

# 2010 Til Infinity

Wax

Whattup this is Wax  
I'm in the studio with Dumbfoundead  
We are Clockwise  
We're in North Hollywood  
Sometimes it gets a little hectic up here  
But right now we just gonna help you on how we just chill  
Check it out

This is not for the less astute guppies  
Go back to watching videos of cute puppies  
Or little babies dancing to single ladies  
Whatever stimulation or simple taste your brain needs  
To remain pleased  
I'm insane with the steez  
I can drain three's or play in the paint with ease  
At the banquet eating emcees  
In a blanket, me and Herbal T gon' make it  
This year and that's a bona fide fact  
Last year's grind we gon' multiply that  
Exponentially, Wax I stay rapping existentially  
In other words it seems as if you had an extra Sentra key  
And you was in the passenger seat next to me  
Filming and can't wipe off that ecstasy pill grin  
I'm bout to blow like an Arabian building  
And become a sex symbol like porn made by Sabian and Zildjian  
Maybe in a million years  
You could beat me if I drank a billion beers  
Don't risk the sight of your children's tears  
Due to envy, you doo-doo emcee, They  
See me as a big dog like I'm Clifford  
So I make em put in work like I'm Kathy Lee Gifford  
Me and many rappers? We differed  
So I left em in the dust to the point they have to swiffered  
I rock mics like Hammer rocked British Knights  
This year I'm in the UK sipping Guinness pints  
In a nice pub with my man Adam Gibbons  
Til then I'm in America having Ribbons  
Yeah, but as the plot gets thicker  
It's way more music a lot less liquor  
For years I've been on that "party all night" shit  
This year I'm on some "take charge of my life" shit  
All day, every day, any time, heavy grind  
Whether I'm signed or unsigned I'm getting mine  
"Sun never setting" shine, constantly  
Run to the betting line, odds on me  
It may seem like an unsafe wager  
Cause my musics way too unsafe for a major  
They want it in a box like Digidesign  
It all sounds pretty similar like Biggie and Shyne  
The music industry is a little behind  
The other day I had a feeling I was finna to get signed  
I looked on my balcony and a pigeon arrived  
It had a record contract in it's beak  
With a note attached that said please have this back in a week  
Just sign it and date and put it back in the beak  
I seen a footnote on my third read  
No postage necessary just bird seed

Yeah, a lot of rappers spit cleverly  
But on top of the game they'll never be  
If you want to eat the caviar and fresh frog legs  
You gon' need a hook like golf with left dog legs  
And I got that skill  
But these old industry crackers think I'm not that ill  
Fuck em, I'll get YouTube dollars instead  
Fuck Akon on the hook, I'm a holler at Fred  
And y'all think I'm lyin  
I send him messages he just ain't replyin'  
His assistant told me he's on the Cayman islands  
With a bunch of naked dimes, bathin in diamonds  
And I'm a get there with him  
Based on mastering the kick snare rhythm  
I'm the shit like guano, sick like mono  
Don't push me, I'm close to the edge like Bono  
And from '010 until  
It ain't gon be no time to chill  
We gon be making more sounds and creeping on more tours  
Invading your towns and sleeping on your floors  
Staying awake is the cousin of life  
And for me sleep and death are now husband and wife  
I'm a lock myself up and write songs in a cave  
And flip shit like the master belongs to the slave  
And in advance you can thank me, please  
For filling up all of your blank CD's  
I'm ain't stopping in this game until we run that shit  
And I still wild out saying dumb ass shit  
I fucked your mom in one room shack  
Broke the bitch back like I stepped on a crack  
She was rubbing my feet to put me in the right mood  
She said, "What type of socks are those?"  
I told her, "White Tube"  
You don't wanna rap after me  
You'll never be invited back like Kramer to the Laugh Factory  
I'm leaving competition so shook  
This year we stacking up more wins than a Vietnamese phone book  
Yeah, I give a fuck about a hater  
Tip said it best, "My time is too greater"  
Cause if I don't spit flows better than a mug  
No one at a Phish shows ever did a drug  
Come on celebrate, go and light the Christmas trees  
Everybody smile like colon right parenthesis  
Happy New Year for 2000 and 10  
And peace to my brothers Herbal T and EOM