

# Original

## Euromasters

[Intro]I'm a political refugee  
That's how the f-ck I felt  
[Birdman - Chorus]Birds for the summer  
Hummers for the runners  
Candy on the paint  
9 for the thunder  
Throw a couple hundreds  
Fishing on a fishtail  
With big money, Cash Money oilwell  
High roller, shot caller, big boss  
Original, real nigga from the start  
Head huntin', price on a nigga tab  
Hit 'em up, for playing with a f-cking male  
[Mystikal]Say I'm better than Beethoven  
To the beat that I rap over  
Stay outta that medicine cabinet  
Yeah, that's what they told me  
Giving us piss tests, cause we stay rollin'  
And know a nigga act better than a .45 caliber pistol when they loading  
They penalize us, tryna slow us down  
They constantly f-cking us up  
That's why we're buck wild  
Call me porch monkey, call me jigaboo  
When you know you wanna f-ck my woman and eat my barbecue  
How the f-ck you gon' watch my house  
But don't wanna live on my street  
The ape man told Tarzan "how the f-ck you better than me?"  
Rap I run that rock, and got a jump shot  
Who we got that black wife, up in that white house  
I took a look and didn't sell out  
I was in the ? and didn't bail out  
Hoping the, didn't fail out  
Back to the top from the jail house  
Lace 'em up, tie ya shoe  
Catch a cut, know what pressure do  
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[Mystikal]Who out c'here f-cking with me, huh? tell me that  
I'm bout to drop that sh-t, where my pamper at?  
Try to answer that, or give me my mantle back  
I bury you cockroaches, shoulda left me where I was at  
You dun made that f-cking bed  
You dun built this f-cking castle

? Yeah nigga what the hell  
Talking baby business, yeah  
Don't be f-cking with me  
Cause you wont get off easy  
I feel just like Drew Brees  
When they kick off football season  
How I cut the ref, you can't stop me from bleeding  
Rappers betta leave me 'lone  
If they gon' keep on breathing

Now keep on starving and I'mma gonna keep on eating  
And you keep on sucking, and I'mma keep on skeetin  
You gon' be the one bussing or be the one fleeing  
You better keep on trucking  
Ain't nobody wanna f-ck with me this evening

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[Lil Wayne]Uh, ain't it crazy how shit be  
That's why I flush it  
I got the Tommy gun with the drum  
That's percussion

I just popped a couple pain pills, self destruction  
I made something out of nothing, thanks for nothin'

I pistol whip ya bitch, knock her out Robitussin  
Ran up in your house, killed everybody, no discussion  
Rep, that muthaf-cking red flag like a Russian  
Yeah, look, I told her baby I'm a thrasher  
We kissed, I lit her ass up than I ashed her  
No hard feelings, no car dealing, but I shuffle my queen  
Duffle bag too heavy to carry to the car  
My Mary in a jar  
I'm food, I let the haters add a little salt  
That's cool, I do it for all the niggas that try  
And all the bitches I've f-cked, and all my niggas that died  
Tunechi  
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