

Before a blunt I blow a newport like an appetiser  
Grab a mic' and get vexed, blow your amplifiers  
Can't find me in the hood without a kush stick  
That's like Cornel West eating out a white bitch  
Rap's Robin trying to give to the poor  
But these batty man Robin Givens  
Never slipping on these bitches I ain't tripping  
[?] like a wack transmission  
I saw the signs like the Ace of Base in it  
Opened my eyes like I was surprised  
I rep the D' with a whole lot of pride  
And do that until the day that I die  
Fashion that's influenced by the skaters  
SB's, Levi's, capital E's  
White girls on me, and I'm a take advantage

Dawg you got another square? Get the fuck up out of here  
It's game time, it's game time  
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It's like that, you know it's like that  
Number 10 white Jordans with the grey and black  
When I attack they need more than a ice pack  
If you come back and fuck around and have an eye patch  
This rap shit is more than my hobby  
But iller than a convict who killed for one  
Blowing blunts with my nigga and we still ain't done  
Smack any motherfucker who says hustling's fun  
Trying to chill from going nuts  
Planning to get piff while listening to Donuts  
[?] hold up, bitch nigga run it  
Kick it in your stomach like you've got a baby in it  
Why you so timid? I'm ready for action  
Bumping Electric Relaxation what's happening?  
What's with all the hating?

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