

Call me Nigga Jim, sarcastic grin
Sipping a cup of original sin, full to the brim
Cowards snitching again, put the whole hood in the pen
And those was they friends, you know a thug, I ain't him
No do-rag and no timbs, still pushed through like bang grim
Rocky, just watch me still properly, ice check mic hockey, sip
sake
Write my name like Taki, can't stand a photocopy
Pipe-heads try to cop me, like you holding that poppy
Not trying to be cocky, but don't pass it to Billy if it's slop
py
Stress got my lyrics choppy

Here's a rule of thumb, a gun liable to make you act dumb
And forget you ain't the only nigga who got one
I'm nasty as Robert Crumb
William Woods, Tiger style hole-in-one
Got little men on my tongue and they having fun
Making words run
Busting off puns in cybernetic slums
Outside the pearly gates I'm Christ's plus one
I'm what would have happened if Shakespeare smoked drums
Attila The Dun, get my raps off your gums
Spitamatic off the numb lung, inhale that THC dust
Start moving on macross plus, flushed
With purple kush, hand grenade raps to bust
Harry Houdini in cuffs
007 told me the world's not enough
Aiming verses at Jupiter, I got the right stuff
Where I'm from we ain't chill on blocks
Streets was too hot, ain't no straight shots
In the woods where we hide from cops
Light pot and brew hops, MCs retraining 'em
To move subterranean with landmine rhymes
Underground like coffins, burn a spliff often
Crunchy shit got me coughing, holding more green than Boston
March seventeen, rap's Abbie Hoffman
Levitate the Pentagon in between pulls off the bong
My pen write wrong, climbing fire escapes
On some Donkey Kong, if popo here I'm gone
Good old boys never meaning no harm
Down south have you back on the farm
With chains on your legs and arms
Singing them sad sad colored songs