

# I Got It

Wax

(If you listenin' to this on a low volume  
Just hit skip, skip this song  
Otherwise turn it up)  
Yo

You lose, I'm the best  
Your crews a snooze fest  
My style was hatched inside of a cool coos nest  
I could choose to rest on my laurels  
Sit back, sip yak, and smoke [?]  
But to always seem to have something off my chest  
And these words pop in my head it is genetics I guess  
And plus rappers are pathetic at best I must say  
I'm surprised they put that shit up on public display  
It's as if they don't try they just sorta slide by  
With the sorta rhymes I  
Would be mortified by  
Ey ey  
Them bars that you cherish  
Make me wanna ask you  
"Aren't you embarrassed?"  
To get familiar with the typa joy my vocals spark  
Take off work today and go walk in your local park  
I'm like the melody of a metal lark soothing  
The catalyst of a mood swing bitch

I got it  
Yea yea  
If I got beats I ain't goin' nowhere  
Mothafucka I got it  
Yes yes  
You ain't never heard a mothafucka this fresh  
Little homie I got it  
Yea yea  
If I got beats I ain't goin' nowhere  
Don' worry about it  
Yes yes  
You ain't never heard a mothafucka this fresh

Hotel motel holiday inn  
My show sells so well I gotta play again  
I do play to win  
Judge me like you Ruth Bader Ginsburg  
The exhilarating words that I rhyme  
Make your mental device release endorphins  
It's like parental advice  
I might offend orphans  
Buried in your fricken serotonin  
Card carryin' barbarian compared to Conan I  
Listen to rap snootily like I'm wine tastin'  
Usually come to the conclusion that I'm time wastin'  
"Is it over yet?" lookin' at my watch  
Am I not sober yet I could go for another scotch  
Won a bet like Midler  
You greener than the riddler  
And if the roofs on fire then I'm hotter than the fiddler  
You a fuckin thumb twiddler

I take action  
Insert photo of my face captioned:

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[Jarv:]  
Alright yo, check it out right here  
Ooh yes, I confess, I'm blessed  
I gotta pinesol sheen and a lemony zest  
Hella finesse, breath Colgate, Crest aqua fresh  
Like a Dead Kennedy's patch on the back of a denim vest  
I'm badass  
Tell me who [?]  
I'm hotter than droppin' Polliwogs on your mom's chest  
We can Netflix and chill  
And then we can have sex to my VHS box set of Faces of Death  
Ayo bet  
I'm maniacal when I be bustin'  
My style's mad retarded 'cause I've had four concussions  
Holdin' my nuts scoldin' a punk is how I function  
If you don't know my name  
Let's end with an introduction  
J is for juvenile  
A is for asinine asshole  
R is for ridiculous ass flows  
V is for very, very, very, very dope  
If you didn't know guts, now you know, mothafucka

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