

[Truck North]

Yo, Jam boy magic, Mr. Fantastic  
Masterful mind, the list that I've crafted  
Fresh new trick to flip, I'm Dick Dastard  
Half smooth criminal and half straight bastard  
No mask when your flag get captured  
First class, take you to the rap hereafter  
Gone in a flash and yet, he gets faster  
Sick when he hits the Mike like Mixmaster  
This the Battle of Troy with no Pastor  
Slicker than a can of oil with no castor  
Chill in the front of the flight, outclass them  
Bring your favorite rapper to fight, I'll trash him  
Then I'll leave in a timely fashion  
Uh, emcees get the tiny rations  
Your girl hold me close as a tiny dancer  
You got a death wish? Well it's finally answered, prick

[Black Thought]

Yo, Jam boy magic, Mr. Sarcastic  
Rap catalogue consists of all classics  
Blackness, tell your bitch to fall backwards  
Fuck a hood pass, my shit's for all-access  
Killing tracks like this, we call practice  
Any bullshit y'all twist, we call backwards  
Jam boy sharp as a tack, we all cactus  
Waiting on a big payback with no taxes  
So if you follow the game, you might catch this  
Act like an activist; you know, active  
Nigga like me just has to spit acid  
Sucker like you just has to get blasted  
Ashes to ashes, Frasier to Cassius  
No homo, y'all some pains in the asses  
Get turned to toast like raising your glasses  
When I'm on stage, girls swing from the rafters  
Often nasty like Monster Mashing  
Y'all know the voice is tight, hoarse and raspy  
Can't place the face, kind of hard to catch me  
Kings that pull strings like Dorothy Ashby  
Jawns keep telling me I'm great like Gatsby  
Caught like a felony, you can't slide past me  
I'm low-key, kind of anti-flashy  
Then I'm OG up in a black tie classy  
Sun Tzu to Sun Rai, Gargamel, Mumm-Ra  
Son of a shooter letting slugs from a gun fly  
Should call a Mumbai with the bumbaclot  
It's Black Thought, my sound's hard to come by  
Last spotted on a yacht getting dumb high  
Banging yacht rock with my squad from 215  
Straight calling niggas out like the umpire  
Any chump try'na front, (word 'em up)

[Peedi Peedi]

Jam boy magic, Mr. Get-Busy, you get busy too?  
Then get with me too, we'll get busy, dig me?  
Smooth Remy, tool skinny but hold plenty  
.22 long contact, new Bentley

No miles yet, curve backs and cruise and he  
Bring it back when you through with it, roger that  
Grip tenny, French mummies in Vic' panties  
Lips candy, dick hard as a fifth of brandy  
Hop in it for five minutes, then I'm finished  
'Cause pussy is pleasure, but I'm attending my business  
Retractable roof, magical coupe disappearing  
And reappearing, German engineering this McLaren  
Hot jacuzzis, watching movies, glock and uzis  
Shots of Louis, busting cuties popping jewelries  
Ooh ooh, Ultramag' MC in a M3  
Whole body tatted straight up out a MP