A Day In The Life (ft. RZA, Mars Volta & AG)

Handsome Boy Modeling School

Aiyo, slipperly slurp slip, nigga, churped off, two sniffs of cocaine
This motherfucker broke the glass in my whip
Tryna dip, on this twenty dollar bill I had on my dashboard
And police is asking me son, why I whoop his ass for
Save y'all two hours of paperwork, my neighbor lurk
Watchdog, chew ass out, son, and put in major work
We collect antique ammunition's, and plus
We got them big guns, you only see in science fictions
My Uncle Cuffie's the chief, but my little, knucklehead
Cousin Mar', yeah, son, is a thief
And we gave him a job, making three hundred a week
But he slipped on my piece, now he's back in the streets[Chorus]
How many times have you let your tongue go slip
From the grin in your teeth and the cracks of your lips
I never heard such nerve before
But you better spill slowly through the cracks of my pores
Just to please you honey, just to please you honey
And how many times have you let your tongue go slip
From the grin in your teeth and the cracks of your lipsA.G. is King like Tutankhamen or Haile Selassie
Body the party, watchin' for niggas tryin' to Pac me
Or Biggie Smalls me, come on, please
With these gemstars, I'm Jason Vorhees
A's loose, so much pain inflicted, remain addicted
Carry microphones, with the Passion of Je-sus
It's Flamboyant for life, nigga, throw those L's up
Ain't millionaires, by this year, then catch us in 12 months
Now who's fuckin' with Andre?
A beast on the east, love on the west, ask Kanye
Still Diggin' motherfucker, it's that plain and simple
G.D. til' my heart beat,discontinue
On the ave., til every soul in the ghetto is gone
Where niggaz sell more rock than heavy metal songs
Anything you want to know, then read E2K
Fuck with A, and get broke up like B2K, cause[Chorus]Aiyo, aiyo, 'cause I'm the piece, the magnetic, I'm not the weak and pathetic
Sometimes, inside my rhymes, you hear words that perfected
Master your Hung Gar, five animal form Kung Fu
Thunder the Barbarian sword, being swung
Wu-Tang, invincible blade, thrust to parry

Up the Temple steps, much water got carried
In this industrious world, meet the illustrious
Uncombustional, give props like Doctor Huxtable
Knew many men, only trust a few
Women, love the few, mention Wu-Wear linen, rugged blue
God-you's, I tuck a few, known to smash out a club or two
And represent the worldwide W[Chorus]Oh, oh, your veins, may call, in sweat, for blood
Your veins, may call, in sweat, for blood
Your veins, may call, in sweat, for blood
Feed you the flesh of men, so you can see end again
Yeah, yeah

Songwriters
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