

You all know I be on some other shit
Fear and Loathing in New Orleans
This beat so crazy I really only have to talk on it

9 in the morn' hoes on my floor
Bitches in the bed, skeezas on the couch
Chickas in the kitchen tryna fix a nigga cheese grits
Hopein that a nigga don't put them out

They know they in the presence of the freshest nigga out
He who raps for the south
Leave a lotta niggas with they feet in they mouth
Because they said I couldn't keep puttin hot shit out

Raps what I got
A deals what I'm not
I do it on my own
And this is why I'm hot
And this is what I'm bout to do
Get a chevy caprice and paint it yellow and green like mountain
dew

Inside smellin like a pound or two
In the uk I'm a monster dude
Your raps will be worth by the pound or two
I get money
You dress funny
Don't leave your girlfriend next to me
You'll have to an APB on your woman
Chump change, shit chat, I can't do it
You wanna talk business, I speak that fluent

Shit man, this nigga stop me right at the end of the verse
So that's how we gotta end it, I gotta stop you so I can talk m
y shit
Cause if I wouldn't have stopped you the beastie boys would hav
e got their shoutout