

Das Racist "Middle Of The Cake"

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My pocket full of loud, yeah I got that Fran Drescher
I'm straight up out of Queens but ain't no Tech up on
my dresser
Just a bunch of dusty books and a statue of Brahma
Nirvana, a big framed poster of?
Yeah I spit it great, mommy move it like a snake
We leaving the club like somebody called the Jakes
Eating Ritalin and steak
I'm in the middle of the cake
Of Little Italy, little idiots who think their shit is great
But it's wack

[Hook]

How many licks does it take to get to
The middle of the cake? Even if you're awake
If you're asleep, nutt if you fucked
Now we counting all the sheep

Now let me try it

Anything that don't match a brother's skin color or diet
Show promoters paying for rooms at the Hyatt
Firewater costs a lot of bread, but heads buy it
And keep the owner fed, keep the overhead
This sword of Damocles swings over the coldest
Holders of boulders and money folders
Who sold the bread to hungry buyers at high markup
But money is money is money

[Hook]

Is white devil sophistry
Urban Dictionary is for demons with college degrees
Google Ad technology is artificial karma, B
Rick Ross on the radio at the pharmacy
"If I die today, remember me like Guru Dutt
By anyone, tweet about it forget about it
And then don't give a fuck. I'm feeling weird, I'm up in
a rut
VMA got me now picking it up!

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