

# Mammoth

Chester Watson

Fucking mammoth, the crew is steady jamming  
Repping agnostic buddhist, chucking [?] claiming Janice  
Prancing all over beats just like your boy was still a dancer  
Sipping poison is the answer, gorgeous oysters in the sea  
We get em faded like we faded then they open for the team  
Comme always whip the caddie, never chauffeur to the beach  
Or for a beach, my niggas get it like we hoarders of the cheese  
And the rats are in the pack, these in the coys that's in the streams  
We them bonzai cats kill 'em on sight  
Team full of bronze eyes trapped in a small light  
Looking like a Prong-sized frat cause we all fly  
Get it how you live it but you living like some small fry  
Different color bitches and they wish I fuck em all night  
Knowing I ain't with it, I just hit it then I call Mike  
I'm a black magician, ask [?], it's a small prize  
From the [?] figment, I'm a bridge it, it's as vivid as the archives  
Way the flow is switching, leave em cross-eyed  
I'm back to back with all my issues, either cackling or in dispute  
Where the action? Shooting missiles at my past, hope it blows up  
Making beats, always know it's gas when we rolling  
Chief and pass that's the notion, hitting ass near the ocean like  
Niggas ain't know we mega class and we Kosher  
Write, blast, it get dooper, rip wax with the vultures  
Chilling like some villains and we practice the culture  
And no jewelry, that's no exaggeration  
See I barely be sporting the ring I copped from graduation  
But that's just me being prophetic again  
With the mind too philosophical, scoff and lecture at women  
Apostle of the riddles, he's a living sarcophagus  
Veteran of the opposite, within leather, swing hockey sticks  
Sketching a better picture of yester and probably frolic with  
Hannah Montana cause she's as hot as a leaky sauna vent

It's a mystery, gold chain, watch, live in misery  
Zombies of the night, 10 K, that was history  
Leaves these critics slippery, this chivalry a victory  
Writing fighting history, my enemies, they into me  
Cause he hotter than the sun  
Guess my heart was born cold, so it's nothing that out done  
If this kid'll get killed, bitch who living by the gun?  
She just rather buy pills and maybe have a little fun  
Dark, corrupted little mind  
Catch me in my prime, like I'm Kobe throwing rolling dimes  
Hit up [?] on the keys  
Spitting rhyme, committing crime  
She ain't thinking wine and dine, cause all the time we 69  
But it's fine  
I guess you talking my language  
Nu Age Syndicate, worldwide we dangerous  
[?] got that heat  
The sprayer really got no patience  
Leave you nameless  
Not a word, talking stalking like we famous  
But I'm with it if you with it  
Whipping, flipping in the kitchen, from Colombia so I get it  
Man this life is so addicting  
Choosing shooting with no pity

Always gotta rep the city even though it's fucking filthy  
Raised in the bay  
Not really time to play  
We just blow a pound of haze and write some scriptures for the way  
She be drinking with no chaser, and I'm just trying to change my ways  
My mind tripping, I'm slipping, it's like I'm living in debate