

Stop as I drop this bomb
Blow up this place like another Vietnam
I'm heavy like a Holyfield blow to the dome
Back up son, now give me room, give me room
I set it off like this, don't give it up (uh)
I'm all up in you till you just can't get enough
I'm Real hard to the bone you want more
I sneak up on you like a sniper at your back door
Phat flavor for your brain you know the time
So check the wrath it's for real cause I'm gonna get mine
I roll up on you like Eastwood
I'm blowing up fifteens as I'm riding through your neighborhood
I spreads butter like Parkay
Real smooth with the flow and even when I parlay
Do what you feel and check the skill
I'm in your grill, peep this - I got the raw deal
And in your Jeep Cherokee or Land Cruiser
When you're rolling through the hood I know you're gonna use a
Track like this all up in your eardrum
So pump the E.Q. and let the speakers hum

We gets crazy like Prozac
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Go and check it I think it's time to wreck it
Here I come again with my stuff, so let's test it
I'm cool like the ice, or vanilla, hear my flavor
Freezin up the mic, I hit you with somethin you can savor
No slippin, no stonein, I am gettin to the point
So hit the mad ism and light another joint
The easy like stylist with a kick when I'm kicking
No tripping, I'm hitting, so get a good grip in
Get with a style I be using, and there's no dissin
And here's a quick lesson - I carry a Smith and Wesson
Listen up close and there'll be no confusion
Now you're addicted to mentally abusing
Word to the mother I'm hear to tear it up
And if you can't get with it, I don't give a fu_k
So run to your crew and tell them I am hear
This here is for the people

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Oh yeah!

Oh yeah!

It's the funky rhyme killer
The dope song thriller
Get your a_s back, before you get caps in ya
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