Foolin'

Mark Foggo's Skasters

Who you foolin', only foolin'
Who you foolin', only foolin'
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 phonyness 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'

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/