

Green Blaq Green (Khaligraph Jones Reply)

Blaqbonez

Type A

Yo, don't ever fuck with a Nigerian boy, you naw mean?

D'yeah

I heard that shit, I heard zero bars

Bruh, yo

I been cooling out, tried to pour ice in my core
'Cause I'm not human, I'm a war machine, designed to end wars
Khaligraph Jones, you should be flexing, nigga, you won the award
Now what's this clout-chasing grandpa fighting me for?
I searched on Wikipedia, I tried to look up your age
Didn't see no Wikipedia, which in itself's a disgrace
But that aside, it's obvious say you don't care for this place
Allow me to assume you're 52 based on your face
Clout-chasing Agbaya, you should look at yourself
The Nigerian hype juice got this nigga obsessed
You've been tryna blow here but no one ever cared
M.I, Ice tried to help, bruh, it never could work
'Cause you're not built like a star, bruh, you've never been dapper
Whoever told you you're fresh, that's a serial capper
Saw you on that Sound City stage
Looking like you came to accept the award on behalf of the rapper
Look like you're drip resistant
Your fashion statement needs to study linguistics
You partially ignorant of that part of the business
Why you copping them Benzes?
At least come out looking like you are the one that's parking them Benzes
The reasons why you must get some drip, they quite logical
One: You look like a bum, two: You being sent to the hospital
Tekashi wannabe? You're not too far from the truth
But this Tekashi would troll you and still murder you in the booth
Yo, Kenya, this the nigga you rated as best?
Like, if y'all were attacked, he gon' come to your help?
If there's one thing anybody learned from Manchester United
It's that literally no one is scared of Jones in defense
I'm a war machine, once again for you, sonny
Feels like xenophobia, you getting killed on this journey
Guns, bullets my kids, 'cause I raise them, you dummy
I'd have these kids in his chest like a kangaroo mummy
See, I'm a menace in this shit, and I'm not conforming
Fly niggas with heat to your hood and it gon' get bloody
Fifty from the back, fifty from the front
Tell motherfucking Billboard that this the real Hot 100
No one should ever put a knife in the hands of a mad genius
I'ma keep drawing lines on Khaligraph till the graph's finished
With X as a function of Y, Khaligraph's bleeding
Have Khaligraph's blood on the wall like a graffiti
I'm a cannibal, but I don't feed on the feeble
Heard that you a great man, that's what's said by the people
I got my teeth ready for a likkle taste of your heart
'Cause Davido rightly said that it's sweet in the middle
I'm cool, how this turns out, usually known as the villain
I put fear in you rappers' hearts, from the start till December
Run circles around you Kenyan rappers
Only person I could possibly fear is Kenenisa Bekele
Oh, shit, that's Ethiopian, replace that with Kipchoge
I said I'll fuck you niggas up with a bottle of rosé, bruh

If you were smarter, man, you could've been big
The wise men in the Bible were recorded leaving the East
How can you say that I be 40, you delusional, clearly
Or is it dementia? That's a couple years early
Or Alzheimer's? You forgot what you saw on the telly?
Or you just ignored my age, you're the Kenyan R. Kelly
This is punishment, bro, you ain't making it back
Saying dumb shit with energy and calling it rap
"Buhari and Trump are the best presidents ever!"
Screaming that shit ain't never making it facts
I see the lips that you wagging about
I need to call Bobrisky to put dick in your mouth
Heard that you a thief from the grapevine
Gotta give back Charles Okocha his hairline
But I'm a young ass nigga, who just started to shine
Facing endless possibilities, I'm perfectly fine
You some old ass granny that be facing decline
You got like two more years before you done, but its a'ight

Heh, when the decline is in full effect
I could really use a bouncer that knows a bit about rap
Hit me on the celly
08155555555