

Ohmigod!

Michael Douglas, a million dollars!
Twin Towers, Colin Powers
Shouts to Joan Sasso, Abigail Vazquez
Shout to Sallie Mae, shout out to FAFSA
Shouts to Alpha Dog, Cash is Napster, man
Leo Donato DiCaprio Catch Me If You Can
Shouts to white rappers, black astronauts
Only two questions you should ask, allow one
"Who's the kid?"
Two: "Who's the kid?"
Both times the answer stay Kool AD
That's my rap name, slave name's Vazquez
Mommy hecka pretty, and her brain game nasty
Salami sandwich brown-baggin' it

Blah-blah-blah-blah-blah-blah-blah
BLAOW!
Bidi bidi bidi bamba

Rest in pieces, Selena!

Catch me in a cool place doin' a fun thing
I'mma quit rapping real soon, "Get your fun in!"
Get a little guap, other ways to get funds then
Get on my Danzig, scream Edvard Munch shit
No matter what I do, I'mma eat it up, munchin'
People talkin' 'bout, "Heems I heard you got punched in."
Worry 'bout how I'mma eat it up dog, luncheons
Celine Dion with a booty, now I'm baggin' Bündchen's
Gisele's we eat good food, that's dumplings
Everyone that meet me think that I'm something
Whether it's a dumb thing, or something they can run with
Flows Usain Bolt, yeah they run things
It's nothing, I do this cause it's easy
It pays well, pumpkin
Be a "bit of fun" fling, but it's getting kinda boring
I am too awesome
I am the walrus
Victor

Yeah, I'm the walrus too, dude
Couldn't walk a mile in my walrus shoes, dude, true?
Yes, I'm the fuckin' best!
Best rapper alive, I swear to God, man
Bad as I wanna be, Rodman
Move a little, watch the guap in a pop band
Get it in, get it out, op Man
See me in Miami, 20 Cubans in a Dodge van
Do it for a large fam to Bart Vale
Said it before, I don't care, I'mma star, man
David Bowie Starman
John Comforter, oh, fuck, I didn't know how to say John Carpenter, Starman!
Seminal work, Stanley Brakhage, Dog Star Man
Where we at, San Diego? Carmen
Suckers is butt, they need charmin'

Toilet paper, take the, microphone
And do, a buncha, stupid shit
Shut up
Suck my dick

Yeah! Shabba! Shabba! Shabba Ranks!
Yeah!
Show up

You dudes talkin' 'bout you rap
And you probably does
I'm blind to you haters
Call me Kali Buzz
And believe me the herb always come 'round
Them smart brown boys back with that dumb sound
Call it Hipster Rap
Homie, this is Queens Rap
Haar it in my voice every time the kid Heems rap
The golden child, from Colden's Wild
Cherry Ave
Where they scold 'em wild
My grandma just moved out
She knows this child that gets guap and fly high
His flows is wild
He went from ESL to YSL
Cause we XL, we fly as hell
Flushing to Melrose Queens, where the crooks live
CT for four years, to wile out read books then
Took to bars from Brooklyn
Wild out in Bushwick
Come around talk smart, get your shit taken