

Yo, it's the sLUm bandit, wrote his rhymes in Sanskrit  
Cash and shine, demand it  
Asses fine and hand it to the man with the plan just to manage  
Spit arsenal, why I show you what a tan is  
Slap the , the man started speaking Spanish  
Stated slouching my slang, axe on me behind the standard  
The language, the flow mad organic  
Jump out the portal with a open mic, spit a verse then I vanish  
The crowd's hand landing, the symmetrical stanzas  
Put a couple commas where those decimals landed  
Swipe where your pedestal balanced  
Yeah

Uh, check, check  
When them half ass rappers battle me, I make them casualties  
In my life I'm like a royal villain in my castle  
These cowards try to impress me  
But I'm the king so I'm Bowser for your Princess Peach  
Yeah it's Sixpress, G  
Flowing express keys  
To the life in my pocket, you think this excessively  
I got mint fresh piece, laying rhymes like it's eggs hatching  
I'm Bin Laden, Six explosive and you been lacking talent or ski  
ll  
Like Woody Allen, I'm real  
I'm wilding out while putting frowns on pounded clowns  
I'm ill just like the swine flu, I'm right behind you with my e  
yes glued on the prize  
You mean to tell me that I'm not nice?  
Here we go again, lies to my face  
You know the mines blew apart,  
All I do is diminish a mound of rappers out here  
And you know it's a lot  
Yo me and MIKE a sweet side effect and teeth's to rot, nigga