Prozac

Cojones

Stop as I drop this bomb
Blow up this place like another Vietnam
I'm heavy like a Holyfield blow to the dome
Back up son now give me room, give me room
I set it off like this, don't give it up
I'm all up in you till you just can't get enough
I'm real hard to the bone you want more
I sneak up on you like a sniper at your back door
Phat flavor for your brain you know the time
So check the wrath it's for real 'cause I'm gonna get mine
I roll up on you like Eastwood
I'm blowing up fifteens as I'm riding through your neighborhood
I spreads butter like Parkay
Real smooth with the flow and even when I parlay
Do what you feel and check the skill
I'm in your grill, peep this I got the raw deal
And in your Jeep Cherokee or Land Cruiser
Rollin' through the hood I know you're gonna use a
Track like this all up in your eardrum
So pump the E.Q. and let the speakers hum
We gets crazy like Prozac
Hype enough to start a party and illy has a heart attack
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Go and check it I think it's time to wreck it
Here I come again with my stuff, so let's test it
I'm cool like the ice, or Vanilla, hear my flavor
Freezin' up the mic, I hit you with somethin' you can savor
No slippin', no stonin', I am gettin' to the point
So hit the mad ism and light another joint

The easy like stylist with a kick when I'm kicking
No tripping, I'm hitting, so get a good grip in
Get with a style I be using, and there's no dissin'
And here's a quick lesson I carry a Smith and Wesson

Listen up close and there'll be no confusion
Now you're addicted to mentally abusing
Word to the mother I'm here to tear it up
And if you can't get with it, I don't give a fuck
So run to your crew and tell them I am here
This here is for the people, yo [Incomprehensible]
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Oh yeah
Oh yeah
It's the funky rhyme killer, the dope song thriller
Get your ass back, before you get caps in ya
Funky rhyme killer, the dope song thriller
Get your ass back, before you get caps in ya
Funky rhyme killer, the dope song thriller
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