

Rap Attack

DJ Kay Slay

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I do me without the resting mind

Exam my watch, yeah always stood the test of time
Hop on a joint, make the record mine
Nodding 'til your neck and spine bothered like my heart is
By the artist they got next in line
Can nobody, I mean nobody catch no bodies like me
And still I need no bodyguards
Walk around in pajamas, go honours out to Rwanda
Ponder 'bout my honor in Ghana and you a goner
Ziplock, I don't shit pop, my shit pop
Shit pop? The doc give you a bag like shit pop
Get guap on blocks where the go getters get got
When the going get tough, tough niggas go get Glocks
Miss me with the gangster talk, we all thorough
Got shooters that'll smoke you with the cig out a Marlboro
You standing in line for next week Nikes
My goons in old Maxes on ten speed bikes
Yeah don't play with me
You know how you walk in the club, like ah man this shit ratchet, let's get
outta here, well they with me
White supremacy pockets, like 3k with me
Straight Stuntin bringing something home and slay with me
Let the beat ride
I ain't feel like rapping you can do that when you meet right?
Never industry, I keep an in the streets vibe
This is New York, what up Dave East side

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What's good for you, might not be good for me
Took a couple years to get my vision cause I couldn't see
Blinded by the arrogance, I would sell it to anyone
Copped every Jordan and couldn't wait 'til the Pennies come
It's safe to say with a couple people I'm really done
The streets talking like that nigga East really won
The same ones I could not get a penny from
First to show up with a cup when the Henny come
Homie this Henny done, I ain't try to politic
Sold out Rhode Island, my first time in Providence
Shouts to Loso, I fuck with Fab
Wax in my backwood with kush how I fucking dab

I got some other cash, coming to count this business
They had to throw the case out after they found the witness
Scallops with the lobster, I don't do the Russian vodka
I still be on Ape street, randomly how I pop up
I remember owing a connect, I'm on lock up
Couldn't get in touch, I guess I couldn't get enough
Addicted to this life, I guess I couldn't feel the rush
Head mean, store ran out of Sprite, get 7UP
Kay Slay Whut up?

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