

I'm too freaky for this place
So spacey like kevin
So killa like your curls
But i'm too sleazy for your mum
She gotta lot of cash
Some cash you like to burn
Inhale some fresh air, some fresh air
Let's work it out

On the photographs in your private book
I saw you changed and the way you look
All seems so right, back in the days
You turned into some hypocrite

Chill, you like to talk so fast
Your words are like rockets
So speedy like the mouse
You say that this is your house
Hightower like jimmy
So bling that I feel broke
Bigger than b.i.g.
So what you want from me

On the photographs in your private book
I saw you changed and the way you look
All seems so right, back in the days
You turned into some hypocrite