Get it, yeah, wait a second, right here, now

I'm the rap maniac with the hooligan eyes, who's cooler than I Whack niggas move it aside When you heard I was a big deal you were surprised West coast bitch, put ya w's in the sky I spent my days as a refugee till the rap game Came to rescue me and left my wrist paved in accessories A dangerous necessity I came here to wreck mcs You're wrong if you thinking Wayne was the recipe Nah, he ain't worthy of that, the controversy is back Get off the kool aid stir me a batch See I prefer to relax, but I can't and God knows it Gotta stay raw with the flow that I'm diagnosed with Oh shit, niggas keep fucking with my emotions Maybe that's the reason that I suffer from psychosis Shocking this high voltage, fuck it, my life's hopeless So I had to make sure I killed it when I wrote this

Hop can probably make them bounce, Hop can probably make them bounce, Like a trampoline,
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Bounce like a trampoline, thousands are amped as me Kids run up on your school campus and slap a dean I grew on baggy jeans, pornographic nasty dreams Moral of my damn story life isn't a happy scene Wish I could stackin' cream, wish I had a Lamborghini Wish I had the cover on a Rolling Stone magazine I'm sick of the radio playing all these faggot teens Keep it real, show me something ill that I haven't seen For ten years I've been working on ill flows And finally got a fucking record deal and I'm still broke Man that's not common, bombs that I'm dropping are dope But all that I can afford is some top ramen I notice that you all niggas like to dumb the stats I should stomp your ass out until your lungs collapse No more corny cowabunga rap, we done with that, it's a rap Keep it up and get your tongue detached, come on

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I'm the last of a dying breed, hip hop max of variety
That's the reason I thrash on society
I get laughed at when I clash with a robbery
Until they feel the wrath when I smash on their dynasty
But I ain't Hollywood, I'm still the same kid
Upon the same shit, rapping in the basement
Catch me at your local school, skating bustin' tre flips
Left shoe lace ripped, you know how them days get
Listen while the bass hit, the only thing that changed is the way that girls act

'Cause now they think I'm amazing
I used to be the nigga chicks didn't wanna hang with
Sitting alone with a Capri Sun and raisins.
My senior year in high-school I was always truant
Had a lot of homework but I would never do it, screw it
I'm the king now, homie take a bow
You need the crowd jumping I could probably make em bounce

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