

Motherfuckin, ladies and gentleman
My style's rugged like Timberland
When I clock lyric then women give me more love than Wimbledon
My style flow local like New Jersey transit
And I can't stand it
And you'll need Teddy to unjam it when I cram it
I'm from N-to-the-E
W-A-R-K, Newark NJ got the AK
When I wave bitch you better say heeyyyyyyyyy
I'm a Kid From the Hall
I got big balls to make your pussy walls dribble in my drawers
Hey boy this is the way the East coast swing it so bring it
Man I told you ass Brown-er than James with the Sex Machine shit
I keep the chronic patrol on the road
in case you're wondering why I keep my izm
Cause I smoked everybody else's shit up
My style's the ultimate funk when I mic checka
One two checka
And I give effects to niggaz with my Black and Decker
So check the, manuscript, man you flipped
Put it down if you can't handle it
Got a B-R-C-G, Blunt Rollers College Graduate
I got a degrees in Physics on how high I can get
Then next I check how many niggaz that can die from my Tec
Cause the N-E-W-A-R-K is where the niggaz robbin and stealin
and fuckin niggaz everyday
Now Jersey's on max so pass the dutchie on the lefthand side
Hide the hidash, in case we cridash, in my ride
So, sliiiiide, before I call the medics
You can bet bitch you couldn't get fly if you were FedEx
Can I, drop the funk on ya, run it on ya
Strong as ammonia, smell it from here to California
Cause Reggie Noble dropped that cock named Noble at Sunoco
I'm better than rice and beans when I rock you ocho to ocho
My music more underground than a kid at 300 XL
Convertible, fuel-injected, that's why my style's well-respected
I'm dope on the ridealz, so fidealz, on my didealz
And chumps are wondering what two niggaz dropped the funk funk

Verbally you never heard of me I smoke you third degrees
and cause surgery for emergency
cause Reggie Noble's known like burglary
I get hot busted when I dip my nuggets
Hey, if it take a million niggaz to stop it just like Chuck did
Cause we run around Newark with the nine cock
Keep it heated for the brothers that's not off my block
And if ya don't know the flavor, be a tough guy and enter
So go show you more nigga events than Jacob Jaffrey center
I'm genuine, to the rhyme, get your canines
Cops that got the hot glock stocked for when it's playtime
I rock around the Robin TWEET TWEET on the calendar
Cause you couldn't pull my number if your class major was Algebra
I make bitches moan to my Stallone without Sylvester
Cause I'm more deadlier than a whole school system of investors
So check us, I always smoke mad blunts before breakfast
Cause I, Get Around like 2Pac with Poetic in my Justic
Hold tight, hold tight, everybody hold tight

I'm sooper like my man cat, cause I keep my styles jam packed
I wrreerawwwowww like Anthrax, split my pants like Bill Bixby
You could tell the tracks was fat from the work of my MP-60
I smoke the chronic that's why my sinus always fucked up
Them bones, them bones, them bones will have you fucked up
I blaze blunts with my nigga Mellow, yo say hello
(Yo whattup dogg?)
Really, now pass the second blunt to Quilly

Now sit your big ass down cuz I don't know about this rap stuff
There wasn't rap when I was pickin cotton, sayin massa
Y'all y'all whippersnappers, with the caps on backwards
Man, y'all fuck around with Quilly I kick a bone out yo' ass quick
Watch out now, I ain't bullshittin
I representin the oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-G's from forty-three goddamnit
And if you keep on with that dirty mistreatin
I'm gonna whoop your ass, til your heart stop beating

And yo, chronic bubonic the funky bionic
you find it I'll have to rewind it where minds are blinded
Time 4 Sum Aksion so time to find it
I smoked out like a cookout, look out my dick's out
That was last album when I was bouncin on trains like Malcolm
I was hiiiiigh, I thought I wouldn't survive
That's why I quit my nine to five and got live
Because this hip-to-the-hop shit fills my pockets
And I'm Audi for ninety-four because I already got my props
Hoes, hoes, and more hoes...