

Philosopher's Throne

Xavier Wulf

I pull off with my nigga finna throw a fit
I pull up on a bitch, I don't say shit, she gettin' in
But I had to kick her out cause I ain't tell her ass to get in
I embarrass her in front of her little friends
You see, I do a lot of shit now just because I can
I could kill a man with my bare fuckin' hands
And I don't need a gun to fuckin' help with my defense
You play with me, I'll hang 'em up on the front fence
Leave it up to me, I'm Terrortuga Man, the prince
And I don't give a fuck about nothing but a spliff
You switch it back to us, my whole squad smokin' ghost dust shit [?]
Couldn't pull my damn blunt with a tow truck
Leave it up to me, I smoke the whole thing, one puff, I had enough
I ain't finna mingle with no fuck boy
Which one Imma hit first when I come for 'em?
Can't sit back, bitch I'm trynna go and look for 'em
Squad said to chill man, them little niggas ain't that important
I said yea, you right my boy, now it's time to get to smoking
See me on a mountain looking out, I'm cold as Nova Scotia
You can sip some lean, little bitch, I drink my own potion
All these little niggas don't even know where they goin'
I trip a fool so easily cause he don't know what he doin'
I make a make a new tag and lay it up on you prick niggas
Don't come asking me about shit, I don't talk about nothin', nigga
I think I've seen too much, I'm trapped inside a trip, nigga
Now I be zoning in and zoning out until I see the children
Now I feel a little better, I'm smoking on the ceiling
I'm like [Mifune] I ain't puny
I'll surround your building
It's just me, and my shadow clones, finna get 'em
You see me chillin' on a ship, smokin' on a twister
She got respect for me, look how she call me "sir" and "mister"
I'm like chill bitch, I'm young, but I dig the gesture
Now pull up to the show, look like Limp Bizkit in it
You see, the line too long, they think that Kurt Cobain up in it
I'm like the new Foo Fighter, I don't like to fuck with niggas
I been through shit that took the pain up off my whole picture
I turn the other cheek if she pass a swisher
I'm Mr. Excellent, Philosopher, Professor
I'm not easily impressed, I'm pressin' extra pressure
I pull up and make a hater wanna find the exit
I'm headed back to Texas but I ain't got no ex's
Who is Rob Dyrdek's friend? Bitch I'm more reckless
I pull in, doin' 100 through whoever's section
I ain't switchin' back for nothin', [?] Tortuga heaven
I run this whole damn city cause nobody livin'
I clean the blood off my door, cause here come the children
You give no fuck about no hater, nor no imitator
When you the only damn captain sittin' at the table
You bitch!