

# Malcolm

## Simon Finn

Ayo

I'm like Malcolm out the window with the joint

Hoodied up blood in my eye, a lead to fly

Like fuck it, look how these niggas duck shit

One kid hollerin' what lookin' up , he the big wig

Fake ass cat, low life, sodomize mind

Beatin' niggas, big bricks of bread sellin' mad dimes

His feet hurt, networkin' he get no work

Yo smack him where his hand hurt, fuck what he worth

Yo he sucked his thumb, smooth for the kid laced with the big guns

Stain to my Baltimore niggas that he on the run

Plus he ill in the drums, heartburn for life, calcium man

Watch him grab the Tums, he's a front

Pigeon totalist sister with the fat ass

Show hash behind up the block plus he smashed her

Big bub did him somethin' deadly, act premeditated

Buck 60 strike was the medley

Nice like Van Halen, seen him at the tunnel with his skin peelin'

Did two days thought he was jailin'

You get close, look at his hands

That's the same kid that cut his wrists, talkin' bout the cuffs did it

He ran away, frontin' majorly, eyes like Sammy Davis Jr

Rounded off with a fade g, he sport the Bob Hope classics

Ran down Asics, Kmart, the short sleeve shit be the basics

He eat hams, shitted on himself twice, big hatted Jews

Rushed the nigga out in Crown Heights

Yo let me tell you how the game go

We gettin' rid of all the prostitutes

Tony wants the streets back fo sho

Too many hustlers, too many thieves

We're fuckin' up who's willin' to fight and teach the Cs

Too much TV , guns and robberies

Lust and greed and hate, the 4 devils jealousy

Yo I champunch Mase in his face over some bullshit

The other night they kidnapped his brother pokin' it with knives

It's rainin' , 85 degrees kinda muggy

One of the nights they thrown in his face it's real ugly

Yo we up in Jonesy's posin', all these niggas know me

From fuckin' wit, under these niggas heavy parolees

Yo we played the speaker  
And from a distance we could see these chains  
The P slayed, flat on his chest was two plains  
Ashy hands yo, no need for rings at all  
He just cracked the V8 backed up, leaned against the wall  
Lookin flower, he just came home, he on like a fuck  
Did a dime for holdin' up the Gods up in the armored truck  
Ten years later son 280 on the weight tip  
He throwin' up six plates plus he studied Matrix  
He's a wally horse, shout it out sweatin' through his valor  
Cock-eyed nigga back up his neck, he had shores  
Sammy eagerly rode up on him  
Taxi off the Turkey with the joint on him  
Flower look his man stood up before him  
The bitches hit the table, Jah king, he stripped off his cables  
Shots went off , Sam'll get a chance to make his debut  
Flower grabbed tiff his man with the sideburns, hat fell off  
We nerd his wigworms, he hid behind rich  
See Allah hit the light switch, young girls were trampled  
In the measured pool, pistol with mase, and broke the handle  
Desperate crawlin' to the door on all fours  
Shim kicked the jukebox the theme song rode in was "It's Yours"  
Oh my goodness, Ba grabbed the Mo bottle thrashin'  
He layin' like a gay models shoutin' out Sebastian  
He smiled with his teeth missin' begging for mercy  
No more God, the 68 thousand down a pair of three  
Out came the cannon, whistled out zaggin'  
Cham snatched his flag four big rocks, enter the dragon  
It's over, another story told  
Lyn' with the snakes, tongue kissin' cobras  
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