

2 Magazines

Don Trip

Two magazine's taped together (yeah)
Touching more paper then a teller (yeah)
Ready for the bullshit whenever (yeah)
Grab a pen, add beef to my schedule (yeah)
Take a picture, write it down, mail a letter (yeah)
You won't lay a finger, though I dare you (yeah)
We'll take all the paper if you let us (yeah)
With these two magazines taped together (yeah)

Fresh out of fucks to give, mind your fucking biz
If she with me once I'm finished wit her, she won't love again
I'm so irritated, I keep breaking all my rubber bands
Paranoid, man I thought I heard somebody "busting in"
That's the ice maker silly me I'm going nuts again
Ain't no body brave enough to come in here, on brother man
Just in case I installed surveillance all over my land
If they thinking 'bout a come up, they won't get the upper hand
Come on in, only way you make it out is in a bag
I'm protecting all of my babies, I don't care about the stash
Wish a nigga would, I hope not knock on wood
I'm from out of the hood sneakin' dough in mama pocket book
This for all the trouble I done caused I cannot undo it
I don't have to meet these rapper niggas, I know I'm the truest
I can't help it, all this year I plan on snapping like a tourist
I bought all you niggas albums now I'm way too fucking poor
I need something else to do, I need new women to screw
I don't buy her shit to wear, I only like her birthday suit
I don't like convertibles I feel like John F Kennedy
Getting dome by a pretty stripper named Serenity
We just fucking I'm not interested in her identity
All I know she could be married and forgot to mention it
All I know is I'm the shit, oh I forgot to mention it
I write letters to my people while they do their sentences
I'm a super hero poverty my arch nemesis
Slap that cartridge in my choppa like a Sega genesis
Run that by me come on try me, watch how with the shit I get
I got more than one stick like a pack of winter fresh
You know me bitch I'm fresher than a stick of winter fresh
In the mall Zoe whining all she want is cinna-stix
All I want is so much money I can't fit in a text
I'm still shitting on 'em, come back later, I'm not finished yet

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