

# 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/>