

Catch Up

Anilyst

Got goals that I'll reach
Tryna' go from a pro to a chief
You'z a kitten that holds a disease
The kid is a pitt that just broke off a leash
Admit that you know that I'm over unique
You chickens don't wanna have no kind of beef
Shit's so dope call it coke on a beat
'Lyst on this can you go kinda deep?
Show that your flow has a soul when it speaks
Bitch feel the kicks from the soles of my feet
Diss on this flow you can choke on a D
Cause' the shit that I spit is so over you weaks
Medicine blown as I roam overseas
Let a bitch know I don't go underneath
Step in this moment to let it be known that I'll shred an opponent who want
it with me

Spazzing he always seems grinnin'
And his G's screaming "We Winnin"
If you have a dream then believe in it
Cause it could happen at any minute
I fought for my art just to land respect
Balls to the wall could you stand to step?
To this hard earned passionate path of stress
Watching your art not manifest
Thoughts make you start feeling mad depressed
It starts to get hard just to catch a breath
When you fall through the darkest and massive depths
Students in Harvard can't pass this test
But this year I'm a new dude
This here be that new new
Made it crystal clear what I do to
These studios that I move through
It's, true true that my words are literal
I don't claim I'm a killa' but I murder syllables
I don't turn for my burner my words are killable
Why you claiming that you ballin' when you earn a minimal?
I'm a, real dude but you birds are pitiful
Claiming that you run the city now you turned a criminal?
Claiming you was livin' gritty but you birds are typical
I can roll up on your biggest homie turn him critical
I'ma, hold back on my sining to just slit him
I'd rather do it like a menace with a pen to offend um'
I got the rhythm within him and if he grins I'mma get um'
I bet you never seen nobody spit it sick as my venom
And I'm a, real brotha' that promoted his own name
I'm no lame never see me fucking with' no chain
I'm dope mayn' you would think I'm fuckin' with cocaine
There's no pain see me leave a brotha with no brain

Make music that'll cater to the felons
The one's cravin' just to put a crater through your melon
Say you're gettin' paper but you earned your wager telling
It's amazin' how these fakers even sellin'
Sitting in my chamber feeling angered while I'm vaporizer smellin'
High as hell and it just feels like I'm propelling
Yelling at a preacher never that but I've been preaching what I'm yelling

I'm that teacher that will beat you till your features ain't appealin'
(I) listen through the drama, Mr. New Obama
So much money that they call my bank the institute of commas
A hit or two of ganja, got me in the mood to wanna, rhyme the sickest lines
Strong enough to victimize ya momma
Hypnotized by the way I spit the rhymes I'ma, grip a 9 with a k just in my h
onor
You ain't never heard a rapper say the rhymes finer
I'm flyer than the wings on the side of a side winder