Full throttle

ends and the fads

Twin getting busy been spitting since he was a Rugrat with a bottle I'm like a Ford Model, T cause I'm classic
And I'm a drop funk till I be in a casket
Y'all better stay on that grizzly man
We got lines like the rides at Disney Land
Up in the sky we fly high as a frisbee man
Up with the birds, Wax and Herbal T fuck what ya heard
I be that pinche gringo
Lunes a domingo
Posted on the wall like a pink flamingo
Legendary group like John, Paul, George, and Ringo
The crowd scream my name like Bingo
Wack emcees I'm happy to blatantly
Call you out cause you sound exactly the same to me

You need to focus more on the pens and the pads and ignore all the tr

Low budget, low budget
But still you fools you can't touch it
We make beats with a bunch of dumb shit
And then we turn the shit into a club hit
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Wanna go against us homie bet the farm

Next day we coming over to collect your barn

And grill up all your chickens and eat some fresh meat

And use your cow's bell to make our next beat, man

We can sample some farts

Turn into a number one jam for the charts

Drop shit old school like hamburger parts

In the game Burger Time like a digital converter I'm

Needed in the '09

If you wanna see clear when it's showtime

So feel free to hate and waste time and debate we don't need your lit

tle wack-ass cosign

Y'all soft, we real, so we both like a perfect titty

Y'all shit out of luck, like y'all worked at Circuit City bitches

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