

# Foolin'

## Mark Foggo's Skasters

Who you foolin', only foolin'  
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Yo, I stay cousin to this, introducing Mr. Dave Banner  
Scannin' proper with my sight muscle  
This rap shit, is just my night hustle  
My J-O's to stay fearin' of my G-O-D  
Whether what may, meet me at the front door  
To see the pressure got a nigga knockin' shit off his desk  
'Cause of the stress I stack words make cats bruise they neck tissue  
Stay pertinent to the issues  
Cut your tag too close, display these verses tight, virtuals  
Sort of like we supposed to, pantyhose raps you run  
Stay dumb like black folks some possies  
Mostly fakin' it, to make it  
I play low-key 'til it's time for you to know me  
Stir my lime with light, drink it down slowly  
Holy shit, now look what I get  
A whole string of party people wanna run in my mix  
In my world they wanna fit like melanin in a tit  
Jam tight, they ain't my fam alright? They ain't my people  
Them niggaz screamin' fam 'til they rank measure equal  
Then vote, without leavin' a note, and that was all she wrote  
Arranged produced my slang's obtuse  
But some distort, tellin' stories like Mother-the-Goose  
My true fam's is David J back since with Vince Mason  
We'll draw on three, leave that body for the tracin'  
Ultimate high, like them drugs you be lacin'  
Coulda stood next to me, at the top of the key  
But you had to play gutter, didn't want to climb  
Now you find yourself talked about in my rhyme  
While you fools claim corners, we gon' claim theories  
Y'all some stickball niggaz, we the World Series been here  
Just pleadin' the same case ever since we spaced about "3 Feet"  
Pinchin' your ears, inchin' for years  
But you still stuck at the mezzanine and  
We at the penthouse level with the same old rugs  
  
Same old tubs, same old tables and same faults  
Same crew and the same old train of thought

My guess you need to head West, who you foolin'  
Thought we'd fall for your phyness you're, only foolin'  
Yourself, thought you were down, it takes more than a smile  
And a couple of pounds to be crew  
Man you bound to get your tail caught, who you foolin'  
Spreadin' yourself thin see you're, only foolin'  
Yourself, thinkin' all you need is the wealth  
You need to peep your whole circle out  
Yo, since Jam Master Jay been rockin' without a band  
And that sister K.D. Lang been sexin' without a man  
We brought our ultimate plan to birth  
Put in work for this game, it's not a game to me  
We've been furnished the props  
Now we out to furnish properties we own, that's right  
Cats might know we ain't home, my throne's threatened by fiends  
Try to do dirt, play Tony Randall, have that ass cleaned  
Unveiled I see your exhibition, y'all need to cover that  
Fatherless styles, y'all really need to mother that  
Same expose, different page  
But when you see me in it it's the same old Dave  
Y'all silly, you're just a civili', I'm a soldier  
Troopin' in this path til the death won us over  
So if life is a party begin, to understand  
Just like the DJ, we stayin to the end  
How you think you gon' get away? Who you foolin'  
Changin' faces on the regular you're, only foolin'  
Yourself, big top status, paintin your face  
Who you think you really gonna fool, huh?  
We watch, what we got so, who you foolin'  
Around on my premises you're, only foolin'  
You, into thinkin' you can break in too  
My place, and not have to face, our position  
Who you foolin', only foolin'

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