Yeah, yeah
I don't know what else to say
I can't, I can't think of nothin'
I'm stumped
Here we go (Here we go)

On your feet (On your feet)
Stand up (Stand up)
Everybody hands up (Hands up)
Uh, man, I dunno, man
Everytime I go to think of something played out to say
You already said it

I ain't calling names cause all of y'all the same, plus I'm the king, all my past pain all done changed up All these plains, all these lames, since the Slaughter's came up Cause they know they hands tied, feet ball and chained up Niggas be quick to call me the new 50 Cent Because of my relationship with Marshall Used to make me a little partial, but here's the brain fuck We the same cuz I'm probably about to fall out with a young buck While I attempt to fuck the fucking game up Bitch, splat, only thing I fear in here is chit-chat You are hearing bars like your ear against a Kit Kat Shady guys like the Navy, drive, wavy bye-bye Maybe my Glock can turn your top to baby's Maybach My shit is powerful, literally sick, trust me nigga It's ugly to kill a thing if the bigger I get The more disgusting and fuckin' disfigured it gets Niggas expect me to go pop, oh, stop Y'all about the champagne, I'm about the toast I, only fuck with mailmen with heroin from Boca Niggas that'll smoke you while you staring in your postbox Only incense he enlightens when he's thinkin' While that sinks in, I got a Brinks ink pen I'm back, muthafucker Notice the flyness on the cover of the XXL I'm back from the dead like Tobey Maquire from the Brothers How y'all realer? (How y'all realer?) If I said it, I did it If I didn't, I seen it first-hand like a car dealer Give up the throne, your lease up, I am the Mona Lisa That decoded Da Vinci Code, you throwin' your piece up Is a waste of fake like a phony B-cup Nigga, the mistake was like my only teacher Wait 'til they get a load of me 'cause

I've got Gucci's on my feet Diamonds on my neck Diamonds on my wrist Bitches on my dick But y'all already said that

Choppers in the trunk
Models in the front
Bottles in the club
But I don't give a fuck

But y'all already said that

Cause sometimes I feel like it's so hard
For me to come up with shitty to say (Ayyyyyy)
I'm at a loss for words 'cause y'all already said it all
I think I'm runnin' out of cliches
I'm gettin' writer's block
Psyche!