

Stolen Identity

Somebody's out there frontin', tryin' to be me
But all of y'all know these lyrics ain't me

Somebody out there's throwing y'all a syke
These weak-ass lyrics are unworthy of a mic

I'm so fabulous and I'm so fly
My fans and admirers call me Mr. Whye

Didn't write this shit, though it carries my name
Some perp's tryin' to ruin my 15 minutes of fame

Just another wannabe playin' one of their stunts
Must be on crack or high off some blunts

They can't touch me when it comes to kicking rhymes
Tried to school them stunt dummies a number of times

Whoever it is they can't flow like me
They got no clue, they don't know like me

Whoever wrote this free flow better not be home
'Cuz I'm coming after you and I'm packin' the chrome

They even stole a pic of me sportin' my Gucci shades
Just afta I kicked some ass in a game of Ole School Spades

Could it be some wildin'-out and stupid-ass bold youth
With pants down to their anks and rockin' a gold tooth?

Can't say I blame 'em, cuz I remember it well
When back in the day I tried to be LL

A little while back I was asked to represent
Didn't keep my word, so I guess they upped and went

And made up these lyrics to shame me and to taunt me
If I had to make a guess, I'd say it was an Auntie!

