Pass Out

I-Exist

If you a lame motherfucker, get yo' ass out
I'm from the A, I came to party 'til I pass out
So if you with me and you tipsy, throw your fist up
If you got diamonds and they shinin', throw your wrist up
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Hey hey, it's Luda Luda get it right, I'm Mr. Money Machine
And I'm steady, lookin' for two women I can come in between
You can catch me chillin' up in the cut, but I'm always ready for action
I'm stunt, like Jackie Chan and lay low, like we be Jackson
Maxin' and relaxin', haters, do they really wanna test me man?
I got an arsenal waitin', do they really wanna catch me man?
No I don't think so
I've got killers on the payroll, if there's a problem then say so
I make dough until there's none left
I run with plenty gangs that's holdin' thangs
And rearrange your frame in one breath
So to keep on breathin' I suggest you take this beatin'
'Tis the season for bleedin' and we've been lookin' for a reason
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Hey hey, come holla at me, I'm a star, I got the hood on smash
You know me, my whole car smell like a woodshop class
I point 'em out like her, her, that girl with the mouth
Plus you and your friends
Let me show you some whips that don't come out 'til the year of 2010
So I'm flockin' 'em in, 'til the droptop is rockin' again
Boy I got it locked, if you think not, then you'll get popped in the chin
And I'm clockin' these ends, my record sales are blockin' 'em in
Gotta thank those blessed to walk
The streets to those that's locked in the pen

My entourage is game faces, mean muggin', mean muggin'
Now the media is convinced that we thuggin', we thuggin'
Momma told me, grow up to be somethin', be somethin'
I went diamond with this album so we buckin', we buckin'
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I'm so far ahead, it's only right for you to hate on me mayne
When I'm pushin' 90 by myself, up in the H.O.B. lane
They tryin' to figure how many mo' women that I can take on my plane
Bein' one of the few rappers responsible for changin' the game
Now desperate artists tryin' to sue but they just makin' some claims
Can't get in the spotlight for nothin' and it just makes 'em insane
That's why some of the niggas resort right back to bakin' that 'caine
And sellin' it off to junky monkeys who keep bakin' they brain
As they grow older they'll be feelin' a lot of achin' and pain
So right at the head they might as well just be aimin' that thang
And you ain't helpin' the process out by always cakin' these dames
But it is hard givin' up the place where they be shakin' they thangs
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