

Whole lot of shots followed  
After I bust your snot box with a Ciroc bottle  
Shoot the fed, one mano-a-mano the clown  
I'll pull a pound on a Ronald McDonald  
You a happy meal nigga, with a toy in the box  
I clap the steel, nigga, put your boy in a box  
P, and the gun that'll slap ya  
I'm lying, just like the rest of these dumb ass rappers  
Provide flesh, most of y'all niggas can't test besides  
Tech  
Most of y'all niggas can't dress, Nike Galore  
Right on the floor  
Copped twenty pair with Vinnie one time on tour

Listen, love is love, clap the gat at y'all players  
The CEO of your label is a basketball player  
That mean your shit is never coming out  
Sean Price, I'm forever dumbing out, pyrex

Pyrex, a microwave, and a whisk  
You're probably thinking I'm baking a cake when I'm  
working a whip  
You probably think it's pyrex

Wake up, all of that crack in the street talk  
It's made up like "Jack and the Beanstalk"  
When I talk, the streets listen  
When you talk, the streets dissin'  
I don't even like you  
I don't even wanna fight you  
So stay the f\*\*k away  
For such and such from such and such, combust and spray  
Don't make me abuse my power  
One telephone call, shoot this coward  
I was the bum, but the pendulum switched  
Now my whole team supreme, no Kenneth McGriff  
Y'all niggas is fiends, steamed tilapia  
Ving Rhames in the bing, slapping ya, animal  
Different beast on my f\*\*king sweater, giranimal  
Half monkey, half man; the manimal  
P, heatmiser in disguise, surprise beat fire  
Spark fire out your face and break wires

[Hook]