

# Watermelon

## Jeff Warner and Jeff Davis

I express like an interstate  
Hyper when I ventilate  
My rap pieces penetrate and infiltrate your mental state  
Just to reiterate  
That I innovate  
Bonin' broads when they men estruate  
I spend a great time with the rhyme  
More than I did any female  
I derailed your train of thought  
Because your brain was caught  
On some other man's thinking  
Now your third eye is blinking  
My rhymes be kicking  
Like a brother's breath be stinking  
I get funky for sure while your 'sniff' unsure  
If you got beef, chief, then let that shit unthaw  
This track was a broad  
I'd be bonin' the shit out of it  
Bang, bang, bang then see what I can get out of her  
Probably some scratch clothes and some J's  
I got six thousand ways to rhyme, choose one  
I stand out like a nigga on a hockey team  
I got goals and I can like a pop machine  
I come clean  
Like a fiend in Chi, I'm down with rehab  
My stutter styles crazy  
'Cause that's right, we bad, we bad  
Prior to Richard I was that crazy nigga  
'Cause I kick ass  
And when I wreck other rappers be like Whiplash!  
It's like I come, I come to the party in a B-boy stance  
  
I rock on the mic and make the gils want to dance  
It's like I come I come to the party in a b-boy stance  
I rock on the mic and make the gils want to dance  
Me without a lyric, is like a nigga without a beeper  
I'm a blow this shit out 'cuz I'm the joint like reefer  
If Barry White was in the mob  
I still would be deeper

'Cause I had lyrics back when I used to run with Keyvin  
MC's step to me, butt-ass naked like "What's up?"  
I said, "You know you done fucked up  
Now I'm sayin', "You know you done fucked up"  
Everybody that here be say, I'm Jams like the NBA  
'Cause I'm on fire  
If I was a Michelin I wouldn't tire  
It's funny how time flies  
Well, I'm as fly as time  
I don't believe in role models but if I do then I'm mine  
I make brothers say, "True"  
They be you and be like fiction  
I want 'spect and dead presidents like Richard Nixon  
I'm a coach not a player  
Not a gay M.C., I'm straighter  
My style is similar to AIDS  
You can F with it now  
But catch you later  
You can't touch this 'cuz this is what I'm feelin' bro  
I'm the man, you need me, I'll be on the fifth flo'  
Just chillin'  
Even if it's played out it's not the word to play so peace  
I'm out to Dirty Burgers, I'ma give my change to Reese

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