

Grown Simba Remix

Anilyst

Yeah... I Mean
I don't do too much bullshit in the talking
So this time... isn't gonna be any different

Look...
I spit with massive weight to blast and break your ribs
Sick of faggot fakes with fabricated fibs
Catch a case and dip
Met an actress babe that asked to taste my kids
Got's the ass and waist to match the face and lips
Laceration sick, ate a half an eighth of hash to take a trip
Stick with rappin' great cause passion pays a grip
Fascination with how I captivate the track to paint a pic
Let my craft create this master-mason shit
Let your mind accept it
Get respected off this method I've perfected
I've been blessed with every session I've attended
I'll get what I've projected
Then press that 9 to get your mind to exit
Fucker step aside, get left to die in trenches
Ho, behold the honcho
Kobe with the clock though
Homie I'm an artist so my flow be so Picasso
You're only known as awful
Don't approach me or get toppled
Earnin' dough's my motto
And my ho be from Morocco

I got you askin' who's that boy playa'?
Yeah... and then they tell 'em
I got you askin' who's that boy playa'?
Yeah... and then they tell 'em
I got you askin' who's that boy playa'?
Yeah... and then they tell 'em
They only wanna ask cause they know that he's high
And they can all tell that he's going to the top

My crew is a pack of leaders
That move like a pack of cheetahs
Get bruised if you plan to cheat us
I'm student, surpassing' teachers
A nuisance with masterpieces
My music will blast your speakers
This movement will pack arenas
Keep dudes that are whack beneath us
Revolve like a group of vultures
Go hard for the youth and culture
My thoughts and my mood can alter
My dogs came to rule and conquer
My temper ain't fit for testin'
This temperature builds with tension
Come enter the fifth dimension
Surrender in sixty seconds
I rhyme like I'm on an island
Shine like a polished diamond
Mind always on my grind
And I climb when you start declining

Got dimes so your broad is whining
Rhymin', they start applauding
My dogs finna cause a problem
They hoppin' and starting mobbin'
I'm plotting to pop your noggin
Dropping your top, ain't stoppin'
Socking you pops for mocking
I'm knocking you off for talking
Out of his fuckin' mind
It's better you run and hide
This rapper will leave you scattered
Then shatter your fuckin' spine

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