

Translator

Bishop Lamont

I wish the game was reversed
And my verse was the beat so you'd listen to me first
And then dance later
I ain't dumbin' down shit
You don't get it, get a fuckin' translator

Bitch
It's about time I ignite
I'm C-4 and you're Napoleon Dynamite
Never before or in your afterlife
Will you see a nigga this nice only second to Christ
Or Buddah or cheeba
Whatever faith you are a believer
Let you down, you can be either
Scram, I'm Yosemite Sam with the heater
I'll clap, twist your cap, like a 2 Liter
I don't mean literally
But fuck with my family and money and it'll be
Pop!
To your detriment
I'm talkin' excrement
Pass the peppermint
I'm on some extra shit
In the booth like Bill & Ted, nigga excellent
I'm prepared, never scared, ain't it evident?
No security team, I ain't the president
I'm reposing the game cause y'all been negligent

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Fuck the radio
Fuck a video
And fuck any rapper tryin' to rap typical (FUCK YOU!)
It ain't that difficult
To spit some shit that's dope
Or maybe it is, but luckily for me, nope
You know that shit you wrote
Ain't no shit to quote
Unless it's XXL 'Step Your Game Up' hoe
Peace to Mad Linx but Rap City's soft
When the fuck they turn The Basement to an art loft?
I ain't mad at Tigger
Get your money nigga
I would have done the same thing just to fuck Melissa
It's a
God damn shame
When our music went corporate and fucked up the game
And like B.I.G. said, "Things Done Changed"
Labels merged, the raps and beats all sound the same
Seem like damn near, every rapper bang
Well I just hope Andre 3000 rap again

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Yeah

Remember Unity
And The Good Life
Project Blowed, Lamert Park, that's when shit was hype
That's when shit was right
Oops
I forgot
I'm mainstream, that type of shit I'm not supposed to like
I'm hittin' like a comet or a meteor
Either your, fuckin' deaf or me you're tryin' to ignore
Get war, hit the floor
Got guns? Get more
Like a Jehovah's Witness, I'll go door to door
And click, point blank, spill your brains like Igor
I got a fresh start, like I'm Lyor
From Warner Brothers
I'm on deck fuckers
I kid you not
Even Mike Jack can't touch us (nope)
So get back suckers
I put careers on crutches
Every rhyme I drop's the shit
That's why you hear the toilet flushes
Spray some aerosol, forever raw
I got the game wrapped up like it's Tetherball

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