

Prince sing another song, its written on your face,  
Instead I put pressure on the whole damn place,  
I never liked running through the crowd with no proof,  
So now I gotta flex in the steps of the truth,  
Forever hearing Prince has to stick to his kind,  
Prince make a love song about a tech 9,  
I thought Prince Be had to be Prince Be  
Yet they wanna riff when they find I disagree  
With that dog eat dog, I'm a get mine  
Even if I'm stepin on your frame of mind  
You can ring things where the ringin' things at.  
But Prince Be thinks its widdack  
So now I'm accused of spikin' the punch  
And I'll be the scapegoat for fakin' the funk  
But when they set up another prince time beef  
What's hard at first, but melts in the heat, they call that Plastic

What, Plastic ya'll, plastic, what plastic ya'll

shake it up over here

Lord, what they wanna serve me now  
a cup of dried rainbows and a dark cloud  
You wanna picture me as you well, no way.  
See I'm into innovations OK  
Don't you know they itchy itchy me  
When they itchy itchy you  
Passin off the mic through the kissy kissy crew  
What else can display through a mind that's foul.  
Can the politics show you how, come on now...  
I refused to be used as an under cover clone  
Or even bad to the bone  
Nocturna caps an "Uh oh" persona  
That calculate traits that do what you wanna what...  
Tic toc me for the crazy fliz  
Do you really want to know what a sellout is  
Did you ever see a feather that could break a nut  
They melt every time you heat'em up  
Because they're

I don't know hip hop, what's this?  
What's this? See what I'm sayin...  
Save the snakes because you can't find me.  
You treat me right I'll be good to you  
Whatever's clever for the scapegoat's toys  
The most superficial, sacrificial, interincarnational costume ever  
And that's called plastic...And that's foul  
I'll be the sellout, and that's foul  
I'll be the wick wick wack, and that's foul