

The coda funk has you sunk, feel the mids pump
Blessed are those who erupt when we turn up
Right now we corrupt cons the shades
We don in the neon night
We're gonna feed on the mic and blast through a pipe
I got a cool capability to toast and ill
Yo my daddy told me, "Hey son you must act chill"
Alien rough my galaxy is tough here comes the bang
Of a hip-hop thang that we brang and swang
Men from Mars ain't ever gonna hang
With dope Buddhas we come to the stage, we are attackin'
Space assassin naked live and never slackin'
Come a day on the way enter one S.A.
Amplified from another world far away
I got the pang of a gang and I come from the Southside
Here's the thang that I brang and I promise to come live

While the masses passes upon their fucking asses
And if you don't see, get glasses
That is a shout out to the words of Curt Grubb
The motherfucker is no scrub, I said the man is the kind
With the one that I call Brine Shrimp
We never ever do skimp, I limp on stage in a huff
Like magic dragon on puff, on the stuff of a Humbot cone
Then I'm stoned, watch out
Smoke the weed that come from Northern California
Not do no cocaine that come from Colombia
That the thing that mash up your nature
Mash up your body and mash up your culture
Take a tip from the flipped script of Daddy Freddy
I give complete props to the one that rocks steady
With dexterity that goes on and on and on
And turn out the dope shit like the one they call
Pawn Shop Press yes, it's on, what's up
P-Nut change it up, one time from your mind, watch out