

"So fuck the commercial tracks you be doin,  
A brother got to eat. Why don't you rap for food then."

The music makes me high  
Even though I stay away from cannabis, like Wyclef

Similar to Christ,  
we got divine reps so tell me  
If you know your gonna die why step?  
Show no mercy  
For rules and crews  
You hit with more bricks than new ?  
Riddles confusing fools, like Confucian rules  
Cos most cats are more squared than Rubik's Cubes  
We spit raps that are totally murderous  
The rhymes are like an anaconda serpent clutch  
So check out how these herbs get touched  
Unless your broads giving us brains  
Nigga you ain't servin us  
Deacon and Kno, cunning lynguists with stunning English  
Our true lies bring more pumps than Harry Rehnquist  
Every week with the best speech  
Roll with cats who smoke more trees than the flash and burn tec  
hniques  
Sex, beats, between bed sheets  
Red fleets, Pulp Fiction style  
leaving your car with red seats  
We make like fly swatters and smash pests  
Put peeps under more pressure than a Kelly Price bed set  
Keep your bodies looking like samples for the Rorschach Test  
Ink blots, so fuck around and get your team rocked  
Jugga's in the back with the beam cocked  
Gots to have everything between L.A. and Queens locked

Uh huh, word, uh huh word, yo yo, check it out  
Cunninlynguists, know what I'm saying?  
You know how we do  
I mean, you probably don't know how we do  
But you're about to find out.  
Like wha, like wha...