

Fighters

CANON

Better tell them I'm a fighter
Tell yo people's I'm rider
Aye tell them Better hold up Unless you confident you know us

I'm in the passenger seat while God is control my
Life and career so my life's in his hands while uphold us Now I'm meteor man
with the microphone
Lord of the golden touch
I'm, So gone with the challenge but which one of these rappers cold as us?
EnVision a vicious deadly venom coming for you I'm the snake in the closet,
I'm an anaconda breaking bone with the feature preacher get antibiotic
I'm the gin and tonic plus a pomegranate I'm a knuckle head with the sonic,
These new rappers get them abolished, I'm honest just one of the polished
Wax on wax off with caution, I jargon with Marvin the Martian
I beg you my pardon, this is a walk in the park in the garden of
Lyrical style, with limitless nouns syllables and vowels down to ground down
for the count, Down, now get out of my town
You gotta create with your own sound
And rip with a cold style
Make a beat with a phone dial, call friend a tell them that they on now
"Hold on now,"
Hang up the phone
Tell em my mother is home now, "I got go clean the laundry and fold all them
clothes now"
Givem bars, handle, chocolate or expectation
So when You come in the booth, you see fat glands and condensation
I can't shake what I good at, with not even a game to pay with, Loose canon
got the 3 Vs on the station who's down for patience mad at me I'm not your a
verage rapper
I will go and rap on the beat by dr dre or Marshall mathers
I'm after the lords heart, speeding beating while I'm tryna go faster
So whether I Eat on this beat or another why should it matter?
All things are permissible but not all beneficial
You question why I do this Hold on and let me get to you
I'm passed spitting canons
Get ready I'm shooting missiles
Don't put me in your box I don't want it so take it with you
The squares can't fit in my circle, get in shape you wanna be part of this?
Follow me with the torch aimed to the sky to show you where the honor is, I'
m an octagon of artist, too many sides with one face
My style is too fat, Taken up space while I'm rapping in one place

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All I hear chit chat talking and bantering
If you think you got a message to give em hold up ya banners then
I don't see them fighting for justice, who is that, they never been fan a of
him, But Hashtags with 50 thousand followers gone stand with him
I can't believe I wanted more cause the more got a price tag, if some Christ
ians knew the cost of a follow they'd give his life back
Dying daily is costly, sin and death for their wages
Grace if given for abominations but not all for the saving
I can Diddy bop and shmoney dance when I hear dat, They say that only God ca
n judge but they don't fear that
All you been dishing out you gone take more

He Got Guns bigger than ones you got a case for
The media gotcha While you been Harlem shaking for dollars, 20 seconds of fame for the gram a take all your honor
Prostitution for likes while they Twitter spamming for followers
Better hold your breath while the new beginnings come back to swallow ya
They just want a hang with the squad They just want chains and broad Mess around and get paid but wait up Consider what the payment is later