

I was born in 71' in Kansas City, MO
My momma was a heavenly one, so the fam was pretty slow
When it came to rap and R&B and plenty more
Check it, if it wasn't on gospel, apostle
Or written in the Bible, then it go
So when they tell the baby don't do something then I end up doing it anyway
Like, don't listen to rap, it's the evil music of today
But, I really fell in love with the sound that was coming out form the East Coast
So we got it and twisted it up a bit, now the industry's having a heatstroke
Some say that rap is dead, but when I get the white, black, and red
And jump on the tour bus, do fifty eight shows, then I'm back with a big black sack of bread
Can't believe that that was said, cause I'm here with a stack of fed
And I got it from rap/hip-hop or whatever and I did not have to beg
So, here I stand, the mic in hand with my rap attire
And I like my fans spending grands cause we got the fire
I merchandise like 5 G's every half an hour
And you cry like a baby so your mic must be your pacifier

When I read the magazine, them rapper's sounding like
Wah wah wah (Crybaby)
When I see them on the TV, them rapper's sounding like
Wah wah wah (Whatcha crying bout?)

If it's negative, I don't wanna hear it
Eliminating player haters with their evil spirits

I hear 'em talkin', they mad at Smurf and Souljah Boy
They hating big in the magazine, and don't even know the boys
I know the ploy, washed up rappers wanna attack people
Run up to the car, pull out the mac lethal
Man that's a problem with the black people now
What ya need to know is that, in the world there's a lot of dough to stack
And the ones that wanna hold us back ain't been outside they cul-de-sac
Every nigga I know is strapped, rip shows that'll blow ya back
But notice that, I can put it right down to where the shoulders at
Hating on the south? Why? Trippin' off them chips they got
You don't like that it's screwed and chopped
But you wanna get off in they pot
Wanna be MC you talk a lot, up in the spot and you hot
'Cause they eighty fours be poking out
What the hell is you cryin' bout?
Everybody wanna be killa but not for reala
Bout the method of making money you gotta get the milla
By doin' it like I do it do the work and believe in it
When you do it to the fullest ain't no problem achieving it
When I was broke, homie I went for mills
Got on the mic with the intent to kill
Stronger than ever, and you a gimp for real
I drink Caribou Lou, and you drink Enfamil, chump

You should be clapping when folk make it up outta the ghetto
Or trailer park, it don't matter even if he black or if he guerro
But, you don't know how to be male
Instead of a Timberland, you probably in a stiletto
Better yet in a baby shoe, jealous or maybe you

Sick of me cause I'm making dinero
And you don't wanna get clapped at
You want a standing ovation? I thought not!
You say you better than rappers on radio, man that's false chop
Try to run up on me, 'cause a benzo will never be in your car slot
Try to step up on the scene, my infra-red beam's right at your soft spot
If you was on TV and balling you wouldn't groan and trip
He'd keep hatred, envy, and bloodshed on his lip
Tech got long cream with chrome things on his whip
?? with a chrome thing on his hip
But just know your hip will not stop the hop
'Cause when you look at the big picture, my block pops a lot daily
So keep on thinking my clock stops the shots
And I can quickly bury you in your Osh Kosh B'Gosh, baby