

# Basement Cypher

Beast Coast

Introductions is necessary  
They necessary!  
We escaping from New York! Ya heard?  
Listen

It's been a minute, but ain't a damn thing changed  
I'm still Big Tigger, still doing big things  
And it's strange, they treating our culture dirty  
'Cause this year, Rap City would eventually turn 30  
No conversation, no presentation  
No social media posts or celebration  
I'm just bringing you the facts and truth  
But shoutout to the Beast Coast for bringing back the booth!

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, uh  
I'm smoking good bitch, huh, I can't complain  
I shoulda let my hair down, but fuck it, let my nuts hang  
BABA Juice, fathered dudes, fuck it, this is child abuse  
These niggas need their own style, these niggas need their own sound  
I'm still tryna ride the wave, I hope you motherfuckers drown  
She called it Lake Tahoe when Juicy coming into town  
I'm spell casting, I think they cappin', I think they actin'  
Attention seeking, just need a reason to bring out the demons  
Trippin', a rebel like Jimi Hendrix, this is hard work  
Talking independent, got that terp talk  
If you tryna hit it, LSD cap, gotta feed the village  
I'm a businessman, gentleman, trap star, rap god  
Your passport, you had to ask for  
I just fucked your girl 'cause I was that bored, uh!

That's my nigga Juice the capo on the fucking mic man  
It's Issa Gold here man, you know  
UA shit, Beast Coast shit, three time move, my nigga  
Shoutout my nigga Big Tigger, know what I mean?  
We in LA though, know what I mean?  
Sitting low in the coupe, you know what I'm talking about, nigga?  
Hold up

Roll a spliff in traffic, sitting low inside the coupe  
Legal tint but dark enough to block the suites  
Your friends a liar man, you need to tell the truth  
That's why we're cuttin' all the snakes and the Judas from our troops  
Hold up, sour diesel mania, the plug from Albania  
Got a couple choices, he like Starbucks with the flavorin'  
Smokin' with my zombies and my goons like Transylvania  
My niggas got it low like scalpin' tickets out the stadium  
My messages is free movies, that's word to Putlocker  
The mumble rappers is fake hot, word to Sriracha  
You'se a triple eye [?]  
Lead the nation like Obama, stomping rappers in the locker  
I'm a bully on these beats, check the goal like soccer teams  
Just solace, not presiding, I'm the honor when I speak  
Drop the gavel on a nigga head, knock him off his feet  
Triptonic automatic when I'm gliding through the streets, nigga!

Hold on, Pow, keep this beat  
Keep this beat, I want this beat, I ain't switching shit

Yo, yo, yo, yo, ayo  
I just wanna fuck, catch a vibe with it  
Gelato in my blunt, taste like ice cream  
I helped make you, why would I violate you  
Lenny Kravitz, black shades, watch me fly away  
Imma rep that Beast Coast until my dying day  
Niggas hate and envy, that's just human nature  
If you see me in love, it was a hallucination  
Her man ain't home, so when in Rome, he get his slot taken  
Designer weed, usually I'm smoking top flavors  
I'm on a paper chase, man you just twat chasin'  
The block is hot like a burning thot, you are not safe here  
It ain't sinnin' if you winnin', feel like God's favorite  
She be screaming like a demon when I'm fornicating  
Call me Lucifer, it's weird but the sex amazing  
I'm from BK, she from AK, LA, man fuck it baby  
I'm freestylin', yeah I'm wildin', I'm going crazy

The dark one, nigga!  
The dark one, nigga!  
Yo, who next, who next, let's hit it!

You know what I'm saying  
Joey Bada\$\$, the Badmon  
They know that

Uh, I gotta get the Skrilla  
I got dreams stacked in plenty figures  
Sipping fine white wine chilling in my villa  
Smoking on Killa, thinking 'bout the bigger picture  
Underneath the 6 figure chandelier fixture  
Mister, everyday just getting mo' richer  
Act up, I send the real goons, come and get ya  
Bodies get dropped, we ain't playing games of Twister  
Putting back shots in your mother and your sister  
I'm sick and vicious, treating radical buttons like they're kill switches  
I bang on mics ridiculous, won't stop until the kid is ubiquitous  
Niggas know I am the best, they just struggle admitting it  
Big dick energy, I'm emitting it  
If she got a fat ass, backstage pass, you know that I'm hitting it  
I ain't gotta flash cash, but you know that I'm getting it  
These raps ain't visions bitch, I'm already living it, yeah

Badmon, Bad one, three time!

Ay, let me get it back, let me catch that shit  
It's AK the illest, AK the illest in this bitch  
Beast Coast gang

Ay, ay, ay, uh  
I got the heart of the city, so they ride along with me  
Always keep a spliff lit, never fuck with that Whitney  
Got a bad bitch beside me, so I nickname her Kidney  
But I never hit it raw 'cause man don't want no pickey  
Every season I'm on tour nigga, check the brochure  
Got your bitch on all fours, greet me like 'Bonjour'  
On the south of France shore, but I still hunger more  
Why you one hit chasing? Should've got some insurance  
Better yet some endurance, like BLO, like a tour  
Step on my toes, we ain't sparring  
Grip the weapons like Spartans  
Niggas be reckless, shoot you, go to church next morning

Fuck a detective, my alibi was 'I was recording'  
Send a invoice to the stu so my defensive is stronger  
All my niggas messed up like tryna deflect a boulder  
Pull up on you with the force and tease these niggas like Yoda  
She gon' ride until the court, so I'ma never disown her  
But to tap into the source I put the world on my shoulders, nigga

Young AK, nigga!

Yo, yo, yo, yo  
Of course, I gotta talk to em  
It's Kirk Knight in this motherfucker  
Yo, yeah, yeah, look

Became an artist, time to make it legit, make it exist  
Old soul so I walk with a limp  
Speak the naked truth, bitches catch fits, but now it's all good  
Lick up the smoke in the hood, that's regular shit  
Like foreskin, shorty always been on my dick  
But that's never the focus, there's knowledge to get and knowledge to kick  
I called the grip, but this aim, that shit took time  
And now I'm way too hip, I never waste lines  
I'm sipping fine wine that's word to the grapevine  
And I got the Midas touch, every verse is a goldmine  
Uh, watch my moves, you could learn something  
Look, weeding out my problems, time to burn something  
Never get smoke, America's most blunted  
Posted with a lot of grams, rotation, heavy abundance  
Look, fast life like a crash dummy  
I'm over heads nigga, you an understudy

Everybody that done doubted me gon' eat they words for lunch  
Try to hit me with some shit, but I had beat em to the punch  
I was standing outside solo now my finger start to numb  
Been a starving artist for solo, now my ribs are starting to touch  
Living on a dirty block, where they was dealing in the cut  
Niggas rocking off a fifty like 'We really in the cut'  
I thought crackheads want to sneak I guess them fiends is really hooked  
Couldn't tell by how they move but you could see just by they look  
I'm a diamond in the rough, ain't been shining out enough  
You talk why you getting [?] 'til I'm as rich as Puff  
Work hard 'til I get what I want  
Really soft but talk so tough  
Couldn't take me one on one, you'll probably try and get a gun  
I keep the finest in my blunt  
Smoking Do-Si and Gelato, you can't find this where you're from  
Swear to God, must be a dragon, I got fire in my lungs  
Guess it [?] my taste buds  
Could afford to buy your partner, still have [?]  
Fly!

It's Ark  
Yeah, Ay

Lowkey I'm drama-safe, smoking weed and comic blaze  
Rocking shows in outta state  
Beast Coast accommodate, in every genre honestly  
I'll be going til this time, forming til this time of day  
Marvin Gaye, all my shorties sweet like some marmalade  
Mahogany, the black soul emerging like a flower sleeve  
Most leave and die young, surviving in these grimy streets  
That's why I gotta beef, sacrifice time to see  
Shine from a spirit, devil hear it, without mind to breach

Mindful of the time you keep  
Not believing in sinking to the bottom nigga, even hourly  
Shatter the philosophies, Selassie  
Not copy, not lovely, just lively, homebodies

You already know, it's Nyck fucking Caution baby

Uh, yeah  
It's Saint Nicholas rapping, paint pictures with  
The bars given, make a movie out the sentences  
Raise the stakes if you wanna stay sizzling  
They gon' give me mine by the time this tape finished with  
Why every white rapper rap quick?  
Slow 'em down, see if they can outrap Nyck  
Suck dick the same mouth you spit facts with?  
You not capping, you a catfish  
They finally put a legend on the map  
So it's only right I put the masterplan into action  
I see my dreams and attract them  
I find a weakness and attacked him  
You dry snitching from a caption  
No wonder why the police always got the advantage  
In the age of the antics, is 15 minutes really worth all of the damage?

Think about it!

Aight, listen  
Time for the wrap up!  
You cappers better step your raps up  
Cause Beast Coast up in this bitch, about to act up  
We gon' make you all believers  
Got Joey, Pro Era, Zombies, Underachievers  
Everybody just listen now  
'Cause what I'm spitting ain't never been written down  
And Imma keep you on course  
'Cause we escape from New York May 24th!