

It's time!
Come here, listen, get a bar nigga
I'll chop the head off you dicks like a Bar Miztvah
Protect your neck, clown get brass, turtle neck sweaters
Even Marie Antoinette had a circus right before they behead her
Duh! What I'm saying is this
It's twenty five drops to Zero, off the A list
Viva Las Vegas, hot go go dancers in cages
Live on stages, Saturday night, Jason Sudeikis
Take your bitch, now he crying for his pussycat
Throw live kittens through your window, you could have your pussy back
Bend words into prison shanks
Where the term "mightier than the sword" originates
It ain't where you from, it's wherever you use your OnStar
Beef just dry-snitching on Vlad TV and Worldstar
To tell the truth, they don't tell the truth
Chocolate nigga, strawberry Benz with the vanilla roof
Call it Neapolitan
I poli (tic) against the oligarchy on a mission, composition, start anarchy
I son y'all niggas like the man Barkley
Screaming your money or your life this is grand larceny
Cough up the parsley, carve to the dark meat
With the Benz carkey it's year round shark week

Ayo, come here, listen get a bar nigga
In the streets locked up, get a bar nigga
Rich or poor, give a fuck who you are, nigga?
Sushi, the definition of raw spitter
Yeah, come on, listen, get a bar nigga
In the dorms, on the block, drinking malt liquor
Black or white, give a fuck who you are, nigga?
Sushi, the definition of raw spitter

I pop out the house like Oscar the Grouch
Where I'm from, they C Walk, stay chalking you out
Where I'm from they B Walk, never walking it out
Shit don't change, that's the stuff that get lost in the couch
I hide dragons, convince tigers to crouch
Paisa's bring the birds in, then we migrate it South
White foam 'round the corners your dehydrated mouth
Like Al Jolsen, I'm Al Pacino, al-Qaeda
Al B Sure but darker, call it an all-nighter
Y'all pinatas, knock the stuffing out of all y'all foul biters
I'm Spiderman, stick to bitches' walls for real though
You Transvestite Man, bit by a radioactive dildo
That's what they call an ill rap these days
I'm cancer, herpes, Satan, and the clap these days
Live by the California code
Crips in the whip, somebody call it a California roll

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Pigpen with a pen, original sin
When I hop in the booth wearing a cannibal skin
MySpace and Fruity Loops let the amateurs in
Still, my son's call me Father like them Vatican men
Smelling like cigarettes, vodka, and Dolce & Gabbana
Aphrodisiac to drunk sluts smoking marijuana
Sarah Connor with a metal cerebellum
My bitches hard headed, won't do what I tell 'em!
Cause now I wanna sell 'em, worked for Heidi Fleiss
Might is Right, after death comes eternal nighty-night
But on the other hand I let my grandma down
Dressing like a clown with my pants on the ground
Hands on the pound, thinking 'bout robbing the nearest bank
In a mask like The Town
Spit out a brown smokers loogie, rookie
I'm nasty like Jabba having a baby by Snooki

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