

I'm too freaky for this place  
So spacey like kevin  
So killa like your curls  
But i'm to sleazy for your mum  
She gotta lot of cash  
Some cash you like to burn  
Inhale some fresh air, some fresh air  
Let's work it out

On the photographs in your private book  
I saw you changed and the way you look  
All seems so right, back in the days  
You turned into some hypocrite

Chill, you like to talk so fast  
Your words are like rockets  
So speedy like the mouse  
You say that this is your house  
Hightower like jimmy  
So bling that I feel broke  
Bigger than b.i.g.  
So what you want from me

On the photographs in your private book  
I saw you changed and the way you look  
All seems so right, back in the days  
You turned into some hypocrite