

# Taikun LEON

## "Tux"

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### 1st verse (Taikun LEON)

Ok, I'm back into this rap shit, yo' girl's swallowin' kids like Pac-Man.

You don't run shit like a fat man, I'm in this bitch like tampons, no crack man it's AG we too fly, codiene I'm too high, red dot go boom pop I thug hard no Tupac. Bitch thick like tube socks, bust one yo' crew hop, hit you with that doowop she crowd please no ooh ahh I'm Jesus, the vegan they like me but I like Reese's and my bitch is black and white, she's my muhfuckin' zebra I got that fever no Selena niggas bitchin' on that Beiber, all I want is that brain, I'm like take me to your leader got that uzi for that fishy shit and I ain't talkin' sushi, my life is like a movie and I'm on location shooting.

With no camera, I run this shit no stamina, I don't fuck with ametures I'll fuck around and man handle ya', sold my soul for this flow, now I'm so dope, that all I can do is hope, that I have enough gold, prolly more than the pope man it's suprisin' that I don't even smoke man.

### Bridge

### Second verse (SJL)

I'm drunk off that havoc, weed tastes like magic, codiene in my cereal, yeah y'all niggas delerial my bad bitch want a bad bitch, glad mu bitch ain't basic, 12 gauge in that nigga's face, give that nigga a facelift she smashed you but she want me, boy you got that lame D, whatcha smokin' that's homegrown, yeah my girl ass overgrown, mac 10 that's all chrome, black girls that give dome, white girls with no home I swear to god she gives dome she butt naked when I get home she love me 'cause my dick long, codiene I sip slow nappy hair no picked fro,

### Third verse (Taikun LEON)

Obama ain't change I hold the gun sideways, team shoot first, that's a gangbang, point it at yo' brain, point blank range, reload the mag, here we go again, rollin' up strong, smokin' Vin Diesel these niggas

trickin' like Eve Knieval but I don't even see 'em my  
swag like a needle my bitch got that brain that'll fuck  
around and teach you I came from the dirt, where  
gangs put in work and niggas couldn't walk around with  
some names on they're shirts, eatcha main bitch for  
dessert, then make her give brain 'till her fuckin' face  
hurt, garage band rap shit, hit 'em with the pump make  
a nigga do a back flip money so old it remember way  
back then choppa turnin' nigga into ghost, Pac-Man  
pretty nigga, nappy fro, competition, sappy flow, I ain't  
done yet whatcha clapping for I'm a class act, don't  
pass me notes, I got 'em so addicted I'm passing coke  
at the time time I'm sick I need an antidote you can  
hear my name in every throat, but they envy though I'm  
a young nigga with a fro. for brains, aviator y'all loathe  
the plane yo' girl's here she now the game we both  
came she go away, fuck. a gang I don't flag two bad  
hoes they both gag got a black bitch her stroke's  
savage got a white chick she's so plastic.

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