

The Sky's The Limit

Nice & Smooth

Sellin out shows like John Mellencamp
Hype so hype call me Joe Amp
Skins be playin me close like a stamp
Its dark in here, turn on the lamp
End of the month, say what? you got the cramps
Now who is the man with the bag of tricks?
Hey it's not a problem that I can't fix
(And we been doing this since '86)
Now I don't want trouble
I'm humble like Barney Rubble
If you give me trouble, I'll give it back to you double
It ain't nothin but a little razor stubble
And don't make me burst that bubble
I like diamond links and minks and furs
With some cowboy boots without the spurs

Check out the way we be rippin it
Sky's the limit, this is how we flippin it

I'm happy to be alive, never took a dive
Used to hang out with this king who had 43 wives
Didn't know who he loved the most
So they all played him closer than butter on toast
For rhyme or reason, never treason
The kid was always in season
Took me to the players ball and all
Told me always keep my game tight and stand tall
Now I always have love for my people
Especially when they stayin on point like a steeple
But now more than ever we got to stick together
There's been enough bad weather
Take a look around you
I know it seems sometimes like negativity surrounds you
But don't let it stop you from gettim loot
If homegirl's frontin, than play her like a flute
Yo man start fakin than he can get the boot
Cause being on the block broke man ain't cute
Patience persistence
And all praises due for this physical existence
I always say first things first
The last thing on my mind is things can be worse