

## Act On It

Midget

[Midget Verse 1]

Back streets, back roads  
I'm safe, you try crack codes  
I'm on my path, let's call it cash road  
I make 'em kick the bucket, to the last toe  
Cocaine cowboy, the money wit' the lasso  
Two make times two, with collabo  
I'm higher than the mountains, in Colorado  
I'm on my feet like tough act and tinactin  
I'm runnin' this, y'all should try tacklin'  
Try tackle a taranchula  
I could tackle a?  
I flow like an avalanche  
I'm the bomb, collateral damage  
Act on it; throw your cash on it  
Time out, then right back on it  
I make a point, like tacks on it  
Keep my seat warm like I sat on it  
I beat the beat up, bat on it  
Raise the stacks, the stakes, but don't bet on it  
Lower your bets, raised expectations

[Midget Hook x2]

Act on it; throw your cash on it  
I'm fly, she air strip; I'm a land on it  
Life's a beach, throw some sand on it  
I make a point like tacks on it

[Midget Verse 2]

I rap like tinfoil, flow like Pennzoil  
Wal-Mart club theme song, less is more  
I fly I don't need floors  
I walk through walls, I don't use doors  
I'm behind 16 bars and I want 2 more  
The bi-h OD's, Op  
My pocket got green, they obese  
Die the wrong life, and end wit' no piece  
Piece out, but I aint gone yet  
But I am hot like the sonnet  
Blend in like an iguana  
Trend like a spotter  
You know it aint trickin' if you got it  
But I got it, I'm on it  
Wait hold up, forgot to act on it

[Midget Hook x2]

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[Midget Verse 3]

12, 11, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1  
Lift off, watch the clock  
The wrist watch, Os spigot posh  
To the next click a the wrist watch  
Twelve seconds left 'til detonate

Six albums so I dedicate  
I'm fly I don't walk I just levitate  
Five rings; I got 'em all platinum  
I got a QB, let's sack 'em  
Question bi-h, is all you do is flack 'em  
Life gone by twice, still no three men and mice  
They must be dead or alive  
I know we all tired  
Tired a the hoop and holla  
I'm about to switch this girl to starter  
And she can fly around the world, f-k charter  
She get first class, the finest wine  
I spit bullets, make her bite the nine  
And watch the chair decline  
See me in my moment; be there to feel the pride  
Be there to see the dread  
And this a wrap, now put these sheets to bed

[Midget Hook x2]

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I'm fly, she air strip; I'm a land on it  
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