Suburban Ranger

Stuck Mojo

Why you wanna step to me my C-I-S
Brothers don't play you got a lot to say when you with your boys on the other side of town
I catch you 1-on1 and yo ass is beat down.
I see you styling highly profile.
Try to play that thug role you're head is swole
Now you want to be all that you can be,
But not by the colors of the army!
Yo you in the wrong hood better knock on wood
Gold chains and gold rings you misunderstood
Trace back and look back you ain't black
Nigga straight sneaking through the cracks.Who's that wigga in my neighborhood,
In my neighborhood...
In my neighborhood...Mr. Trailblazer, with the mad flavor
Look out ya'll the suburban ranger
Suburban ranger danger danger
Suburban ranger danger danger
Suburban ranger danger danger
Suburban ranger danger dangerMr. Mirror image you wanna scrimmage
Why when your goof troop ass look like Grimace.
In your altered state fake mistakes
Take a look in the mirror and tell me why you imitate!
Slap that mutha for not being himself
Chemical imbalance coming from the wealth.
Don't try to be like and sip herbal tea like
And come to my crib run your jibs and ad lib.
Urban cross-dressing language molesting
Here's a suggestion time for a confession.
I never liked you I still want to fight you
K.O. 1st round lights out troop.Who's that wigga in my neighborhood,
In my neighborhood...
In my neighborhood...Mr. Trailblazer, with the mad flavor
Look out ya'll the suburban ranger
Suburban ranger danger danger
Suburban ranger danger danger
Suburban ranger danger danger
Suburban ranger danger danger{Court Room}
Judge Order! Jury, have you reached, have you reached a verdict?
Jury We find the wigger GUILTY!!!!!
Judge I here by sentence you, wigger, to a 100 years confined to a chair, forced to watch episodes of the Andy

Grifith Show, Hee Haw, and Lawrence Welk. No parole.Corny you lose your proiflies confused
Wannabe's make me sneeze make me itch like fleas
Make you hit yo knees for even trying to see
Circles in a square bite that ass like bees!!
Your image is deceiving I ain't believing
You trying act like me for no reason.
Change your game your rhymes off season mess with Steven,
I'll leave your crew grieving.
False advertisement strike a pose for the no-style trophy.
You great big phony sponsored by Oscar balogna
For your whole made up style you owe me.Who's that wigga in my neighborhood,
In my neighborhood...
In my neighborhood...Mr. Trailblazer, with the mad flavor
Look out ya'll the suburban ranger
Suburban ranger danger danger
Suburban ranger danger danger
Suburban ranger danger danger
Suburban ranger danger dangerDon't get mad, unless we're talking about you.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/