

Slick Rick, I Own America Part I

(Slick Rick)

All of you cock-pullers are frontin
Wave your arms around like your some octopus or somethin
To better ya
For any chick you want, I'm gettin her
Rob people, mad ignorant, et cetera
Who the one to entertain and fume with?
Who you know breed humans can't be in the same room with?
Reefer sweet, wrap it up, free fix greet
Every rapper rap maggot underneath Rick's feet
Evicted -- why you tryin to find shit to lick with?
Even your kids tell you that you ain't shit to Slick Rick
Though you pretend to be glory
I'm number one, that's the end of the story
The black Clark Gable leave you numb
Every single one, frontin on your label is a bum
Let me slow it down, that's enough of that
This I have to say, to you nothing other rapper cats

Chorus: repeat 2X

From New York to Cali none'll fuck with
the awkward, you think Muhammad Ali used to talk shit?
Bing! This sure hit alone'll bury ya
And even I got de-ported, I Own America

(Slick Rick)

He's so crazy -- I smash rippin up the place
Give the mack a taste -- I wipe my ass with a rapper face
Cars come to a dead stop
Rain find ways not to drop on my headtop
Tycoon rush at the richest
Even my complexion is a must-have to bitches
Even without, car money to budget
I would have the most elegant apartment in the projects
Knahmean? Bitches are in awe * at the lingo