

Uh-oh, here come the law
I'm off Bailey's and cream and Tycoon cognac with a straw
Hella whiskey, been tipsy since 8 a.m
Shoulda had my mackin' ass at the gym
It's ill out here, hot toddy
Unfit parents, unhealthy air quality
The demons is lurkin', they catchin' bodies
Puttin' they loved ones in danger, daddies and mommies
Their children, they siblings, and they relatives
At the funeral, the deacon say it's selfishness
On my side of the globe since birth
All the funerals be at Old Path Church
When the choir get to singing, it hurts
When the missionary shout, it's worse
It's three sides to every story, I got proof
It's mine, it's yours and truth (Bitch)

Aye, aye, aye, aye (Aye)
Aye, aye, aye, aye (Aye)
Aye, aye, aye, aye (Do you hear me?)
Aye, aye, aye, aye (Aye)
Aye, aye, aye, aye (Aye)
Aye, aye, aye, aye (Are you listening?)

See that broad right there? She don't care
I told her I'm married, she tryna take it there
She wanna sit on my lap like it's a chair
She said, "Put it in the air where it's fair"
I ain't got time for no wenches, I'm all up on her
Nickname her Spirits Airline 'cause she got miles on her
Vernacular, mack game adominable
Got Indian in my blood – Geronimo
I stay chiefin' like talk or mannish behavin'
Far from a sucka by any stretch of a imagination
I stay out the politics, out the way
And let the chips fall where they lay
I smile a lot now but I used to mug
Now it's sold-out shows, Ticketmaster and StubHub
Major sporting events, I love sports
The biggest deal I ever made was on a golf course (Bitch)

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