Curb ya dog, he dropped his shit Try'na pay his way outta gettin' his face split He got away by the hair on his ass, he lucked up Now every time we see him he gettin' fucked up Lil' corny wannabe celeb, You'll never be a top ranked spitter, get a life, get dead Whilst I bedazzle with extreme brilliance Cause I know how to write songs, got it down to a science Sit at the periodic table with bosses Break bread and drink while we discuss fortunes Tell your dog sit down before I put him down I euthanize much when they step outta bounds Niggas is gluttons for punishment Strangely sadistic Why else would they challenge my hand? Ya I get it You's a freak for embarassment and pain Like I'm a freak for this rap music Let me give you what you need

My D-O-Gs, the G-O-Ds Of rap is back M-O-B-B, Hav and P Who rep NYC like QB We vets, we not pets You confusin' me

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With them other bums that rap They nothin' like this They wish upon stars that their bars can get Similar burn as us, who had a run like this? I peddle dope longer than Lance Armstrong Alright, alright, okay, okay you got dough How many times you gonna say it? We already know! When we debate rap wars, money and plaques It's not a fact all, let us hear the raw that you wrote or Curb ya mouth, you muzzle that jaw You ain't sayin' nan that we wanna hear Take a walk, go that way Run from in front my face Move like you got somewhere to go And act like you late This not a place for frauds This a professional sport You challenge me and I'mma treat you like a female dog Bitch, must be rabid, these mangy fucks My breed is champion, you's a back alley mutt Little puppy balls try'na run with the big huevos Of hip-hop, Don P, senor fuego

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