

## Scenario

Black Hippy

Here we go yo, here we go yo  
So what's the, what's the, what's the scenario  
Here we go yo, here we go yo  
So what's the, what's the, what's the scenario

Crept up in this muthafucka soundin like a stun gun  
Fresh up out the hotbox got me smellin' like marijuana  
Flyer than a Desert Eagle when it's starin' down lookin' at my people  
Shootin muthafuckas down just because I'm evil  
Live and direct like Cable TV pay-per view pay me  
Who Q? Ha-chu yeah blessed it, beautifulest tune  
You'll tune on the record  
Everything is coke so I kick like Liu Kang  
Thinkin you can really get with this man you playin  
Get you a platoon, yeah floatin' like balloons  
Get so high got to space then I shitted on the moon  
Went into a rage now the sun won't shade Mars  
Know I got bars so I'm aimin for the stars  
Everyone applaud, praise to the genius  
Never would like to let the hoes bow to the penis  
Feenish

Kendrick relentless in other words a dentist  
I'm in they mouth without a doubt  
It's funky grab an incen  
Grab a honkey, grab a nigga, grab a wetback, grab a chink  
Then put 'em in a box like Michael and Leon Spinks  
Then tell me what you get for cultures feeling me  
As if they was blind and braille on my sleeve  
Peace, to hip-hop, down to earth  
Word to the voice of Chris Rock  
Can I rock like a '88 Camaro and T-Top  
Whoa, the scenario seem to flip like an aerial  
As I dip like a pull-up bar at the gym  
Won't you witness the gem  
I'm a troop from Angola and  
You a cop on patrol that's trying to Axel Foley  
As dumb as Napoleon Dynamite and I'm quick to blow up then BOOM  
Combustible like flames and petroleum

It's Jay Rock  
Niggas know my status  
Flip flows like a gymnast on a apparatus  
Leave yo body in pain if I hit you with this 'matic  
Don't even speak if you ain't talkin cabbage  
Loyal to the cash, thinkin' 'bout a marriage  
Committed to the block that's somethin' niggas cherish  
Hmm... if you dissin', you missing Parish  
Then I'm on a mission, fishin Paris  
Lookin' at some dimes, go get your cameras  
Black Hippy emcees and we got hammers  
Gang member slash rap nigga  
The name's Rock, all the hoes call me that nigga  
Never relax, never do that  
Soon as you relax, them lames is stealin' ya swag  
I'm the truth in the booth I'm killin' the track  
To the point of no return no bringin' It back

I'm so fluent on the beat just spittin' the facts  
You lames lyin, think you chief  
You bridgin' the gap  
I'm the fountain of youth, you niggas is tap  
Like bugs in the phone, you niggas is wack

Enter the mind of the utmost divine  
Heel up reel up, bring it back come rewind  
Twilight zone, war with the star  
Hans Soulo  
Top Dawg, not Todo, notch logo  
On my hand, knock you out  
Goddamn!  
Say I'm not lethal, inhumane  
Squeeze juice out a beetle  
Offended John Lennon come to cloud 9  
That's where the cockpit is  
Me and Kendrick Lamar startling all contenders  
ScHoolboy Q, gangsta with a USC student IQ  
And Jay Rock a fuckin' fool  
You make the wrong fuckin move  
He like "DON'T FUCKIN' MOVE!"  
Aimin' at you with the tool  
I'm like what am I to do?  
Crazy how the shit we make come out phenomenal  
Black Hippy, and as for me I'm the black sheep passin' weed  
To Miss Bo-Peep  
Peep!  
Soul!