

Cream Of The Crop

Craig Xen

-Infinite Militia in this hoe 2k14
-Nigga, what's the motherfucking deal, you broke bitch
-Niggas Ain't bout shit
-I just be talking about it
-'bout a hundred mother fucking niggas and soldier's in this motherfucking b
itch, Infinite Militia all day everyday
-?
-We in this hoe nigga
-Rule number one

I'm back on a track like Usain Bolt
I'm passing them up, got too many volts
Too hot to approach, recognize how I flow
It's about how you roll, and it ain't about the dope
Undoubtedly proud of me
All these snakes keep on prodding me (fuck 'em)
Dodging 'em hourly
I'ma be what I'm bound to be (don't trust 'em)
Ain't no copying styles, we gone keep it original (100)
Used to rap when I was little
Now the flow done went digital (I done it)
And I'm focused on dedication
Can't be out there catching cases (I can't)
Waiting with plenty patience
'till the day of my detonation (blow up)

Young Xen nigga
Slanging cane
Yuh
Case hanging
Chain Slanging
Nuts hanging
Ay

Sick of the bullshit I'm snapping
Chasing, I'm flexing the whip while rapping (I'm rapping)
Pressing my foot to the gas
Mash, and [?] to get to the cash (cash)
Infinite Syndicate killing shit
Nigga stop tripping and we will dismember them (ahh)
'member me back in the days
Stuck in a rage, I was like Eminem (un-huh)
Feminine niggas gone try and be similar
But they ain't fucking with me only syllables (hell naw)
Lyrical criminal, murder the beat (yuh)
Burn up the bodies, the furnace will heat
No need for shotties, we packing Katanas
Stacking these hundreds and fucking these thots (thots)
So many bitches be trying to fuck with me
But I'm only picking the cream of the crop