

Chinamen

Chester Watson

Gangrene, I'm slumped and I can't see shit
Rolling up the ganja, the crew is a slant lean
Medusas and camps team fit (Shrooms and a doob)
Mix it and proceed to hallucinate, Lucifer playing Wii-Fit
With a wide stance and a lance, think I'm just tripping off the
Sounds of psy-trance in my pants pronounced Dickies
Not showing you really want it, I'm taking your shit (Give me that!)
We open the shutters with no piggy back
Rough, raspy with flows that's buck nasty
Just last week hit a dip with plump ass cheeks
Creep dissing but you do not step upon the lad's sneaks
No refunds, nigga, you chose this stuff actually

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Smoke in front of customers, get 'em accustomed to it
Lush, fluent in the language of philosophy
Dangerous like popping 360s in some soccer cleats
He with it, only living for the days where I sway like the rocking beams
Grades up, got a J tucked in the pocket tee
See, all of these niggas praise us, watch them jock the steeze
I'm in a daze counting broccoli
Before you ship projects, make sure the crate is stamped Polynesia

Yes, it is I, the accomplice of the samurai
Sick flows, hoes, and weed, and still camera-shy
And we throw in bananas when them hammers fly
Learn to use my grammar with my manners so I will be fine
Later on, please don't hit my line if you isn't trying
I got work, less than what it's worth, please respect the grind
Decapitating lines, capture all the minds
Could give 'em all of the science, but they still committing crimes
We rookies to the game, testing waters
Be on this local shit, but still I'm trying to take it farther
[?], plugged in with his Asian father
Kanisono in Japan whipping base, he make it harder
Your team full of bench players, we a bunch of starters
And Nick will dunk on your players regardless, we fucking heartless
Threw Monty a alley, he lost it, he fucking lost it
Been stuck in this hideous process, I can't be processed
But no one got belief in me, I see the tree
Should I take the fruit or should I leave? Is it the key?
Bitch, I'm high as hell and moving keys, that's by the kilo
Man with delivery, come spin with me
Me and Watson got that killer beat, Ms. Hilary
Take a trip into your memory and you will see
I ain't lying I'm done trying, producer named Psymun
All these rappers got a mouth but when they see us stay silent
K-Breeze stay styling, we ain't scared of violence, this shit
Timeless, hotter than saunas with prima donnas and your highness

The way I'm grinding, you would think I wrote the finest
Nu Age taking off, and that's a promise, in the future, you won't find us

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