

Rock astronaut suits by the BBC  
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Jets nigga

Shout out to the big homie, shout out to Big Ben

Ferris Buller

This ought to be good for like a whole box of lettermans and hoodies and all that shit

Word to Trademark my style need a padlock  
Moon man suited up I'm an astronaut  
You mad because I does what you cannot  
Crib fit for a king, you would swear I had an architect from Camelot  
Inspire niggas to go, how could I ever stop giving niggas the hot  
The rhymes I rock inspire fly niggas to shop  
And bitches rub they titties like they did for big pop  
Spitta keep it honest diamonds and dollars  
In the Bahamas slice ya wifey like an avocado  
Blame it on the moscato, she went crazy with the bottle  
Fly Vision, I seen it all through aviator goggles  
Las Vegas, heavy wages, stakes raising, poker faces in the red label  
All large, I roll up like zig-zag papers  
Shocked they ass, give em this taser

I get it on like the power button on the remote  
So roll with us or you'll choke on the jet smoke

And I'm so sure that them suckers over there  
Ain't making the same shit we making over here  
Them niggas switching the rules they ain't even playing fair  
Originality seemed to have vanished in the air  
I remember a time  
Back when niggas could rhyme  
A I-Pod and a ride a nigga bumping the tribe  
Got my pedal to the metal in my De La Highs  
Me, myself, and I  
Me myself I'm high  
See I sleep in my eyes  
Gotta keep a disguise behind enemy lines  
By the time they recognize that I have arrived I done entered they mind  
Sneaker Freak and baby who could be more sneaker than I  
Spitta be the equivalent to a bed of nails  
He who sleeps on Spitta will not sleep well  
Got cheese and Guac, nigga Taco Bell  
I been had this bread it's all moldy and stale