

Accidentally said what's cracking to a Blood, Freudian crip  
Surprised it didn't end up with ya boy being flipped  
But homie ain't tripped, knew it was an honest mistake  
Plus I'm neutral, Droog's only concern is his cake  
They was definitely F'in with me  
Before a rapper even says one line, you can tell if he iffy  
Know somebody just by watching how they move  
Now you could be how he thug, or play it smooth play it smooth  
Guess I'm a punk then, they let the drunken monk in  
With a O-E 40 like E-40 trying to Function  
Now tell me has it sunk in as some can do anything?  
I just had to bring the funk in on the Neumann or the Telefunke  
n  
You 47 still trying to rap, stop  
You have teenagers today, making hits right on their laptops  
Plug-in thuggin' while you flexing on them with a DAT  
Like what you know bout that youngin? Fuck outta here  
They don't wanna know so keep it on the low  
There comes a time when you let that old phony persona go  
And yea I know throwing hands is honorable  
But to me, shooting affair means bringing a gun airing out the  
whole carnival  
Had this chick named Bernadette, paid a 600 dollar burner debt  
Get my tax return and I'm set  
Good to go, basehead like Woodrow  
Hoes on my meat cause I remind em of Boris Kodjoe  
Y'all put the bum in bumbaclot  
Better listen with them ears that Dumbo got  
Something live straight out the gumbo pot  
No pot to piss in, still brought the hotness  
S-s-s-sizzlin back up to carry out the vision  
Gotta be willing to swing again when you miss  
And make sure that your dissing is never disingenuous  
Rock, no matter how bad the sound at the venue is  
Slight work, never strenuous  
I'm at ease, busting down chicks with fatties  
Swollen honey dutch leaf fatties and getting everything all bee  
f patties  
With hot mayo, while you can't get a J-O because of your felony