

Aye, aye the idiotic kid's back
Ready to attack, ready to put two macks to your back
Ain't no fussin when I start bustin
Lyrically cussin, why Jay Dee's want production
Go to 212 to see my friends
Too many Heineken's, the whole crews fightin to get in
I'm lookin around to see who want it
I wanna get blunted but only got a dollar on it
The rude boys is frontin, legends is pumpin
Bella is jumpin, the heat is like shh...bumpin
Ready or not rap world here I come
Comin to every battle screamin out, "Who want some"
Lyrical warfare for MC's who step
Caution watch your step or I'll destroy your rep
Lookin for the crews that cause a threat
We ain't ballers yet, we ain't passin no moet
I'm playin in between the sheets in my jeep
Lookin for the freak with the big butt cheeks
No disrespect throw your hands up
Yeah, grab your girl tell her, put her hands up

Throw your hands in the air
Put your blunts in the sky
Grab a cutiepie
And do the butterfly

Cruisin down the Ave, just to hit a spot
I got a fat girl on my jock
I'm a tell you why I'm the king and you're a pion
See what's happenin your whole style is a rewind
Whack MCs will get verbally shot
Cause ain't no style like the style I got
I'm the idiotic kid that they call Bizarre
Get kick out at topless bars because I went too far
Don't try to roll if you're a beginner roll a rookie
Forget the blunts kid we high off weed-cookies
Buddha sets represent the mid-west
And I can penetrate trough vest
Leaving a whole lot of mess
Three millers and a blunt, boy I'm too high
Just cause I'm a big guy don't mean I can't butterfly
My crew's gettin wasted in Noah's Arc
I'm in the back of the club smokin blunts with Sonya Burnheart
Don't matter if your big short or tall
Kick your game and give your girl a call
The nights over kid, I'm still gettin splifted
Keith Murray dropped the half off the set get lifted