Mike Kleff
"36 Bars"

See I be doing this for kicks you know my kicks stay clean
I ain't gotta say a word, swag like Mr. Bean
Second guessing me? I'm writin' poetry, quote this
Boy I spit maagic, Hokus-Pokus
Notice how your boy spittin' livin' classy
But when I come through they better 'Duck' like 'Daffy'
Got chya boy laughin', but homie I ain't stressin' it
Step up in my house you better 'Run' like 'Reverend'
I'm a blessing but no I ain't a Saint
But I'm gettin' Super-Dome, best believe it feels great
If you talkin' dolla billaz then money is in my grammar
Pissing on these haters I got R.Kelly swagger
Y.B.M.K., holla back at my initials
If you bite into an apple you gon' find me in the middle
I'm "hard-core, see there's another metaphor
Punchline rapper what you think I make these records for?
Damnit I'm fly, I don't need a pair of shoes
When I hop up out the bed, I need a parachute
Taliban swag, my career gon' blow up
So full of myself, I'm about to throw up
And these haters feel the same, somethin' sick up in the mouth
'Cause when they run they lips I be what they talk about
I got millie dollar dreams, after that, what's haapnin'?
"Billie" in my "Jeans", rest in peace Mike Jackson
I ain't gon' lie, on my mind's get paper
Stayin' on my grind, Tony-Hawk's-Pro-Skater
No more talking money 'cause from now on that's small talk
Gotta make hits so I'll catch you at the ball park
Send you a Hallmark, I'll be outta town
Hockey rink type of lifestyle, ain't no out of bounds
But I'm gettin' outta line you know any rapper could
But they say I ain't a rapper just a brother that can rap good?
Well OK then every limit I'll pass
And almost every next top model I'll smash
And I don't need a hook man I always go hard
Got these haters locked up behind my 36 bars...