

Looking at myself, I see the man, nigga  
I'mma call it like I say it, I'mma call you bitch made nigga  
Holding pistols not to entertain niggas  
I got held up at the light reaching for my switchblade, nigga  
Popeye's on his spinach with the gauge, nigga  
If I tell you that the babysitter's dead, don't play, nigga  
Reach inside your pockets, dial H, nigga  
If you need help with pressure, don't drive this way, nigga  
You know I got schizophrenic tendencies  
I dream of porn stars and pouring gas on my enemies  
If I get a check, I'm not the vet  
I'm a dawg ass nigga looking for a hump bitch

Shaka Zulu with the new do with the TEC  
This is not a purchase, everyday life shit  
I've been praying for your downfall, man  
But all I see is bad bitches coming down the hill, damn  
Shaka Zulu noodle and the TEC  
Don't tell anybody that the babysitter's dead  
And I heard it from a birdie, it was dead  
How'd they bring you back to life? That's a star resurrect

She bowed to her knees, want forgiveness  
But all I could think about was coming out of speakers  
She a fun girl living on the edge  
Poppa ran a hedge fund, all his daughter do is give head  
Said he had it up to head and neck  
Don't you point the thing at me, it could go off offside your head  
Temple to the brain, now he dead  
That's a life learned lesson, never stress over bullshit  
Wasn't even her why he did it  
But he found his wife with his daughter's boyfriend, nigga damn  
That's some fucked shit over sex  
These bitches overrated and I judge 'em like "who next?"

Temple to the brain from the TEC  
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Six weeks, had to vacay  
Ain't a resident in sight, just a beach, making sex tapes  
Sure, say the shit to my face  
She gon' get me off, nigga, like bug spray  
Bitches all fake and fanatics, causing ruckus with a ratchet  
Don't you put that on your loved ones, you are not my level pattern  
This is Pacquiao and pack it, peddle faster like a Flintstone  
On a roll, full of ashes, we just run you, this the legion  
Zulu, it's all gone, Zulu, forever perished  
Ten bedrooms in the palace  
But your Playboy bunny's ears full of carrots, I told y'all

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I go temple to the brain from the TEC  
Don't you tell anybody that the babysitter's dead, nigga

Glory be, lord to be  
Fashion so fucking unorderly  
Move accordingly, don't order me  
You poorer than me, more can afford the fee  
Word to Meek, 100 in the dungarees  
Who claim the game, we're young living like Meek  
Click on the tee, Lord of Rings, you order me  
Theatric fairytale's become extinct  
Fuck the peace, I put a piece on my neck  
'Bout the size of a Complex magazine  
I'm not for sale, I bought your dreams  
Leonardo DaVinci, the Bentley boost my self-esteem  
Bitches cling like the chain already been doing the same thing  
I mean this gold for press, G  
I'm tryna bob and weave, why you chasing me?  
I'm on my victory lap, can't you see?

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