

Mouth

clipping.

Somebody barking at the moon, let the dogs loose
Hunt to kill, they motherfucking jaws loose
They talking out they neck, they need a long noose
And a strong tree branch, angle obtuse
See, they think they heavy, think they talking weight
Like they revolution-ready, wanna storm the gates
Like they gonna take the food off the massa plate
While the massa watch they efforts and he masturbate
Getting off, a sadist hard to satiate
Emaciated, make the maitre d' bring him another plate
Shifting in they seat, talking that earthquake
Shake it 'til she drop it like they yelling it's her birthday
Go girl, go boy, go get it
Ammunition, lock it, load it, drop it
Buy it, crack it, pour it, sniff it
Courage in a vial for your movement, get into it
Cause the whole world wanna see you move it

It's the real hip-hop
Where the real get shot
How you feel, trick stop
Fuck your feelings
That's where killers get made
Motherfuckers wanna talk, but if you ain't saying "thanks"
Shut your mouth

What it do
Nigga stop
Money talk
Words is counted
What it buy
Who give a fuck
It's real out here, nigga, you should be about it
Okay, these are the times, that bird is easy to follow
You know the hustler's church, sipping syrup is gospel
In the land of the murder, nigga the future is bottled
That bottle stuffed with a towel and shot toward a chopper
Okay, these are the times, look up, Based God is the truth
We turning water to molly and push a tablet to you
He say the ten crack commandments could get your mammy to shoot
Your change was sunk with Atlantis, who gives a fuck what you do
How real you gon' make it, you talking bitches and bottles
And popping pills in a booth, we're talking niggas with nothing
Who prolly crack at your jewels
Motherfuckers go hard with a few shots and a pistol
Like 2Pac in juice
Why you seem scared now, that real, nigga, that shit

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Fuck your feelings
That's where eulogies are made
Haters popping shit, but don't wanna show they face
Shut your mouth

Real negra, acrylic feel addictions and shit

Diligent in diction with epenthesis
An [?] swivelin' my spine
Tremor of my wrist, shrivel up my mind
And the bullet give the emphasis to life, the bodies on the dancefloor often
It's the gin, the patent, the touch and feel of cotton
Shopping for your coffin with your best girl mic'd up
Lost in all the popping pills and hoping to get wifed up
Blacker than a Kara Walker silhouette
Realer than your uncle and his death by cigarettes
Octoroons hiding from the noon sunrays
A block of goons sliding in the smooth gunplay
These are the rites, the rituals, the nighttime MOs
And the death toll implicit in a Soundcloud demo
Plastic black pack speaks Rhapsody's mix
With a clap-clap asscheek ratchetry, bitch
And that's the real

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How you feel, trick stop
Fuck your feelings
That's where history is made
Claiming he the real, but can't even feel the bass (yeah)
Shut your mouth

Just coldclocked the motherfucker who knock
I'm the one who does the knocking
A bold Glock in my pocket, it's cocked
Big as a rock and my cock spit up these comets
And fat galaxy bitches as big as Christopher Wallace
Clutch tight on the leash of my pitbull, she a beast
We called her J
Wanted to make a purebred bitch a police
And I did it
Yeah, fuck it, I did it
Inspired not, I am ridic
No, fuck fine, Imma tip it
My .45 is my picket line - live, reboot or relive it
There ain't no spooking a ghost, dead inside I invented
Jesus be walking, but where in holy hopes is he headed
I'm from the west with a rodeo still with homies that's dreaded
Don't you phonies forget it
Pretty boy with a ugly mouth
And a mind riding off in a fucking two-seater speeding in 405
Never minding the meter, chugging a two-liter of wine
High as a tweaker, black buttons for eyes, looking like Coraline

It's the real hip-hop
Where the real get shot
How you feel, trick stop
Fuck your feelings

That's where bullets get sprayed
Wanna jump the gun but don't wanna meet your fate
Shut your mouth