

Affirmative Action [Freestyle]

Fabulous

Ay yo, sit back relax, sip ya Cognac, young insomniac
Cause you sleep the 'hood will wash you like a laundromat
Sneak attack and trap from cats who pop collar
In fact your dog will be on a shirt like a Rottweiler

Some say I'm funny style, I say I'm "getting money style"
Niggas get shot every day, shit ain't even funny now
The streets is hungry, I remember how my tummy growled
I was just a bummy child, now they see me come in Childs
Made a mill, my life is looking yummy now
Learned from being broke don't get rich and be a dummy now
Cause rap niggas turning mummy now
Hosting all black parties, eyes teary, nose runny now
So warn your brothers, yeah them carats cost a hundred thou
But when it's over, that's all folks, Bugs Bunny style
Ain't see it before, my eyes is 20/20 now
Used to keep it a hunnid, them niggas funny money now
So I got the two-seater, keep your honey from me now
Paint white, seats tan, shit look honey bunny now
Yeah, shout out to homies on the Ave still
There's no Love in the game, that's how the Cavs feel

Yo my mind's hard-wired for crime, career crook
From the cradle that's just how I'm designed
Certified street king, I'm the last of my kind
For how he lived, not for the way that he died, is how a man is defined
These new niggas, quick to shoot without looking, blind fury
All pussy, when the wolfpack loose they hide jury
They hide when I fly by, high in that 5 Series
Don't care how cool you think they is, don't bring them guys near me
Never trust a soul, fuck what the 'hood think
First they took Stack from us, then they took Chinx
Survival of the fit, the hunger is real
My city is like a concrete jungle for real
Kill or be killed in my mindset since I was twelve
Getting money, eating good with my people and live well
If I don't find heaven on Earth, I raise hell
You see hellfire, escape from the barrel, I blaze shells
To this day I ask my man, "How the fuck we escape cells"?
The few who understand me, they come from the same hell
This shit I say is shocking, you stepped on a third rail
You gotta feel me to know what I'm saying -- Cain braille

See I normally leave the classics alone
Normally no B&E's without a map of the home
Formally, I don't compare, all these rappers is clones
You ever sat on the throne, spattering poems, I massacre homes
But these new niggas beef different, they just send a sub at em
Me, I'm still tinting the hoop, cocking the snub at em
Niggas don't fuck wit 'em, I don't give a fuck again
LeBron-inspired, musta thought I needed Love to win
Smoke and mirrors, gotta be an illusion
You never see me disputing, I delete the confusion
I scoop my nigga in that two-seater, we moving
Soon as he extend an arm, we gon' reach a conclusion
You niggas never felt that pain, it's like torture
When the shooter never come in for Teague (fatigue), like Korver

Nigga whole existence is to take them pies off ya
When you see him you might often know that niggas might off ya