

I said niggas be takin' life too serious
I swear my music take lives - uh, period
Mellowhype, things are dependent-free mind-pyramids
Breaking walls down, never a Black Hawk Down, oh
They put a label on me but I see they're all clowns
That's why I talk English and think fast
Feel my words through the ink's last letter
Which'll never turn his back, back catcher, I grab
Extra magazines I'm in, to remind me of the places I've been
Returning to visit again, me and my fuckin' friends
Before I hit the stage I clench my microphone until my fist hurt
Before I eat sushi, I'd rather get to know the fish first
For all the cats behind my time, that rhyme - that shit's worth
Everything in my mental state now I'm secure, mental ways
Dental place in my jaw for spitting raw just because
I like to floss my talent

Think I'm-a wear the yellow tux at the Grammy's
And rock out with my cock out...
Like "who this kid think he is? "
It's just something I've seen Prince do
It's true...
No matter what, I'm showing up
Who gives a flying floating fuck
What people say, or think?
Cause end of the day, start of the day they all said we wouldn't get here an
yway
You blink, and Wolf Gang's in this bitch...

When I was a kid I wanted to be just like you
(When I grew up, when I, when I, grew up)
Write my own rhymes, recite 'em a couple times
Hoping one day it blew up so me and my niggas could shine
I got 3 quarters and about 10 dimes
You can split them 10's up cause both these corners are mine
Let's fuckin' celebrate, Wold Gang confederate
We made it, we made it, we made it and you hatin'
Cause we made it and we made it
And that is not an understatement (oh!)
I put that on the people that I stay with
Live day to day with, tour bus is the slave ship
Niggas worked the grave shift, record clean up and play disc
We must be misbehaving
But the fans love it, they get the subject
Niggas claim be rappers but don't fulfil the substance
Fuckin rubbish, I'll dust quick
Nothing to fuck with, I've got my hands on my balls, like my nuts itch

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I remember I first played tricks on my web shit
And he fronted on it like... nah that shit will never work
Ha ha ha, like what?

Family: these 2 wrists of mine
I had to make them gold
You gotta let me shine...
If you're a friend of mine
Ask any friend of mine
I'll never block your glow, won't curb your high
We be, in a place they never been
Hella Benz, for the hell of it
In Paris Paris Paris
White wings on desert sand
Flyin' over the Taliban... Probably
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