

Don't it sound a bit familiar?
Yeah, like this
Don't it sound a bit familiar?
Like this
Don't it sound a bit familiar?
Bring the noise, come on
To the break of dawn it's on

Now when the East is in the house, Oh My God, danger
I'm not a law breaker I'm a law changer
Coming from the woods, I'm a park ranger
I run my empire like Darth Vader
Pack it up, pack it in, Mike Boyd and Class again
Don't it sound familiar man?
We causing shenanigans
We got the same parents, but we both bastards
We so ass backwards, like the writing on ambulances
Now let's get it all in perspective
For all y'all enjoyment, a song y'all connect with
I been through the trenches, fought, and found the exist
Erase my past like old texts from exes
It's like everywhere I look, and everywhere I go
All these MCs nowadays sounding very old
But I'm feeling brand new, suited up like Harry Gold
Ready for another round like Larry Holmes

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Something like this
Yeah Boy
No matter how I try I just can't get this off my mind
I'm going crazy, I'm going crazy

I'm about to hit you with that traditional style I call rocking
We at shows stomping, proceed without caution
No you can't block it, I pick and roll off him
Spit it with no options, until I hit exhaustion
Hit you with no delayin', so what you saying 'yo? '
Chillin' for a minute, I'll admit I'm laying low
Like a student passed the letters, I'm the teacher taking notes
I've been watchin', tauntin', but now I'm breaking out
And I'm thinking of a master plan
You better work it out and get your practice man
Damn a lot of time is waste to get it wasted
We half in a bag like potato sack races
I see no changes, nah all I see is racist faces
And these tasteless haters, so I stay sedated
And we crop out the negative like Photoshop,
Yes yes y'all and it don't stop

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Yo Mic is chilling, Class is chilling
What more can I say we stay killing 'em
We are, ya I said it we are
Never are on the honor roll, but we got the streets smart
Never had to act tough, never tried to be hard
Never went to jail, and I've never seen the ER
Ain't nothing like bass to put a smile on your face
You can hear the 808 from a mile away
And if you see the smoke blowing, then we are higher than planes
Those Boyd's and their childish ways

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