

Let me freak the funk
Obsolete is the punk that talk more junk than Sanford sells
I jet propel at a rate that complice their mental state
As I invade their masquerade

They couldn't fade with a clipper blade
10 years in the trade is not enough, you can't cut it
I let you take a swing, and you bunted
For an easy out, I leave MC's with doubt

Of exceeding, my name is Bottie Brown and I'm proceeding, leading
They try to follow but they're shallow and hollow
I can see right through them like an empty 40 bottle, of O.E.
They have no key, or no clue

To the game at all, now they washed up
Hung out to dry
Standing looking stupid, wondering why
(Why man?)

It was the fame, that they tried to get
Now they walking around talking about represent
And keep it real, but I got to appeal
'Cause they existing in a fantasy when holding the steel

Rock a bye baby
Listen to my heart pumping to a fine ravine
Of all things it's a vain of a shrine
All missions impossible are possible

'Cause I'm heading for a new sector 365 days from now
I'll wipe the sweat from my brow
And each and every true will stick, or fall from the sky of my
cloud nine
From homies all the way to chics, no matter how fine

Controlling is a swollen way to wreck a proud mind
You hold it in your hands and watch a man start crying
Tear after tear in the puppet man's hands
Every time you take a stance you do the puppet man's dance

And the worlds at a stand-still
Deep in broken Mansville, trapped in the moat with an anvil
Still killing yourself, and dogging ya health
You ain't amphibious, so grab a hold of yourself