

Haha... (golden child)  
Yeah, ahh, ahh, yeah, is you wit me?  
Whattup? Y'all done forgot about lil' ole me?  
Y'all don't love me no mo'?  
It's all good... all my real rowdy niggaz  
all my real niggaz ride witcha boy one time  
Ahh...

Lyrically, I smoke whoever it may concern  
Even wearing a 21 milligram patch of Niccoderm  
Been broke before; ain't nuttin new  
But ain't nuttin never knew me not to say 'fuck you'  
So had my nuts not grew - I'd still hang in the streets  
with lil' niggaz who still bang just to eat  
Bang with the heat - the waterproof spit blazes  
to give y'all niggaz the business like the yellow pages  
Enter the dark ages, enter and spark stage  
For whatever wages, until I'm famous  
for resurrecting our cave language  
And for saying, "Same shit, different toilet..."  
The game ain't about who talented  
It's about who soundscannin  
now them same clowns maddened (peep game)  
Go figure, lyricist of the year is a white boy  
And the greatest golfer; a confused nigga

And that's gangsta, without bangin a set  
Big nuts on deck ain't even hangin 'em yet  
See it's just some things they should never forget  
Ain't no motherfuckin west without a R-ah-A-S  
(2x)

I was taught to rhyme undeniably, and force niggaz to think  
So if you need to dance so fuckin much then buy Nsync  
Startin a movement to move men  
Motivational millimeter mouth or repeated and need a monster  
Me; I be the aqua - waterproof got a lotta truth  
Spit-slaughter a lotta groups  
Ridin without a crew, nod off without a loop  
Blackout like a ligular, just a nigga that clown  
With a suicidal groupie in a jacuzzi pullin my shorts down  
Givin me underwater head 'til I nut and she drowns  
Now how the fuck we sound? (man rap is outta control)  
(I gotta smoke something) yo homie bust me down  
Took a pull off a Newport and passed it back  
Nuts hang like I had an elastic sack  
Spastic blaps of our kind of plastic claps  
Wanna know the reason why white people seem to laugh at blacks?  
Cuz brothers in South Africa slaving to death in diamond mines  
Meanwhile, we spendin every penny to overshine  
Tell the next nigga he lesser  
Cuz he can't afford to buy ice from his oppressor  
So now he pullin out nines, tryin to homicide me for mine  
Meanwhile, George W. Bush got a war on crime  
Introduction to the Matrix -- I say the shit  
you know is true but wanna ignore, metamorph metaphors

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I pop my collar, pop pistols, and pop ecstasy  
Boricuas call me Poppi when they pop they pussy  
Used to pop-lock and lock and watch  
Pop locks and burglarize spots  
Pop wheelies on the red and chrome Huffy  
Graduated to Suzukis - hot soda pop or pop bottles at Sky Sushi  
Now ask me what's poppin; most likely ya collar bone  
Ever had that feelin where ya by yourself and your not alone  
With Big Brother, and Big Brother see you  
I'm hard-headed, my dick look like R2-D2  
Like Mini-Me too - speed through in the V-1-2  
C-Arson style, know how we do  
All money is legal, dead pres and green eagles  
You funny style like Bernie Mac, rappin like Beanie Sigel  
Golden Child of the west, don't know how to act though  
Kicked off the Up In Smoke tour for scrappin with Death Row

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"Ain't no west with Kurupt with a R-ah-A-S"  
Don't forget, yeah big ass posted  
"Ras Kass" ... "west coast"