

## Nigerian Email

Billy Woods

The truth already set sail, I'm looking for reasonable doubt  
The check's in the mail and I promise not to cum in your mouth  
I was born during a drought, I was born into a house divided against itself  
I was born into the mouth of wealth amidst poverty  
Dad died, they gave me his stuff  
I put a couple more notches in the belt  
Play the hand you dealt, D.C. on melt  
Seeds pop in '98 knockin' "Release Yo Delf" in HU Meridian  
Bush weed got me feelin' like a kid again  
Traffic island Gilligan, DWB, accept the pat down, second-class citizen  
No need for the sugar coatin', you see any brothas on the moon? (Huh?)  
I got you open, Scott Norwood with the shank, you get cut and ganked  
Gaffled, leaking from the poking  
Big bank take little bank, Zimbabwean dollars what I'm holding so I'll take that now  
Thanks, Sani Abacha, the boy golden  
Face bloated, wrists frozen  
When he wave from outdated Soviet tank, don't be frontin' like you don't know him  
Buried in fatigues, Soulja Slim  
I C-Murder in a Crimson Tide, George Teague  
The Overlook Hotel is where I've always been

Your frame of reference is Brick Squad  
Mine is Poppa Large, BIG shot on the East Coast  
Ain't what it used to be, but I'll take it  
Idle Boast, Cowardly Threat, flow makeshift  
Hey momma, I finally made it!  
No lie, son jumped out a third story window when we got raided  
My feet never left the floor, I'm on that James Naismith  
Soft-spoken, unabrasive  
Politely ask Whitey to loosen the bracelet  
Cuba Gooding his way out of central booking  
Hot date? I do the cooking  
Turns out she stays up in the Bronx, I'm in Brooklyn  
That commute ain't appealin'  
Best not forget your earrings  
Summer heat searing  
She's dressed for it so of course the streets are leering  
My skin crawl and stomach turning  
As Bill Bellamy cornballs honking and swerving  
She hardly seem to notice, focused like bourbon, neat  
I break up trees on your fourth generation imitation Premier beats  
That's definitely not the flavor  
And trust me you not doing the 90s no favors  
Louie XIV in a clean glass piece, slow motion, Lee Majors  
Theme music for stolen credit card movements  
They caught the most etherous of vapor  
White Suburb, Black Neighbor  
I'm high like black Mayor  
River City Ransom, but the hoe don't need no saviors  
Sheesh, this hashish got me repeating myself  
I'm gonna go get the papers, get the papers