

## M.O.P.

### "Speculationz"

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[Voice repeating]

Be where you wanna be, and you're doing what you  
wanna do

[E-40]

Mob that shit up, bee-yatch!!!

[Voice repeating]

Who cares what they think about you?

[Monoxide Child]

Speculation has it, that I'm the freakiest one  
I like to rip off my tongue and spit the black magic  
And I'm supposed to be fuckin' some crack addict  
without a rubber  
And already got a baby by her mother?  
They say I'm signed by a wizard of sorts  
And my momma, she was a banshee who was drowned  
by the corpse  
Say my little brother Jamie, he's dead and in a grave  
And that I'm all alone and afraid  
And everything I gave has been so underestimated  
I been hated by generations for havin' conversations  
with people who didn't make it  
How could I fake it? I'm a monster, remember me?  
The weirdo with the axe from another galaxy  
I keep a blender in my kitchen, filled to the brim  
With the thug suspicions of me drinkin' it up  
And so the fuck, scatter stones get out my Kool-Aid  
I'm blastin' away from all you haters, hit me on my two-  
way

[Hook X4]

You start some bullshit fallin' down (Fallin' down)  
I'm ok (I'm ok)

[Jamie Maddrox]

Speculation has it, that I'm a drunk and a drug addict  
A shit talker always tryin' to start static  
A borderline faggot with long fingernails  
Either that or he's a cokehead but I don't think he cares

Speculation has it, that I've already engaged  
In sexual fantasies with me and Gwen Stefani  
I'm videotapin' in the (?????????????)  
Speculation is called as the one who gets bone  
I can't escape it, mistake it, or fake it out  
Look you in the face as if I don't know what you talkin'  
'bout  
The speculation, you heard that I don't spit on nobody's  
shit  
For no dough, hey man, many mouths to feed and  
many personalities  
In me, lookin' to get P-A-I-D!  
Is it lie or is it truth? You can put that on our skills  
They stay snug like my Batman suit

[Hook]

[E-40]

We smash the flash and if I have to blast it back, get  
'em up, hit 'em up  
Speculations, hater-ations, me and Twiztid don't give a  
fiz-nuck  
'Cause we gon' stay gettin' papered up, and stay  
smashin' indepently  
With a dedicated ass fan base that'll do a  
motherfucker in for me  
Speculations, but see they just don't know  
I don't be rappin' too fast, they just be listenin' too slow  
I don't be spittin' sluggish, E-40 Water be spittin' thug  
shit  
40 be representin' the bowery up in the Compton, got  
the third hoppin'  
Ain't no stoppin' a pimp, me walk with a limp  
Elbows on gimp, puffin' on hits, sippin' on sip  
Sippin' on sip, dippin' and skatin' and bouncin' and shit  
Me and Twiztid be twisted, me and Twiztid be gone  
Me and Twiztid be blizted, me and Twiztid be stoned  
Gone on our head, dead, dead wrong  
Smokin' turtle, beatin' on our chest like King Kong  
Conversatin', lickin' and pokin', high powered slangin'  
of the day  
Tryin' to persuade this licker into givin' me brain

[Hook]

[Voice repeating]

Who cares what they think about you?

[Hook]

