Autograph

Mike Zombie

Ow!
Who want a mufuckin' autograph?
Don't be shy
Or we could take a picture I'd be wit' it it'll last until i die
Who want a mufuckin' autograph?
Don't be shy
Or we could take a picture I'd be wit' it it'll last until i die
I am unapreciated
I am unapreciated
That's why i am inebriated
The money's not abreviated
I swear to god that the lord commin', we had long talks, all about my short comin's
But wu' ain't money when i know that i got more comin'
He told me, "Go get it, you know you want it more dummy!"
Yea! that's why i talk like that, nigga, that's why i walk like that
Huh, that's why i'm not stoppin i'm tired of pretending i'm not payed and my life's poppin'
I swear, you had the wrong one, my mama had a miscarriage before me she had the right,
and the wrong son umbilical was wrap' round' my neck, man it was all lungs wasn't promised life at birth so this gon' be a long one
Uh
I am William and I am Smith, I am legend since I got signed through the west side not knew this shit,
And that was a triple entendre for niggas that don't understand these bars and cannot understand that i can really spit, nigga!
I ain't know no fuckin' inner-city shit, nigga
I am from the "sub-burbs", where these niggas got curves, but these niggas got yours but they still cop birds,
Where they still let em' fly, if a nigga got words
I wasn't fuckin' with Risa Boda, then i started listen' started hearin' em' out,
A nigga done got older an' hearin', a young Hove just tought me bout' these fuck niggas and, clearin em' out
Am i bad? i smacked mike by accident, it happens when you walk the top wit' no pen and pad and shit
Consumers rockin' off the noodle, worryin' bout' who reppin' and i put the pen down so you won't have to worry after this
Man, who want a mufuckin' autograph?
Don't be shy,
Or we could take a picture I'd be wit' it it'll last until i die.
Who want a mufuckin' autograph?
Do not lie,
I mean, you got it my nigga, you've inquired about me way too many times!
So, lemme' ask again,
Who want a mufuckin' autograph?

Don't lie, nigga,
Or we could take a picture I'd be wit' it it'll last until i die, do you get it nigga?
Don't lie what you here for, i got this beat from a producer in the airport,
He put that shit on USB, gave me the hand-off.
So solute to him I'm really bein' aired doe'
Yea
If you wanna know how i'm doin, how i'm feelin', what the fuck i'm feelin' like,
It's all here, not talkin' no more, not tweetin', instagramin', none of that shit
You don't need to hear what i'm doin, Young's here he's fuckin' recordin'
He's makin this this this shit that they sleepin' on, It's classic shit
Shout out to the set!
Young Z-O-Z-O-T-T the fuck up, 609 till i die, na' mean? hear the chains, 609 chain it's lit up man,
Stop playin' wit' me
Yea I don't care dog!
Yea i don't care dog!
I'm the one they fear dog!
Pull up.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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