

Yes, yes, yes; yes  
Ha, ha, ha, ha  
Aha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha  
Aha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha  
Whoa!!!  
Hoo Hoo!!!  
Shit, shit  
Only so much is critical  
in my relation to the individual  
I remain hieroglyphical, ripping it for  
Fans appreciating, flows, not depreciating  
I'll try not to keep you wanting, but I can peep you hating  
The situation so degrading, and pitiful  
So many butt ass tapes out man, so much shit to do  
I been to you MC's, stead you think you got the room  
I sock it to 'em  
Like a flamer getting his ass beat in the locker room for peeki  
ng  
You'll never forget the day I sent you there  
To intensive care  
On the respiratory, get some air  
Breathe deeply  
Listen to advice, you need beats see  
Plus skills you missing on the mic  
It's like something about my rational and analytical lobes  
To make me gifted with flows  
That'll get ripped fa' sho  
On the mic I never act like I was born hard  
Telling lies for cash or selling my ass like a porn star  
In Cali, the jealous rally in hundreds  
We went from signed to independent  
And they offended cause they ain't done shit (Busters)  
But we in though, popular like indo, in the "O"  
Where they throw your weak ass tape straight out the window  
Cause it's weak as fuck  
I want my money back  
Wack ass shit  
Shit hella butt  
Hella butt