

# Jupiter's Critic & The Mind Of Mars

Kurupt

Yes, you're the star  
I've got you on my radar  
I've got have you in bed  
You are the cutest one here I said  
And all these guys in here are just jealous  
Lookin at me like they might kill us  
I don't give a fuck about none of y'all  
I'm stabbin you all with [?]  
Balls, girls, that's all it take  
Leave no shells at the scene of the hate crime  
Take my 9 and (blam blam blam) bitch  
Have you flappin all around like a goldfish  
Where's your bowl? Where's your soul?  
You said one too many things, nigga let's go  
Your mouth wrote a check that your ass can't cash  
so you got a 40 caliber rash (rash)  
And I got your girl and smashed (smashed)  
I took her to sea and bashed (bashed)  
She had to be a beauty in the past (past)  
I treat her like she has a little class (class)  
I promise I won't cum too fast (fast)  
She wanna put my name on her ass  
ASSSSSSSSSS... awwwww yes, I smoke a lot of weed  
Get paranoid then I grab my heat  
I'd rather keep the dumper on me  
No thank you, I'm not lonely  
I don't need a date  
I don't want a girl who like to get scraped  
Real thick hoe in this fool; take that mini-skirt off  
Get tested, call your momma, go back to school  
You'll thank me later  
Your boyfriend's a fuckin hater  
I live in Hollywood  
He's older than me and can't leave the hood  
I make music you can laugh to  
Radio playlist cause they have to  
Awwwwwww yes, bang internet  
[?] woulda never [?] skinny breath  
Take that shit like you're a vet  
You ain't nothin but a [?] let  
Flirtin with little boys under 14 years  
Why you actin like a Gerald Levert in here?  
Awwwwwww, I'm not rich, I'm barely here  
I've had a pretty much fucked up year  
Haven't been back since I left the mattress  
upside down in my taxes and wages  
So before you go and turn the page  
I'ma come back to smash the bird cage  
Awwwwwww yes, I'm fancy free  
Suckers hate that whole thing about me  
How can I fall off of the bull  
and even losin, keep it movin?  
Quik's the shit no need to prove it  
Sex drive so good she's Fahrvergnügen  
Awwwwwww I don't talk about swag  
What it is? What was it?  
Can you fizz it? Can you diss it?

This character, you miss it?  
Miss America, you visit?  
Did you get on the boat without a ticket?  
Me too let's kick it!  
Alright that's it, the party's over  
I am Jupiter's critic with the mind of Mars  
Bitch you need sun sheet gold wrapped stars  
To the present and don't look back  
The past don't owe you jack, shit  
We are leaving them back, spit  
I Kurpted y'all just that Quik