

Hey, Skee, tell 'em I'm goin' away for a while (A Million) Motherfukka's wanna see me dead

(A Million) Motherfukka's wanna see me in the fed's

(A Million) Bitches wanna give me head

(A Million) Dollars in my bank account

(A Million) Soundscan the first week out

(A Million) Motherfukka's on my dick

(A Million) Motherfukka's talking shyt

Hit a break down...

I'm the king, and you better respect it

All I need is Beyonce, and a Roc-a-fella necklace

Nigga you can "check up on it", I'm a Slim Thug

Cincinnati fitted, wit the red and black brim blood

Gave nigga's 300 bars, two mixtapes, and a DVD

I did it for the C.P.T.

Did it for New York, did it for Chi-town

Ran through hip-hop, and made these nigga's lie down

I'm going away for awhile, call it a California vacation

I call it a Bentley with a smile

GOD bless the child, wit incredible style

Nigga sicker than West Nile, who king of the West now

I'm putting my vest down, nigga's ain't going to kill shit

Shut the fuck up, nigga you ain't going to kill shit

Rappers don't kill rappers, guns kill rappers

And I be wit real crips, real bloods, real clappers

Fuck rappin, these nigga's will push ya grill backwards

Faster than Iraqis when Bush attacking

My flow semi-automatic, blhow

Touching pussies is my job, you a bitch, this is sexual harrassment

Nigga get a lawyer, when 'The Game' coming for ya

My jab, like Zab on the chin of De La Hoya

I'm the golden boy, and I'm making Hova noise

Got the whole world clapping, just like the Nolia Boys

Since a juvenile, I had to prove my style

Went from Kayslay to DJ Clue, and blhow

20 Magazine covers, nigga look at me now

You need a hot 16?.. I need 100 thou

Cause half of these rap nigga's just be running they mouth

The other half, in the ATL runnin' the south

10 Mill in the bank, 7 bedroom house

I'm rich, so on my 30th birthday I'm out

Nigga, I'm so ahead of time, and I spit better lines

Better rhymes everytime, nigga's hate on me so much, I feel like I'm Kevin Federline

Fuck it im rich, for nothing, tell the media to get off of my dick

You wit me, my next album going to sell like Britney

I beat on these rap nigga's like Bobby do Whitney

No more drama, no more beef wit 50

And if you just tuning in, welcome to the 360 (welcome to the 360, welcome to the 360)

Right back where I started, in Compton, taking out the garbage

Where Crips and Bloods shoot it out like Pearl Harbor

That was '95, when Cube was in his prime

You brought yo Lethal Injection, and I brought mine

Rewind to '89, got my first mixtape

My brother brought it for me, they use to call him Big Face

But now, we ain't brothers, nigga we ain't shit
And you living in my shadow like Marcus Vick
And I heard about yo little rappers talking shit
Stay out my family bidness, or you get a coffin quick
I ain't change, same nigga that got off them bricks
Got signed to Dr.Dre cause his bars is sick
Getting head on the road, cause his cars is sick
And he whop so good, I had to pause this shit
I told 'em bomp, slow down baby
Got to get this shit firm like Foxy, NaS and AZ
She said 'fuck you,pay me
So I left her in AZ
That's what I get for letting her listen to my Jay-Z
Fuck a bitch, give me a 40, I'll take that
Dress up for the grammy's, but I still don't drive maybach's
Nigga I'm gangster, and homey don't play dat
Stand way back, or get ya ass clapped ASAP
Nigga this the payback, you want beef.. say that
I'll have a hundred hurricane hoodies where you lay at
Get yo whole clique wet, making up crip sets
Nigga got ran outta New York by Dipset
Then he got ran out of Compton by my set
Banned from Watts, can't even walk through his projects
Nigga so lame, talking he gangbang
Won't bust a shot, and the nigga know where I hang
I'm Big Daddy Kane, and the platinum chain
The fact remains, the game don't rap for fame
Game rap for fun, Game blast his gun
the game gotta rap in tongue, so that bastards done
Be easy, I might give you a pass this once
I'm ready to die, but I don't want a bastard son
Nigga, I rap too good, and I'm back in the hood
On the same couch, I put my demo in a package for Sug
After one meeting, I was right back in the hood
Red bandana hanging, selling crack in the hood
Now it's, Aftermath for good...
Any nigga mention Dre, get a Desert Eagle shoved in his fucking face
How that taste?
Blow yo shit out fa'real, Nigga im for real
Call Nelly or Paul Wall, tell 'em make you a grill
I cook beef, like a steak on a grill
Got the clipse on hold, but I ain't Pharrell
Nigga I'm fa'real.. my flow ill, like smoke in ya lungs
I Spit sharp like a razorblade under my tongue
Nigga, I'm number one, motherfukka bar none
Who else kick knowlegde outside of Hova and the God Son
We can go bar for bar, cocksucker drop some(tm)
Watch me Take Flight like Tom Cruise in The Top Gun
You might win some, but you just lost one
I beat on these lil nigga's like Dr. Dre drums
Look at these motherfukka's trying to prove theyselves
Thinking beefing wit hurricane going to boost they sales
Never that, motherfukka, I'm a clever cat
Kanye West in slacks, nigga, I'm as fresh as that
Ask Dre, ask Snoop, I'm nice
I'm Cube, I'm Jacob, I put rappers on "Ice"

A skee , let me ask you a question
If you take the 120 bars, put it with the 240 bars
Then add the 360 bars, wit one Kevin Federline, what you get?
(A Million) Haha.. lets get the fuck outta here man..
Go find something to do