

Bellator

A-Reece

(How we gon' do this?)
(One, two, three)
Yeah (Yeah, yeah)
Picture me rolling like Pac, uh
Nah, picture me rolling all this weed that I got
(These niggas thought we wouldn't leave the blocks, nigga)
Woo!
Yeah
Yeah

Picture me rolling like Pac
Nah picture me rolling all this weed that I got
Nothing less than a lot
There's nothing on the stove when I say I'm burning the pot
The ball was in my brother's court
He made sure to pass me the rock
Feeling like Kobe at the Rucker Park with the orange top
Tomahawk dunking the shot
Trying to prove that I'm real and you're not
Does not fill my pockets with knots
I already got it on lock
You should be earning your spot
Michael just sent me this chop
I'm about to set it on fire
Add a little mint-pepper sauce
Kicking raps, throwing punches like a bellator sport
You cannot critique the form
Your favorite rapper needs to put his best foot forward
Better yet
Tell your favorite rapper I could write his best verse for him
You cannot afford to wage war
You're still in the training course
I was a major tool in creating the wave they on
They study the way I move
Maybe I should create a course
Of course
I'm on track on every track
Them niggas is off course
I quote: my brands are an extension of me
Who would've thought the king would be a kid from Danville Extension 3

Poppa was a rolling stone
Now his young nigga out here rolling cones
The Godfather, call me Corleone
I'm on the rise so they call me Don
Smoking flowers got me in the zone
Get on the planet that I'm living on
Through the songs
The boy made the call now you know what's going on
I been rapping since the war started happening up in Lebanon
Michael chopped it so I had to get my shit off
I smoke that shit and get lost
Make music like a wizard
These niggas feel the blizzard
No rolling with the rizla
We are not beginners
They better get the picture

The captain, I'm the skipper