

I'm about to get on some Norman Bates shit, and go psycho
Shit, get the right speakers
Let me start a little early, that's what I do

You know my persona, let me kindly remind ya
The Gucci, Garbana, the New-E, the Low, Evisus, designers
How I post up, probably amongst pirahnas
I'm the urban version of that turban-waving Osama
Last of a genre, there's nothing to mash your mind to
Y'all trash, I'll leave half of y'all niggaz in trauma
So I laugh, cause I'd rather clam in vagina
Splash a few grands on some high sand in the sauna
Usually ponder when I puff my little ganjas
Somber, feeling like Don Cheetah in the Hotel Riwanda
You know karma, increase when you cease your drama
It's deep, but you sleep when you feel there's peace upon you
Keep that armor, I formerly greet as a charmer
But beneath is more than mystique, I'm a monster
Came to conquer, no games I came to regain my honor
No lames, it's the same as the brain can conjure
Why launder, when I can outsell the bomber
Miskel, tell Mel, he'll be out of jail by Kwanza
From Tompkins to Guanas, to the hills in Brownsville, I sponsor
s
Nothing to cock back the Black P-80 Launcher
Any hate can haunt you, I'm straight from the L.I. gates of Yon
kers
Down to the Southern states to Great Lakes in Tonker
Young, majestic, the beams from the Sun reflect it
Numb before Bush Senior's son was elected
Eclectic, world respected, like Brother Ube from Dure
But hey, what you expected, perfected, connected
So exit, or have it all in here
We can war when we're, nigga I'm so sincere