

Yo, I'm not rollin', my shit golden
Straight out the colon, fuckin' with Trust niggas is holdin'
We money-foldin', might just use it to wipe your runny noses
In [?] culture, you couldn't approach 'em
Or even coach 'em, my mind was made up just like a sculpture
Runnin' with vultures, the model: paper over pinocha
The God's poppin', new and exclusive
This how you do shit, catch me on your block with the hard copies
Slang sovereign, my language is [?]
This ain't politics, this is dangerous dope
Show me the best, I bang on you goats
These rap niggas scared of me, 'cause they know I came for the smoke
This ain't a parity, and we don't do this shit for charity
We do this for the sake of the seeds and having clarity
You would have thought I chose this life to marry me
But it chose me, now I'm shooting fire at the Pharisees
Lines that catch you off guard like a car bombing
And the gun to the face is how you calm drama
Fuck you talkin' 'bout if it ain't 'bout a dolla?
Coming live and direct from Bratislava

If you don't calm down we might calm you
Whoever told you what they told you shoulda warned you
Or better yet, they shoulda armed you
We on our one-two for those thinking that they're Sun Tzu
We are not regional
This is worldwide seasonal, you want it, we got it
More product, I knew it when I thought about it
This is some shit live from Bratislava

Been the proof, army jacket-lining
When I'm rhyming I attack the track like a pack of lions
Rappers lack refining and be shallow in the culture
I'm alkaline poker, the albums is folklore
My sound is the most raw since '9-4 RZA
A [?] splitter-slash-hardcore spitter
The God of war with a [?] fitter
The skill I distill is stronger than corn liquor mix
Moonshine and Ballantine, call a [?]
Fill a cup from the bottle, and pass it to my dunny
We're getting fat, chunky, lump sums over here
Over there motherfuckers got holes up in their care
I [?], and throw a sphere across the galaxy
Earn a boss salary for what I cost hourly
Challenge me get lined, I don't need a blade neither
I keep my mic sharp enough to shape up your caesar
The break freaker, keep a crate full of ether
I been told you crabs \$64K per feature
Clay in PA, dog dotta, top shotters
Mobbin' in the drop Apollo on the block in Bratislava like it's nada

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That's the renegade God, Planet Asia
And the homie Flashius Clayton
This that 1994 shit
And I'm 38 Spesh, trust