

Drinks

Billy Woods

Hickory Dickory Dock, what I spit out be hot
Get buried with rocks trying to mess with my moms
Or my sister and the missus, they be handling sharp
Objects. I'll be honest: it'd be better to run like
P. Diddy through streets gritty or suburban
Move in a hurry, and, toys, we be herbing them
Many people scurrying, little characters scrambling
Ghost if it's mannequin, get backed up in ambulance
Son needs funds 'cause tour dates they're cancelling
Quit lip-babbling and not business-handling
Mighty Joseph got heat, others got weak. Bruh, other than that
We got hands and feet techniques that
Draw fans to us, trying to touch our wears, pushing
Their girls to talk to us like, "Go, go, go over there." ("OK! ")
"Hug his body and get the autograph." By
The time he tried to holler, me and shorty just flashed

It's like
Stay in the mix like a Kool-Aid drink
Spilling out hot any time the ink
Touch the pad then float off paper
Cut through speakers with so much flavor

Yo, I had
To tighten up my game 'cause CEOs is lame
(Yeah, yeah) Couldn't be straight-up? That's a shame
Hah. Mighty Joseph (Mighty Joseph), here's a close-up
(Here's a close-up) with a telegram from the Son of Sam
I came up without the upper hand. There
Was no window to throw piss from the pan, so
We smoke endo, counting cake in our hands
You fucking up the dice game, taking a chance
I'll show you my dice game swinging my lance
You're still standing there, peeing your pants
I'm that same OG with the dip in my stance
Aiki', jiu-jitsu, you don't want to dance (You don't want)
(To dance) with the Devil (Hah!). I'm like Seagal
(Oh!) But I'm harder to kill-it's just part of the
Skill (Haha), and you ain't even half as ill
I'm a livewire, metamorph into fire

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Flex with lines and blow out your loafers
'Cause I gotta get mine like Angolan poachers. Wild pigs
Stay reaching for holsters, but ours
Was closer, so now I got a hot pocket from the toaster
Plus headlining on all wanted posters
Who needs promoters? I might end up behind bars
Hopefully the type with coasters. I know I'm not
Supposed ta like a Wahhabi reading the
Torah. Nine spliffs like Hanukah gifts-pass the
Menorah. Nigga, look at your lawyer

That cheap suit means you're going in, duke. Might as well
Come to court in Timberland boots, smelling like Tropical
Fantasy and Absolut, argue 'til the point's moot
Cargo sagging, flagging - that's Efil4zaggin (literally)
Treat the hood like Level 4 of Double
Dragon, cock her legs back in a wood-paneled station
Wagon, leave it to beaver
I do dirt like a preacher-pleased to meet ya
That's Vast with the meat cleaver just to garnish
A raw Karniege, got emcees drinking varnish
And all they can say is, "Gosh darn it
Look what these broke-ass negroes started"