

The Foreigner

Billy Woods

Time waits for no man
He ain't believe till his ace boon took the stand
Shook the D.A. hand, that's that honor amongst thieves
My enemy's enemies are always well received
Served hors d'oeuvres, tricks up sleeves, the hoochie grins
But it ain't no compromise, I'm Ho Chi Minh, ruthless, MC Ren
Small caliber, close range, General Nguyen
Februray 1st, '68, the best laid plans of mice and men
Flip the coin, call it fate
Froze like a pipehead on a crack stem when bodines hit the Gate
Night Riders in Reconstruction, Gentrification, crackas got suction
Righteous Among The Nations
Hebrews bailed him out, co-d's hit the state pen
Staying with my ex-girl but we just friends
Got a nigga on a strict regimen
Blowing sour L's in pissy stairwells
She caught me coming home from work like "oh hell
No, you gots to go"
Fair enough, but if so, we might as well fuck
Sleepless in Seattle, don't make sense
Like two niggas cracking jokes, with no beat and wanna call it a battle
Takes all kinds I suppose
Think big, young Cecil Rhodes
You dig the flows? come to the shows with your best dro
Unleaded diesel petrol
Facing a Parliament Of Rooks I got a Murder Of Crows
Slayed the broad that night, murder she wrote

In the swamp neck deep
Vigorish high, Jimmy the Greek
Eagles by three makes it a tie
Woe unto he who believe a word these Boers speak
Crammed into the OTB with the rest of the creeps
Fear reeks, by noon the Polacks is three sheets
Land sharks three deep for percentages
Compounded by the week
Eyes blank like plainclothes police
Tell em to pick they own cotton
This is professional football we don't run the option
Barry Sanders, who gives a fuck if niggas blocking?
Top of the key, white as John Stockton
We need this one to beat the spread
They keep guns to heat the lead
Beat the odds or eat your meds
The force of the blast tore him to shreds, CeeLo!
When them atoms crack, bet on black
Rain, radioactive hurricane
The abyss beckons, I'mbettin' the farm subsidy
Comfortably, talking big like they ain't touching me
Sobered up, trying to skip town
Double dutch masters, full of brown, bamboozle
Stop by her job like it's business as usual
But, um, can I hold something till payday?
"Can't do nothing for you man," like Flava Flav
Got problems of my own

Known as the foreigner

Illegal alien rap