

I do the most yes, I'm gross  
I'm grotesque, I gross  
Bring the piggy to the slaughter for the roast  
Toast to another officer's ghost  
Three little pigs in the blanket  
Blow they house down, brains on [?] crank it  
Big bad wolf sniffin' that white  
Howlin' at the moon when the clock struck midnight  
Seven little dwarfs posted up in the dope spot  
Snow White started to bubble in the crock pot  
All of a sudden at the door was a knock knock  
It was Rob Bass talkin' 'bout I wanna rock  
But this ain't 1986, they tryin' to play these tricks  
I got the 9 on my lap like I babysit  
Guns I spark those right at the [?]  
Who's kickin' in my door? The big fool  
69 seconds 'fore they start tellin'  
So I grabbed all the money, left the dope I was sellin'  
Ran down the alley, hopped in the Malley  
Stepped on the gas, didn't dilly dally  
Cops on my dick 'cause I got away  
So I raced up the block to my homegirl's hideaway  
She let me smash, she helped me count the stash  
It was six in the morning, she didn't even fucking axe  
Back on the block the very next day  
Sittin' in the spot, rockin' up yay  
Detroit Lions and Tigers play  
Got the raider truck with the ragtop sway  
With the Gucci interior  
Crusin' like I'm on Lake Superior  
Young boy incorporated  
Graduated from the streets, most suckers hate it  
You eat it, I chef it and played it  
They bit it, we did it, we made it  
What would you do? Style so boogaloo  
Straight off that 'fro, what we should do  
What would Detroit, the whole East Side hood do?  
We know who is who. It's all good, too  
Gator shoes and Cartier frames  
Can't ride on nobody else man coat tail, make your own name  
I got dick for dames, never party with lames  
Come at me the wrong way, say goodbye to your brains