Weight

Mr. Len

Yeah.....Yo.....
Hey yo my cocaine's whiter than colgate,
And when Christ come imma go relocate.
Finish off the dimes,
Big slabs of crack, writin my gangstaz will.
Bury me at the plate in Bronze Bomber's Field.
Give my young guards the four horses,
My babi gurls get the pink Porsches.
Dookie Jims and theyre all gorgeous.
Came to'em had a mean fortress,
A french maid blowin me down like Farah Faucet.
My gun collection is big in the Adolph section,
My little mini-me he bump off the Mexicans.
Mostly known for ma earlobe,
4 million dolla disco ball,
Shit though ma wrist cut.
Bang glass on the crystal floor at club Shiznit,
Lil Romee-Rome just came home,
Violated parole sellin cell phones.
With his Snoop Dogg perm,
His brother Puff Sherm threw two in big worm?
[Chorus x2]My my my money fold up!
My my my pockets swolled up!
Say what, say what
Just roll up!
What's the hold up unload and reload up.
Hellfire....Handle the hill? shellfire
Kill quiet like a knife on the front line.
Private live ride stage show,
First bird flamethrow,
Overthrow, takeover,
Name known around the globe.
King Cobra poison slow,
Fang jungle overgrown.
Wu Tang, Ghostface, Alchemist killin this song.
Feelin famous, chop heads, walk illa

Comic, fillin on pain killers, watchin good fellaz,
Dancin in the dungeon all by maself,

I say I think I'm goin crazy, thats a cry for help.
My phone dont ring but get sexy text messages,
Gunnin on ma cop, get to bitches mouth wrestlin.
Hey I'm just chillin with killers at ma disposal,
I have a feelin youll accept ma proposal.
Put another dime in the jukebox, I love, rock n roll,
Bulletproof vest, glock, lock and load.
[Chorus x2]Wait.....
Rap zombie, I'm controlled by powers beyond me.
I go from the drum machine straight to the Digi-D,
To the Harddrive to the G5 to the computer screens.
To the lab thru the speakers to the Pens n the pads
To the science to the lab to the vocab.
Straight to the phone booth, to the mic,
Back to that O-rap
Thru the speakers,
To the place where your hear and your soul at.
Drop out the drums,
Rough mix straight to the work dat?
Bounce the track, disk format and then burn that.
To the CD,
We'll take it to the truck where the systems at,
Make sure the bass hit like a thunderclap.
Then I double back to the lab,
Fast like I was runnin laps.
I freeze! Back to the Digi-D's to an MP3,
Thru the internet freeway,
Straight to the DJ's to the radio, constant airplay.
I gotta keep food on my plate, so I'm moving that Weight!
[Chorus x2]WEIGHT!

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