

## Roach Gigz

### "Can I Rap"

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My flow's so sick it need a day off,  
I'm dickin the boss, I won't get laid off,  
I'm fly as an Indian got my legs crossed,  
I'm talkin feathers,  
Whatever  
Engineer check my levels,  
And I just gas it foot to the pedal,  
I'm just a bastard,  
If she open better smash it,  
Don't be surprised if she shake whatcha baggage?  
Ya'll so garbage they ask what I am and I tell em not  
average,  
Uh it's a miracle,  
I look in the mirror and go "I'm the man I need to be"  
Oh it's so spiritual,  
On the path to reach my dreams,  
Passin clouds, tuck my thing in the crowds make em'  
think before they make they move,  
Knock the king off ya chess board,  
Make ya lose, take your queen, make her scream,  
make her squirm, watch her turn a shady 180  
Thought ya play me,  
Now ya lady is my baby and she wanna have my baby  
but it's bad bitch obey me.  
If it don't pay me I don't touch it like it's rabies,  
I throw up the peace like the logo on mercedes,  
Knew this hoe named mercedes she was boppin like  
crazy till she popped outta baby,  
Now she young and she dumb and she don't know what  
to do,  
So she leave him with her grandma, move to the next  
dude,  
I cannot respect you,  
Go fly on a wet broom and fall off ya witch,  
I wish life had a switch and it could go slower,  
So I could just chill and still get my dough up  
They talk and I'm like so what,  
He not on my level yeah ya boyfriend betta grow up,  
If you're from the bay then yeah you should know us,  
These haters are a migraine,  
These rappers are behind me,

For me to be where you're at youd have to rewind me,  
Remind me, why I'm married to the mic,  
I'm the light in the night,  
Uh oh so accurate,  
Passionate,  
Not to mention to get ya girl on the mattress,  
And I'm smashin this,  
Even though I'm seeing no cash in this,  
Eventually I'm tryin to be rich as the bentley,  
I'm mentally prepared for the worst, prayin' for the  
best,  
Yes.  
Whoooo, lemme take a breather real quick,  
Okay I'm back,  
I'm in my fresh white beater,  
If she want me to beat then I just might beat her,  
Well I guess I could be sweeter,  
Treat her like a diva,  
If she ain't fuckin good then I'm a fuckin leave her,  
I like my pussy bald, bald like a eagle,  
I like my chips fat big bag of doritos,  
And when that bag pop they gon' flock like seagulls,  
Keep faith in god never the next man,  
Even ya best man who was there for your blessins will  
fuck your wife and get you arrested,  
Test it if you want to,  
Don't say I didn't warn you,  
Ask why I do it I'm a say I was born to,  
Anyway, I never sold lemonade,  
In the 7th grade I was scalpin' tickets at the giants  
games,  
Now I am fame,  
That was out my reach like a flyin plane,  
Now it's close like jelly on toast,  
I used to rob folks like somali pirates,  
Now I feel rich chicks like miley cyrus  
I'm ready to shoot like a fighter pilot  
After the lou like the lou's before me,  
Stop listenin to rap cause ya'll rappers is borin,  
Roach Gigz man 2010,  
I got this shit

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