

I have no idea what I'm doing  
I have no idea what I'm doing, but

Everybody get up, sit up Christopher  
They're miserable without you, Superman is a-  
-live and he's flowing like the Mystic River  
Girl don't act like you never been kissed before  
One, two, three, four, five, six, this a  
Rhyme is about to hit you right in the kisser  
How did anybody ever find me, I disap-  
-peared I was hiding in Freeway's beard, just a  
Hop skip and a jump from my skin, gushing  
Nails into my face that I been pushing  
Hell-raiser, my face is my pincushion  
It's like when I'm on the mic, I can squish a  
Sucker like a vice-grip, my pen put ya  
In the slaughterhouse cause ya styles been butchered  
I'll spin chainsaw, take off like the blades on  
My brain's on hyperdrive someone put the brakes on

Here's a smidget admitted to get your digits, Bridget  
Don't try to fidget with it, err ribbit, ribbit  
I got ya slippin on my swag juice, my swag juice  
I got ya slippin on my swag juice, my swag juice

I got it figure out now nigga,  
See, my minds on my money right here,  
And no one stopping how I getting it,  
And Hind Sight should never left when I was Living,  
And probably wouldn't be getting pressed by all these women,  
And then again, I wouldn't rap the ones I was diggin'  
So annihilate the looking, and talking alot about the hood; Kim'n, Kim'n,  
Uh, so Selena Williams, just like my dad talks about more John Dick'n,  
This girl talkin' how she pregent, she crazy, so later I crushed that hoe,  
and left baby,  
And never trust her, no shit! Even she specialize in massaging on my testicl  
es,  
And I never trust her, a whole lot, even on the first date, she basically ge  
t her mouth rimmed,  
And turn around and ask me for a kiss, no bitch I'm straight,  
And I never really get concerned how my own dick tastes,  
I think I'm about to slip on my swag juice,  
I think I'm about to slip on your swag juice,  
Oh, no! No! Don't slip on your swag juice,  
Ye, ye! I think I'm about to slip on my swag juice.

Slim is in the house, simmer down there sister  
Bound to get you dizzy cause he gets as busy as a  
Bee, baby you can throw a frizbee in a blizzard  
He'll catch it in his teeth, what is he? He's a wizard  
Standing in the disco with a disco biscuit  
And I'm pretty sure it isn't Bisquick, is it?  
Now baby don't forget to bring your lipstick with ya  
I want a kiss 'fore I blow this bitch to smithe-  
-reens, get the guillotines, this is a situ-  
-ation that's critical as Dre spins his, uh  
Turntables and he cuts a record like a scissor

Cheka chicka, checka chicka, cheka-cheka chicka  
Who wreck it in a second tell me what the heck is sicker  
Wait a minute, I just dropped my necklace in the liquor  
Now baby just to make a little breakfast and it's six o-  
-clock in the morning 'less you want to get some dessert