

## Patra

### "I Own America"

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[Slick Rick]

All of you cock-pullers are frontin  
Wave your arms around like your some octopus or  
somethin  
To better ya  
For any chick you want, I'm gettin her  
Rob people, mad ignorant, et cetera  
Who the one to entertain and fume with?  
Who you know breed humans can't be in the same  
room with?  
Reefer sweet, wrap it up, free fix greet  
Every rapper rap maggots underneath Rick's feet  
Evicted -- why you tryin to find shit to lick with?  
Even your kids tell you that you ain't shit to Slick Rick  
Though you pretend to be glory  
I'm number one, that's the end of the story  
The black Clark Gable leave you numb  
Every single one, frontin on your label is a bum  
Let me slow it down, that's enough of that  
This I have to say, to you nothing other rapper cats

Chorus: repeat 2X

From New York to Cali none'll fuck with  
the awkward, you think Muhammad Ali used to talk  
shit?  
Bing! This sure hit alone'll bury ya  
And even I got de-ported, I Own America

[Slick Rick]

He's so crazy -- I smash rippin up the place  
Give the mack a taste -- I wipe my ass with a rapper  
face  
Cars come to a dead stop  
Rain find ways not to drop on my headtop  
Tycoon rush at the richest  
Even my complexion is a must-have to bitches  
Even without, car money to budget  
I would have the most elegant apartment in the  
projects  
Knahmean? Bitches are in awe \* at the lingo \*

(pronounced OAR)

Know that Rick'll put an end to all rapper income  
An old-timer, lock up all vagina fields  
France nor Italy can fuck with my designer skills  
Saltin inferior, faultin to where we are  
Tryin to find fault in superior  
Let me slow it down, that's enough of that  
This I have to say, to you nothing other rapper cats

Chorus

[Slick Rick]

You lack the taste hook I'm stickin em with  
While degenrate like yourself make our race look  
ignorant (mm)  
And your girlfriend wanna kiss and deploy  
Bout in the groin gets none of this tenderloin  
Feet planted on deep black firmament  
Bow -- in the presence of who lead rap permanent  
Like a lion rap rips a chunk of kids  
You stunk, cause mortals ain't shit to conquer  
Somebody said new pharoahes have appeared  
How when everything I wore ten years ago you wear  
now?  
I coulda murder heard a word out quick Rick stomp it  
kid  
Hung to it, you complete bum to Rick  
Source Awards, yeah Rick every seminar  
Even make Sadaam Hussein tell me where the weapon  
are (mm-hmm)  
Let me slow it down, that's enough of that  
This I have to say, to you nothing other rapper cats

Chorus

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