

Pumpkinhead f/ Supastition, Wordsworth

"Trifactor"

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[Intro] We're in the final seconds of this all-star game
It's a tied score, Supastition passes to Wordsworth
Wordsworth with the assist to Pumpkinhead Two
seconds left, and Pumpkinhead hits the trifactor!
[Chorus 2X: various samples scratched] "They gon'
have to mention me among the best" "You ain't
innovatin, you're regurgitatin" "They gon' have to
mention me among the best" "When I step in the place,
you get nervous" [Pumpkinhead] You got three dudes
on hand that spit it the best You're small in the game,
at best you're reachin my chest I'm deeper than sex
with Tabitha Stevens Usin a 10-inch long dildo and she
ejaculate semen I mastered the reason, perfected the
answer You're just not believable, like a Mexican Santa
Philly loves me, and I get respect in Atlanta
Pumpkinhead puts it down like Thor with a hammer My
grammar is Grammy status, I'm thankin the Lord I get
to the point like Young Buck's knife at the Vibe Awards
So when I step foot in the arena You break a sweat like
Ruben Studdard, eatin buttered Farina So your
nervousness is fully understandable You're facin an
animal, that'll erase your face with a cannonball Tough
break, how you makin that duck face when you're
Martha Stewart's inmate at Camp Cupcake? [Chorus]
[Supastition] Yeah, get nervous... Just forget about the
small talk nonsense and all of it Niggaz better be
ready, I ain't about to call it quits Though people knew
that I was mad innovative I was caught up in a trap in a
bad situation But I'm glad niggaz waited cause I
gradually graduated Certified and takin rap cats back
to basics I knew that I would shine one of these days
I'm ready as ever, prepared for the comin of age An
unfuck-wit-able flow, though some'll debate If anybody
better tell 'em step in front of the plate And rest
assured, I'm bringin the best, the pure product like the
number one Columbian dealer of narcotics I should be
a household name but y'all caught up in the buzz and
the hype; but niggaz love what I write And I does what I
like despite, whenever somethin's said The franchise
player with Words and Pumpkinhead Let's go [Chorus]
w/ scratched variations [Wordsworth] Yeah, uh-huh,

yo.. yeah, uh-huh, yo, yo You never will win, bein said
off the head or the pen Like a stillborn baby you were
dead to begin Rhyme 'til the record ends You can't
make a mixtape with me, featurin a verse that you
edited in We set it again; start from the top, my
margin'll stop is when the numbers won't revolve on the
clock I shine outside, and provide light outdoors When I
blackout with my rhymes and you white-out yours My
mood behavior, the flows and the moves I made up
Cater to schools, studied by music majors The rules is
straight up to keep you from losin labor For you and
usin paper is like euthanasia Just heatin up, every day
doper I become Scientists think the Earth is gettin
closer to the sun You got Words and you have the rest
Don't mention me among, mention me AS the best You
know the truth [Chorus] - repeat 2X {"Step your lyric
game up bitches"}

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