

Ladies and gentleman, it's the man of the hour  
You have entered the dimension of Candyland  
With Mr. Supreme Clientele himself (Yeah)  
Give him a round of applause

Ayo, my wiz play the flute, niggas ran up out the bakery  
Quick, grab the cupcakes, get the gold, jakery  
Cocaine spots, the block's lookin' like Candyland  
White-white, purple haze, beige dope, tan-tan  
Damn, I dropped my chef hat, whippin' like Boyardee  
Ravioli bags of weed for keys, y'all should honor me  
Tootsie Roll coke blunts is rolled to perfection  
Now and Later eight-ball, sell without question  
Known for my Skittle gang, pills like a hospital  
You can taste the rainbow, Dutch joints'll follow you  
Everything's possible, stash house, hash house  
Whole house made of hash, Hershey bars blacked out  
Yeah, there's a heaven suitable for like Charlie Sheen  
We put liquid heroin inside jelly beans  
Gummy bear cars (Cars), candy cane dope sticks  
Xanax twigs, we got treats baby, take your pick  
Downers, uppers, even pure eggs  
Viams, MDMA, TAC wet  
Thai stick skunk, crystalized red-haired bushes  
Forests, when it comes to trees, we breed all type of kushes

Is it me? (Is it me?)  
Is it really me? (Is it me?)  
Is it me? (Is it me?)  
Is it really me?

Yeah

Ayo, the reverend got caught in the church with a box of Percs  
His lil' brother ran through the forest, it stashed a lot of work  
Marshmallow CBD Jell-O, the weed case is thorough  
One-point-five on the scale, we floodin' every borough  
Bit-O-Honey, slabs of hash, Pop Rock, mesc' tabs  
Mushrooms, caps and stems, we got fresh bags  
All these pharmaceuticals, all this work is movable  
Nigga sniff so much murder, it's in your cuticles  
Strawberry Tootsie got 'em playin' with they coochie  
Bill Cosby, K.O. roofies, this for the groupies  
Pharmacies, we put 'em in droughts, all the noise is us  
Saran blunts, we lace all the shelves just like Toys"R"Us  
Best sellers be the Adderall razzle-dazzles  
Ativan, mollies canned like it came with cashews  
Yellow, green, and pretty purple promethazine  
Ketamine, old-school Ritalin, got the amphetamines  
Lemonhead balls of kief and crushed up Klonopin  
Jolly Ranchers made out of lean, got 'em online again  
I'm floatin' through Candyland, Sugar Babies made of bees  
Yo, Lord, tell me I'm buggin', or is it just me?

Is it me? (Is it me?)  
Is it really me? (Is it me?)  
Is it me? (Is it me?)  
Is it really me?