

It's the beat, I hear it in my sleep sometimes
Blare it in your jeep so your peoples can stare at them rhymes
Real rhymes not your everyday hologram
Even when ribs was touchin', never swallowed the ham
He'd rather eat a sand sandwich salad
It might need salt like your man's bland ballad
A lot of stuff happens that the news won't tell you's
Blues on L juice, snooze, all hell loose
Rake it, take it like the good, the bad, the ugly
Break it, rollin' through ya hood in the caddy buggy
Butter softly, leather flossy, fatty juggy
Always threw me off when she told me, "Daddy, funk me"
I'm like, "Anywho's"
Seeds walkin' all out in street with out any shoes
I guess it's better than some funky socks
You need to get her some skips before she catch the monkey pox
Instead she wanna hear the beatbox
Take pills and make fake krills as sheetrock
Sing it, bring it, back to your laboratory
While he's in his oratory, glorious like a horror story
The mask is like Jason
They told the place not to let the basket type case in
He could be some kind of wacko
Waitin' for the chance to heat the pipes like a crack ho
He busted in, blessed be the Lord
Who believe any mess they read up on a message board
If so, I got bridges for the low low
Same bitch a-go dry snitchin' to the popo
Here, orange peel stogs for the whole tier
Feel like I've been gone over a year, came home to old gear
It was the shit when I first scooped it
At least I get to sit out in New York and curse stupid
Plead the fifth, sip wine stiffly
Patiently come up and be spiffy in a jiffy
Gift for the grind, criminal mind shifty
Swift with the nine through a fifty nine fifty
Well edumacated, he heard it when he meditated
In deep theta, let her hate the creep later
Dedicated cheap skata who keeps data
Say he stay self medicated to sleep later
Side effects is similar to sugar pill
Whoever go next on the mic he put a booger, ill
And made his exit on some calm shit
Begged him on the regular for kegs of more vomitshit
("Doom!")