

The WWKYA Tour

CunninLynguists

"I will find you, hiding from me
You will know me
When you see me"

I got the itinerary
With this I can say with confidence
I devised a trip to the very inch
A timetable of spots to hit the fly missionary
Staying on top of shit, plotting, aiming to drop them kids
To show 'em the hits go both ways like college chicks
It's 4 AM and I'm equipped with scope, razors with diamond tips
If you're assuming it's to groom, your mistaken on my intent
It's 5 AM, and we rollin' inside the van, as we home in
To make acquaintance with the anonymous faces behind the threats
(Knock! Knock!)

6: 00 AM, and we stationed beside the steps
That we traced to this guy's address, so we wait there in silence
YES!

And there he is
Arrogant Larry the Aryan terrorist
Staring us down, frozen with his pair nailed to the ground
We made our play after surveying the area
Bound, blindfolded and shoved him in the van. He don't know where he is now
At 7 o'clock, we settle and stop, He's scared but still proud
"Extended Fags ain't shit!"

Make The Call!

Is Carrie around?
"Noooo!"
"Hey, Carrie! Larry's showing us where to hit town"
"You leave my girl alone!"
"We're out front, you care to head out?" (Sure!)

By 8 o'clock, Larry's girlfriend had ate a cock
Paid a cop just to stand by the van and made him watch
You can hate with all that you got, flame us and call us stugotz
Claim to your balls that you not racist, come on now, dude, stop
You're berating the Q, while celebrating some coons
The proof? Your 99% white playlist of tunes
By 8: 22, his face was pale blue and matched the logo yo
While Stan's Twittering the blow by blow

Follow That!

"Ayo, Sesh, you mind turning down the heat, bro?"

"Nah, fuck that, I came for the free dro, beat loads of people
Teach hoes to deep throat, wear 'em like meat coats
I gotta pee, yo..."

Ayo, where the fuck did he go?

9 through 10, we kicked him out
We right on sched
A quarter to 12, where the drive through went?
FOOD!

We on a world tour with Extended Famm
Haters get choked out and body slammed
But we just came to party man and get it poppin'
What do you know? I'll be damned a kid is startin'
Why you want to go and do that? It won't be pretty
Kick plenty ass when we roll up in your city like
(Shut up!) Punk! (Move!) Sucka
(Shut up!) Chump! (Move!) Mu'fucka!

Lunch break, kickin' ass sure builds an appetite
Running on an empty stomach, no way I can rap tonight
Put my order in, now I'm waiting on the beverages
I got a few seconds kid, let me check my messages
Opinions are like tonsils - come out your mouth eventually
And I ignore them, except this e-mail that was sent to me
Started off normal, greeting informal
College address, probably written from a dorm room
It read "Whuttup FM, I just heard your album and
I gotta say, my little brother loves 'Lessons'
But my bro's a retard, with horrible taste
And the air that you breath is an oxygen waste
If I see you at a show I'll rip you right off the stage
And I'mma beat you til I leave you with a scar on your face!"
WHAT?!

Who the fuck is this?
You know I researched the profile
Thought I'd find a mean mugging Sasquatch with no smile
But what I found was so wild, a pimple faced pipsqueak
Who probably penciled in puberty to hit this week
Fire up the bus, we got another stop to make
This town is filled with lots of haters, so let's decrease the population
I'mma make him taste my sneaker, I don't need no weapons either
For Christ sakes! This kid's name is Ebenezer!
He talkin' reckless? Put him on the guest list
Let him in, we'll show him exactly what we do to hecklers
Don't know what respect is?
Ask the 5 fingers (SMACK!)

This ain't a wrestling match!

Put him in the ring, I'll make him tap
He can't escape the figure 4, no one ever did before
Elbow off the top rope, say my shit is not dope!
Ram this motherfucker's face right into the turnbuckle
That'll teach him. "Ow! Stop I learned my lesson!"
(CHAIR) FUCK YOU!
That's what you all can get
Think about it next time you're in the mood for talkin shit
Hit him with the finisher, 3-count and its over
8 O'clock, wheres the waiter with my soda?

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Is it nine? Almost missed dinner time what's all that about
Got my stomach talkin' like, "Feed me or we're blacking out"
Boy we was on some shit, can't tell if this was a tour or tournament

Bammas hangin' all on our balls like an ornament
Kinda feel bad for them
Damn we missed the sound check, it's a quarter after ten
Burns scooped us in the van, back on the road my dude
Love a good fight but, we got a freaking show to do
Pulled up at 11: 42, bout to hit the stage
Here come Bill Hates with some Microsoft shit to say
"Fuck Sub and them, I'll smack him son
Rather hear some real shit about gats and guns, man"
Tried to ignore him 'til my face got red
What you say motherfucker? "What? You deaf? I said..."
(Shut up) How your face feel?
(Move) Now stay still
Messing with my vibe when you know that I came to chill
Swung a two piece then I hit 'em with a bucket meal
By the time I finish he gon' wish he was fuckin' killed

Hey y'all what's poppin'?

Aww shit!

Session again?

Yeah, what you forget?

Just this!

Its midnight and its goodnight to the sissified hater
Now let us do this show so they can give my paper
We've been denied, wait up
What you mean that they called the cops?
Whole shit was pointless like flat chicks in halter tops
At least they know now when they talk such trash
We're gonna kick their fuckin ass!

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