

I don't know what this world is coming to....

l'il dice yo back again  
i'm the man with the masta plan  
backin' me ups wit my supa friends  
all in the sky like paper planes

smokin' weed to ease the pain  
blaze o' blood true we may say  
wannabes f\*ck what you claim  
you can't be me better try again

i'll trigger my hommes i'll my game  
trigger my sh\*t trigger my thing  
I got love in this game  
You ain't got nuthin' whatta shame

Don't know me? nigga where you from?  
obviously last sick style son  
play your eggs your better one  
blast yo ass to oblivion

yo yo urbandub and yo mom  
look at tha' bitch gettin' robbed  
keepin' my sh\*t tight couple o bars  
in the middle o an angry chasin'stars

cars, mars, cigars all of 'em end in RS  
its a lyrical arsenal  
came now wanna bet?  
Maybe sound sour wouldn't make a sense

How many girls do you wanna get?  
Me i'm cock 'er in the continent  
You can't force 'em if you wanna lick the cliff  
don't get too hard come down and sit

a couple o drinks a few tits get dazed  
straight to home and dunk it that's great  
get the PT&P just wait  
and if its positive whoa! whatta wait!

i'm leaving it all it's over now  
things are 'ready better better better  
i'm leaving it all it's over now  
things are 'ready better

we've been around  
where since said some things that have you lost and  
found  
but now and try to ward off  
you call me up and down

release my pain  
while the stars fill my brain  
why don't we say nuthin'  
or why the words i can't explain

its over  
I never meant to let it end this way  
its over  
just sail the past and let it slip away

its color  
now that the picture sad has gone to red  
its over  
forget about the things we used to have

i'm leaving it all it's over now  
things are 'ready better better better  
i'm leaving it all it's over now  
things are 'ready better

How y'all feelin' down there?...