

Well it's the M - I - crooked letter, ain't no one better  
And when I'm on the microphone you best to wear your sweater  
Cause I'm cooler than a polar bear's toenails  
Oh hell, there he go again talkin that shit  
Bend, corner's like I was a curve, I struck a nerve  
And now you bout to see this Southern playa serve  
I heard it's not where you're from but where you pay rent  
Then I heard it's not what you make but how much you spent  
you got me bent like elbows, amongst other things, nut I'm not worried  
Cause when we step up in the party, like I'm out-you-scurry  
So go get your fuckin' shine box, and your sack of nickles  
It tickles to see you try to be like Mr. Pickles  
Daddy fat sacks, B-I-G B-O-I  
It's that same motherfucka that took them knuckles to your eye  
And I try, to warn you not to test but you don't listen  
Givin the shout out to my Uncle Donnel locked up in prison

Now throw your hands in the air  
And wave 'em like you just don't care  
And if you like fish and grits and all that pimp shit  
Then everybody say O-Yea-yer  
(2x)

Now, my oral demonstration be like clitoral stimulation  
to the female gender, ain't nothin better  
Let me know when it's wet enough to enter  
If not I'll wait, because the future of the world depends on  
Therefore, if not the child we raise gon' have that nigga syndrome  
Or will it know to be the hard regardless of the skintone  
I really feel that if we tune it, it just might get picked on  
Or will it give a fuck about what others say and get gone  
The alienators cause we different keep your hands to the sky  
Like Sounds of Blackness when I practice what a preach ain't no lie  
I'll be the baker and the maker of the piece of my pie  
Now breaker, breaker 10-4 can I get some reply?  
Now everybody say...

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Everyday I sit while my nigga be in school  
Thinkin about the second album at the Dungeon shootin pool  
Like E-S to the P-N, cuz we adjust to the beat in the zone (zone)  
Honey I'm home but I'm not married  
Carried a lot of problems around being frustrated  
And now I'm sittin at the end of the month I just made it  
Like you made the B team  
And like the daddy's wife you makin the coffee  
You heard the A-T-L-iens  
So back the hell up off me

Softly as if I played piano in the dark  
Found a way to channel my anger not to embark  
The world's a stage and everybody's got to play their part  
God works in mysterious ways so when he starts

the job of speakin through us we be so sincere with this here  
No drugs or alcohol so I can get the signal clear as day  
Put my glock away I got a stronger weapon  
that never runs out of ammunition so I'm ready for war okay

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