Rehab, We Ain't Come To Play

We ain't come to play, get outta the way or where you stand is right where you'll lay I want to see your arm's movin' side to side you want to win, then be on my side we ain't come to play, get outta the way or where you stand is where you'll lay I want to see your arms movin' side to side you want to win, be on my side Hey, don't worry about me, I'm doin' fine want to knock my head off, get in line I'm on like grits and Dunkin' dime couldn't be rap/rock 'cause we can't rhyme this year, Rehab on the cover of Time nineteen Grammys and a cold ad line bout tired of ya'll retards not gettin' it rhyme's so dope, it can't be bit now every damn cousin' want to rap and shit ask for rock licks and holla up in the mix might get away with it on rock radio but come round here, get slapped with flow I know you know I'll take your ho I'm throwin' bottles, stumps and elbows everytime I see a video, I think about titty, TV I want to know where the dough go I'm dirty southern skies, I'm undercover errr! Hit it raw, no rubber Brooks you're stupid, naw dawg I'm a genius got a wide-load hanging down from my wee-wee you're a food court rhymer up in the malls I'm a world-wide phenomenon walkin' through walls many been mangled or often angled sister step down to puke the triangle happy, happy, happy, naw get into the pit, break a jaw let off steam, fuck the scene don't give a damn who keeps it clean I don't feel love unless it bleeds I don't want to mosh, I wanna stampede Yeeahh, get up, get up, let's go, let's go, let's go We ain't come to play, get outta the way or where you stand is right where you'll lay I want to see your arm's movin' side to side you want to win, then be on my side we ain't come to play, get outta the way or where you stand is where you'll lay I want to see your arms movin' side to side you want to win, be on my side I cannot make a mistake by being my fuckin' self and if you ain't lookin' for me, you can settle for someone else so punk, who's willin' to suck your dick and wipe your stinkin' ass those clothes, money and hoe's don't give you a lick of class I can't believe I've got myself into this fucked-up situation where I don't know what you want from me and now I don't fuckin' care if I gotta to wear Fubu and get a new do to rock you then fuck you and suck my cock too cause phony is something I cannot do that ain't my talent dumb-ass you can drop me and three years from now this'll be the new shit and if that's what you want then right now I'm teachin' you how to do shit man, fuck a thug, fuck a lie, fuck a scheme if you can't market the truth, then don't fuck with me ya'll don't want to break new ground so call the lawyer draw up the paper work, release me, forget it or fuckin' blow me up, in which case, you still get the credit

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you want to win, be on my side Suck my motherfuckin' dick. Bitch!