

I don't know what this world is coming to....

l'il dice yo back again
i'm the man with the masta plan
backin' me ups wit my supa friends
all in the sky like paper planes

smokin' weed to ease the pain
blaze o' blood true we may say
wannabes f*ck what you claim
you can't be me better try again

i'll trigger my hommes i'll my game
trigger my sh*t trigger my thing
I got love in this game
You ain't got nuthin' whatta shame

Don't know me? nigga where you from?
obviously last sick style son
play your eggs your better one
blast yo ass to oblivion

yo yo urbandub and yo mom
look at tha' bitch gettin' robbed
keepin' my sh*t tight couple o bars
in the middle o an angry chasin'stars

cars, mars, cigars all of 'em end in RS
its a lyrical arsenal
came now wanna bet?
Maybe sound sour wouldn't make a sense

How many girls do you wanna get?
Me i'm cock 'er in the continent
You can't force 'em if you wanna lick the cliff
don't get too hard come down and sit

a couple o drinks a few tits get dazed
straight to home and dunk it that's great
get the PT&P just wait
and if its positive whoa! whatta wait!

i'm leaving it all it's over now
things are 'ready better better better
i'm leaving it all it's over now
things are 'ready better

we've been around
where since said some things that have you lost and
found
but now and try to ward off
you call me up and down

release my pain
while the stars fill my brain
why don't we say nuthin'
or why the words i can't explain

its over
I never meant to let it end this way
its over
just sail the past and let it slip away

its color
now that the picture sad has gone to red
its over
forget about the things we used to have

i'm leaving it all it's over now
things are 'ready better better better
i'm leaving it all it's over now
things are 'ready better

How y'all feelin' down there?...