

Michael Knight

Curren\$y

Uh
Scoo do do do do do do
Racecars and Weed Jars
Nigga

I got a style for every bump in ya face,
Greaseball ass nigga, Pontiac Judge
Open and Shut Case
You Know, I'm bowtied till I die
Though I made an exception for the '69,
so quick off the line,
Coin double side,
but no matter what, we heads up,
We in the yard, tell ya dawgs they should
be aware of us,
We break it off like an engagement gone bad
I fill ya jacuzzi with them groupies, make it a bird bath,
Miss me? No you didn't bitch, with that bullshit, "Miss me",
Tryna claim Spitta' name, tryna be, Miss Me,
All of that is kicks to me, Silly rabbit trickery,
You only around because my spot is where you wish to be,
Hope to catch me sleepin by bein freaky,
But babygirl, let me be the first to say it's not that easy,
I wasn't born yesterday, nor later on that evening,
Just had to get that out the way and make the playing field even

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And the view from the Rockin chair improve,
but I am yet to see a team fuckin with the crew,
Near and far, saw it all, Wideframe,
Everything with Wangs ain't a plane mayne,
Indo get rolled up like car windows,
Avoiding the policeman them Carl Winslows,
the wind blown in changed, and I am not mad
Ol'-Garbage-Bag rappers need ta find a style fast,
It's written all over niggas like a Dapper Dan,
Survive rough lands, cactus plants growin in desert sands,
Alive I stand, never dead; though a nigga didn't die
I got highed up so I could autograph the sky...
Fool

Michael Knight, Michael Knight Michael Knight (2x)
Michael Knight, Scoo do do do do do
Michael Knight, Michael Knight Michael Knight (2x)
Michael Knight, Scoo do do do do do

Scoo do do do do do do
Scoo do do do do do do