

A.B. Quintanilla F/ Kumbia Kings**"Go Ahead Den"**

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[Kardinal Offishall]

Alright

Yo, I'm bust

I'mma kill it, I'mma kill it

Here we go here we go

Yo

My flow is like a cock block for your whole label street team

My verse is like a hearse for your marketing scheme

My whole steez nigga please, put the mic down

Talking 'bout you represent, when you embarrassing your town

Walking around with the Gay Pride parade crown

Silicone raps underneath that pink gown

Posing as a killer when you living as a clown

Entertaining A&R's too deaf to hear the sound

You a has-been rapper, talking 'bout your style's nice

Saying I'm independent now, looking for a new life

A weak DJ, living off of 80's fame

Guess starring in the Basement, living off of Tigga's name

My name's Kardinal, the pearl mic dark figure

Diploma type thoughts mixed up with street niggas

Living underground trying to earn the pop loot

'Cause I won't sell crack and got no aim to shoot

No patience for the weed, not quick enough to thief

Can't pimp, don't like fur coats or gold teeth

But I can rock the hell out of a fat ass beat

I might smile, up in your face and then jack your S-P

CHORUS 1 [Kardinal Offishall] {CMD}

Yo, I'm ill to the 7th degree

T-dot represent, ya hearing me

{Go ahead den}

Yo, I'm the nicest rapper dapper

With flows you don't know, how a firestarter go

{Go ahead den}

Yo, lick two, chart off in the sky

A make way when I'm stepping in the room

{Go ahead den}

Yo eff rappers, I'm the hardest thing on two feet

Yo, listen to me, ya not zeen
{Well go ahead den}

[Kardinal Offishall]

Yo, my rhymes are FedEx covered in latex
Delivered to your Jubby, my charms tribes quest for hot
sex
No bust for the next can protect
It's when the I drop, the niggas saying 'what?'
And the skins are saying wet wet wet wet wet
I'm dripping in 'nuff girls, and missing what we trying
to say
But talking about a revolution, end up talking about the
day
When they can feel a rapper's privates, I'm looking for
your mind
But I'm seeing all your titties and a big round behind
Oh damn girl, you make think 'bout selling out
But oops, your weave just fell out
Ha ha
I'm straight from the place that first brought you Vince
Carter
The story of Hurricane, and imported sugar cane
And snappy pop coming out three for a dollar
What, Peter loves who? Yo don't bother to hail it up
In the streets where we meet 'cause you might get beat
And find your head caught between timbos and
concrete
And that's real, a lot of ignorant peeps around the way
Ain't trying to bend over to the madness of the day
But do what to do and yo who am I to say
I just want your records sales anyway
You see me

CHORUS 2 [Kardinal Offishall] {CMD}

Someone kill to try and come up with the things that I
say
I'm a bad mother-yo
{Go ahead den}
I'm too fresh like Guess-V, in a special way (special
way)
But everyday
{Go ahead den}
"It's no way we can rock after them"

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