

# 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 suuuuuuuuu?"

"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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