

In the first round
Left hook caught him that time though
That round at the rack—
Oh! A big right hand and down goes the former champion
He was nailed right on the button...

Uh, uh
Uh, uh, yeah
Oh, uh, ah
Still livin' comfortably
Yo, uh-huh
I'm out here, what up?

On your marks, get set, rev the engines (Vroom)
Tourin' across the globe, more than twenty-seven missions
Money made out of plastic, no way to rip it
Soon as the wire connected, I made a visit
Sippin' espresso with the pinky out
Run in a shop and blow everything in the bank account (Gimme that, gimme that)
You never see these anywhere again
I'm in a sneaky bag, my watch pocket got a spare ten
I promised my mama I would excel
Dirty summers in the dungeon and roses I couldn't smell
Heaven's Gate spirits lifted me over, I would've fell (But look it)
Open instrumentals, I cast a shadow and throw a spell
I do sorcery, I'm just lettin' off the Porsche steam (Pssh)
Your money dried up like a creek, I got a forest stream
Meat and potatoes, I don't do too much chorusing (Uh)
Gave me the penthouse 'cause they thought that I was Morrissey (Yeah, that's me, but look now)
These are actual events
Life's a movie and it's packed full of suspense
I pick a wall and place my back for the defence
Fate throw the rock, then shake it back with the finesse (Yeah, yeah)
Professor handle, spread love like a scented candle
They'll never learn until you set example
Release the animals from the bullpens and let 'em trample (Run)
Hide all the records from this maniac, don't let him sample

It's black and white just like the keys on a grand piano
Cheese on my head but the field that we in isn't Lambeau
I vow to stay ten toes 'til the day that I plateau
Private meetings at Mastro's, suited up like Sopranos
It's not a drill, we set for life off creative thoughts
Watchin' my old interviews, hate how I came across
I'm either too humble or think they can't fuck with me
Warrior spirit like I grew up in Dub City
The universe had decided who couldn't come with me
If bein' solid a crime, I admit it, I'm guilty