

Midget

"Act On It"

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[Midget Verse 1]

Back streets, back roads
I'm safe, you try crack codes
I'm on my path, let's call it cash road
I make 'em kick the bucket, to the last toe
Cocaine cowboy, the money wit' the lasso
Two make times two, with collabo
I'm higher than the mountains, in Colorado
I'm on my feet like tough act and tinactin
I'm runnin' this, y'all should try tacklin'
Try tackle a taranchula
I could tackle a?
I flow like an avalanche
I'm the bomb, collateral damage
Act on it; throw your cash on it
Time out, then right back on it
I make a point, like tacks on it
Keep my seat warm like I sat on it
I beat the beat up, bat on it
Raise the stacks, the stakes, but don't bet on it
Lower your bets, raised expectations

[Midget Hook x2]

Act on it; throw your cash on it
I'm fly, she air strip; I'm a land on it
Life's a beach, throw some sand on it
I make a point like tacks on it

[Midget Verse 2]

I rap like tinfoil, flow like Pennzoil
Wal-Mart club theme song, less is more
I fly I don't need floors
I walk through walls, I don't use doors
I'm behind 16 bars and I want 2 more
The bi—h OD's, Op
My pocket got green, they obese
Die the wrong life, and end wit' no piece
Piece out, but I aint gone yet
But I am hot like the sonnet
Blend in like an iguana
Trend like a spotter

You know it aint trickin' if you got it
But I got it, I'm on it
Wait hold up, forgot to act on it

[Midget Hook x2]

Act on it; throw your cash on it
I'm fly, she air strip; I'm a land on it
Life's a beach, throw some sand on it
I make a point like tacks on it

[Midget Verse 3]

12, 11, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1
Lift off, watch the clock
The wrist watch, Os spigot posh
To the next click a the wrist watch
Twelve seconds left 'til detonate
Six albums so I dedicate
I'm fly I don't walk I just levitate
Five rings; I got 'em all platinum
I got a QB, let's sack 'em
Question bi—h, is all you do is flack 'em
Life gone by twice, still no three men and mice
They must be dead or alive
I know we all tired
Tired a the hoop and holla
I'm about to switch this girl to starter
And she can fly around the world, f—k charter
She get first class, the finest wine
I spit bullets, make her bite the nine
And watch the chair decline
See me in my moment; be there to feel the pride
Be there to see the dread
And this a wrap, now put these sheets to bed

[Midget Hook x2]

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