

## Duck Hunt

Billy Woods

They shootin' at the screen  
Laser beams, lucid dreams  
Even the wiliest fiends find theyselves losing steam  
Chasing hits, Barry Bonds  
Those high scores only last so long  
8 bits in the cartridge, 16 in the P  
Yeah, it comes with the game but ain't a damn thing free

The kid talk about pussy like he trying to convince me  
G'head dog, I see how close you and your niggas be  
Self-described pretty G's with fly bitches on they tweets  
But me?  
I'll Delonte West your Old Earth and still keep it discreet  
Duke, your whole style is wash, rinse, repeat  
I bet your A&R knew he struck gold with that easy listening  
Middle of the road  
And to all you rapping christians on a mission, I'm happy to lighten that lo  
ad  
You'll stumble out the jungle twenty pounds lighter  
Wild eyed like a white man after twenty days on Rikers  
Tell em our pupils was red, skin black, rhyming brutal  
Back of the izakaya, Sapporo tallboy with my Ramen noodle  
Either I'm seeing y'all's wires or this strain is that crucial  
A lot of shit old people got to say, really ain't that useful  
So don't mind me youngin', do you, spread your wings  
I'mma be right up on that Magnavox clappin' that thing

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To everyone I loved  
To everyone who fronted me drugs  
To all y'all who still frontin' and fake friends who left me for dead in the  
mud  
Salud!  
May you each get exactly what you deserve  
Had a speech prepared chock full of them SAT words  
But on second thought, fuck it, two tears in a bucket about sums it  
A tisket, a tasket  
Black Robert Baden Powell, never caught without the ratchet  
Grass like Wimbledon, wood racquet  
Rap like a simpleton, see new tax bracket  
So-called goons, turns out they schools was magnet  
Masters of masquerade masked up, all the worlds a stage, director's cut  
Faster blade, hunting ducks, both barrels spray  
They stuttering "best of luck" on your last day  
Last check cut bout 3 weeks before your health insurance fly away  
Smartens up, Hulk gray or find yourself in the hole like Special K  
Pimpers Paradise  
Nigga my mic sounds nice and from the jump, I bet my life  
Pocket collapsing, it's the recession, nobody's buying the playaction  
We don't believe you like the government in Mogadishu, you need more faction

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