I'm outta control!
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I'm outta control! I'm outta control! I'm outta control! I'm outta control! I'm outta control! Outta control He outta control He outta control UH, the braff art of this rap shit Body and smack shit, avenue animal solar savage Money under the mattress money pillow case loot You can find me in the hoody or you can find me in a suit Decimals, commas, all about my dollars Like to squeeze titties, like to squeeze lamas A smith jet fuel I'll gas anybody Can't be duplicating can't be carbon copy Far from a sucka, never been a sap Coming around the corner with undeniable slap Coming around the corner with a super bad batch Coming around the corner with a pocket full of stacks Revenue Retrievin', currency collected Goon a getting feddi for snetching, cheddar checking Yoking, marijuana smoking Desert eagle tooting, I don't think they know I'm outta control! Outta control He outta control He outta control Red nose pitbull no leash or a bite no bark straight beef We outta control Like a sunked up Chevy in a brand new race fish chill sideways in the lake We outta control Clear looking on mix with the kush push petal to the floor man I got that We like Puffy and Shyne on New Years I got it in the club with me you don't wanna fuck with me We took bulls like Spade running in the air Real goon niggas run Cali I'm fresh out the projects stuff still lonely ridin dirty off the gnome don't stop at no light It's beef on sight middle finger to the law Ain't tryna be the screet got the chopper on the seat Active, the young boys bout that action, smacking Jump em niggas stretch em like elastic We outta control I'm outta control! I'm outta control!

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I'm a fixture, factor, more than a rapper Gritter, grinder, hustle like a trapper Paper, stacker, forever what I'm after If it ain't about them cases paseos it don't even matter 40 The Ambassador and Fabby is the prince I shake yo hand but hold up pimpin please no finger prints Bossy, flossy, grew weird and groovy A walker reality show a box office movie Mackin, bobbin got bad bitches poppin Models on my line night and them bitches they be jockin Watchin, clockin, steady bout my paper Just like Stevie Wonder I don't never see these haters Look for em, throw em, yep, pass em Lot of niggas mad because I 1-1-1-latinum Elmer Fudder thug now watch me ga-ga-ga-gas em Who the nigga in the Bay baby boy just ask em

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UH!