

Basquiat

Bun B

Yeah
Statik Selektah
That's the— that's the shit
Let me hear my voice [?] real loud on the thing
Yo
D.I.T.C. in this bitch
Coca
Talk about your faults

Yeah, this is bad intentions, I'm pullin' up if I'm in your mentions
You want rump, I gives it up and stomp you senseless
Joey Crack, place your hand on the holy MAC
Only facts is given for niggas maxin' in prisons
I move dope, that white, call it Aryan
Time is money and I'm very impatient
I could tell you 'bout the walls that be movin' and shit
Sealed up the sheet [?] in the piff
You want static but less automatic, it's the young prodigy
Show you 40 sides of Joe when bringing havoc
You want bars, well, it's truly nothin'
I break a leg every time I tear it down, no Boogie Cousins
I be swimmin' with the dolphins when I be back in the crib
Shit, I should bring a coffin every time that I spit
I burn it down like Notre Dame anytime, no flow's the same
TrillStatik is Illmatic, the hall of fame

Call it Basquiat
When you beat all the odds, call it Basquiat
When you move bricks or hard, call it Basquiat
Keep Nip in your heart, he's a Basquiat (Yeah)
If you feel this is art, call it Basquiat (Kushed God, bitch)
When you beat all the odds, call it Basquiat
When you move bricks or hard, call it Basquiat (Yeah)
Keep Nip in your heart, he's a Basquiat (Uh)

My mind scribblin' thoughts is invisible art
Fuck the political, I been sippin' on [?]
Bless the room way before my [?] spiritual starts
As I kick it with y'all
My phone ringin' got a lick from my dove
These niggas cappin', that's a different facade
Shit, my livin' is art
The sour diesel is my business card
Hit the mountains, took a hunnid to chill
Can't trick us neither, we know all the numbers for real
Indie nigga like, fuck a deal
I pay mines and my mother bills
That privilege alone is worth a hunnid mill
Street nigga gettin' a lil' money still
Gotta watch out for the Fredos and the Henry Hills (Right)
They'll never survive in the yard
They'll be finished way before I stuff this butt in the gar
Keep a holster, he can stomach the charge
[?] ounces on every pound, that's the grower's regard
Yeah

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Keep Nip in your heart, he's a Basquiat (I'm comin' right there)

Hol' up, I got an ounce sittin' in front of me
I'm about to sit back, relax and roll a blunt or three
And then a joint or two, and when I'm finished I'ma point at you
With bud that's only smoked by an anointed few
You inhale the sensimilla then you feel a
Little bit triller, pass the tequila
You take a couple shots, then a couple toasts
Then we go hit a couple spots and see a couple folks
Now, some of them are connected
So be careful what you say so they don't feel disrespected
Every now and then some shit is gonna get hectic
But you rollin' with me, the OG, you protected
The streets infected with haters and hoes
Gotta keep your eyes open, man, and stay on your toes
But don't worry 'cause you couldn't be rollin' with a triller crew
Now, could you pass me the Gorilla Glue?

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