

Ohh, yo, ohh shit man, what up dunn?
Yo where've you been at man?
Yo we need you man
You gotta put out that knowledge
Kick that street knowledge G
Please man, you got that drugs
I need my fix of that dope
C'mon man, please man, you got it man, c'mon man

Now the latest gun drive, jelly beans
GMT peyote, I know you feel me
P's song is a natural tripping me
My rhymes is so vivid, you start to see things
Way different, America's fiend
I was fast asleep, but now I'm wide awake
I was under the spell of Kangol and reserved notes
Religion and fashion, I used to be flashy
'Til I had a total recall, forgot what I've already knew
It took me 33 years for me to see the truth
Ever so clear I was too young
I couldn't articulate myself the right way son
But now let me break it down, pass it all around
This is not a theory, lift the spirits, see his spirit
They wanna put me in a straightjacket in a padded room
And tell the world there's 12 monkeys so they can be confused

Illuminati want my mind, soul and my body
Secret Society trying to keep their eye on me
But I'm a stay incogni' in places they can't find me
Make my moves strategically

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They say life is like Chess
But fuck that I'm tired of playing games with you kids
Ain't no time for playing, check the rhymes it's insane
I write it for the streets, for the hood inspiration
Inspire every party to map where it's poverty
I started with a Mobbb but now I got an army
With soldiers and troopers
The TV and the radio scared the death of us
So we hit the YouTube up
Now I got millions of views
Now watch how many rappers follow what P do
Now I'm too hoody to conform to the program
I'm too much of a rebel for me to try to fit in
Nigga! It don't matter on the color of your skin
Right now you either positive or you negative
I got friends in high places, multiple races
And coaches on my side, all you got is paper

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