

Take another hit and I pass out, rapping like I'm ashed out
Sneaking bitches up, when granny passed out
So ho, what that ass 'bout? No I ain't going to cash out before
a little fame
You could get that ass mashed out, bitch I'm on that cash route
Ain't looking for a rest stop
They talk about modelling, might say I need a head shot
I need a dollar for everyone born out of wedlock
Tryina make the breast out, calling up the dreadlocks
Bitch, I'm on my peso, hablo dinero
And your bitch want me to go TP on her bung-hole
I got these rap niggas saying "Uncle"
While I beep-beep, pull on the hair of a Rapunzel
Think about me and masturbate with the faucet
Bout to take the game and put that bitch up in the closet

But in the end I'm just a dirty old man
With a pill in my mouth and my dick in my hand

Mind of a pervert with words I submerge
On the verge of O.D'in for the shit that I say
But who gives a fuck, I'm still gon' do this shit anyway
A dirty nigga from Detroit at the end of the day
So when the night fall I be gettin' head in the alley
By a low down nothing 2 dollar skully
Let her use her own rubber, bullshit trojan
Dick too big, nigga I was stuffed in
Bitch I'm David Ruffin and ruffles no stuffing
Bundles of Peruvian snow with his shirt tucked in
Lookin' at the rest of you artist like you nothing
Know that I'm the shit so I don't say shit
But when these rappers rap, dog they don't say shit
And I'm George Carlin, fucked a June to August