

Killer Mike, A.D.I.D.A.S.

Pussy nigga whatcha doin!

Hook

All day I dream about, all day I dream about
sex

It's the way you move your sexy groove

That's got my mind all over you

All day I dream about, all day I dream about

Your sex feels so savoi fare

I'm tired of jercking off cause your not there

Big Boi

65' Chevrolet Impala peachy cream

Oozing down the street like toothpaste

Cause the ivory is clean

Talkin' bout mean at the inseam on the inside of the ship

Not a honey dip to hunch on, testes more blue than a Crip

Or the blue man group caught that on the Vegas strip

Chillin' with good game, Ju Ju, Pimpin Ken and my nigga Don Magic

Pimpin Ken and my nigga Diamond Jit

Pimps (pimps), lips (lips), legs (legs), arms (arms),

Necks (necks), hips (hips), head (head) monk test

It's the camel toe and that's fo' sho'

My brain is on one track

Like Marion Berry thoughts for crack

Or like a rock star does for smack.

None of that but the female genitalia's where its at

I'm a man and I demand a woman for that act

Personal preference plus I use the law of nature as a reference

Now I don't ever recall seeing a man turn up pregnant, but that's just me

Feminine female fantasies frolic freely in my cockpit

Every thirty something seconds I can't stop it

Hook

Killer Mike

Killer Kill from Adamsville and in my Bonneville I chill

Heifers call me Black & Decker, I don't screw them hoes I drill

I've been cuttin' cute lil' coochies since before the record deal

Catch me daydreaming about them, thick, medium or slim

Doctors call that thing vagina, in the hood we call it trim

White boys call it snatch, Puerto Ricans call it chocha

Nathaniel likes his white, I like mines dark as cola

It's the first thing on my mind in the morn when I roll over

All men young and old in the end its what we're after

Even my grandpappy's happy. He got prescribed Viagra.

(Granddaddy, granddaddy, what's up? what's up? It's me.

Hey, let me get about three of them blue diamonds.

I promise I gotcha back tomorrow)

Hook

Killer Mike

When I drill I don't spill even if she's on the pill

Keep my weapon covered concealed and in a shield

Cause I don't need that A.I.D.S.

A "D" and a "A" missing out my A.D.I.D.A.S. (plus)

We don't need no DNA mixing between us

We just need to keep this thing friendly and hush, hush

On the down low, like R. Kelly and youngsters

But over eighteen only cause baby I'm no perv!

From the tour bus to the lobby, elevator to the room

We can jump each other's bones but there's no jumping brooms!

Big Boi

Buffoon you are to consumed in the womb
It is too early for you to jump the broom (boom!)

Hook

"Monster"

Verse One

I'm an ungodly figure
When in the company of hard liquor
Texas niggaz turned me on to water
I smoked the river
Apocalyptic creature, stay lacing reefer
Stay serving geekers, stay holding heaters
Murder fanatic, killer fantastic
Swerving semi-conscious with a half a blunt and an automatic
Bought it to snort it, just in case I meet with static
What I deliver to your address is dead tragic
Your mother scream in that limousine
Followed by some slow traffic
Here's the reason for my murder tactics
I'm Killer Kill I ain't a fuckin rapper! I'm a crack sacker!
I'm a strong-armed robbery and kidnapper!
I'm a carjacker! I'm a if you owe dough then yo' ho snatcher!
I'm a Slumlord for life not a fuckin actor!
I'm the fear that haunts you! I'm the tool that's used to haunt you!

Hook

I'm the monster! I'm your sick and twisted monster!
(Repeat)

Verse Two

I'm the hate in the dark heart of heartless men!
Deprived of love, feed crack, nurtured in sin!
I'm unwanted children doped up on Ritalin by age ten
At sixteen a fiend! Nurturing a weed habit and a bottle of gin
I'm the soul of women that's been betrayed by men
That trifling nigga looking to deceive her again
Earn her trust again, then I lust again
When she turn her back, I'm diggin in her friend again!
I motivate your hate and embody your sin
I spit it for Bloods, Crips and Mexicans
I spit for Disciples and El Rukns
This sick soundtrack to robbing and looting
Neighbor shootings, murder and boosting
Its fear engaged, with a fury and rage
For my lost generation in these last days
The fear that haunts you! It's the tool that's used to hunt you!