

When I was about 10
Ended up robbing all of my school friends
For the Pokemon cards, finger skateboards
6 Years before I ever went pen
5 Years before I got expelled
4 Years before I got kicked out
3 Years before I was a good student
2 years before I got missed out of Santa Claus
He didn't wanna bring me nuen
Cus I was underprivileged
That means now I walk with a complex
And trust me I try my best to get rid of this
I want more money than you consider rich
I was on the roads and I didn't give a shit
Cus I was taking phones and taking bikes
And I swear my niggas was killin' it

Chillin' with D, blazing weed
Sat back watching reservoir dogs
Used to sell white and B for a boss
Until I licked off like 25 oz
That's when I realized we was a gold mine
Was only 11 more z's in a box
And I was 17, fresh outta jail
Rollin' with a pedal bike and a dog
I p-p-p-paint pictures with words
And I paint them like Vincent Van Gogh
Still spending money from 08
And I've still not taken the bands off
Still got access to the sawnoff
Still got more brothers than warner
Still on this music ting and I'm still in the gym
And I can still hold my corner

Trust me you don't wanna start drama
Cah the roadside gets hot like a sauna
And that's why man wear body armour
Cus it gets political like Obama
I was on the bus 2 years ago
With 100,000 views on flush, pressure
Long black rain coat for the bad weather
But don't watch that cus things get better
Now I got the S-line everyting leather
Does naught to 60 in 5.7
Bugzy Malone's on a different level
Cah even the whip turns into the devil
It's madness, tryna escape from the ghetto
That literally is hip hop heavy metal
I hear that revenge is sweet
But I just hope that it tastes like amaretto

Cus I'm about to get back
Anybody that thought I was gonna do another stretch in jail
If success tastes like coco-cola
Then I'll have a large coke and amaretto
On the rocks or fresh out the bottle
You'll never catch me drowning my sorrows

Until I got told Dane was in a coma
I took more shots than Miguel Cotto
The left side of my chest went hollow
I went out like the mask of Zorro
I made the sky turn red
Ran in the crib
And then turned into the devil
Pssht, get over here, whoopie
Finish him like subzero
Out the window, into the garden
Over the fence and straight through the ginnel

You're soft in the middle like Bueno
And talk too much like you're on Jay Leno
You've been to the gym for the day
And you're already walking around like you're henno
I'm Bugzy Malone, the wickedest ting since Liberace learned to play the piano
I make a jet black boy turn yellow
I'm tryna make more notes than Cello

It's Bugzy Malone again
And I'm home again
So I'm zoning in
I didn't think I'd see microphone again
The booth thrown me out
So I kicked off the door like I owned the house
Everybody in the room got thrown about
Hulk smash, flip the couch
Tied the producer to the chair
And that's why I got brand new music out