

Moracular World

Mike G

First time I came up I fucking went mad
Bought a bunch of shit that I thought I had to have
An irresponsible asshole - listen to dad - nope
Didn't think it was bad so I did it
An arrogant derelict and didn't know
Cause I was onto better clothes
Then it went to more dough
Then it went to better hoes
Then it went to bigger shows
Waiting to achieve those still, just kept telling myself that I will
But now, I've realized I had a problem back then
Waiting for lights, cameras, zeros, action
Rhymes written on paper with zero passion
All I really need is numbers, couple zeros after them, like
Damn. Fuck friends, that's it
Give me a chain and a car, bitch, I'm trying to get rich
And these ten tracks suck, so they call me Jack Rip
And you think you know Jack, but you don't know jack shit

Cause I'd rather it be stick up and stand down
I ain't trying to go from hands up to hand outs
Funny how I went from stand up to stand out
Cause everything I was made me what I am now

Third grade was fucked up (yeah!), but fourth grade I lucked up
Found out that all the fat black girls were dumb sluts (what?)
Fifth grade was even worse, found my teacher had a purse
Stole her birth control and then she had her second and her first (waahhh!)
Sixth grade came around, I was a punk on playing grounds
Until I threw a brick at Rick that cracked his skull and laid him out
So by the seventh grade I thought that I was hard as shit
Ran up on the little bus, punched all the retarded kids
Granny got made because my teacher went and called the bitch
She threw away my 64 and broke all of the cartridges
Fucking cunt, now I can't do shit but watch the partridges
And shoot at unsuspecting dogs to fix my sloppy marksmanship
And don't be expecting me to get all your dirty laundry did
I'll finish that the second that you tell me who my father is
Grandma, what you doing with that fucking hockey stick?
Why you running towards me with that devil grin? Stop it, bitch!

It was me against the world, Eyes Wide Shut
Me, my nigga Vince, and five white sluts
With a Klondike bar that we all might munch
At the blonde dike bar with a slut named Chuck
And she don't give a fuck, that's my demeanor
If I'm ever posted with a lame, there's a Glock between us
Or at his grandmother's house with my cock between her
Or mouth filled with homemade carpet cleaner
Or call me, better call the Doc
And the neighbors, they heard screaming, they bout to call the cops
And now I have to stop, pull out the Johnny Rocket
Dashing down the block trying to figure where the fuck my socks went
Dunk behind the dumpster thinking they'll never find me
Till I realized, that's same place I put the body
Fuck that. Snatch an old paraplegic's bus pass
I'll trim my mustache and blame it on my neighbor's drunk ass

Then they took me into custody, thinking I'm gonna snitch
Like "I ain't fucked that ho", and "I ain't touch that bitch"
But I seen my nigga Slick, that nigga was on his way out
He's got enough guns to engineer a breakout