

Wake up, you bitch ass  
Cracker ass, motha fucka

See all I ever wanted was a window to sit close to  
And you don't understand but in the end you ain't supposed to  
I'm talking first class, 30, 000 feet under my ass  
Living life on the dash, constant pursuit of cash  
Now I'm living a life that you and yours could only dream about  
And just a couple ago this shit I used to scheme about  
Rehearsing for hours in front of my mirror  
Until my voice was hoarse but my vision was clearer  
See this that new school style but the flow remind you of them  
old days  
Fast forward to the present, rappers have no class like snow da  
ys  
Good God, let me bring it back to hip-hops first renaissance  
96' Kool-Aid and Sega Genesis

Hey yo, Hey yo, how you keep it so real  
I love the way your lyrics make me feel  
Roll it and get high, Light it up and fly  
Feeling like I'm 30, 000 feet up in the sky

I got em' saying

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So many people think that they know my whole situation  
Conversations with people that handle public relations  
Nothing but hundred dollar bills and standing ovations  
Slowly pacing until I kill like that boy Jason  
It ain't nothing, never folding or bluffin'  
Get money, fuck bitches but respect women cause we love em'  
Kiss em', touch em' and rub em'  
Fuck em' but never grub em'  
Hit fast but then I slow it down like Robitussin  
Shorty giving me brain until concussion  
The club run out of vodka the second we rush in  
Never under estimate the power in which I'm bustin'  
My lyricism got yo girl blushin'  
Ain't even touch her and yet she gushin' (ha)  
Award shows, chilling with all my bros  
3-piece Ralph Lauren and some Jordan's I suppose