

Non Phixion, Toothache

All the sex thugs, big breast broads with butt plugs
Trippin off drugs, round-the-way chicks fallin in love
I go with street cats who got nuttin to live for
I don't feel y'all, so weak cats, I'ma reveal y'all
Put your grill on the front of Blue Boy and Playgirl
Exterminate your world, pretty boy toys with S-curls
Catch a pearl necklace, cause I'm liable to tear your face off
Your weights in space, bloody your gear, cuttin your waist off
Cause in the end you're finished, demented grimace
I run with midgets, I control physics and raw lyrics
Gary Oldman of rap, ain't no holdin me back
What I pack'll leave your skull cracked, broken like skull snaps
Locked, stock and two smokin barrels
Uncle Howie, 89 point 1, we sun pharoahs
I would rap more but I got a toothache
Yo, pass it off, who's the next one, motivate the breaks..