

Yeah, yeah
Right now we in the place to be
Yeah, time to have some fun in this bitch

Ayo, deep in the projects where y'all can't come
Juvenile life get treated just like scum
Rap artists, they emerge on the surface
Thus they be gifted with the architect tongue

Disco ties is the four [?]
Punch and Quincy where the [?]
[?] coke ass life
We don't play with those niggas that foul and trife
We be on the biddy, side burns and chilies
After the town you know we meet at the telly
If they telly don't work, we take it to the roof
This is way, way back when we was wearing the troops
Eyes cosmicized, Colosseum [?]
Gucci all on it, them Mickey Mouse wars

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So what you gonna tell me?
Can't tell me, jack
We been doing this shit (We gon' take 'em back) way before crack

Hit, hit new release, guaranteed to hit the streets
Rhyme, rhyme all the time, never ever drop a dime
Stop, stop doin' crime, still rockin' in my prime
The way that I throw the shine, up your back, down your spine
Bad, bad, super bad, always first, never last
Swift, swift, swifter blast, hit 'em with the iron bat
Throw 'em in a body cast, sweat burnin' in the gas
Set fire to your ass, smoke a spliff of grass
Ball playin' girl lane, on the mic I'm rhyme sprayin'
M.C. rock viciously, satisfaction guaranteed
Or you get your money back, leave your girl, that's a wrap
Hit spike like a bat, heel toe, now I tap
Second round, second left, in your town, check and trap
Cock the beretta back, where my money at?
Smack off your funny hat, always got the street the job
Lay up in the honey hive, eggs on the sunny side

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Can't tell me, jack

We been doing this shit (Yeah) way before crack

Clap your hands everybody (Turn it up, turn in up)

And everybody, clap your hands (Yeah, yo Meth)

All the ladies, clap your hands (Some-somebody)

All the strong man, take a stand (Somebody say ooh)

One two, one two three

Speakers so large cops coming to jam

Tell everybody to leave, but we don't need him

We keep on jamming 'till we hear that shot

That be making the crowds run from off the block

All my homies still fresh, dope forever

Louis Vuitton shit, silks and mad leathers

[?] on the mic

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One two, one two three

Look, I'm the magnificent G-O-D

Put your hands in the air like this and follow me

I skip with the Ali's, [?]

To all the ladies in the V.I.P., the henny free

She butter fly, fly lyrics sting like a killer bee

Right hand lean, when I grab the microphone proceed to rock the party

Peace to naughty, by nature

Love the danger, of course I got a wife