

Yeah, as we click  
And the furuistic zillionares  
You know what I'm saying  
What? What? What?

Back in the day, we used roll up on some hoes  
Never thought I'd be writin' up a scroll on these halls  
Now a day niggaz be twistin' up for the conversation  
In my day, niggaz was twisted off the meditation

In my day niggaz was livin' off of the plantation  
Never ever catchin' some niggaz with a occupation  
Now a dayz niggaz be fiendin' for the masturbation  
From a bitch that got a dick with a clit pulsatin'

I say is what I said that's right niggaz be hatin'  
Just waitin' to be catchin' a fist to the face  
Waitin' for a nigga to go insane, catch a case  
Oh, 'cause his drink was laced, now check it out

I know you, I know you want me insane, insane  
I, I, I know you, I know you really want me  
Like a bag of numbers

I'm trying to finish this album while the economy's fallin'  
Drama be callin' like it's palmin' and dialin' a quarter diamond  
Behind is a war in a mind of a foreman climate  
Designed for enormous giant dime proportions

Riots outside the recordin' wires fires were scorchin'  
Hydrants apply to the stores  
Where buyers are hypin' and supportin' the violence  
The morgue is supplyin', more over the line stiff brisk overly silent

Soldiers and pilots, my eyes to the ceilin'  
Fan's spinnin' by it's limbs, the news is touchin' like violins  
Pluckin' by the strings, my environment sufferin' like me by the pen  
Tryin' to find the next line to blend comin' with nothin'  
I'm trying to rhyme again

I know you want me insane, insane  
I, I, I know, I know you  
I know you really want me  
Like a bag of numbers

This is Third I shit, Elzi, Elzi  
He right here y'all  
T3, my name is T3  
Never the less I stress JD  
What?