Dumb

Cold Old Doll

I'm just too hot to touch you know I'm the law
I smoke about million pounds of dutch and say what
Shortie keep yakking it up and on the low
I might take her to the back to fuck, get a nut
Nyce, you cant tell me I aint came up
Fastball pitcher I deliver with no change up
Fuckin right I'm famous, balling like the lakers
Only time I move is to go collect my paper
See me on the wanted poster, Mad and La Coka Nostra
Hop out of my porche, pull my trunk and extort ya
Yup we west coast and dog we stay posting
Walk with two toasters louis vuitton holsters
I'm a bad fucking bastard yup I'm fantastic
Four but I'm the Silver Surfer flying through your door
Heard you cryin' for the war Im'a try to serve you more
Madchilds a dope man leave you lying on the floor
Damn chicken heads get their feathers all ruffled up
Put the potato on the pound sound muffled up
We can get it on like Samoans and Tongans
Or we can get to war like the angels and mongols
[Chorus]Black mask over my face, I get em
Four-five stuck on my waist, I hit em
Beat a hater up till he dum dum diddum
Swollen and La Coka don't fuck with em
So ladies and ah forget it were not gentlemen
I roll up in a stolen car come hop in with them
Hand me a pill bottle I dump it and pop ten of them
Give me some booze, I sip juice like Rakim and them
I got a fuse that's too short and a noose that's too long
Feeling I could do no wrong

This invincibility they're convinced is killing me
Has essentially gotten me through any pinch you'll ever see
When my henchmen are with me tensions on the scene
Dreams are being changed a wrench in the machine
One mention of the team leave the masses buzzing
The rebel, you thought you're on my level, you wasnt
Hotter than Ecuador, son brought a metaphor
P-1 I'm ready for war I'm on the front lines

Runs in my bloodline thirsty like lost boys
Big money bounce my accounts keep em offshore
Caribbean breeze there's ten million reasons
Y'all super eight like rich we four seasons
Fine linen, sterling silver, bright brightlen, the lady killer
[Chorus]I started war and bids when y'all was just kids
Came to your town and jumped the fuck around
Stomped out a few of you and fucked your lady
You still married her and you gave her a baby
We were young, we were crazy, we were wild and free
Aint a groupie bitch alive get a child from me
And now you come to the shows and you reminisce
And while she waits for an autograph, you give her a kiss
She slips me a hug and a look that's knowing
If I say get on the bus, baby girl its on
Lyrics keep flowing and flowing and just flowing
Hoes keep hoeing and hoeing and just hoeing
Trees get rollen smoking keep blowing
Coka and Swollen legend keep growing
Fast lane living no time for slowing
Gotta know where you been and watch where you're going
[Chorus]

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