



I'm known for running my mouth
I will not be accountable for what comes out, uh
I dunno, I might have said it
I was kinda gone and light-head
And my jacket kinda fresh, bright red
And as usual, my pants tight-threaded
It seem like everybody dress tight now
And I just want my credit
Don't get it, twist it, or dread it
I am the king and will not be headed
To the morgue no time soon, brethren
Being broke made my head hurt
So I need the bread or an Excedrin
That'll only get my engine revving
While y'all on 10, I'm on 11
I'ma make the news be on at 7
Matter fact, I'm on this very second
I'm in first and y'all in second
And this verse only add to the freshness
Call to the club, tell them add to the guest list
What you think? Way more bitches?
I can never be too big for my britches
Y'all motherfuckers know who this is
I'm gifted
Merry Christmas
Merry Christmas

A moment ends, I've got my rhymes
Whatever comes, I write it down
So knock me out and shoot me down
With mics in hand, we'll stand against the test of
time

You don't know mine
Like I said a thousand times
I gotta stay ahead
Know what I'm fighting for
I'll leave you to your car
Never seen my kind before
And you're all so thick-headed
Apollo and I know I let it
Part of me won't let me quit
Won't let me to not say shit
So which day to before
With half these bills I can't afford it
Try to hold it in but it make me sick
So I spit it out, say the hell with it
I dream it and I build it all
Waking up for when you call

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