

No Smoking in the House

Wax

No smoking in the house, no smoking in the house
There's no smoking in the house
So would you please put it out

Check it out, yo
I'm a animal, nobody knows about like a lemur
That might wild the f*ck out, and kick you in the femur
Your girl said she a dreamer
I told her the closest she gon' get to that "rock 'n' roll" fame is this Cleveland steamer
Urban Dictionary that
Your bitch is very fat
On this dick is where she at
And to think you thought she was a church girl
Well she just gave her hotel information to my merch girl
Comfort Inn, room 703
Old school, no card just a regular key
Most of America ain't checking for me
'Cause even my dumb shit is too much for 'em intellectually
So I'm, unappreciated like a bass solo
K Solo, or a porn star's face photo
Get out of Kansas and visit some other states, Toto
Start following Drake's motto and stay so-so, yeah
I was rhyming on a track
Way back when your mother's hymen was intact
Yo you probably shouldn't rap cause your words are wack
You need to find yourself a Cyrano de Bergerac
Or maybe you need to give up
You repeatedly suck
You in the league of a duck
You a measly schmuck
If you was speedily struck by a GMC truck
I wouldn't give one flying sixteenth of a f*ck, nada
As far as new rappers I don't like none of 'em
I could single-handedly dismantle every one of 'em
I make fun of 'em and give zero f*cks
I hate whoever you like, I think your hero sucks
I send 'em a, old-fashioned "f*ck you" like middle fingers
Thrown up by little old ladies with brittle fingers
Deadly like them little stingers on top of a scorpion
Or being at an appointment with Dr. Kevorkian
I make the best polka player drop his accordion
I make the best poker player stop with the tournaments
And switch to nickel socks at the Orleans
You wanna f*ck with me you best cop a DeLorean
And go back in time and find the first time my young mind was inclined to rhyme
And feed it cyanide
And I know this a rhyme not a diatribe
But you are inscribed on the list of people I am not inspired by
I rap considerably well
So if you're considered hot then consider me Hell
I've been cracked for awhile like the Liberty Bell
You're a story of regret people bitterly tell
You done nothing cool
You're a f*cking fool
You're an example of the failure of the American public school

Yo I will whoop your small fry ass
And then I'll mount you on my mantle like a walleye bass
But honestly I want peace, like Gandhi's dream
But when I see these wack rappers I get oddly mean
If I see 'em on my screen, I'll probably scream
It makes me want to turn the game to a zombie scene
Leg sweep 'em til they topple like a Ponzi scheme
I mix the old and the new, I'm a Fonzie meme
I'm a dubstep version of the Cosby theme
A iPhone 6 case that's Bing Crosby themed
A cross between Nas and Gene Krupa
My team super
You's an oompa loompa
Whose sweeter than a Chupa Chup bruh
Know what you should do bruh?
Go to Islamabad
Stand in the promenade and scream "Muhammad's not a God"
Aww
Aren't you cute?
Kneeling in the desert in that orange jumpsuit
I'll probably see you next when we're in Hell
I'll be selling portable fans
Holler if you need an extra Duracell
'Cause I'mma sell those too
I'll be the reason Hell's hot and that Hell froze too
Give a f*ck who you know or who the hell knows you
You got the type of face people put elbows through
With no strings attached like a Velcro shoe
Or how Run DMC wore the shell-toed shoe
When I rap I take you back to when it felt so new
With loads of hot goo, I will pelt yo boo
It goes, shot, shot, shot!
Like Mario Lemieux
Middle of the nipple and a aureola too
Prepare to roll a few when my album leak
And make like a falcon beak atop a mountain peak then chirps how Alvin speak
s
My voice projects, in an old school way
Like overheads
And goes over heads
Well of course over your head's where my lyricism's going
When your head level's so low it appears that you're limboing
Never tip-toeing
I'm a book that's ripped open
The lettering is blotchy with burn holes from smoking
You say no regrets
I say you must be joking
I squandered a lot so now I ponder a lot, like
That opportunity, could've surely paid off
Could've been big in the biz like Irving Azoff
Get away with more loot than Bernie Madoff
Dolphin face plates I'd be eating birthday cake off
But I ain't tryna let them guys in suits
Walk all over me like Thai masseuse
'Cause Hollywood is full of rich, fat, old dudes
Pointing at their trophy wives like "I met that bitch at Whole Foods"
They say things like "let's be in touch"
And get nothing but the finger like when lesbians touch
I don't walk around town as a pedestrian much
I don't place value on trophies thespians clutch
Not a bat of the eyes at the academy prize
The hype's horse shit
The flattery's lies

So if your mic's cordless I hope your battery dies
It's that type of performance I badly despise
Tell a critic write a song
Tell a blogger to perform it live
They'd have better luck playing Frogger on the 405
You don't stand on any ground on which to base judgments
Or stand underground as if you judge basements
Your list make these rappers conceited
High up in the ranks when they should be unseated
They overrated like french fries at In-N-Out
Or some other shit that I don't give a f*cking shit about
You bloody marks are all snark
I can see you sippin' Cutty Sark in a golf cart
So meet me at the hipster bar and have a pickle back shot
I f*cked your sister in her car back when Nickelback was hot
Back when me and Herbs would just kick it at the spot
With a 40 ounce of Mickies and a nickel sack of pot
But it's different now
In certain kinds of ways
Except that we still be blurting lines for days
And stepping out of that purple kind of haze
Only thing changed is the phrase no smoking in the house

No smoking in the house
No smoking in the house
Please put it out, please put it out
Y'all little like Ford Fiats
Every track we drop are Basquiats
You biotch
You little like Ford Fiats
The tracks we drop are Basquiats
You biotch
We tall like pogo and Pau Gasol
Y'all bring beef like it's Fogo de Chão involved