

Playstation 1.5

Sir Michael Rocks

Robocop style, I fo-fo pop y'all
I'm Yao Ming when it come to confidence and being cool
That's what's important to me, you gon' make me fry yo ass
Pie yo ass, in the face niggas always tryna get benefits
They don't never wanna work for shit they got
But they always wanna be in some shit
In a Benz with bubble glass, guess I'm on some Benson shit
Guess I'm in the park again, working on my penmanship
Signing things on blank trees, putting my initials in them
If its a bitch around my corner guarantee what I'mma do
I'm gon' stalk her and I'll walk her to the park after night time
If I see some sushi bars around, I'm gon' get in line
Grab me a California roll for me and my ho
Me and my thot, I put my knee in the box
Got a brother from Morocco used to be owned by this doctor
Who bred some Tibetan Mastiffs at his ranch house
He branched out from medicine and started eating venison and duck
Piss you off, this is lumberjack shit, get the logs, get the axe
Make sure that you aim it at their faces and their backs
And attack, this is eerie, Iraq
I am nasty, Pacman Jackson
Elastic stretching across, all they breasts and they bras
I be takin' 'em Jamiacan rum, fillin' my intestines
You can still see Jamaican sun on my complexion
And son, I'm not your father and I am not perfection
You can be the one if you just challenge your perception

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>