

Ig'nant-ass white kid  
But I'm still bicycling and recycling  
And I'm still eating Gummy Bear vitamins  
All my bitches taking Vicodin, huffing nitrogen  
Hyper than Williams' middle son,  
Since I was a little one, moms had to put me on the Ritalin  
Made a swisher run, crack the 40 then I lit a blunt  
Told Chuck I had a couple raps, so we kicked the drums  
All the best rappers are usually dead  
But I'm the poison that left a widow Juliet  
In the studio with candles lit and Buddha heads  
Coming up with all the coldest shit, take your Sudafed  
Contagious, speaking while sedated  
God shit, make 'em want to add a couple pages to the Bible  
I ain't got nothing left in my will 'cept  
Throw it all in the casket, it's mine still  
I need some backpack cast raps  
Took a break just to kill the game half-ass  
Set some rat traps, went to take a cat nap, woke up  
Threw the dead bodies in the trash bags  
Act polite, but I'm nasty on the mic  
Your bitch don't want my dick, then she has to be a dyke  
Slap her but she like it, tell me, "Master, feed my pipe"  
I'm the Scotch on the Rocks, you the Appletini type  
Bitch

Suck my dick before I slap you with it  
Gees  
Bitch, suck my dick before I slap you with it  
Gees

Still fucking with these hoes, though  
Ozo on these doppelgänger Jojos  
Take a bitch to Soho for some Froyo  
Tell her she gon' blow it, Romo  
And now I'm out in Cali like Tone-Lōc  
Young boy, but I'm chilling with some grown folk  
No joke, most dope, you just bold smoke  
How much coke you got to sell to make a boat float?  
Hit 'em, hit 'em 'til they tell me "No more."  
I'm a highly difficult ropes course  
Pulling up to Rome on a chrome gold horse  
Say "What's up?" to the Pope, pull off in a Porsche  
Who you kidding? Your flow's warshed  
I ain't in the street but I grew you from the porch  
I been had hoes, I play sports  
Her ass out the bottom of her shorts

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Black James Bond in a white shaft  
Turned my daughter to a queen, turned a dollar to a dream  
Flashy as high beams, smoking on good weed  
Something from kush seeds, the only strand to smoke for us OGs

I'm rich car service, no car keys  
First class flight, 'bout to land on a new bitch  
She fuck me and swallowed every homie I came with  
MCM bag and nigga, bet some weed in it  
200 dollars worth of Backwoods, we all living  
Brought the gangsters back to bucket hat, how real is that?  
I'm getting money, rub my tummy, that's my baller sack  
Put a million in a safe in case I get a case  
Faggot-ass judge hating on me cause my money straight  
Dropped 10 racks in all 50 states  
Gon' name my next tour Million-Man March  
Make a nun throw it back while I pull her scarf  
She gave me head, my nuts touched her cross, boss

Suck my dick before I slap you with it