

Yeah...

I'm finished workin on the project already
The hype prolonged it, you couldn't handle the deadline
Your team wasn't ready, you tried a pop direction
That wasn't yo' section
We looked over your chorus and yo' rap bars
Analyzed your music, those happy-ass keys
Made you softer than ever, rap some more you should never
I decided to listen, I turned the music off
Beacue the melodies were cotton candy, the music was soft
I heard too much pantyliner stuff
Too much model and whack-ass designer stuff, no masculine touch
Adolescent, let the guy know his tracks is whack
He won't be back
Disrespect yo' production, producer credits
Receive the B stain on the form
Now face the two inch, reel gettin warm
Drop the top of your head
Drum machine gets smacked up beside your face
With a six-pack of beer
I urinate on you Pro Tools mix in your ear
Yellow hats wearin construction gear
Tear down the knobs, off the manly
Set the focus right on fire
You better call the cops and hide behind the Stanley

Studio booked up, New York power play, Unique tried to ban me
Type of guy to bring Texaco gas in the vocal booth
Light a match, burn up your whole family
You're just a big talker, you're not a man to me
Pulled the wires out the back of the amp
Defecate on your drum pads with a maxi
Brown sheepskin, black execution mask
Brass out your Yamaha speakers, shotgun I missed three
other speakers I got one, with great danes, chewin out your amps
You won't be able to duck for long, seen niggaz in summer camp
With men-e-strual cramps
Watch the black afro in the corner with the Huggies
With the diaper rash around your pelvis
Drivin a green Volkswagen buggy, you know Muggy
7 foot 7 orangutang baboon face
From Baltimore, Maryland notorious comin up the turnpike
To move your SSL board out to Richmond, Tony Pissman
In the stationwagon, your engineer's scared to mix the record
down, next to my cousin Bucky
Just eight other computers destroyed
The B-room is still there, your clients are lucky