

J Lethal

"I'm An Alien"

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(Chorus)

I'm an alien, I'm an alien, I'm an alien, bitch I'm an alien
I'm an alien, I'm an alien, ask anybody, motherfucka,
I'm an alien

(Verse)

I'm an alien, bitch I'm an alien, I get so high when I
hover in my spaceship
That chopper hit your dome and give you a facelift
Still running this shit, first place in the race and,
I'm still not done, my flow stay tighter than a fucking
cummerbund
I take my gun out and all the pussies run, take that Uzi
out, introduce you niggas to the Big Pun
Yeah, I stay on some Eastside shit
If you see me in the booth, I'm on some beast-wild shit
Jackie Chan flow, I kick it up a notch
Your bitch is a freak, she keep reaching for my crotch
I hit it from the side, call that a drum-roll
Then I let her have the nut, cum running down her nose
It's M.O.B bitch, and it's death to my foes
Counting money, making music while I'm laughing at
you hoes
So called competition ain't really competition
I'm so good at what I do that I deserve a mention
Better yet, I deserve a penchant, my rhymes will
elevate your brain so you need to listen
Got a couple racks stuffed, down in my denim
Take a couple swishers out, then I start to split 'em
If a nigga blow my high then I put him in the Earth
Bitch I'm a new me, D2's the rebirth
Stomping on this beat like a motherfucking brat
D-Town's very own, stand up, where you at
Pop that pussy, shake that ass, then throw it back
I spit that cardiac like I had a heart attack
I keep my weed purple like a black girl pussy
Flexing on your beat like a high school bully
Niggas thing they seeing me like a mirage, I'm at home
with your bitch, she give my dick a massage
Stop playing, and take off them pantyhose

I'm trying to dig deep, put my tongue up in that camel-
toe
Bitch I am an alien, get prepared for abduction
She get a mouthful of my volcanic eruption
I define the word real to a T, I am what every pair of
eyes ought to see
Still switching up my styles like a dance routine
I'm in the illest in the game, so fuck you mean
I'm the King, I have a dream, I'm gone off that
Promethazine
I got that horror movie flow 'cause I make these bitches
scream
Sticking to my script, you don't even get the theme
Them diamonds on my wrist, yes they glisten when
they gleam
Bullets hit your white Tee and change your color
scheme
I take your head off and put it on a balance beam
Bitch it's all about I, no other vowels
I'm the shit, bitch nigga, now check your bowels
Them bullets make you curl up like fried shrimp, and if
she get my dick hard it's gone be bigger than a blimp
I stay high, yeah I'm on the solar
But I'm so cold that I'm still on my polar
Eastside nigga, until the day they bury me
313 nigga until they have to carry me, to my grave
Hello Hip-Hop, you have been saved, I'm out

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