

Are you ready?

Lately I've been splittin' with precision of a surgeon
With the wisdom and the wordin' if you listen it's concernin
How the viciousness is burnin' through your ignorant perception
Got academy prescription, and some ecstasy with resin
You better be deceptive if you wish to stop this shit
Cause my squad's to-do list is a bitchy cops wishlist
Long haired white kid I think Iggy Pop spit this
I don't even gotta make sense, look how sick this nonsense is
People don't even ask where the content is
So why try if I can make a living off jibberish

Lately I've been steakin' on and breakin' into vacant homes
Cypher in an alley streets buyin beats and takin loans
Make it known, nastier than shearin skin and breakin' bones
The crazy and evasive flow no kid can top this shit
And if shit gets sour then I click the sixth hour
Cause my clique bout as lucky as 6 to the 5th power
I spit short and keep it holy ripped trousers
You're playin with those weak ass bars the twin towers
I should rhyme for good times like Ben Powers
And mix match assortments of freshly picked flowers

Bitch louder while I get a whiff of the roses
You know we live for the moment so explicitly chosen so
Fuck the liars and the dead beat cheaters
Cus they did this city dirty as a lead street sweeper
And my collective ain't a squad you should fuck with
They be ain't the best and your an obvious fuckwit
Enough yet I could kill with pad and a pen blowing green
Like a wave a resilient flag in the wind
What's up