

I put the pedal in smut, fucked a tape deck, nut
Got your play button stuck, my eyes WIDE shut
Comin' out my face on stage, put lumps in your throat
Like I hung you off the roof from six feet of rope
I give away rhymes for you to battle me wit'
While I do MCs like Yugoslav intelligence
Sold a flick back [?]
You open a barrel of worms - now the atmosphere reeks
Of little kids with dreams of rhymes they wanna tell
'Til pedophile labels come molest them with sales
Big shot producers, pelletgun MCs
Stand by watching in the breeze...

This world's a commercial! I can't change the channel!
Every day try and kill it, but there's no ammo!
And television heads is feds that wanna hurt you
I found a way out, but ain't nowhere to merc' to

In flesh I stress the day-to-day vision
Threw on a condom
Now I'm sponsored by Trojan
Walking Polo ad, rap fad MTV
Grab every face of the nation
Through optical examination
Feedin ya bleedin ya through media brain leavin' ya
Touch the magazine and it seep in ya
So I train on Playstation in army apparel and
Get lost in the TV world like Carolyn
Scan my finger for the credit
Miscountin' dough? Forget it
There's a pale white horse in town and everybody fed it
Sky's black, my eyes crack, I think I'm 'sleep
I cleanse my thoughts with courtships of leak'