

Dr. Octagon "Bamboozled"

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Yeah, the Diesel Truckers with Kool Keith
Marc Live, Jacky Jasper
We come international and rational

I saw the Grammy's, I wasn't impressed with that
A lot of stylists overdressed that
Was I wrong? Who was the best at?
Two cases on Stoli's, eight thousand for this man you
owe me
I left the V.I.P. section lonely

Me, white folks, Don Juan played the back
The women chose me over guess who? Pretty Toney
Kid, I got your lady signed to Sony
Girls, tell Bobby I'm the real tenderoni

New York's best verse carrier
You better scoop her, before I marry her
Award winner without rims, tap your dime piece without
spinners
JVC, LL soapbox with the antennas
I get hard on aspirin cups filled with Guinness

The Ernie Onassis with masters, with Marc and Jack
Jasper
Sunday clean gators on the pastor
Go 'head player, you's a wallflower
Scared to talk to her, I'ma ask her

Rep it at the casino, walk in your presence
Miami's biggest problem
Whack rappers want me out the game like Al Pacino

We pop bottles, washed up models, bamboozled
Runny makeup, Celebrities Uncensored
Paparazzi, Sunset Boulevard
42nd street, Las Vegas, South Beach

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I seen a lot of rappers turn soft, I turn my TV off
And thugs got commercials, thugs in commercials
And everybody's chick turned gladiator and shit
No pimps, no hustlers, yo, where's your whips?
No Maybachs, no Lambos on the field

Towncar, ridin' Music Express
And yo' the winner is effervescence
Your rhymes didn't win, your rhymes didn't get shit
They like the way you move in tight suits

And gay-ass '70 boots
You the best example, yo, the industry is whack, yo
Now you can bet your label and your Phantom on that
See rappers don't want no parts of men
They zombies, 28 Days all over again
Everybody's scared, runnin' again
They bone crush ya, monkeys in the cage again

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Celebrity nigga, broke a MC pimp nigga
Show up on the scene
Trackin' cream, so obscene
You can't come clean, fast money I fiend

I know the score, your mother-in-law
My money is more, she's leavin' him poor
I know the game, ask Rick James
I don't complain and I won't explain

Go fetch, I draw the sketch
You won't catch, I got the niche
The chips won't switch, she's not a bitch
I'll take the chips, she's on my dick

They flowin' in, steppin' on up the money out
Hiccup, bitch, shut the fuck up
What is wrong? Income's right
The street's my wife, the street's my life, uh

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