

Michael Douglas

Mike G

That quiet nigga in the front of the class
With a autographed bible and a gun in his bag
Handed the mic into the audience, nothing but laughs
Only if them fags knew it was nothing to mask up
Cause any day that 12 gauge score 30
In that pin-striped bulletproof H town jersey
Down to H-town at the K-Mart, swing the 'K 'round
Make 'em run and scream like the supermarket sweep
Too lethargic with the heat, more than in 2003
Night stalks, jack bean, choppers roaring like the '20s
AK's, AK's, AR's and MP's
Fully loaded, nigga push me, best believe that shit'll end your breathing
How you look into my eyes and say you don't believe in demons
Puzzles me, shit I'm missing more than just a couple pieces
Diamonds gleaming, bitches screaming, welcome to the shit I'm dreaming
Crippled nieces and Nissan's, I don't adjust the seat
Tryna catch her slipping and leave 'em crippled like Williams
I ain't talking 'bout Robin, I doubt the fire will end it
This fucking sickness I got, so fuck Hell
Aggravated death cases, what's jail? fuck bail
Bet I'm breaking out this bitch, Fantasia signed my book bag
Wasn't with consent, I had to shake it out that bitch
Life's a simple woman, bet I'll make it out this bitch
But first I plan on getting rich
(Yeah, soroc nigga)

I only drink Ciroca
Posted with the choppa
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You old enough to talk shit, you old enough to get shit
Old enough to talk shit, old enough to get shit
Old enough to talk shit, old enough to get shit
These bitch ass kids
I got problems, we all got problems, y'all getting beat up, put your feet up

What a predicament, we caught up in the thick of it
I guess I'll be the dick that has to rip these pussy ligaments
Graduated golden gloves, burner with the golden slugs
Hack-sawed off, Jim Duggan dancing in my Lugz
For real though, why them jokers wanna test me?
My main bitch Arab plus I'm balling like the ESPYs
Run the fade? yes please, knock 'em out they SB's
Put 'em on ice if they acting all Gretzky
Had to cop a jetski, show 'em that I'm wavy
Half-breed Jew fucker with a case of rabies
Born with a temper, so here come a tantrum
A Tiny Toon Adventure turn break they jaw anthem
Bare knuckle brawling, Puff Daddy baller
Loose Cannonball Adderley, beatnik modded out
I was never from a broken home, you can get a broken bone
Better leave a locc alone, dial tone and hold the phone
Wait, what the fuck did your homey say?
Brooklyn, hold my Chick-Fil-A, I shish kabob and ricochet
Put him on the skillet, George Foreman grill it
Trigger Happy TV, then I Candid Camera kill it
I was posted at a kickback, three ninjas kicked back

Tell your homey kick back before he gets his ribs cracked!
Goddamn! fuck him up for fun!
Hunter Hearst Helmsley, hipster with a gun

The kids need chains, the kids need chains. All the great kids throughout hi
story had chains

Bitches like chains, the kids like bitches
(And the mentor said so [?])
You like bitches, right kids? Yup. You do
(Show them the way)
Do you like bitches, SPEAK?
(I love 'em)
Young. You do
([?] that ass!)
Tell no you feel me, no lie, you feel me?
(Mmhmmm, [?])

(Look, I'm... I'm a good guy. [?] but I'm a good guy. [?] oh shit... [?])