

Stuck in a jam
Why you wanna f**k with me, fam?
I'm tryna live a square life, you wanna f**k up my plan
Under a bus, f**ker, I'll throw you under a van
Throw the van in reverse and then I'll do it again
Grand theft auto, the man with the sket also
Two turntables, a tec that'll touch torsos
Niggas thinking that the family sweet
Run up on Ruck you'll get beat with hands and feet,
nigga
Kimbo Slice and a slice of Jim Kelly
Thing go pop and it enter your thin belly

Fuck being humble, I'm better than everybody
Melancholy niggas get hit with a heavy shotty
Dumb f**ks don't know how the rules go
Young pups can't f**k with the Cujo
You bark better than you bite
Yeah, I bark, but I'm better when I fight

Some of the nicest niggas in the game is friends
If I do a song with 'em then the friendship'll end
Sore loser
Spitting the raw, ignore Rugers
That nigga frauds like Jean Claude and broad movers
East coast niggas, west coast niggas
I eat most niggas with the sket close, nigga
I make you mad you livin'
Fucking with Sean Price, that's a bad decision
I was once f**ked up, from the ash I risen
A lot of fights, almost got slashed in prison
Money on my head, you can ask my imam
This rap is a actual fact that's written
I'll f**k a nigga up, but if cash is given
I will split a nigga head, call it bad division
I dismember your memory, holmes
Dedicate this to Timothy Stone