

# Samurai

## Blaze Bayley

Cadillac gold grills in my mother fuckin' mouth  
Cocaine, gold chain rests on my vertebrae  
All them niggas that be hatin' better watch what they say  
I heat 'em up, beat 'em up I'm Cassius Clay  
Mountain Climbing's about the rhyming, I [work](undefined) to the tippy-top  
Me, my notepad, Mary Jane, sticky pot  
Ticks from the clock, so it means I don't get to stop  
I be in the studio pacing, waiting for this shit to drop  
Niggas wish whether we flop Divac  
Flock to take me a boombox, every fucking 2 knocks  
I see you running ya chops, chop it up and get chopped  
Bag 'em up, he off the docks  
bitch I'm at the beach  
Bitch I'm at the beach, (oh) bitch I'm at the beach  
With a childish flow, that means this shit is at your reach  
I'm here to keep it g  
, from the eyes (I's) how I see  
You're here to be a b-i-t on my d  
I need no ID for you to recognize  
I exercise my thought,  
  
got you petrified, bitch I'm next to die  
Consider me invisible,  
and also one mentally fucked individual  
(A bunch of coughing and trading blunts, passing the weed around)  
Why the fuck got these niggas gotta hate for?  
I got a lot of shit they can't pay for  
Cooler than the beach  
fuck the lakeshore  
You niggas take six, well I'mma take more  
I'm like a virgin dick, I go hard,  
and I get up in your bitch and boguard  
Niggas riding waves without the chauffeur  
I'mma drown your ass and take your surfboard (PUSSY!)  
My shit stink, no cushion Whoopie  
Goldberg I beat the track Goldberg  
Dusting off my shoulders and keep it moving forward  
Nigga sat and playing Madden on the couch, bored  
Slower, you mother fuckers goin' nowhere

Except for taking Grandma to the store  
Turn the television on and check the score  
And trail like a tail on a fucking horse

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