

Y'all motherfuckers buckle y'all motherfuckin seatbelts
If you need to get high, there's a mask and shit in the overhead compartment
I can't tell y'all what the weather's like cuz my radio's fucked up
And if we should experience any type of motor difficulty
Don't panic, take one more hit off the oxygen mask
Calmly put your hands between your legs
And kiss your black ass goodbye!!

I'm swift like a motherfuckin gift for Christmas
When I send my vapors off like Halls menthalyptus
My verbs and nouns shatter walls of underground
Let me be blunt: I like crackin brews with bitches
The ninety-four era I cause terror, whatEVER
Rainin on you punks with the funk, so get your umbrellas
My guns cruise, tennis shoes, what's happenin
I got clapped on, now I'm the one doin the clappin
I'm Flexi Wit Da Tec like Artifacts make Memorex
blow tape decks when I'm more strapped than latex
Felt like menopause, I make niggaz act like beatches
Yo yo that nigga Red be frontin - with they ass full of stitches
Woo! I just don't give a FUCK
I bite your whole nipple off, sick like sickle-cell anemia
Travel around my curse universe
I'm droppin 98.7 degrees down to Red Alert
Droppin the slang, I'll bust your brains with the real shit
Come hit my blunt so I can make y'all feel it
Abuse niggaz verbally so call Dyfus
I'm a warrior, to the heart, but I didn't kill Cyrus
Noorotic, my style format rocks the project
I get as ill as chief of police on narcotic
Give me a time and I'll free your mind and lick your
funky emotions, to blow your veins up with funk overdosing
Now who's that nigga that got your crew bellin?
Not with guns with funk when I rock tracks like Van Halen

I'm in the world, with Jacob's Ladder
I'm seein a lot of happy copycat rappers actin like they got asthma
They attackin me, they slowin they rhymes down actually
They got factories with little dolls named after me
But it's no question my funk segment leave the whole atmosphere
pressed-in, I take advantage of niggaz like I was molesterin
Newark New Jersey's what I represent
Iiiiiiiyiiiuhhhhh
My brain be zoned and I phoned home to ET's home
and to hook me up with stash spots to put my chrome in
Whattup to Prince Street, Avon Ave I roll a spliff with
Fat to be passed through Bedrock and Diamond District
So what the fuck I got clapped on for my truck
Then I laughed cause fuck the cash I just wanted my tape bag
Fantastic fabulous my shit is fat shit
The bomb like Elway throw bombs on John Madden
Fuck that, let's get to the point, my shit's the joint, I roast
Motherfuckers from the East coast to the West coast to your breakfast
voltage, I got funk for days by the buckets
PPP packs a bunch of wild motherfuckers

Hold hold hold, wait wait wait

Let me school this bitch
Yo bitch my shit is tight, can any MC do this
[sounds of sex]
And come back on the mic?

I think not, my paper make pen leave nuff ink spots
On blocks where your punk ass still bustin off slingshots
Talkin shit about me when I'm drivin by slowly
Sayin I'm this and that when half y'all punks don't even know me
Now just for that I let your girl suck my dick from the back
and let your moms give me cornrows on my crack
Cause I'm nasty like that