

## Stuck Lucky

### "Suburban Ranger"

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Why you wanna step to me my C-I-S  
Brothers don't play you got a lot to say when you with  
your boys on the other side of town  
I catch you 1-on1 and yo ass is beat down.  
I see you styling highly profile.  
Try to play that thug role you're head is swole  
Now you want to be all that you can be,  
But not by the colors of the army!  
Yo you in the wrong hood better knock on wood  
Gold chains and gold rings you misunderstood  
Trace back and look back you ain't black  
Nigga straight sneaking through the cracks.

Who's that wigga in my neighborhood,  
In my neighborhood...  
In my neighborhood...

Mr. Trailblazer, with the mad flavor  
Look out ya'll the suburban ranger  
Suburban ranger danger danger  
Suburban ranger danger danger  
Suburban ranger danger danger  
Suburban ranger danger danger

Mr. Mirror image you wanna scrimmage  
Why when your goof troop ass look like Grimace.  
In your altered state fake mistakes  
Take a look in the mirror and tell me why you imitate!  
Slap that mutha for not being himself  
Chemical imbalance coming from the wealth.  
Don't try to be like and sip herbal tea like  
And come to my crib run your jibs and ad lib.  
Urban cross-dressing language molesting  
Here's a suggestion time for a confession.  
I never liked you I still want to fight you  
K.O. 1st round lights out troop.

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In my neighborhood...  
In my neighborhood...

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{Court Room}

Judge Order! Jury, have you reached, have you  
reached a verdict?

Jury We find the wigger GUILTY!!!!

Judge I here by sentence you, wigger, to a 100 years  
confined to a chair, forced to watch episodes of the  
Andy Griffith Show, Hee Haw, and Lawrence Welk. No  
parole.

Corny you lose your proiflies confused  
Wannabe's make me sneeze make me itch like fleas  
Make you hit yo knees for even trying to see  
Circles in a square bite that ass like bees!!  
Your image is deceiving I ain't believing  
You trying act like me for no reason.  
Change your game your rhymes off season mess with  
Steven,  
I'll leave your crew grieving.  
False advertisement strike a pose for the no-style  
trophy.  
You great big phony sponsored by Oscar balogna  
For your whole made up style you owe me.

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In my neighborhood...  
In my neighborhood...

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Don't get mad, unless we're talking about you.

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