

Live

Stare in the mirror I'm a changed man  
Never, I'm just executing my game plan  
Shit, I'm crunching numbers just like a rain man  
And got the gray Lamb, interior was beige sand  
I snap the button on the driving gloves  
Pointy shoe like Aladdin on the flyin rug  
I probably die from drugs or while I'm fucking  
Fuck it, as long as she suck dick  
You see me with a bitch like Vanna White at the benefit for battered wives  
Lightly battered yam, a squeeze of lemon over lamb  
Staring at the crescent while I'm laying on my back  
Smokin' drug, you know the potent one  
Put a half ounce of the crystal in the asshole of a shih tzu  
Twist your bitch too, like Brazilian jujitsu  
When I marry, cop a shower room that shits two  
Sell your pussy if I called and had my chips, boo  
It's Bam Bam and I'm feeling like my time is here, to take the world over  
Sit A.C. Slater style on your girl's shoulder, then have a cold soda  
If you ain't with me roll over

My mind marinate in drug sauce  
The private driver's name is Gustaf  
The cuff links is like a slut's cough  
So disgusting, english muffin  
With the butter at the Yiddish luncheon  
With my pimpish cousin  
He sport the slick-back clean  
And I inquired how'd he get that  
Paused and said a bitch is a bitch  
I twist the spliff while I sit in the six  
The classic LO sweaters sit on the prince  
Thumbs in the belt loop, as I pose for the pic  
My boy is shell-amen, I blessed your residence with elegance  
Turning entire rooms into elephants  
Stepped in the building  
The doorman resemble Marcus Garvey  
Ferrari taped at the party  
Wheeled in by Steve Harvey  
He had the freshest line in the building  
He stunted on mine, it was my party  
And he tarnished my shine got mad and had him escorted out  
"Vincent, get 'I'm outta my face"  
And Missy Elliot had started a fight  
Busta Rhymes was on a molly  
From afar you thought it was Kane, but it was Body  
Catch a chokeslam if you try to try me  
Monday night catch me wilin' at the bingo house  
Just left the dog show, you know I brought Ringo out  
He won a ribbon, brandished it on the side of his coat  
I went outside and I was offered a smoke, I declined politely  
I rock the Jordan sole that's kinda icy  
My drug of choice you know is kinda pricey  
Niggah