

B.E.T.

Billy Woods

Doing all the shit could watch the room clear
Philistines who are they
And drop-crotch junior watching knobby sweats
Sipping mango lasse on this 'loppy steps
Lifted obvious, Elucid spit the pyred, pro'ly for the youth dem
My view for this position distant, assume pretention, nickel defenses
While I read intention, rover back dacks, grease kicked under helmet
His condition make him dish it, fell asleep with the L lit
Anubis met me at the entrance, listen
Due in remembrance, sip the nectar
Echoes thump in the wall, knocking mad professor
Brooklyn Canaanite temple rusher
God is love and I just wanna fucker her and thrust deeper
Pull out, nut up on her pelvis, shoot well in from the gut [?]
I'm a sour brock puffer, snuggie hazard, orange scully
Shopping for stock and stuff 'em
I see colors when I touch the track
Most young kings get they heads chopped
Lumpy flat top, Nike's pro'ly but dad stopped
Soft rocking these logging rappers, catch leg drop
Across throat, off the top turnbuckle
Adjust my singlet, power moves spoke in broken English
I sanked it, now streaming, spilling pepper sauce on this kingfish
Prosecco by the magnum, yeah they gon' catch a bad one

We're all gonna laugh at you
We're all gonna laugh at you
We're all gonna laugh at you
They're all gonna laugh at you

When they rushed in look on his was face pure astonishment
Cops' wet dream, they let him cook, then crack like moccasins
Pussy-whipped King Solomon, moving on up, hicks in Jeraleman
Round stone smooth, deals you can't lose
Eyebrow raised, lowest, Armand Hammer with the sickle
Superstitiously speak riddle, casino cameras swive
The escorts fake gable, common few, one heckler
Lone government off sectors, bad husband, bitch is a broken record
One you make it this far they're all victory cigars sky wide like Texas
Put a nigga on the map, whites come when the night's black
Chinese New Year outside the shotgun shack
Put 'em up on that, five in service, hit the sky
[?] through the beat ons said nigga rack
Hat to the back, jacket flack, BQE
Driver's seat left racked as Iraq
Pressed play on the last laugh track while you frown
Buried forms pile the shore, crack Barry Bonds
They wait for you on the way down, it's a rap
One smart neighbor, a tip of the cap, a flip of the jacks
Your ship lists in water thick with flea and rats, stupid