

I Own America Part 2

Slick Rick

All of you cock pullers are frontin'
Wave your arms around like you're some octopus or somethin'
To better you, 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
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 deported, I own America
From New York to Cali none'll fuck with the awkward
You think Muhammad Ali used to talk shit
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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 head top
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
Know what I mean?
Bitches are in awe at the lingo
Know that Rick'll put an end to all rapper income
An old-timer, lock up all vagina fields
France nor Italy can fuck with my designer skills
Saltin' inferior, faultin' to where we are
Tryin? to find fault in superior

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You lack the taste hook I'm stickin' 'em with
While degenerate like yourself make our race look ignorant
And your girlfriend wanna kiss and deploy
'Bout in the groin gets none of this tenderloin
Feet planted on deep black firmament
Bow in the presence of who lead rap permanent
Like a lion rap rips a chunk of kids
You stunk 'cause mortals ain't shit to conquer
Somebody said new pharaohs have appeared
How when everything I wore ten years ago, you wear now
I coulda murder heard a word out quick Rick stomp it kid
Hung to it, you complete bum to Rick
Source Awards, yeah, Rick every seminar
Even make Saddam Hussein tell me where the weapon are
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Bing, biatch

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