

Yo, where the other one at?
I like this one
Just let it go, Preem

Z06 'Vette, grippin', feelin' almost there
Listenin' to Bon Jovi, rollin' "Livin' on a Prayer"
Privy to the gossip that's been said about me constant
It's the life and times of "Bumpy" Johnson meets "Nucky" Thompson
I used to rap about death, now I'm only concerned to live
I value relationships, still I keep it competitive
Nowadays, chances are that if you see me throw the match
It ain't to lose the fight, it's to walk away from a burnin' bridge
I'm from a family of alcoholics and coke addicts
Daddy taught me if the ass is so fat
It's a fact that if you with your ho, don't matter
It's still appropriate to scope at it
Livin' life with no balance
Drivin' drunk on co-pilot, drivin' 'til I total it
I'm tryna stay afloat, but I got nobody to throw a rope at it
The game is just a game of splits and politics with' no ballot
All kind of clips with mo' malice than pushin'
If you profilin', there'll probably be more violence than lookin'
I'm so stylish, but I ain't talkin' eBay, no high-end fashion either
If you catch me by the runway it's the one that's for the PJ
This one is for my lyricists, courtesy of my DJ

(I can't control it, can't hold it, it's so nuts)
(Hustle hard in any hustle that you pick)
(I, I, I respect that)
I done had a lot of niggas say they wanna hurt me
Somehow, some way they just end up at my mercy
Just show some courtesy
(Hell yeah, nigga, you know, and niggas still got it)
(Believe that shit)

I got killers 'round the way ready to move that work for me
Niggas wanna ride my wave, bitches wanna surfboard me
All I want is courtesy, who cares 'bout the radio?
And you could take the cassette deck from off of your old boombox
And it wouldn't matter, there's still squares on your radio
To keep your wealth I learned to stay to yo'self
I call for Charl, tell him spray paint a mural in Watts
Of me spray-paintin' a mural of Miracle Watts
Shout-out to Michael "5000" Watts
I'm on that lean movement like I'm out here tryna box
Look, nigga, this is a boss thing, uh
Meanin' you gettin' the laze' dot to your offspring
I'm a lost bein', uh
Try to cross me without fallin' off, I'm afraid not
I'm a frayed knot like a draw string
I'm preachin' to the congregation like I'm Peter Popoff
If you can imagine me hopping up out of the cabin
Like I'm one of the dukes of Hazzard like, "Fuck it"
Leave the top off like time for foreplay
That last line that was before your time
Like Big Ben sittin' in Beyoncé doorway
While I'm receivin' Four Seasons, Norwegian top in Norway

Listenin' to rappers kick knowledge
That they probably got from Touré
These Michael Eric Dyson niggas claiming they king
Not knowing the kind of drama that that bring
I'm a be the first established rapper to hop in that battle rap ring Turn th
at to Gatlin'
My next album gon' be so dark and so fly
I should see the package, it wrapped in batwings
These Soul Train Music Award actors rock fake as wrestlin'
Dressed bottom to top in leather lookin' like bacon in Vaseline
How you looking like beef jerky?
Beefin' in every verse, but never beefin' in person?
Randy Savage, you wouldn't snap a Slim Jim
You wouldn't rip a wrappin' on Christmas in Santa's attic
With' the hands of Eddie Scissors and you average
Put your motherfuckin' hands up
My job is to move the crowd, move the motherfuckin' crowd
Put your motherfuckin' hands up

I respect that