

# Torch Song Trilogy

## Handsome Boy Modeling School

"I'm not guilty ahahaha  
Does that include the time I stole a  
Comic Book when I was 5 years old?  
Aha! I'm not guilty of the charges that  
Have been filed against me"  
{hits joint}Ah! Yea! {hits joint}  
Sensational {hits joint} rocking the orthodox hip hop  
This is how I do when I strictly rock the spot hahahahaha  
Yea this chuckle blitz, ya  
I party properly, here it goes...  
Holdupholdupholdupholdupholdup  
Here we- {laughs} Yo, you can take that back? Yo Yo  
{record spins}  
I party properly who be clockin' me  
I tell em the time be freaky freaky  
I script this apocryphal sensational  
Avenue pimp and hustla  
My lectures the vehicle  
I'm skipping off the scene  
Woofers get up off the side of my  
Mentality running to the beat like gin  
Piss poor getting me slobbered by ladies on the job  
Freaky in erred  
After hours your bad can kiss myself like I'm James Brown  
Hip Hop soul-full  
Like my tank not full of sugar-bo-bank  
When I'm on the microphone I always do my thang  
We rode the mainstream  
Chuckle blitzed is how it be  
When I  
Be on the scene  
Hitting you for balls that be open  
Beautiful jump up location  
As I don't stash  
I'm like my nephew Travis "Da Menace"  
Fat ladies' pick and looking for credit  
Fuckin' with my production intelligence don't know ma's queef from fast or  
slow  
No friction chillity  
I always blow with the most  
Definitely feeling it To me  
A whack emcee could never be  
I be with herb kicking the verb  
That you hear and heard  
Cool out on the couch  
While I flick an ounce and  
Enter foot in your mouth  
Akinyele style with the Brooklyn profile  
You know I'm flippin' bucks and looking up  
Pimpin' routine  
Time flight blind your sight  
In your ear  
Making you say OH YEA (OH YEA)  
  
Yea it's all about me  
I thought you knew that  
Throw rocks and pull the global

With the hip-hop  
And it just don't stop  
LIKE A 12 AM CONTINUATION  
Warm sound that could never be erased  
Expand  
I'm a motherfuckin' one man band  
No debate  
In what I got  
To do with this pace  
Is expensive taste {taste echo}  
"Set this bitch on fire"

Like this like this  
And like that  
Note...with the... overweight..fat  
Yea  
Cut  
"One thing is sure- I'll never play with matches again"