

Kardinal Offishall, Go Ahead Den

(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 tief

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}
** scratched by DJ Tracks **
(Kardinal Offishall)
Yo yo
I'm kick another one, another one for the mic, know what I'm saying
Yo, I'm rolling through my hood system waking up the neighbours
Hell yeah, I know it's wrong but I gotta pump my song
Heavier rotation than Sisqo and Thong Song
I'm the perfect combination of Einstein and Long Dong Silver
Up in one, kick real raps for fun
I'm the black anti-Babylon, rapping shogun
I try not bus' until I'm sure she cum
If I get a little hit, check I out the whole long
My tongue is like an instant check for 7-0's
Write about this, rhyme something about the hoes
Anyways I try to uplift, but not too serious yet
Because too much to say makes a negro's a threat
So we talk about sex and promote the drug game
Even though we know it's wrong, we just trying to make a name
Cha, I'm trying to get my Mom's out the ghetto
And you would too if you could flow, stupid!
CHORUS 1
** scratched by DJ Tracks **
(KO) DJ Tracks