

Mi Casa

Michael E

What chu crazy?
Since a buck tooth baby, Doc
Is like straight fuck you pay me like Jay-Z
Lazy Niggas complain'
Doc load up the cartridge and start kickin' game like Acclam
Those who you call Doggs rat your name
Those who say they love you attack your change
That's why I fold down four fingers
Say fuck the world and Jimmy da earth without Coat hangers
Rap game n street game don't sleep
It's a cold world betta pack yer own heat
Niggas ain't happy to the cash on E
Then the hash and the cat and a bag is on me
Yeah right, my bear hugz air tight
New Yorkerz no no turnin' on a red light
Me against forty of you? I fear a fight
Microphones get took you shook wear a blight
You don't got no wins in Mi Casa
And it's your stopper Meth ti cal man and funk docta
You don't got no wins in Mi Casa
Bomb droppa throw you out ya mind who shot ya
You don't got no wins in Mi Casa
Hit it hip hoppers turn it up a notch make it it hot cha
You don't got no wins in Mi Casa
I'm warnin' you partner Meth ti cal man and funk docta
Every time I turn around somebody in my business
Time for you to testify can I get a witness actin' like bitch's
Dirty Dick niggas look suspicious ain't physically fit for the fitness
Welcome to the game of death Poly wanna biscuit?

First prize a one way ticket to my shit list
And I spread it like a bummer or a sickness
Stand by let a chicken head lay a chick let
Can I slap a fat ass with da quickness
Stupid ass niggas goin' broad nigga sick list
Comin' through son I'ma fuck you and your district
Miss representin', miss interpreting and des misfit
Playboy, you ain't got no balls plus your dick less
And I'm like a plumma layin' pipes in yer [unverified]

No man can hold hold me nor can control me
Next time you see me holla like you know me
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