

Run Game

Prof

Yeah...

Let me ask for a favour really quick

Say OOOOOHHHH! (oooohhhh)

AAAAAYYYYY! (ayyyy!)

Ooooohhhh! (oooohhhh)

YYYYYYYY! (ayyyyy)

Yeeaahhh!

(Whooo)

I feel good

I feel great

People make money all around me, Yet I can't get paid

But after the show, I'm off the stage clap, clap, dap

If I wanted to I could get laid!

Sup pretty pretty? got the sticky icky, Girl we could go?

I'd rather drink than celebrate after shows

Whoa! I'm radical dude! Make it Rain! cowabunga! WOOOO!

Roller coaster speed, full speed a head

If ever oh-fend-ded

You should forget what I said

I'm over your head like I was in a hot air balloon

Don't worry, I'll hurry, it'll be your turn real soon

Buy them tickets bitches, I'm the meanest

Swish! I'm ahead of the game like I was the first pitch

Hmmmm, have you ever met a little white kid like this?

With a nice flow that's quite just like this?

I must be sick!

Run game

Lose

Dudes

Ladies Groove

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Lose

Change

Whoo

I must be good at what I do

Everybody get together, throw a little cheddar at this dude

Throw your drinks up, let's meet 'em in the middle

Let's get drunk just a little

Shimmy shimmy shimmy coco-puff

Hopin, I'm as cold as fuck

Out here putting posters up

My goal is Oprah bucks

Cha ching! But if that don't happen

I still know that I'm the best up here rappin

So check this out, I spread like fucking herpes in the game

Man it's around, it's a wrap, it's a conclusion

I'm made for this shit, I'm in the left lane cruising

I'm so hot when I shit in a toilet...

It drops and boils it

World renound, pound for pound

The parties are ridiculous and so is the sound

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On my tippy toes now
Faster than an itty bitty little miracle
Cheerio, pitiful
How you motherfuckers think you're God given spitin lyrical
I'm a pinnacle, get up outta my grill
Before I put a pound of powder to the pill
Is it really real?
Put a kill b'for the bill chill
Eh, gotta couple little motherfuckers in my face
Kill em round the way like beat-cha beat-cha from the A
Deadly
Gotta pocket full of shells, I repel hell it's self
I'm hot as hell
Who else

OOOOOHHHH! (oooohhhh)
AAAAAYYYYY! (ayyyy!)
Ooooohhhh! (oooohhhh)
YYYYYYYY! (ayyyyy)
Yeeaahhh!
(Whooo)

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