

## The Laws "Momma Miss America"

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Yeah, live and direct, break it down, roll it up like here, try this

No time to side-step, drunks like whipped crack, staying present

Me and Paul like a lit match made in Heaven, flow so poetic

This is for the ages, kids who reckless, get 'em on stages

I'm taking mental inventory of these haters

What happens in my brain stays in it like Vegas, I ain't playing kid

This is no hobby, y'all ain't trying to hurt nobody like playing kid

The word got around about this amazing kid, when his flow spark

It get darker than an Asian wig, aye man, aye I like that guitar man

Lemme get a little bit of reverb,

Yeah-yeah, that's what I'm saying fam

They want me to simultaneously be the savior and make 'em dance

In the meantime, gotta make a band

I'ma have to be more secure than Jenna Jameson's man Pack a beast too big for the cages,

Rhymes like birthdays 'cause they for the ages

Ain't this hip-hop's time of hysteria?

I'll carry the torch like momma miss America

Industry an undertaker, it just wanna bury you

Got a lot of toys but a doll wanna share with you, God bless America

Sending poor to fight but when they get home,

They don't wanna take care of you

Aw man, why it go and get political? They just wanna dance

Give 'em something for the stripper hoes,

Guess that's the game on the path of fame

Break the ozone and make it acid rain, put myself in a position

Where I can save the children but I don't know if anybody gonna listen

The kids is all 106ing, on the block pitching, on the

phone b\*tching
Filling up radio request lines, well wait, are you kidding?
You wanna hear a song called Fry That Chicken?
Man I been saying that this mess has to stop
So I'ma show a little class over classic rock

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