

# Sole, Da Baddest Poet

Cops ain't shit to me  
Jobs ain't nothing but free pens and long distance calls  
Thought I had it all, the God got birth control  
I've never paid parking ticket:  
It's 20 dollars now or 300 then;  
You want your money, come and get it  
But better bring 200 guns and a 100 men  
I've killed a million pens and thrown some stones, but never lost a bet  
Looking at the fossil on my wrist like  
"Is my five minutes up yet?"  
Got more time to relax now;  
So I can say, "Fuck the industry."  
Went for Rupert Murdoch's throat and left with Rawkus trying to sign me  
You can't buy me  
I'm holding my chips 'till I land on last base  
I didn't burn any bridges;  
I never needed none of 'em in the first place  
'Cuz money made is money gone is money never had  
Money here only pretends to care for the people we leave around  
Always pack light 'cuz the guns are packing suckers  
All mad 'cuz someone else paid 'em  
Shaking in their waste-your-life-away stance  
'Cuz it's cool to be tragically hip:  
Fools rule the Universe - it's O.K.  
You say you want blood but drink piss all day  
I say hang the queen from every streetlight on every Washington Street  
Tell 'em it's difficult to have sex on waterbeds  
'Cuz most of us can't afford waterbeds  
And if we could, we'd move out the hipster settlement of Oakland  
(The fine line between low income and no income)  
I can't read no lips 'cuz I am stone  
Always wanted to be a rapper  
But when I finally made it there, no one wanted me  
Since no one wants me here  
In the immortal words of Ice-T:  
"You should have killed me last year."  
Bit in the mere mortal words of me  
I've torn up some rebuttals and lost some friends  
But like the old saying goes  
"If you can't nuke 'em... starve 'em or drop food on 'em."  
I'm half a novel, half a brothel, half a one-man army  
MC's don't want beef, they wanna shake my hand  
Then make a diss song about me  
Idiots live to outdo their shortcoming  
While my inner Napoleon is frying the biggest fish  
I hold the gridge like a mic and a girl like a cross  
People say I'm vague  
But we know who's in vogue and when the revolution comes  
All you'll know how to do is beg  
The white man... is the fucking Devil  
The white man is the baddest poet