

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