Father's Day

Chris Smither

I wanna deal, with a bigger asshole
The streets, it's coming down hard
We got to get our shit together
We always had music, eating off the game
Like you was never gon' run dry, that ain't no business
(No other game is run so disorganized
Look around you, every hood that's taking care of business
Is together, dig it, tight?)

I can't spend my life running away
For what it's worth, how much dirt can I get done in a day?
I got, clip in the AK (a blunt in the tray)
I'm a beast (Fuck the police) N.W.A.
Ya'll play this game that the huster's play
And if you dress in the metrosexual way, then muthafucka, you gay
Ya'll can save this drama for Kay Slay, like who's fucking my chick
Or writing books about sucking my dick
Now I don't give a fuck what they say, 'cause once I put on my cool
They see my life and wanna put on my shoes
Top of the world, ma, look at your dude
I dig a chick with an attitude, but I don't let her cook up my food
It's like these young niggas hugging the strip
Who got the power to move bricks and buildings never loving the bitch
Stripping with game, ya'll can guzzle a sip, ain't nothing change
My niggas is off the chain, and we don't muzzle the pit, a-ha

"Can I get a suuuuuuuu?"
"Aiyo, this bounce right here for all my Wu-Tang muthafuckas in the house, tonight"

Soon as I, pick up my pen, I begin my flow
I close my eyes then write rhymes in a Blackout mode
My uzi, weigh over a ton, CD plays over
I do my crime with baking soda, with no odor
Pull out like boat motor streams, crack your shoulder wing
Def Squad decoder ring, psychopath bordering
My dogs shitting on your lawn, while you watering
Pay the fine, audit him and shit on your lawn again
D.O.C. get it, C.O.D., my hood
P.O.P., nigga, N.J. deep, baby

Jersey state of mind, Method Man, lock 'em in
Ya'll niggas give a fuck, punk, we the opposite, yup
I hear you gossiping, 'cause we on
Just because I rock, don't mean I'm made of stone
My bones is sturdy, I wake up to get it early
When I bully the streets, my Co-D is Keith Murray
In a hurry, back down, the boy roll with us
This how it sound when them boys is transmitted
Bricks to Staten Island, where babies turn into killers
That's why my Cadillac bare more arms than caterpillars, let's get it

"Can I get a suuuuuuuu?"
"Aiyo, this bounce right here for all my Wu-Tang muthafuckas in the house, tonight"

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