

# Viktor Vaughn, G.M.C.

Party people know the name, Vik with a 'k'  
if its all the same, if it ain't dont bother  
told the little monster, 'No I ain't yo' father  
it's Uncle Viktor, shut the lights I'm gettin' dizzy  
and close the door, can you see ya momma busy?'  
What a scoundrel!  
gassed up the town fool to go rob the crown jewel  
he's like a lego megalomaniac  
who's into electronic and techno, a real brainiac  
smack-dab in the hip hop gold rush  
V, rather the old stuff  
preferably the Cold Crush  
it gets deeper than Deepak Chopra  
except he keep a stack and some cheap ass vodka  
knee-cap poppa, only when he miss the chewy center  
at least he always hits who he meant ta  
remember he got a short fuse and bad temper  
and a plan to claim emperor by December  
member of the most player-hated race  
who made this invaded place and stated with a straight face  
if I cut her off I might miss her  
and one of these days, right in the kisser  
she probably get mad at me, I bet ya  
it gets her nowhere like flattery  
she said, 'Where were you last Saturday?  
and don't lie, we got your fingerprints off the battery'  
don't make me have to bling you  
or see you in the street and doubleteam you with the emu  
he told her, 'When the ?gem paper tear off?  
it'll probably tear her ear off before y'all even square off'  
no good good-for-nothin  
kill her high for no frill like 'Good Will Huntin'  
he feels out a place like bizarro  
fiesty chick, comes all out her face like Charro  
it's Vaughn, he's back on  
and you know he don't care like Jimmy Crackcorn  
wax off, wax on  
tried to raise taxes on cracks and black porn  
another year passes  
gone are the days when he used to wear glasses  
now he wear contacts, unfrozen caveman look over the contracts  
these crews is too soft  
he came to tear the roof off to get paid to goof off  
they don't really wanna battle  
all they gon' do is get mad and go tattle  
tell 'em a retard said it  
he ripped up the weak heart, sighed and jetted  
you gotta give us three card credit  
even though at times he can be hard-headed  
yeah, the main thing, creams by all means and harebrained schemes  
the lord's performance was flawless  
he rocked with a crown and a Bobby Brown cordless  
the broad he was with was gorgeous  
the only flaw he saw was she cause a nigga more stress  
not trying to diss her  
but I used to know this sister that could put a whole fist in her  
Hell, I made it momma  
grammy for the world's most celebrated rhymer  
dead the drama, ?scama?, 4 G's of pizzy from Bahama  
V, the lead brown man  
and never count your chickens before you read SoundScan  
what about mom and pops?  
they might as well cooperate and wait 'til the bomb drop  
get more cabbage, often time he wonder how they get so savage

V, not your average, often time he wonder how they got so savage