

[Intro:]

Team Early
Lot of Lexus' in the building
All different avenues, you smell me?
(Benji style, Benji style, Benji style...)

[Verse 1:]

I got a lot of bars, I got a lot of burners
Hold it down for my niggas that's behind bars
I got a lot of raps, I got a lot of straps
Got that 650 grand Coup, I'm a trap star
My beard big and it's awkward, my voice different
They said it'd be hard to market and yet I cornered the market
Ten years later, I'm still here
And people whose careers started when mine started careers departed
I am, lion-hearted, I'm a rare breed
I'm my father's only seed, I'm my mother's only offspring
Buck shot's up in the Mossberg, boss things
My bitch got me feelin' like Sam Rothstein
I'm b'out to LA clip her, we all sinners
But the best of us sinners are those who are repent
Neck froze, wrist froze, and it's barely even winter
On my caveman shit, about to hunt for my dinner
Come on!

[Dialogue:]

We methodical with this shit
Straight up and down - nothin' flashy over here
That's how we livin' - three the hard way
Three emcee's doin' what they do
Nothin' fake here
My young boy gon' wreck it
From the Windy City
Ayo Sean - get 'em

[Verse 2: Sean]

Chyeah!
You see I'm in it for a reason, someone to believe in
Learned to swim quicker 'cause I got tossed in the deep end
My cousin was a drunk, and his father was a deacon
Nonsense made sense, let that there seep in
I've seen a prom queen never leave the nest
And end up with more babies than dudes she had sex with
I respect it 'cause I'm as real as it gets
And I'm a terrible liar, so what you see what you get
I'm living proof, of the talent that won't tarnish
A monster, I'm fightin', I don't do no sparrin'
My jeep got you wranglers looking so Brett Farvrish
Claimin' I'm a 'burbanite but don't want no problems
Put it together like no other
Hungry as a child with no mother
Twelve brothers, reppin' the three fingers
Mind on a roof with no gutter
Knifin' through butter, watchin' my thoughts hover
Come on!
Chyeah!

[Dialogue:]

We raining verbal terror on y'all fake emcees
Your squad ain't tough
Y'all peon-ass cats
Talkin' 'bout y'all killers
Y'all 16 shots can't match
This 50 in the clip right here
Real street niggas know what it is
Ayo Tek - spit at these niggas

[Verse 3: Tek]

Young nigga - fast lane
Usain Bolt of the crack game
Never gave a fuck and I still don't
Home run show and I never bunt
No matter how much a money getter
You still looked at as a black nigga
I come through and I get salutes
I don't even talk as much as my shooter shoots
I'm still looked at as a boss
I bounce back, after every loss
I take a minute but I'm still in it
I keep my family as my lieutenant
It's so hard to trust outsiders
If I'm Clyde, who my Bonnie rider?
I just wanna count a million figures
And have the jails open up for my million niggas

[Outro:]

Marchin' through your hood, stompin' on your projects
We the Lords of War - 'nough respect
Hello world - we made it
Come on...