

Young Caesar, the crowd-pleaser, the town leader in a round theater
When the town need it most you assassinate my character with all the shit th
at you say
Et tu, Brute?
Stabbed in the back, touche, threw your shade
But they wrote plays about me, named me after the fade
You toupee, you e-willy, we do say
You must be silly thinking he do yay
They knew the name
They knew he could spit him some game
Let him refrain, but sippin' Rem' on a train
Got a limp need to get him a cane, you couldn't sit
Shit let alone live in this lane
Young Hovito he a sensei
I'm Tito Puente mixed with Big Daddy Kane
Do it for the couple cents made getting my rent paid
And mi gente that's how we living these days

Notes, quotes, everything I wrote
The whole scope, the pope, ordinary folk
Could be dead on the dope, head on the boat
Eggs getting scrambled, eggs getting poached
Either way you gonna feel the smoke, stupid
(Wiki got it coming this year)
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There's some ugly motherfuckers in here

See the rooster on my chest? I'm cocky
You know Papi Chulo, her culo got me obsessed
A raunchy honky menudo
Hardly flossy you could taunt me but what the fuck do you know
Kudos? Nah, I need blue notes
My Jew bro taught me to be frugal
Blew hella loot on the brew though
You see the price, you had to concede to lead a peaceful life
Jesus Christ
Will it be he that reads my rights? Will I see the light?
This will make it hard to sleep at night
I just keep it tight, keep going
Ain't no knowing, just some cheap advice I'm giving
What's the piece I'm getting of the fucking stream subscription
But I need it just as much as you need to listen
While I keep pretending that I make a decent living
I'm in the streets drinkin or in the sheets hitting them cheeks stinkin

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