

Half Off

Evidence

You say, "What is it that you want?"
You've got everything that a woman could ever need in life
I got a closet full of minks, chinchillas
I got a bureau full of diamonds
I could change four times a day if I want to
You're even trying to eat lobster and drink champagne
Now you know that ain't your roots
For you strictly a collard green and cornbread man
Now you know if anybody know, I know
But since you feel like that this evening
Sit down and drink some champagne with me and let me rap to you

Now I feel it's time to show a side
Of the other, yo, I ain't heard in a while
Kill 'em line for line, I'm feeling good, it's hammertime
Don't cry, baby, it's alright
My new motto is "Fuck it"
Life is a royal flush, I'm all in with no bluffin'
Inhale from the weed smoke
It's a race to the top, homie, Usain Bolt
Little hand on the clock, time's ours
You and I gain hoes by the hour
Thurzday ignore these cowards
Planted the seed in '99, now we grow like flowers
Buck 50 and I'm holding my weight
Six to seven meals and you still get ate
They say, "Yo, you're too cool." Cool?
I would melt your soul into a costume that I could wear to scare you

It's like sounds to a blind man, light to the deaf
The sense of touch to you, sign language to a mute
A change in the foam cup, no matter how bring it
It's all gon' make good sense to your sense, uh
Sure you're hearing this verse I deposit to your brain
Co-sign with good credit, they approve my name
Hell's a, uh, hard minted nigga
I loan you tuition at a low interest rate
You gotta reach the finish line, stop Shawty Lo, and
Hello, and runnin' in place, Dey Know
That I'm sort of like a professor of oodles of O's
So recognize all what the syllabus holds
History, finance, chemistry
Geometry, watch how your life shape up
Just stand straight up like a right angle
But keep those squares out your inner circle

Pounds from London, exchange rate awesome
My rent's half price, I'm going back often
A dollar outta 15, a thousand outta 150
A hundred miles and runnin' on empty
A beat like this might tempt me
To say some wild shit, to feel like the world's against me
We all self-destruct, spontaneous combust
Or sometimes shit outta luck
Another day, another way to line 'em all up
My new slogan, "Sarah Palin, I'm dying to fuck"
I'm at peace, still cry a long time and it's key

Still rhymin' to the sound of the beat, still signin' those T's
And sometimes under those T's
And sometimes ladies under my briefs, I call it underachieve
I'm fuckin' with you under my terms
Please believe I'll be reaching my dreams
I'm fuckin' with Skee