

I feel sorry for your mother  
Bruce Wayne, down the way  
East W

I be the dude that can't get up in vails with the Rockports  
I'm outside with th pipe and the ride  
The big 5-0 the pimp and the yo  
Pumpin' with Master P and not DeAngelo  
The radio disc jock, sarakhana  
Goin' off wet and marijuana  
The unholy, yo yeah it's me  
Straight from the D, so who wants a ki?  
I'll split the wig of a dirty pig  
Made a deal with the devil and I won't renig  
When in Cleveland I'm in the valley down the way  
Hustlin' everyday drinkin' Tanger-A  
You might see me with Paul Paul or my dude Day-Day  
How's about some remmie, don't be rude bay-bay  
From Detroit to Cleveland, my 75 I was beamin'  
Yoca Cola shoppin' OZ choppin'  
This is for the hustlers who be real with they grind  
Makin' more cheese than rats see in a lifetime  
I just want to clock cash and rock the mic  
I walked on water in Cleveland and then I shine like sunlight  
I bust in Atlanta didn't let 'cha slide  
Underground, Bruce Wayne, known nationwide  
See I tell ya some of these rappers in the game ain't it  
Some of these nappy head clowns can't afford an outfit  
What you sayin' boy, you wanna get with me?  
Big cheddar, melt little cheese

Still ain't velveeta to me (4x)

I be the microphone master, crashin' your party  
Clownin' up in veils, drunk with Bacardi  
You better get your girl because I'm thirsty about it  
And if you think I hit that, yo don't doubt it  
I steal all them bigs in your hood on the regular  
Million dollar playa we get money, I keep tellin' ya  
I don't give a hoot if your girl don't dance  
I always wear Adidas screamin' fuck your man  
Yo it's E, Bruce Wayne, unholy, it's E  
I'm down with Mobide and Masta M-I-N-D  
Coppin' the corner ki, from the dealin' Cleveland I flee  
Bustin' shots at my enemy, but you brothers ain't it to me