

After filling my reputation of whore beaters  
Soared to Taco Bell and I ordered some gorditas (Mmm, that's good!)  
Wanted four more, ordered 'em, didn't eat 'em  
Then head to Thebe's house for some gymnastics  
Fantastic, I backflip on this beat B  
Cause we running shit like the Dingleberry's on four cheetahs  
Flow colder than Papa Joe's or Domino's (Fuck it, whatever, um)  
Trashwang scratched inside the knucks  
Got some One Direction tickets, I should hit that up  
Drive by with puppy signs plastered on the truck  
Then see how many of they fans could fit inside the trunk  
Move over the microwave and the cannabis  
Try to take the van and the whole band to Canada  
Fuck the block news and the venues, they can't handle us  
They can't stand us including fruits that Frank's channeling  
The Ku Klux Klan see me and my managers  
But thank me when they ask where the Five Panels is  
Man, I suck now, I ain't still dope  
But Chris and Rihanna's fuckin' again so there's still hope  
Oh fuck, I went there, balling bitch, I'm Ben's hair  
Y'all barely breaking like Taco's self-esteem in a thin chair  
Old Navy bitches love this gap, yeah this grin's rare  
Watch a nigga smile like five-year-old child  
I'm kicking it with Nak and the nigga from Green Mile  
It's Red Bull in this cup so a nigga may seem wild but  
That's just all the sherm I was burning a little while ago  
Don't let me get hold of that rifle  
Shout my nigga Sage Elsseser and Sean Pablo  
Surrounded by them niggas that skate with a sick style  
And some freckled bitches with giant peaches that's vile  
They never did catch that rhino

Squadron full of some lost souls  
Sergeant of all, it's autumn and Nak just nollied a pothole  
Non-cooperative with his momma's wishes for college  
And coppers labeled a problem since paying for Damianos  
So shimmy through the swamp, nigga, follow me through the fox holes  
Moral Orenthal with a pretty bitch in a Bronco  
Hopped right off the seven and stumbled into some Vatos  
Threw a punch, got jumped, dusted off and then walked home  
Shit, it's like 6 p.m. and his temple throbbing  
Hand in the cabinet by seven, sniff the prescription oxies  
Logo in the boxes, all my niggas hostile  
Cautious of your crosses, scoffing at your doctrines  
Bitches augmented stupid as the group is  
Only slightly, write precise to get a pussy nigga two chins  
Man these stitches shut the loose lips, stumbled in a Ruth's Chris  
Slid into a booth and hid the luggage from his shroom trips  
See, Lionel ball with Leonardo on the weekend now  
And Maui on a scenic route, we on the second season now  
Small fry got 'em seasons salty, weeded, coughing  
Ease up off me, end is breathing easy as bulimics barfing  
From a different breed of doggy, from a different seed and cloth  
And teeing off, believe it's Golf Wang, nigga