

Fuck yo' couch, nigga
Fuck yo' house (Fuck yo' house)
Fuck yo' house, fuck yo' house, fuck yo' couch, nigga
(Gibberish)
Fuck yo' couch

Ay, I don't give a fuck
Motherfuckers need to either give it up or give it up
Rivets spit out my neck when I whirl by
World's eye view, peekaboo, get stir-fried
Dirt dive, first survive get a box of churches
Foxes flirtin' but not convertin'
Any latter-day simps, average day shit
Toilet got a new seat, images be too deep
New speak, pantomime and glue leak
From your arteries, hardenin' with ease
Pardon me? Nah, pardon you
Who are you fools?
I'm Sir Diesel, I'm the genuine article
Don Juan, time to throw you under the bus
Cause you dumb as a dunce funk' with us
Sir Diesel, player of the year
Raiders of the lost ark shavin' off your ear
Tasin' whoever brazen enough to tippy-toe in my territory
(Why, huh? Why?)
Because it gets results
(Oh, yeah)
Gatekeeper, ain't a late sleeper
Make deeper psychological connections than these fake people
Ridin' away, providin' the flav
Keep hidin' your face cause your mind ain't in the right place
I might say, so I will now
Show you real-style punchlines not allowed
Only with, phonies submit
Tap out, sleeper hold, time to take a nap now
Feast your eyes on Diesel, beast mode
Complete control of the microphone
More powerful than characters from Asgard
Get baked and charred, perpetratin' a fraud
Too large, arguing that's your car they gotta snatch
Even and odd, it don't match
Peas in a pod? Never that
More like tarantulas and arachnophobia, rap symposium
F-U, funk university unmercifully work the beat
Make lesser verses you speak worship me
Sir Dies, you fittin' to see in a minute, G