# 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
Lyin' with the snakes, tongue kissin' cobras
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