

Slick & Rose

"I Own America Part I"

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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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