

Yeah, as we click
And the furuistic zillionares
You know what I'm saying
What? What? What?

Back in the day, we used roll up on some hoes
Never thought I'd be writin' up a scroll on these halls
Now a day niggaz be twistin' up for the conversation
In my day, niggaz was twisted off the meditation

In my day niggaz was livin' off of the plantation
Never ever catchin' some niggaz with a occupation
Now a dayz niggaz be fiendin' for the masturbation
From a bitch that got a dick with a clit pulsatin'

I say is what I said that's right niggaz be hatin'
Just waitin' to be catchin' a fist to the face
Waitin' for a nigga to go insane, catch a case
Oh, 'cause his drink was laced, now check it out

I know you, I know you want me insane, insane
I, I, I know you, I know you really want me
Like a bag of numbers

I'm trying to finish this album while the economy's fallin'
Drama be callin' like it's palmin' and dialin' a quarter diamond
Behind is a war in a mind of a foreman climate
Designed for enormous giant dime proportions

Riots outside the recordin' wires fires were scorchin'
Hydrants apply to the stores
Where buyers are hypin' and supportin' the violence
The morgue is supplyin', more over the line stiff brisk overly silent

Soldiers and pilots, my eyes to the ceilin'
Fan's spinnin' by it's limbs, the news is touchin' like violins
Pluckin' by the strings, my environment sufferin' like me by the pen
Tryin' to find the next line to blend comin' with nothin'
I'm trying to rhyme again

I know you want me insane, insane
I, I, I know, I know you
I know you really want me
Like a bag of numbers

This is Third I shit, Elzi, Elzi
He right here y'all
T3, my name is T3
Never the less I stress JD
What?