

My favourite hobby is drinking alcohol
But if y'all goin to the club I ain't goin out with y'all
I ain't tryin' to get nicely dressed
At the door tryin' to pass the am I cool enough test
Bitch I got my Vans on and they look like sneakers
And they won't let my clique in cause we look like tweakers
They want twenty five fuckin' bucks
They ain't even got a band and the dj fuckin' sucks
That techno gets old in a minuet
I'm tryin' to dance to shit that's got soul in it
It's the same beat all night kid
And even when I'm on extacy I still don't like it
So take me to a place where I can drink like a savage
Where people are ugly and beer prices are average
I know I sound like an old man
But if y'all goin to the club I'm stayin' home fam

Cause I've been around for many long days
And ain't nobody gone change my ways yeh
Hey mr. Driver take me where that old jukebox plays

Now I ain't talkin' all clubs but I'm talkin' bout a bunch
Tryin'a be the cool table up at high school lunch
Well if that shits cool you can call me a nerd
Marching band, Chess team that's my word
I'd rather get held back at the door
When one beer is the price of a twelve pack at the store
And uh
I love it here in the home of the lakers
But it's hollywood it's a whole lotta fakers
And I would rather drink a whole lotta makers
And roll to the crib with a bowl or some papers
And sit back with the long neck spittin'
How do you think my songs get written
After that you can catch me at the local bar
Gettin' loud and obnoxious like my vocals are
I know I sound like an old man
But if y'all goin' to the club I'm stayin' home fam

Y'all still with me, y'all with me, y'all good?
That's good man I know it's early a lotta times
On early
People ain't drunk yet
I know some of you fucking degenerates been drunk since noon
But we gonna start it off just to make sure y'all with me
Just to make sure we gone do a little participation shit

Somebody say yeeee
A say yeeeeheh
A say yeeeeheh
A say yeeeeheh
A say yeah
A say yeah

(Back To Business)
Alright we gonna do some rap shit

Uh
Eh yo
You can come and see me for the flow or the style
Either way I make the show worth your while
I'm the most versitle mother fucker you seen in your life
Musical swiss army knife
Son I rock mics, beats and fuckin' acoustics
Wax I make fire like the rubbin' of two sticks
Cats bring beef like the oven at Ruth's Chris
But they don't bring heat they just come with excuses
I stand tall other rappers should get stilts
Or better yet just stop rappin' and knit quilts
In the dome is the chronic
And I'm cooking MC's like it's home economics Biatch
And that's a tasty cake
Sweetend up by all the flakes we bake
Motherfucker I while on stage like I'm Zac De La Rocha
And if you don't like it get a cat into polka