

Although my pen's pressed to my composition
I'm hardly ever impressed by my competition
God given vocal cords that can open doors
Alot of pressure being this deep like a ocean floor
Ocean blue coupe seats feelin' soft and cool
She feelin' soft and sweet, me? Philosophical
Heh... take a second, I know that fucks you up
But to think on my level they gotta buzz you up
Fuck is up suckas better get your vision clear
You shadow me, I'm a son you to make you disappear
Listen here, I raise the bar with this bar shit
Somebody free Wayne, I got nobody to spar with
You niggas shit is weak, why should I salute?
You say shit like "fuck you, pay me" - prostitute
Zero - now that shit classic
I have every facet of this rap shit mastered
Bastard, backslash - all caps
W-W-W dot fall back, slash y'all slack
Dot smash y'all track, dot
Never calm down til they off my ball sack
So, if you still feeling like a female
Jot that shit down and send a nigga a e-mail
Hottest rapper ever, when they gon' learn it man?
Diddy had to drop me, I would've burnt his hand
Boy you should stop, what usually shocks
Reduce ya plots, just use your pops
Your past is dark, you future's not
Your music hot but abuse has got your fuse to pop
Abuse is not the answer - Fuck 'em
I whip they ass until my haters screamin' how we love him
I love killing these non-believers, they need they proof
I leave a fuckin' blood bath in the DJ booth
No pun intended, just punishment
I'm one-hundred with every nigga that I'm runnin' with
Cause I don't run my mouth, I just run this shit
Why would I run from you when I'm the one you run and get?
And I stay in awe from the way these A&R's
Haven't found a way to call or even look my way at all
But as they play it off, I just say it louder
Boy I'm on it like a short-stop play a grounder
The way I found a life that I got from a dark time
Put a little bit of shine in my hard time
Put a little bit of grind in my wall climb
And I'm so full time, niggas part time
I don't partake they don't really wanna start mine
Shout out to the haters and debaters cause the way they
Makin' statements gonna make me the greatest of all time
And I'm all kinds of crazy - deranged
And I may be insane, well maybe this pain
Made it's way in my veins, so maybe just lately
When they sayin' my name, they can't guard the emcee
And Jay-Z would claim, it's like they gave Tracy McGrady the lane
And Baltimore the rocket
Uh - but minus all the bad tension
Best thing smokin' like a Bentley with a bad engine
It's point two - and I ain't stopped yet
Big shout outs to the DJ Booth dot net