

Let's start from scratch, cause heart attacks  
When back of a house of cars collapse  
Cognates'll play too smart for that  
See y'all from all sides, from narc to rats  
Stay back, watch y'all fade to black  
In the dark, what part of the game is that  
I keep the fine art of the brain in tact  
Frequent fly tongues when I blaze a track  
I know about y'all since way back when  
I can serve you and all ya gay-ass friends  
Talk about big butts, fuck they lackin' the cop rinse  
Much less get a Maybach Benz  
It's all braggadocio, ya rap so so  
Ya talk is half-cocked ya backbone broke  
The rap pro know come and ask to get  
Ya flow is flaccid, won't last for shit like "Oh my god"  
Blasphemous, How could hip-hop die but rap exists  
Y'all get whats comin' to you gat to fist  
In my case, a bad bitch is stackin' chips like "Word"  
Y'all hella bad at this, you could duck yourself like some savages  
I don't even need pad and pen, I'm so adamant about boostin' my averages  
They say rap's a rip, rip is a rap  
Smooth confusion got a fifth in the backseat  
I don't know if y'all just missin' the bad beats  
Or what but I'm crushin' ya primitive rap scene from dusk

Sucka say how, this is my playground  
Fucka better lay down before I buck a stray round  
Sucka say how, this is my playground  
Fucka better lay down before we buck a--

Six for ya mind, here we go  
I'm hit 'em wherever the pillow go  
And I guess you could call it the center-flow  
Not the typical lyrical pennin' pro  
I'm a winner fo  
Somebody told me to go 'head and hit 'em and let it go  
But I wouldn't be satisfied with that so I decided to give her some more  
Reppin' the mo, keepin' a crown on my head whenever I step in the show  
Swingin' it up in the green room with the time I'm gonna be seen soon  
I ain't sweatin' it though  
Long as I'm gettin' the shows and gettin' the dough  
We could let bygones be bygones, keep an eye on my all my brethren though  
Dedicated, decorated in armor, calibrated by the way that my karma  
Kill an enemy that's sleepin' in slumber  
Call it the Killer city winter wonderland  
Certified a rip on y'all, we told em on Capture Enemy Soldiers  
Nobody could hold us, now they got pay us like they owe us  
For all of the years they hold us goin' outta town on a old bus  
Knowin' the reason the show sucks, cause we didn't know how to promote us  
But nowadays, that's old news, cause this regular focused on show foods  
They bringin' the beef out our way, and we lookin' at it as tofu  
So keep a couple in the waistline, while instead of steppin' on the baseline  
I ain't the one to waste time, if you wanna catch it in the face fine  
Come and change my, my grammar Glock morphin' into A-K con  
That needle in the haystack rap, you suckers can't find  
I put it on 'em with the gusto, cinematic with the brush stroke

Dean on 'em with the rough flow, still the feelin' ain't enough though  
I'ma dump rounds with nervously in the flag screamin' lay down  
The street lights is comin' on, y'all better get off the playground