

# What Happened

Dope D.O.D.

[Jay Reaper]

What up is I hang with the hardest motherf\*\*kers  
I got rhymes by the buckets make you niggas wanna suck  
it  
But you loveless, I'm the epitome of god-gifted  
When I busted my first rap the whole planet shifted  
Lifted you mind to the next ? hemisphere  
The next level shift so you best to just step in here  
Check my gear, I got flavour mad hip hop  
Fucking run in the roughest neighbourhood and not get  
shot  
I black out when niggas start hating shit  
Run over your crew like the New England Patriots  
The craziest but I'm also the blaziest  
Never turn on the TV so I don't know who Jay-Z is  
What happened to rap in the 2-0 era?  
Where they are getting worse and I'm only getting  
better  
Niggas too old, J-Young and Pressure  
I put them under pressure, professor test you

[Chorus]

What happened? Dope D.O.D. became the illest  
What happened? Phony MCs is getting finished  
What happened? You face defeat and we the winners  
Wicked with the lyrics in a minute you're diminished

[Skits]

I hear people say back in the day he wasn't like this  
He's stuck in the cycle of drug, sex, and violence  
The nicest reflects on your iris  
Gingivitis erupts through the gums of plenty of biters  
I'm the Excalibur weaponry wielder  
Do you dare to step into the deadliest field of  
Hardcore hip hop, we laugh at your idols  
Fuck your advice, I walk the path of the psychos  
I kill MCs regardless of which rhyme I drop  
On top of the corpses we climb to the top  
So who's next to flop cause he thought he was heavy?  
The last one retired when I tore through his belly  
The cyborgs are ready to reboot the system  
People go missing and that seemed to have vanished  
They ask me what happened? Why do I act funny?  
I stay braindead like I got bitten by a rat monkey

[Dopey Rotten]

Every day I hear the same f\*\*king BS  
The same old song, you just don't progress  
We won't invest, deck you all fame obsessed  
I seen it all and I'm far from impressed  
I get a lot of criticism, you can be my guest  
This hip hop shit just got repossessed  
Peeps don't wanna see us have any success

It's time for these rookies to go hit the benchpress  
You're not the guy I used to know, it's all about the  
rate of flows  
Even got a Golden Globe, what a way to go  
This prick didn't even greet me at the show  
Thinks he makes art like he's Vincent Van Gogh  
But no, I turn from amateur to pro  
I put in work daily, you just don't know  
Just don't know  
You just don't know

[Chorus]

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What happened? Phony MCs is getting finished  
What happened? You face defeat and we the winners  
Wicked with the lyrics in a minute you're diminished