

Vita**"So What Cha Want"**

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Just Plug Me In Just Like I Was Eddie Harris You're
Eating Crazy
Cheese Like You'd Think I'm From Paris You Know I Get
Fly You
Think I Get High You Know That I'm Gone And I'm A Tell
You All Why
So Tell Me Who Are You Dissing Maybe I'm Missing The
Reason That
You're Smiling or Wilding So Listen In My Head I Just
Want To
Take 'em Down Imagination Set Loose And I'm Gonna
Shake 'em
Down Let It Flow Like A Mud Slide When I Get On I Like
To Ride And
Glide I've Got Depth Of Perception In My Text Y'all I Get
Props At My
Mention 'Cause I Vex Y'All So What'cha Want You're So
Funny With
The Money That You Flaunt Where'd You Get Your
Information From
You Think That You Can Front When Revelation Comes

You Can't Front On That

Well They Call Me Mike D The Ever Loving Man I'm Like
Spoonie Gee
I'm The Metropolitanian You Scream And You Holler
About My
Chevy Impala But The Sweat Is Getting Wet Around The
Ring Around
Your Collar But Like A Dream I'm Flowing Without No
Stopping
Sweeter Than A Cherry Pie With Ready Whip Topping
Goin' From
Mic To Mic Kickin' It Wall To Wall Well I'll Be Calling Out
You People
Like A Casting Call It's Wack When You're Jacked In The
Back Of A
Ride With Your Know With Your Flow When You're Out
Getting By
Believe Me What You See Is What You Get And You See

Me Coming Off
As You Can Bet I Think I'm Losing My Mind This Time
This Time I'm Losing My Mind

You Can't Front On That

But Little Do You Know About Something That I Talk
About I'm Tired
Of Driving It's Due Time That I Walk About But In The
Meantime, I'm
Wise To The Demise I've Got Eyes In The Back Of My
Head So I Realize
Well I'm Dr. Spock I'm Here To Rock Y'All I Want You Off
The Wall
If You're Playing The Wall So What'cha Want Y'All
Suckers Write Me
Checks And Then They Bounce So I Reach In My Pocket
For The
Fresh Amount See I'm The Long Leaner Victor The
Cleaner
I'm The Illest Motherfucker From Here To Gardena I'm
As Cool As A
Cucumber In A Bowl Of Hot Sauce You've Got The
Rhyme And Reason
But No Cause So If You're Hot To Trot You Think You're
Slicker
Than Grease I've Got News For You Crews
You'll Be Sucking Like A Leach

You Can't Front On That
So What'cha Want

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