

So what I rock the tracks
that be weird like that
even to this you couldn't catch
me with photomat
my mack will leave you more cheeky
than the japs D.O.A.
I'll make up like a big cat
fill the raft
of the shaft brother
gettin DAP like a little
from Brooklyn hangin with
nut crack like that
tight nigger that a light ciggers
blow sniffers
flow spitters
you
make sure you bring your phone witcha
twist the situation
and make you hole hit ya
(red man)
rock rock on
open you with the fumes of smoke
I left in the vocal booth
disablin' plugs and microphone cablin'
smoke filled automobiles I rode daily in
I hooked the track till they blow
shit for 30 G's
I ride blindfold
with bongos
ha ha ha
uh ah uh ah uh ah

so hit the road Jack
and don't you come back
shit I wanna make the cheddar
till I make bass collapse
hit more holes than Minnesota Fats
you're brains been tapped
my superior aristocrat
murder 16 bars
drunk off o snaps
pumped so many tracks
you might think I do crack
rip the microphone like a hair wrestlin match
lick your lips bitch
cause your shit might eat chap
you know Nikki D.
these fake bitches be
awsome bullshit ing with the triple P
demolish wax polish
this dick I got
will make the baddest bitch topless
jobless
around with it
red litty
shitty
got niggers in Germany blitty

now I'm the new president

and sellin spinach
50 cents and up
can't handle get there
hu ha check check it out
friggy, diggy, jiggy diggy
check it out
doctors in the house
don't like what I'm sayin
got the nigger

shit is bad, bad, bad, bad
the year 2000