

Steppin' out the door, one thing in my thoughts
944 in schwarz
Foot to the floor, hear the roar of the sports exhaust
Michelin pilot sports
See a big batty in the tiniest shorts like, "Cor", had me stiff
as a corpse
Lickin' lipstick same colour as tomato sauce
Hope she ain't sore, what a sort (Yeah)
See I clocked that the hair and the nails all false, though I s
till wanna beat, of course
I get the hors d'oeuvres and the main course with just discours
e, I ain't gotta use force
Man are ballin', we soon touch Forbes
Parkin' the Porsche in my Jordan 4's
Broads get the bum done on fraud, get caught and recover in jai
l abroad
Niggas still poor, pretending they important, stuntin' in renta
ls that ain't insured

Yeah, stepped in the party wrecked
Bare pop stars keep asking for Ket
Racist shit should offend me except
Well, I had a little bit as I recollect
Singer tellin' stories, gettin' upset
'Bout all the times she was pressured for sex
Yeah she didn't know that to find success
She'd have to blow as many record execs
I backed off, yeah I didn't wanna press
Imagine my shock as she bares her breasts
Almost felt bad watchin' her undress
Spat in her mouth as per her request
Who am I to question this mess?
Party was weird anyway, so I left
Open each door, don't know what to expect
Found man in the pool, face down, dead