

Inner Thought

"Da Baddest Poet"

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Cops ain't shit to me
Jobs ain't nothing but free pens and long distance calls
Thought I had it all, the God got birth control
I've never paid parking ticket:
It's 20 dollars now or 300 then;
You want your money, come and get it
But better bring 200 guns and a 100 men
I've killed a million pens and thrown some stones, but
never lost a bet
Looking at the fossil on my wrist like
"Is my five minutes up yet?"
Got more time te relax now;
So I can say, "Fuck the industry."
Went for Rupert Murdoch's throat and left with Rawkus
trying to sign me
You can't buy me
I'm holding my chips 'till I land on last base
I didn't burn any bridges;
I never needed none of 'em in the first place
'Cuz money made is money gone is money never had
Money here only pretends to care for the people we
leave around
Always pack light 'cuz the guns are packing suckers
All mad 'cuz someone else paid' em
Shaking in their waste-your-life-away stance
'Cuz it's cool to be tragically hip:
Fools rule the Universe - it's O.K.
You say you want blood but drink piss all day
I say hang the queen from every streetlight on every
Washington Street
Tell 'em it's difficult to have sex on waterbeds
'Cuz most of us can't afford waterbeds
And if we could, we'd move out the hipster settlement
of Oakland
(The fine line between low icome and no income)
I can't read no lips 'cuz I am stone
Always wanted to be a rapper
But when I finally made it there, no one wanted me
Since no one wants me here
In the immortal words of Ice-T:
"You should have killed me last year."

Bit in the mere mortal words of me
I've torn up some rebuttals and lost some friends
But like the old saying goes
"If you can't nuke 'em... starve 'em or drop food on
'em."
I'm half a novel, half a brothel, half a one-man army
MC's don't want beef, they wanna shake my hand
Then make a diss song about me
Idiots live to outdo their shortcoming
While my inner Napoleon is frying the biggest fish
I hold the gridge like a mic and a girl like a cross
People say I'm vague
But we know who's in vogue and when the revolution
comes
All you'll know how to do is beg
The white man... is the fucking Devil
The white man is the baddest poet

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