

# 1000 Degreez

A-Reece

Rappers ain't monkey flipping with this funky rhythm I be kicking  
Musician, inflicting composition of pain  
I'm like Nas in his prime, spitting that fire  
Still on my grind like I be pushing that nine-to-five  
Rap game's messiah, ska ba snax  
I light up the city during the night  
My niggas fly  
Terminate everything in the sky to make space for me  
[?] you conquer then devide  
These niggas are two-faced, contrasting like black and white  
Don't underestimate the abilities of my mind  
Those pretty designs [?]  
Here to remind them, my skill is never declining  
Lyrics I write come from the spirit of Pac in my view  
The gimmicks you bite come from the rappers that I chew  
How ironic, I'm honest, I don't need iTunes  
My views that into your brains and souls too

Tell me, do you want more?  
One thousand degrees, homie  
You don't want war  
A-R-double E-C-E  
The best to ever do it on the M-I-C  
Yah, yah!

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You can catch scating through your town  
Putting it down, y'all relating  
No way in, I'll make your [?] like satan  
Feeling like Hov in ninety-six, minus the camo lips  
With fresher kicks, dooper rhyme schemes that he had never kicked  
Choosing, pick a floor, and probably changing, maybe five or six  
Times in a verse, beat macked, watch me bury it  
Technic comes from the spirit of Biggie mixed with  
Rakim's fundamentals and I [?] delivering  
Eminem is listening, the new shit know you're dealing with  
Lost angels, unannounced king with a missing crown  
'Round the town with a sound no one familiar with  
Underground with the [?] just a lil' bit  
But then again, I'm feeling like A-Reece on that forever king  
I'm God-given, spit writtens for lost children  
And hard living, niggas in they room wishing

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