



But little do you know about something that I talk about  
I'm tired of driving, it's due time that I walk about  
But in the meantime, I'm wise to the demise  
I've got eyes in the back of my head, so I realize  
Well, I'm Dr. Spock, I'm here to rock y'all  
I want you off the wall if you're playing the wall  
I said what'cha, what'cha, what'cha want?  
(What'cha want?)  
I said what'cha, what'cha, what'cha want?  
(What'cha want?)  
Suckers write me checks and then they bounce  
So I reach into my pocket for the fresh amount  
See I'm the long leaner victor the cleaner  
I'm the illest motherfucker from here to Gardena  
Well, I'm as cool as a cucumber in a bowl of hot sauce  
You've got the rhyme and reason but no cause  
So if you're hot to trot, you think you're slicker than grease  
I've got news for you crews, you'll be suckin' like a leech  
I said so what'cha, what'cha, what'cha want?  
(So what'cha want?)  
I said so what'cha, what'cha, what'cha want?  
(So what'cha want?)  
I said so what'cha, what'cha, what'cha want?  
(So what'cha want?)  
I said so what'cha, what'cha, what'cha want?  
(So what'cha want?)  
I got the big brown boots  
When you wanna get kicked like a rhyme  
From the heart and the mind  
There was a time when the blunt got licked  
I take a hit of the weed and then blew a smoke screen  
No Visine, just a little Afro-Sheen  
And a High Times magazine  
I like to smoke y'all but the pigs come sweating  
They like the smell of the weed that I'm smoking  
They can't have none of the number one sess-stash  
So keep your hands off the hash, don't act rash  
'Cause if you move too fast, I'll pull out my gat and blast your sorry ass  
And you can kiss my ass, that was the M  
To the I to the K to the E to the D y'all, Ghetto Block