

The sky glistens, the vibe missing is back
God spittin', put the 'Ville on the map
Once upon a time there was not a realer than rap
All that money buys you could never fill in that gap
So drop a funny line or cunning rhyme
Whatever style, you decide
Teach a butter how to fly
Lick a shot a hundred times
The beauty of it, record in the studi, eff it
To do it right here in public
Prove that you truly love it
From Brooklyn to Czech Republic
Truth that we truly covet
Your mood could be messing up
The crew help you get above it
After you will see, you and me
[?] Tracee, Bear, Saint Tommy, Simon Powell, Baylor Beats
Blvff is coming back this week (What up?)
That's the faculty
Rapping like we athletes
If you wanna pass, better learn how to weed casually
Actually I would never ask thee to do something I wouldn't do
So these raps be holding up my end of the bargain
Look what we started, a party, and now we chartered
And chartered a plane to Harbyn who's getting married in May, e
nchanté
Nice to meet you, greet you, reaching new people
The feats be the features, leap to new peaks
Speak the future [?] see soon, be cool
That's the first rule if you creep through
Other than that we all equal, Y Tu

And you, and you, and you, and you
Welcome to UOC
Fall semester, baby