

Yea

Shout out to Scram Jones!!!

Clinton Sparks in the building

IT'S SMASH TIME!

It ain't nothin for me to roll wit twelve fire arms

The kid got more beef than Hillshire Farms

But I ain't gon turn my shit into some sausage

I'm gonna turn my beef into some coffins

Flow so sick I'm nauseous

I ain't signed yet, these labels makin me BS often

I don't care, its all they loss, the price is only gon go up

Nigga im gonna blow up, American Music Awards, yea I'm gon show up

When I win one of them, I'm gonna throw up

Yup, right on whoever's in-front of me

I came from the P, ain't nobody in this bitch that can front on me

Aint nobody shutter me, I'm under my own wing

A.B. nigga, yea I'm runnin' my own thing

Smile ery'time the phone rings, 'cause I know its money on the other end

Not my homie's lover-friend, gotta bring the shovel in

Im buryin' these niggas careers

To me it appears they all queers

They what we call pimps, we need more squares

Who wanna holla back? In-fact I'm all ears

These lames (these lames)

They fuckin' up the game

(Niggas fuckin' up the game, said these lames fuckin' up the game)

It's a shame the way that things change

Anytime you wanna know about Saigon

Go to what type of thug are you w.com

Put through the fire like Chaka Kahn

Seen all of the stop signs but to me them jokers was jus octagons

Couldn't tell me I was not the bomb

Lil nigga couldn't fight but I was quick to cock a nine

Never quick to drop a dime

Even though niggas dropped dimes on my bout fifty-eleven times

Crime time, this is a fine time to rhyme

Im feelin like a million, word to my mom

Im glad all of yall niggas chasin' a dame

I'll DMX the game wit no sets to claim

Throw it all on my back wit jail bars on my arm

War scars on my hear from gettin' it on

Cap sacky nigga, they backed me nigga

They feelin my tracks and Clinton back

I fuck around and go platinum off jail niggas alone

What up Nap-Nap how yall love that?