

Rolling 200 Deep XVI

DJ Kay Slay

Get from the back woods, canned goods, white hoods
Huntin' season, cut 'em up, turn 'em into gumbo
.30-06 knock the head off a young doe
Eight bars, 25 years, boy I kill careers
Got beef, cook beef, Kay Slay, Drama King
Loadin' up, takin' aim, hit 'em with the red beam
Hip-hop these days, rappers ain't the same
Wear a million in some jewelry and I never knew their names

Eight bars is enough to drag that ass
If not, then 30 rounds'll clap that ass
Gun club goodies on one, flushinator
Whip clean, clean all black like Darth Vader
ATLien, hoe, better know the drill
Bringing that drama like Kay Slay for real
No cigar for you fuck boys and lames
Drop the mic, throw in the towel, fuck out the game

Kay Slay, what it do? Mo Good poppin' off
Empire, live wire, pussyfootin', get tossed
Caught by the boss, boy, I oughta put a bullet in him
Leave another pussy victim, Dirty South, dirty system
Fast money, fast livin', eat good, Thanksgiving
Old nigga, young nigga, smart nigga, dumb nigga
Pullin' triggers on your own folks, you a stupid nigga
Time up for you fake suckas, you some dead niggas

My plug not from the USA but plugged in like a USB
My college shooters like USC and do whatever for that USD
And they supply any drug that you U-S-E
Street weed or the Za, yeah I keep gas
Either or, Michael Kors, I got cheap bags
So you know we put in pain 'til they free Cass'
Apes hangin' out the window at your repass

Yo, they finally let the legend on the track
Yeah, the genie's out the bottle, shit, and ain't no putting me back
Now we only movin' forward, creepin' like assassins
And like that boy Biggie, I be sicker than your average
Flee with the stash and that Harlem nigga swagger
My attitude's cocky, plus I'm type arrogant
A cut above the rest so ain't no comparin' me
I be killing tracks daily, nigga, just for the therapy

I wanna take you back to the basics
Pro-Keds and Asics
Tempos unleashed whose different styles we into
MC's that talk shit, many times they forfeit, soft shit
Put that mic down, get off it
I perfect my perfection in multiple directions
In visions and reflections, a black man with blessings
You mad at my aggression, mastered my profession
Just sit back, relax, enjoy this recollection, Wa!

Lyrics in abundance (Nah)
Lyrics in abundance and large numbers
Lyrics in abundance and large numbers in the thousands and hundreds

Lyrics in abundance and large numbers in the thousands and hundreds
That's why I eat beats like tea and crumpets
And feast on niggas like pieces of crumb cake
No witches or broomsticks or turning them gold chariots to pumpkins
Gun long like the one drawn like Harriet Tubman, a nefarious clubman
When it comes to beasts, I'm the scariest of them
Swam in different aquariums, I can't swim with sharks 'cause none's ever com
ing in my circumference

Gave a gang of money to the wrong nigga
This the blackout, guess I done mixed the wrong liquors up
I got niggas ready to drop with a pound of pick-me-up
Picket fence was all I wanted but this crib is big as fuck
Park, open the gates, ain't no dinosaurs surviving wars
Or weapon upgrades, we hitting what we was aiming for
See the type of time I'm on? I'm pushing the needle forward
The police what I need it for, don't ask what I'm reachin' for stupid

I'm in the back of this Acura with my back to shit
Movin' girl all around those zombies, it was the last of us
Mom told me just stay safe, I stayed hazardous
I ran base, now I'm in the right field, I'm Hank Aaron
Shit, listen here, dog, I don't bear witness
I skin a bear for his fur and let the other bears witness
You finish the drama hour, I slay with a K
I don't get the right amount of dollars I'm able to make so

Best in the 200, the goons runnin'
K-Kay Slay, we here fifty years, we shed tears
I run from The BX to B-Wood with C.I
The best since Keith Murray and B.I., who shot ya?
We try to take chase in slave chains, I maintain the sick chase
Since Coca-Cola had cocaine
It's like tryin' to ride around in a full train and touch the third main

Kitty got 'em runnin' with they tails tucked
I ain't ever scared to fuck my nails up
All these bitches sharks 'til they wake the killer whale up
Press the bitch face to face and now the bitch is tearin' up (Pussy!)
You ain't really like that, in real life you really shook
She gon' talk shit and get dropped like they're new books
Damn, I feel like Nate Dogg, bitch, you 'bout to feel these hooks
And know we can't make up like this is how I really look

Went The Statue of Liberty holdin' the torch
If you run up in my spot then you come and get scorched
Monster jaws and keep to the streets with hard
Coke packs, egg shaped, I'm an Easter god
With scud missiles that'll bring down The Vatican
Snatching a pope, I battle his cult
And I'm still draggin' 'em
Bodyguards rushin', I'm awake stabbin' 'em
The real killer struck when he jumped on the wagon

Hip-hop was my dream come true, don't like me, fuck you
Your moms is a pigeon and your pops was too
The coupe is light blue, the seats is milk white
And I just crashed that shit last night but I'm alright
It turned into a bite, that Batman shit
My dick is 5X, that black man shit
All that rap fans get is trash
When they hear you, yeah you, when they hear me you they Plan Z

Uh! Dubie!
Cinematic shit, get your popcorn
Two-seater, top gone, bird with no top on
Pop on flagrant, I ain't want to flop on
Frontin' like you wanna lock horns and got Crocs on
You shittin' me? No jewels but a pocketful
Fly dude like a nigga drink rocket fuel
Nicer than who? Nigga, stop it, fool
You wanna get punch drunk, take a shot at Dubez

Street nigga play with this critic, get your face white
Ever goin' to playin' with beef, I get your plate right
Pull up on 'em lookin' for dinner like it's a date night
Bag 'em up, drop they ass in the ocean swimmin' with great whites
Kiss a little somethin' like medicine with the battle
H-Town, pull up the trunk and let it rattle
All black up in the hoodie like I'm a
Shadow
Everyday I play with a stallion without a saddle

I don't give a fuck who you are so fuck who you are
Take my time when I rhyme, I don't rush through a bar
Walking through a party with it, got it tucked by the bar
Watchin' niggas leavin' the club tryin' to rush to they car
Hope you niggas alert, don't make me lift up the shirt
He drive off the shit I spit, I put his whip in reverse
He had a foreign, now he got to sit in a hearse
I told Slay if I ain't first I ain't sendin' a verse

Wanted to undertake a future, went darker than Darth Vader
My ultimatum, would trap now, a star later
Chasin' large paper, niggas play games like arcadin'
When the odds went against me depended on God's favor
Wasting all your time and session impressin' them Caucasians
Dove in the deep end, then the sharks ate 'em
K-I-N-G of my region, we raised by Big Dre 'em
You play with our label, we made you call play them

Back with another eight, I sound like the street light
For thirty years, the rhymes I left will make you see right
I'm not the weak type, I'm enlightenin' minds
The teacher, I get smart like Agent 99
You want the real? KRS the type to find
They just talk 'bout ass, that's why they quite behind
Rappers jump up, I put 'em by my Nike signs
That classic line you quotin', it might be mine

Manish with it, hard-headed and rowdy (rowdy)
Arsenal like the Saudis, give a fuckboy an owie (Ow!)
Teach this ho ass a valuable fuckin' lesson
Give him a seventeen second checkin' for disrespectin'
You ain't gotta look for no trouble 'cause trouble will fuck around and find
you
Too much sucker shit in the air, they don't stick to the script like they 'p
osed to do (Uh uh)
Niggas will criss cross and double back (double back)
Everybody ain't gon' be happy for you, that's a fact

200 MC's but I'm gonna spend my eight bars
Givin' flowers to fallen stars gone too soon (Like who?)
Gift of Gab of Blackalicious, Ecstasy from Whodini
Black Rob and Prince Markie Dee of The Disco 3
The Digital Underground's Mr. Shock G

My man Biz Markie, long live the kid
Who died young but lived twice as long as Pop Smoke did (Too young!)
God bless DMX and with one bar left
RIP MF Doom, KMD's Zed Love X
GYP, God bless the dead