

Tripping off the beat kinda, dripping off the meat grinder  
Heat niner, pimping, stripping, soft sweet minor  
China was a neat signer, trouble with the script  
Digits double dipped, bubble lipped, subtle lisp midget  
Borderline schizo, sort of fine tits though  
Pour the wine, whore to grind, quarter to nine, let's go  
Ever since ten eleven, glad she made a brethren  
Then it's last down, seven alligator seven, at the gates of heaven  
Knocking, no answer, slow dancer  
hopeless romancer, dopest flow stanzas  
Yes, no? Villain, Metal Face to Destro  
Guess so, still incredible in escrow  
Just say ho, I'll test the yayo  
Wild West style fest, y'all best to lay low  
Hey bro, Day Glo, set the bet, pay dough  
Before the cheddar get away, best to get Maaco  
The worst hated God who perpetrated odd favors  
Demonstrated in the perforated Rod Lavers  
In all quad flavors, Lord, save us  
Still back in the game like Jack LaLanne  
Think you know the name, don't rack your brain  
On a fast track to half insane  
Either in a slow beat or that the speed of "Wrath of Kane"  
Laughter, pain  
"Hackthoo'ing" songs, lit in the booth with the best host  
Doing bong hits on the roof, in the west coast  
He's at it again  
Mad at the pen  
Glad that we win, a tad fat, in a bad hat for men  
Grind the cinnamon, Manhattan warmongers  
You can find the villain in satin, congas  
The van screeches  
The old man preaches  
About the gold sand beaches  
The cold hand reaches  
For the old tan Ellesse's  
Jesus