

# Dizze Rascal, Pagans

I don't speak queen's English but I'm still distinguished  
I don't need no suit or tie to let you know I mean business  
I know you're into this  
Even even if you were deaf, blind and dumb and awkwardly rhythmless  
I'm like syphilis ain't no denying this, weaken this  
Any attempt would be grimy and hideous  
Young and I'm black and I'm ignorant  
But I'm still fabulous  
Meaning I'm nigga-less  
More than the way I feel strength in my pigments  
What does it matter? Just give me my dividends  
Switching up syllables mixing with criminals  
Keep up appearance but keeping it minimal  
Bredders be getting too over familiar  
Quizzical, touching your physical  
Hands on my bread with a spoon in my cereal  
Not on my watch cause I'm a hard rock  
Come through in a hard top  
With your girl in the passenger seat, she getting hard cock  
I didn't even let the car stop  
Don't even worry what cars I've got  
You should be concerned with what you are not  
I dictate the pace and set the bar a lot  
You get parred a lot  
Sorry pardon what?  
I can't hear you bro you sound weary bro  
Talk shit but you won't come near me though  
And I'm far from sweet I'm no Cheerio  
I switch up the place real quick like hear we go  
Leave your body all black with a whole lot of indigo  
Six feet below  
No heads up, no intro  
No info I get it in bro

Cold world with a whole lot of schemers  
It don't stop for the dreamers  
You could fuck around and get took to the cleaners  
I know man that would do a lot of dirty  
Put a lot of work in  
Just to ride Benz and Beamers  
Devious creatures  
Try to steer clear of the preachers  
Screaming out 'God can't reach us'  
Nothing they can teach us, leave us  
Looking for a girl with over the top features  
Couldn't care less about Jesus  
Couldn't give a fuck about a thesis  
Looking for the easiest next top model  
Or another shit TV series  
Raised by MTV generation  
Not a lot of patience  
Update Facebook status, no hesitation  
How they gonna deal with the wolves of the nation  
How they gonna recognize pros and cons with no education  
How they gonna win with no dedication  
All you really care about is Playstation  
World Star Hip Hop humiliation  
Everything built on a weak foundation  
Whole lot of time being wasted  
Whole lot of shit champagne being tasted  
Everybody in the club acting basic  
Everybody wanna be a star let's face it  
Gassed by the money and the fame let's chase it  
Gotta get it quick gotta get it by all means

Wanna be a big timer like the guy from New Orleans  
Got big dreams, but they absurd, and they obscene  
Pregnant on TV at sixteen  
Don't know what this shit means

Yo, can't trust these no-good, two-faced cut-throat Pagans living in Babylon  
Wanna sell me lies, wanna bleed me dry, wanna see me live like a vagabond  
Like I worked this hard and I come this far just to them waffle and babble on  
Don't want your help, don't need your advice who rattled your cage  
Know one of these days won't cease to amaze  
Bunch of lost souls they ain't tryna get saved  
They're just tryna get paid, wanna jump on my wave  
Turn back around, jump right in my grave  
Do me a favour, don't do me no favours  
I don't need no savior cause I do it major  
Now it's back to the paper I'll deal with the pagans later