

Had a shindig everybody in mi casa  
When I was approached by a lady trying to blend me proper  
When she asked if I really was the king of the choppers  
Bitch, I'm Mufasa

Let me know if you rolling  
Let me know if you down  
Cause I see you choosing  
You know I hold it down  
Even though I came a long way from the blocks  
Still wave my finger to the cops  
I see you like what I got  
So let me know if you rolling  
Let me know if you down  
I see you choosing

Aye  
With this bimbo, get this indo  
Said she wanna give me hella vicious dingo  
'Bout to make the music crescendo  
So don't nobody hear me knock it out with the quickness Kimbo  
So I had to get the bitches info  
The choppers mental, lovely ladies suck it, stay silento  
Resemble monkey wrench though  
I don't need your credentials  
We men though  
Leave you in light and leave you in limbo  
She chose  
N9ne I'm impossible to figure and decode  
She wanna really welcome me to the freak show  
She fuck with the homies, Sav Siccness and Bleezo  
She said that both of my homies they gave her the heave ho  
But she never had me killin' it befo'  
So I gave her the meat and it was more than Rodigo  
She coming to every blur party we throw  
(Tim Tebow)  
Fakers be oozing illusions  
They said they banging; but they moving and grooving  
That's why the ladies want the dude with the fusion  
Of indica oil and Keith who'd'n and coolin'  
Stuffed and puffed like a Cuban  
You trippin', she left with us  
You get bruised and contusions  
Used and abused and fooled  
Cos' Tecca N9na, she choosin'

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Aye

Choosin' me because I make her nod  
Wanna eat my dick up like a braut'  
Ya niggas hope that Tecca N9na rot  
They never close enough to get a shot  
Cause I be chilling way up at the top  
But we never too comfortable and thinking it won't pop  
You can bet that the heaters on my family stay cocked  
And my governors ready for the petty who said he hot  
'Cause I beat, beat, beat, beat, beat her  
With the d and not D Jeter  
Then I found out she a queef skeeter  
When I mixed OJ with the Beef-eater  
Your girlies punani it was a deep greeter  
Coming at me you'll be a hit by the peace bleeder  
I'm a beast I beat beep and she's cheater  
She want me in her mouth, I would at least feed her  
You know the rules of the game  
Your bitch just chose me  
We can handle this like we got some classic  
Get into the gangster shit if you tripping low-key  
Women is never nothing to steal  
When you making hella bread and you go from here to Brazil  
So you gotta know I'm the nigga that she wanna get to for big thrills for real

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