

I just got my G.E.D  
So there ain't shit you can say to me

Yeah, Kato  
Jarren, Benton  
4, Ize  
Waddup?  
You ever try to suck your own dick?  
That shit never works do it?  
I just got my G.E.D. nigga!  
Finna style on these niggas

Every day I wake up (yawn)  
Tryna get this cake up  
Smack a bitch so hard, I knock off all her make-up  
Stomach rumbling, fucking rappers 'bout to get ate up  
Y'all a bunch of queers, they cheering for team Jacob  
Josephine Baker, blowing green acres  
Bully niggas for lunch money, I need paper  
Fuck with me, is bump 50 with clean razors  
And I stand the fuck out like new shorts and pink gators  
Torpedo on my arm  
Bitch up out the norm'  
And I'm posted at the bar all day like I'm Norm  
Clueless like a Blood in a blue uniform  
And the shit I'm smoking got me seeing blue unicorns (woo)  
Stunting on these niggas like I just hit the lottery  
Dick in your bitch ass, like a colonoscopy  
Got my GED, but I majored in philosophy  
Got a minor in psychology, who's fucking hot as me?  
Niggas think it's a game, cause Jarren's a monopoly  
Sawed off shotgun, to break you off properly  
Stand between me and my paper, like apostrophe  
Give niggas lobotomies, they shittin' out colostomies  
Bitches used to diss me, they ain't wanna talk to me  
Jock's shoved me in the lockers cause I act awkwardly  
Now I'm getting pussy like I study gynecology  
The dopest nigga from the bottom, yeah bitch, I got him here

Uh-huh, I said yeah bitch I gotta be  
Blessed like the Dalai Lama  
Your mama honour me  
Probably, it's certified, guaranteed  
Kato, Jarren B, 4ize apparently  
The illest motherfuckers like 3, the hard ways  
So I freestyle, getting off at freedom parkway  
Okay? Is y'all pissed off yet?  
Cut the cheque, my money long as Chris Bosh neck  
With paid salary in Eric 9's art gallery  
I'm a beast, with the vampire immortality  
In the pale moonlight, dancing  
I'm dancing, romancing fine bitches like Scarlett Johansson  
Freaky sluts and tramps with these hoes  
I'll show 'em what they pussy made for  
Black, white, Indian, Italian, Asians and Puerto Ricans  
Fucking every colour in the rainbow  
My fire, flame, oh

I'm smoking on the best for a living  
And sex is a given if I'm next to a pigeon  
Chicken head, hood rat, googoo with a monkey  
The ambassador, I do it for my country  
Do it for the haters, I do it for hip-hop  
Ain't nothin' peewee up under my big top  
I'm hard headed like a boner  
Stupid like Homer  
With a general education diploma

Castlevanian mansion  
Ring, Brady and Manson  
Ballerina in the attic and the lady's dancing  
80 phantoms, maybe I'm inhaling branson  
And maybe I'm Bronson  
Super sperm, break the condom  
A hundred kids walk around with my physical structure  
My older son drank 'till he made his liver rupture  
My second oldest like Moses  
'Cept he took two of every creature, put 'em in his freezer and he froze 'em  
My brain half dead, pledge allegiance to the chosen  
These hookers want my kids, caught 'em leaving with the trojan  
Try and empty it with legs open  
I close-lined her in the Days Inn parking lot and now she choking  
I'm laughing at the moon while I'm rapping to this tune  
I will make an ass out of you if you ever assume  
Configure me cause I'm using simplicity  
I will fucking stab you next month, and turn the future to history  
People think I'm a prophet cause I'm dressing like Socrates  
Easy access, has always been my philosophy  
I don't even flow, my words sit on top of the beat  
Kathy Bates style, use a clock to (pluck?) your feet  
Down with the sledge hammer, call me 5-0  
Dead rappers, I don't turn heads, I give neck fractures  
And split heads after  
Call me Jack the Rapper  
You motherfuckers pitch crack, I attack the battle

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