

Rolling 200 Deep XV

DJ Kay Slay

Victory lap's never ended
Keepin' up the legacy, Slay forever, that's what is given
Never in the lane I'm in, the trenches, legacy talk
Fuck who your friends is, don't need to see your mentions
Had all the whips, a couple Benzes
My mind is the prize, my soul got the glow, so enough good endings
Let me off the chain, you on the fences
Battlin' who for what, I'm Street Sweeper, this is endless

Look, the greatest city in the world
Boogie Down Bronx, New York, New York
Showin' the love and gratitude on the streets and avenues
Pullin' up with an attitude, smokin' a beef like barbecue
Walkin' the walk, talkin' the talk
You wanna get to know us?
I'm balanced like yoga flows, poppin' like soda
Hieroglyphics like graffiti on Beach Street
MC G-L-O-B-E, eat that

Look at me now, homie, yeah, I got a mean old shine
Now you mad at me, waitin' with a big old Nine
Talk about you killin' me and your mean old rhymes
But I've been outside waitin' and ain't seen no crime
Homie, I'm paper chasin', got the block on fire
You know who cut your face? I done knocked you out with the wire
You know we seen the tapes, now you Internet thuggin'
While you smokin' base, you tuck your tail and chains

Been across the globe, across the sea, across the planet
Hot dammit! You see me I don't panic
I'm Queensbridge finest from the posse alignment
Everything is deep, been written, it's my signage
New York back in the driver's seat
Still keep it real with you if you keep it real with me
Yeah, stay solid, don't fold (don't fold)
Our kill be gold, dump it on the ground since diamond rhinestones, never fold

I'm off crack but this is dope for y'all niggas
You should be happy your boss even spoke to y'all niggas
I got receipts that run deep, man, I wrote for y'all niggas
Vince Carter in the prime, I poster y'all niggas
They banned me from The Olympics, I was smokin' y'all niggas
Sha'Carri, I'm sorry, but we too dope for y'all niggas
I run laps around 'em, ask about 'em, go and check the facts about 'em
Gifted niggas in my presence, they don't even

Got a hundred styles, gunning all you vultures
These niggas keep talkin' culture
While they speak this brick is pulpous
This flow has turned us lobo
Leaders and future moguls need leaders today that's vocal
Like Eazy you fucked the po-po, they need to know that we local
For sure, go check the logo, pyramid with the fist
It's written in hieroglyphics, my lyrics is taking risks
Go get it, yeah, I'm the shit, never flip flop baby
Real hater grabbin' my dick 'cause I'm a hip hop baby

Top dog here just running the game
And all these bars that I kick will take you out of your frame
Your back on fire with them lyrics damning them soundbites
I'm from The South Bronx, this what New York sound like
It's actually when you really all around the power
My guns like Kay Slay, I bring the drama hour
We the best in the industry but we don't rap the same
My flow Big L, Buju Banton, and Daddy Kane

The real skitzo, you know it, I'm real mental
I'm the real reason these bitches always eatin' a mental
The real reason these old niggas havin' an issue
With bodyin' instrumentals, they softer than Charmin tissue
I came to take the crowd, I am not bargaining with you
Either you hand it down or I'ma Spartacus kick you
Rip your head off your shoulders and on a stake I'ma stick you
Slowly cook you and turn you while tissue be poppin' in 'em

I heard rolling 100, bunch of indirects
All you niggas was punchin', nothing that connect
That's why I brought a hearse for you, come and get some rest
And I ain't take it personal 'cause none of y'all are threats
I don't stutter when I step, from where Doug E. got the fresh (Harlem!)
It's mine's now but you can tell your mother that I'm next
Don't be subbin' me to death, I'm somewhere in the 'jects
You pissin' the shooters off, every button gettin' pressed

Perfect drawn symmetry with BX artillery
Landmine strikes and they decrease all energies
Two steps forward so the first go got with me
Thoughts all cynical, that mean it's straight misery
They don't talk to Terror 'cause I erase all memories
My memoirs disappear just like old enemies
Sidebar, simply he ain't been no friend of me
That's when I ghost the past and changin' identities

ItsBizKit, the biggest, I does this
No air freshener, but I brought the plug in
Kay Slay put me on a cover, straight stuntin'
Straight stuntin', dare niggas to say somethin'
When the Drama King is in the building
Ask me who's a lot of things in the building (talkin' shit)
Long Island, street heat what we filmin' (What we doin')
Don't hit my line if it ain't about a million (Let's get money)

Rich nigga with some ice jewels
You want to be fucked up nigga like you
Rich, close to half a brick, I was tryin' to grab the strip
Fuckin' jump, drug money I just had to get
That bitch bad so I had to end
Told my nigga Ugg chill don't imagine this
Goons in a hooptie, clockin' in a foreign
My bitch Jane Barnes give me head while I'm snorin'