

'Nother day, another dollar
Treat this shit like I'm blue collar
Never had a bit of drama
Never had no fuckin' problems
I been doin' this since I was spittin' shit on verse CD's
No MP3's, just Dial-Up, ain't no PC, it's only me

I'm 'bout it
Say you goin' harder than me
Well bitch I doubt it
I make 20 songs in a week
Lil' boy go count it
Say you goin' harder than me
Well bitch I doubt it
So you got too lost in the sauce
You can't reroute it

Mountain man, murder man
You better get a further plan
I'm livin' in the haunted wood
You livin' out in Hollywood
I'm talkin' to the witches now
I'm callin' all your bitches now
I'm makin' better music
In the town of less than two thou'
Mmmh
Really shouldn't walk through the woods in the nighttime
Full moon and I feel it's the right time

'Bout it
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R to the E to the A, to the P to the E to the R
To the R to the E to the A, to the P to the E to the R