

I'm a lionheart, ain't even trying hard
These niggas spend they whole life lying, might as well lie in
chalk
Peon, I am boss, put some stacks down
Year round, I stunt hard on you assclowns
It's the ayatollah, of pot I roll a bunch
Insane amount of God's finest, smell the aroma through your sin
us
Choking on that good-good, I don't need the Heimlich
Just send me a bad bitch I could do some slime with
Keep my mind lit, I zone hard, y'all ain't seen shit so far
I ain't begging you pardon, I Bogart, these fuck niggas want no
part
No heart, all talk, kill these niggas, oh God
All first verse, I keep the thirst, it's normal shit, I wasn't
born to quit
I was built to win, that Kushed God fella, hella tight
You niggas can't fuck with him, one of one, no dub him
And after him you won't ever ever, ever ever, see a nigga like
this, Again

You people have been lead to believe
That mediocrity is excellence
Uh-uh
Jericho is excellence
And now for the first time in history
You have a man who can entertain you
You have a man who is good enough for you
You have a man who can make you jump up off your chairs, raise
your filthy fat little hands in the air and scream "Go! Jericho
! Go!"
"Go! Jericho! Go!"
"Go! Jericho! Go!"
The new millennium has arrived
And now that the Y-2-J problem is here...