit what I th
ink I'm from the city where motherfuckers were sticking the pig
s I rep the Irish street cats and the micks in the clink, c'mon