Velveeta

Esham

I feel sorry for your mother
Bruce Wayne, down the way
East WI be the dude that can't get up in vails with the Rockports
I'm outside with th pipe and the ride
The big 5-O the pimp and the yo
Pumpin' with Master P and not DeAngeloThe radio disc jock, Sarakhana
Goin' off wet and marijuana
The unholy, yo yeah it's me
Straight from the D, so who wants a ki?I'll split the wig of a dirty pig
Made a deal with the devil and I won't renig
When in Cleveland I'm in the valley down the way
Hustlin' everyday drinkin' Tanger-AYou might see me with Paul Paul or my dude Day-Day
How's about some remmie, don't be rude bay-bay
From Detroit to Cleveland, my 75 I was beamin'
Yoca Cola shoppin' OZ choppin'This is for the hustlers who be real with they grind
Makin' more cheese than rats see in a lifetime
I just want to clock cash and rock the mic
I walked on water in Cleveland and then I shine like sunlightI bust in Atlanta didn't let 'cha slide
Underground, Bruce Wayne, known nationwide
See I tell ya some of these rappers in the game ain't it
Some of these nappy head clowns can't afford an outfit
What you sayin' boy, you wanna get with me?
Big cheddar, melt little cheeseStill ain't velveeta to me
Still ain't velveeta to me
Still ain't velveeta to me
Still ain't velveeta to meI be the microphone master, crashin' your party
Clownin' up in veils, drunk with Bacardi
You better get your girl because I'm thristy about it
And if you think I hit that, yo don't doubt itI steal all them bigs in your hood on the regular
Million dollar playa we get money, I keep tellin' ya
I don't give a hoot if your girl don't dance
I always wear Adidas screamin' fuck your manYo it's E, Bruce Wayne, unholy, it's E
I'm down with Mobide and Masta M-I-N-D
Coppin' the corner ki, from the dealin' Cleveland I flee
Bustin' shots at my enemy, but you brothers ain't it to me

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