

# A Day In The Life

## Handsome Boy Modeling School

Aiyo, slipperly slurp slip, nigga, churped off, two sniffs of cocaine  
This motherfucker broke the glass in my whip  
Tryna dip, on this twenty dollar bill I had on my dashboard  
And police is asking me son, why I whoop his ass for  
Save y'all two hours of paperwork, my neighbor lurk  
Watchdog, chew ass out, son, and put in major work  
We collect antique ammunition's, and plus  
We got them big guns, you only see in science fictions  
My Uncle Cuffie's the chief, but my little, knucklehead  
Cousin Mar', yeah, son, is a thief  
And we gave him a job, making three hundred a week  
But he slipped on my piece, now he's back in the streets

How many times have you let your tongue go slip  
From the grin in your teeth and the cracks of your lips  
I never heard such nerve before  
But you better spill slowly through the cracks of my pores  
Just to please you honey, just to please you honey  
And how many times have you let your tongue go slip  
From the grin in your teeth and the cracks of your lips

A.G. is King like Tutankhamen or Haile Selassie  
Body the party, watchin' for niggas tryin' to Pac me  
Or Biggie Smalls me, come on, please  
With these gemstars, I'm Jason Vorhees  
A's loose, so much pain inflicted, remain addicted  
Carry microphones, with the Passion of Je-sus  
It's Flamboyant for life, nigga, throw those L's up  
Ain't millionaires, by this year, then catch us in 12 months  
Now who's fuckin' with Andre?  
A beast on the east, love on the west, ask Kanye  
Still Diggin' motherfucker, it's that plain and simple  
G.D. til' my heart beat, discontinue  
On the ave., til every soul in the ghetto is gone  
Where niggaz sell more rock than heavy metal songs  
Anything you want to know, then read E2K  
Fuck with A, and get broke up like B2K, cause

Aiyo, aiyo, 'cause I'm the piece, the magnetic, I'm not the weak and patheti  
c  
Sometimes, inside my rhymes, you hear words that perfected  
Master your Hung Gar, five animal form Kung Fu  
Thunder the Barbarian sword, being swung  
Wu-Tang, invincible blade, thrust to parry  
Up the Temple steps, much water got carried  
In this industrious world, meet the illustrious  
Uncombustional, give props like Doctor Huxtable  
Knew many men, only trust a few  
Women, love the few, mention Wu-Wear linen, rugged blue  
God-you's, I tuck a few, known to smash out a club or two  
And represent the worldwide W

Oh, oh, your veins, may call, in sweat, for blood  
Your veins, may call, in sweat, for blood  
Your veins, may call, in sweat, for blood  
Feed you the flesh of men, so you can see end again  
Yeah, yeah