

Recognize

Evidence

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I wreck as an exercise
Less is more, respect the most blessed alive
The left coast got me most inspired
Toast to that so I post here even though most have died
You hear Ev' over Premier
Clear the lane, maintain, the other half of Khalil is on stage
Chase/Chace the clouds away to an infinite place
Anywhere they recognize my face
Recognize my age, that's another question
I can't get a beer without them second guessing
31'st the new 21, back to acting troublesome
Chicks get hard dick and bubble gum
My 16 like numbers, they running 'em
My M.O.?
Get away clean till we coming up
Two months I've been dumbing out to sum it up
We one in a mil' all night until the sun is up
Recognize

"Recognize"

"Don't get it twisted"

Uh

Deep as The Passion Of Christ
My documented passion for mics and Nikes nigga I'm nice like
Babu, Rakaa and Mike
Perretta precise like a surgical knife that it slice competitors
You better recognize my mind designs of war
Royal descriptions of moments in time
From the insane to the profane and divine
Scriptures that are recorded by modern day scribes
To the art I dedicated my in life, it's not a game
Then again it's not a culture, I see it a different way
I represent the cornerstone, men of respect
Wise vets, street niggas, do the knowledge in depth
Recognize, acknowledge the rep
Chace Infinite from Self Scientific, it's the gods of the west
Kind of weird that I never rocked over Premier
When Gang Starr is the blueprint for me and Khalil
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"Recognize"

"Don't get it twisted"

I rock Nikes whether it's sunny or 20 below
I'm from the No', nickle nickle lines is cold
On a turf, young niggas sniffing lines of snow
It's the mind that they chose, design to stay froze
Time that I rose, shine like white gold
Nah, don't ever think for a minute I might fold
A menace, I'm type cold, who sitting in my throne?
Hit the block in my princely robe I'm on the go
Love getting money my nigga and need mo'
Shit, how's we gon' eat if we broke?
Love riding though L.A., hit Melrose
Or, Sunset, Hollywood got hoes

And pimps with backhands ice cold
And a stack so fat it won't fold
I'm that brand new flavor in your ear
Next year, I bet I have a single with Premier
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