

Haha... (golden child)

Yeah, ahh, ahh, yeah, is you wit me?

Whattup? Y'all done forgot about lil' ole me?

Y'all don't love me no mo'?

It's all good... all my real rowdy niggaz

all my real niggaz ride witcha boy one time

Ahh...

[Verse 1]

Lyrically, I smoke whoever it may concern

Even wearing a 21 milligram patch of Niccoderm

Been broke before; ain't nuttin new

But ain't nuttin never knew me not to say 'f\*ck you'

So had my nuts not grew - I'd still hang in the streets

with lil' niggaz who still bang just to eat

Bang with the heat - the waterproof spit blazes

to give y'all niggaz the business like the yellow pages

Enter the dark ages, enter and spark stage

For whatever wages, until I'm famous

for resurrecting our cave language

And for saying, "Same shit, different toilet..."

The game ain't about who talented

It's about who soundscannin

now them same clowns maddened (peep game)

Go figure, lyricist of the year is a white boy

And the greatest golfer; a confused nigga

[Chorus x2]

And that's gangsta, without bangin a set

Big nuts on deck ain't even hangin 'em yet

See it's just some things they should never forget

Ain't no motherf\*ckin west without a R-ah-A-S

[Verse 2]

I was taught to rhyme undeniably, and force niggaz to think

So if you need to dance so f\*ckin much then buy Nsync

Startin a movement to move men

Motivational millimeter mouth or repeated and need a monster

Me; I be the aqua - waterproof got a lotta truth

Spit-slaughter a lotta groups

Ridin without a crew, nod off without a loop

Blackout like a ligular, just a nigga that clown

With a suicidal groupie in a jacuzzi pullin my shorts down

Givin me underwater head 'til I nut and she drowns

Now how the f\*ck we sound? (man rap is outta control)

(I gotta smoke something) yo homie bust me down

Took a pull off a Newport and passed it back

Nuts hang like I had an elastic sack

Spastic blaps of our kind of plastic claps

Wanna know the reason why white people seem to laugh at blacks?

Cuz brothers in South Africa slaving to death in diamond mines

Meanwhile, we spendin every penny to overshine

Tell the next nigga he lesser

Cuz he can't afford to buy ice from his oppressor

So now he pullin out nines, tryin to homicide me for mine

Meanwhile, George W. Bush got a war on crime

Introduction to the Matrix -- I say the shit

you know is true but wanna ignore, metamorph metaphors

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3]

I pop my collar, pop pistols, and pop ecstasy  
Boricuas call me Poppi when they pop they p\*ssy  
Used to pop-lock and lock and watch  
Pop locks and burglarize spots  
Pop wheelies on the red and chrome Huffy  
Graduated to Suzukis - hot soda pop or pop bottles at Sky Sushi  
Now ask me what's poppin; most likely ya collar bone  
Ever had that feelin where ya by yourself and your not alone  
With Big Brother, and Big Brother see you  
I'm hard-headed, my dick look like R2-D2  
Like Mini-Me too - speed through in the V-1-2  
C-Arson style, know how we do  
All money is legal, dead pres and green eagles  
You funny style like Bernie Mac, rappin like Beanie Sigel  
Golden Child of the west, don't know how to act though  
Kicked off the Up In Smoke tour for scrappin with Death Row

[Chorus x1]

[2nd Chorus x1]

And that's gangsta, without bangin a set  
Big nuts on deck ain't even hangin 'em yet  
See it's just some things they should never forget  
[Kurupt] "Ain't no west with Kurupt with a R-ah-A-S"  
Don't forget, yeah big ass posted  
"Ras Kass" ... [Kurup] "west coast"