

I don't wear a chain that pop out
But always hit the scene with a dame that's a knock out
Coupe-look boxing
But, I'm always on my job
No clock outs the opposite of watch out
Cuz they stay watching I'm on the road to success
Where they drive on the left
And the speed limit's mach ten
So if you see me, please wave
She said "Oh, behave."
But my name ain't Austin
The X-V, fly boy, fresh tee
Said "I'm afraid I can be your next ex, V."
I only ask for your number
So I pulled out a pencil like standardized testing
Then she asked "Why the pencil?"
So you can erase it, in the case that I offend you
If porn bitches in pictures is somethin' that's an issue
Or you hate south park, I dismiss you
They be like "Vizzy on some other shit."
On these MC's D's cuz they loving it
Pockets fat like The Klumps in it
My flow is something sick, no asking
Proactive, couldn't stop bumping it
But nowadays I be on that upper tip
Ladies think I'm gone, kind of like my upper lip
Wrong. Like a broken condom, pause
Cause Hoff to go raw, is something you really shouldn't be fucking with
Came through rippin' with the paint still drippin'
They say like Sheneneh "Oh no you di'nt"
You know that one sayin' when your palms start itchin'?
Well mine do so much I had to start to wear mittens
And you think that I'm kidding
If I don't slow down, she gonna think that I'm pimpin'
If I don't go down, she gonna think I hate fishing
So we chill for minute, and I was like
"Listen, maybe I'm different."
Who you know that'll fuck your brains out
Take your parents out, and reads Home Living?
Failure's not an option, it leaves no mission
Birds stay flocking, but each no pigeon
Young fly flash-ay, cliché if you ask may (me)
But you gonna remember me like I was in your cache
Hustle like a fast break, drop 'em like a bad date
I'll get on my this here, you get on your that way
I'm out in days like matinees, and all the ladies lookin' cute
Keep on shades so all the babes will never see me look at chu (you)
Found a few who down to move now, tell me what you 'bout to do
Me a favor, text me later, say we all are bouncin' to
All this pompous walkin' got girls wonderin' who Hoff is
I am where the chalk is, rhymes 'bout as deep as New Orleans' marches
Vizzy, Vizzy, Vizzy's what you call this, Layover

GameOver