

You think you know me
What, what, what, what, what, uh

Every time I get to stickin' and I come around with that Kimber
, I'm wearin' a mask
These hoes still in they DJ phase, they comin' up short on peace and cash
I cannot take all these dick-
riders, my bitch addicted to hatin' and kissin' my ass
Yeah bitch, you know I'm too much of a narcissist
Fuck on my reputation for a bag
I can sniff out you proximity bitches, I can't be responsible,
I'm not your dad
Up in the mornin', I'm cleanin' my babies, the switch on that bitch, I make sure it don't jam
You niggas know that I'm down with the sickness
Crash with the quickness, fuckin' up bands
Mask got a nigga like I'm Peggy Ipki
I'm went to lipshits, he gave me Xans
Kimber, Keltec, Rockford, Draco, these are a few of my favorite bands
I'm slim and shady, but I'm not a stan
Tracy McGrady, I jam with one hand
Grow up lil nigga, you not Peter Pan
Talkin' that shit 'cause you know I'm the one with the beats, the money, the drugs and the land
Godzilla and Kong with the mic in my hand
Jihad Joe, I kick in that door, better hit my line, the bombs don't land (Bitch)

Back in New York, back in the fort, I'm back with the band
Jump out the house, jump off the porch with the 30 in hand
Sue me for libel, I bet you, I'm liable to say it again
When I come around, they be quiet, I leave, they be talkin' again (Why?)
Fuck y'all hoes, I know I ain't shit, I'd rather get banned
If I'm in the club, then I'm grippin' my 30, I don't wanna dance
Bitch woke up early to hate, you don't even do this for your man
Paying the price for the fame, I'll never be normal again
I'm so terminally online, goddamn, I gotta check myself
I'm so terminally online, goddamn, I don't respect myself