

## Uncut Cypher

2 Chainz

Aye yo weak minded bitches fall victim because my charm's strong jazzy pair of louis on my feet Chewy Armstrong  
Ma couldn't be my cheerleader with platinum pom-poms she the type to misrepresent a king like Lebron's mom  
Beating on my chest with a crown King Kong Don Langston Hughes  
I write a poem that do the Bible psalms harm  
These other rappers want problems then bring it on umm this rapping beef is nothing my studio's in it's long form and all cowards'll become victims of man  
Keep a 5th of Remy and a stick of piff in my hand yeh they fly but I'm a pilot that no one can understand plus the way I go ham'll make a Muslim say damn  
Hustle hard trips to Miami for three days so I can meet with the connects and get the D Wade run up in the Gucci store and drop 3k you bum I could get your whole outfit out of BJ's  
Lyrical scientist leaving mics with psoriasis so it's {bleeped} as Michael Myer's psychiatrist pyrics suppliacist who being lying stiff when the iron spits I come alone just me and one 9 Johnny {Unitis}  
And let my bitch serenade through these slums and blow so much loud I need a hearing aid for my lungs  
And as far as metaphors rate this I was a snail 'til haters threw salt on me and I dissolved into greatness

What goes around comes around like a hula hoop. Hair weave kill a I'll show up to your funeral  
All this work I need a cubicle. Clear coat cuticle. Different color diamonds like a rubrics cube  
If this was New Edition, I'll be Bobby Brown. Put the check over your head and call it Nike Town  
How could I be down? Free Boosie, wipe me down. My credit card is black and proud  
I've been trapping since roxies had the ankles out. I'm going to the money and I took the paper route  
Uh Yeh, I'm hood approved and I'm street tested. You a nobody; anorexic  
If you stay next to me you're close to a blessing. So, I'm guessin' I could get arrested for aggravated flexin' with all this ice on. My mic on, I apply pressure like a python. And everybody know this that body flow; bench press, cardio. They try to clamp a nigga style like a Charlie horse  
Yeh, they plot on you, and they drop on ya. I put a Glock to your eye and call it glaucoma  
Bow! From 30 nights of sipping dirty Sprite. I call this shit Bluetooth because I don't need a mic. 2Chainz