

**B.G.****"Self Explanatory"**Visit "[Self Explanatory](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

{Journalist}

(Journalist) Uh, Journalist, (idealist), and it's a journey  
(I'm the journalist) Urban wars (the flow) I don't fuck  
around

Crazy World, Motown motherfuckers

Uh, dream team (Idealist, and it's a journey, I'm the  
Journalist)

I don't fuck around dunny

Yo, aiyyo, right from the gate, dog

It shouldn't be no type of debate

'Bout who's the nicest with a mic and a tape

You know I'm bright in the waist

When I'm shining up the pipe with an eight

Before I leave you with a trifling face

If you got Salsbury I play Marbury

Hit you with the handle

Before I light you up like the wick that's on a candle

Have your bitch watch shots ripping through your  
flannel

Lower parts to your heart sticking to her sandals

Journalist, but you can call me tupee splitter

You sweeter than the bottom of your Kool-Aid pitcher

You think it's just music you hear, I bust a few in the air

While your lil' sister's doing your hair

Still in your crib, one shot pilling your wig

I blow out your face, while the chrome's still in your hair

Too severe for a medical truck I could bet a few bucks

They gon' probably have to shovel you up, what

(Hook- Samples + and random DJ scratches)

Idealist, and it's a journey, oh I'm the journalist

The flow, (I don't fuck around)

Uh, Idealist, and it's a journey, oh I'm the journalist

The flow (I don't fuck around, dunny)

{Journalist}

See yo, I keep them business working,

'Till the wrists is hurting

'Till your shit ooze out like this detergent

I still keep the chickens lurking

Got bitches circlin' 'cause they see me in the whip with

Erving

I will show you a nina,  
If you don't think the hard-toe can turn your torso to a  
sprinkler  
Then I pull off in the beautiful cat,  
New Jag, no tints, I'm a beautiful cat  
1-6, y'all know what we do to you, black  
All my niggas squeeze triggers 'til they cuticles crack  
If we got a full clip, we'll be sending you half  
Hole in your legs, give your calf a genuine draft  
Like the bottle of beer, then a minute you pass  
Tap your pockets, see how many Benzes you had  
Hit the stack, tell Carl Carl to send a few scags  
From my criminal staff from that cynical ave  
Machos mothefucker

Hook

{Journalist}

See yo, I studied the block, so I got damn good  
methods  
On how to burn strips like I can cook breakfast  
You ain't stabilized, it help when your label rise  
Every time I turn around, your face in the cable guide  
To my rap books, you can find me shackled  
Blow out your shit, leave it in your Mommy's scrapple  
I could, kindly catch you, let the tommy clap you  
For you with more hoes than a Chinese apple  
You hit gasoline talk fast and lean  
Pop fly, and get left with half a wing  
Watch who you talking to get your glasses cleaned  
Before I be forced to empty out this magazine  
Barrels throwing out twenty like a Jack in Queens  
Leave you somewhere throwing up your last (?)  
Most of the week, you find Journ over in beats  
When it comes to the throne, homes, you just holding  
my seat, uh

Hook

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