

Shad, I Don

Yo,
Ugh,
Yo,
Yo, I don't really like to but um,
Yo, I don't really like to but um, I put the smack down like its rehab,
Make sure that there's no relapse with these cats,
Y'all cowards couldn't (w)rap this dope with a zig-zag,
I let my lips drag spittin' with that big swag,
It's sad all these wannabes,
Wanted to be J then K west wannabe,
Star of the Roc,
Kid you're not Sean Connery,
But like the rock,
I'm surrounded by watery flows till it really don't bother me.
Fake ballers we gain less prowess(?) than Ben Wallace's while I breath(?)
Quality music getting quality spins,
Y'all stay second rate Chingy's at the Quality Inn,
Now that's a joke to a real rapper,
I could decrease the skill factor and I'd still make you feel whacker,
Ah gee now you got me cocky,
Cats say "you the illest" im like "naw b, naw b, naw b"
Well, okay, probably,
But that's just only cus I rap like it's my hobby,
Not a jobby job all sloppy and off key,
Y'all mad as march trying to knock off the top seed,
I'm in the mix like Roxy,
So hot I even get props from Neo-Nazis,
Now I don't really like to,
Yo, I don't really like to,
I don't really like to,
I don't like to start verses with I, you know, but uh,
Itunes, Ipatch, I'm in the same boat where the pirates be,
Tell em "I'm down with that pirate steed",
They don't buy it, I say "don't buy it, pirate me".
For sale it'll spread virally from my receive folders(?)
To appearing in the love that the crowd show,
(whisper) if it sound dope keep it on the down-load, (/whisper)
Keep it realplayer, with the volume cranked,
And I'll be ballin' like Tim Duncan,
Callin' Bank,
Cash: banked it,
But the bank said,
That my cheques been bouncing like the bank head(?),
So I bad like credit while they bear styles,
More plain/plane than the air miles,
Borrow metaphors from mega stores to get rewards,
We get em open automatic like the exit doors,
And take a step higher,
Y'all just gotta press the floor,
And step out,
And faith its okay to confess doubt,
Knowing how it feels to be stressed out,
Tribe called my quest out,
Poems I sketch out,
To find the best route home,
Don't live in your dome for too long,
You'll end up like that Tiffany song thinking we're alone,
We all get older we don't all get grown,
Cus some of y'all don't really like to,
Yeah, y'all don't really like to,
Uh, uh, ah, y'all don't really like to,
Y'all don't really like to.