

Bo Jackson

Fashawn

[Exile] Yo Santiago!

[Fashawn] What?

[Exile] What's up?

What's up, Nothin' much
Chillin' in the cut
A bottle of Mickey's and a dutch
How you feelin' Ex?

I'm chillin, high ceiling on the walls
Got a feelin, all of y'all
Feel'in us like feelin' balls

Pause!
Like cat feet, we smoke mad weed
Hashish, same outfit since last week

Trash beats, slang
Like hit chicks in back seats
Good looks and ask me Fas
You're my dog, like Lassie

Light an incense
My million dollar windpipe expensive
I rip mics intensive
The nigga they like to mention
Alias 'Fashawn', government is confidential
I'm type essential
Be upon my mental, strike the pencil
And in the notebook, there go a hundred jabs
No hook - Don't need a punchline
I kick the shit to make you unwind
One rhyme will stimulate your mental state for certain
Ain't even heard the second verse yet - shattered your work and...

I be lurkin' after dark with a pen that transcend
From the pad to your pad
Where you live, Graffiti mind
Rhyme great, to MPC, this dude MC
Get blindfold
Walk off the plank, the water's empty

Simply, Fash bring the the floods and the flash
Like Hurricane Katrina when I grab a pen and pad
Hit the lab like a lick of difference, I don't need a mask
I'm far from a pretender, on my grizzly
Need a millie in in the stash

See I'm the illest, feeling to high to the ceiling there
Maybe move this album from a thousand to a million
Coming from the Section Eight to Ten dealers there
Big titty feelers there, who want to eat some chips

I work potato chips, and then they suck a dick
But I choose to hit the skins, 'cause the skins be hella thick
I be wasted on the block, peace to Coss
I'm faded coast to coast

I missed a sister hit her in the coochie
With the booty - no!

Kicks in the fetus
If you step on my Adidas
We gon' probably have to fight
Lucky I ain't wear my Nikes
Coming from the far left
Can't believe yall slept, over nearly everyone
Ask KRS: Knowledge, Respect, Survival
You already know the motto
You niggas couldn't see me underwater wearing goggles

I squabble like a UFC, you blind to it
Hit you with a left, no hook, your eyes fluid
Black eyed, y'all knew it
Nike grabbed the mic, Fash and just do it!
[Fashawn] Nah you just do it
[Exile] No Fash you just do it
[Fashawn] Yo Ex, just do it
[Exile]: OK, grabbed the microphone and just threw it

And I caught it
Critics say he's psychotic
Split personality, Shawn and Santiago
Raw so take caution at large
Make sure the doors shut and locked
Tonight, I'm turning rappers into martyrs
So Ex, just do it

[Exile] Nah Fash, you just do it
[Fashawn] Nah, you just do it
[Exile] Nah, you just do it
[Fashawn] Ayo, Ex - just do it
[Exile] Nah Fash, you just do it
[Fashawn] Ayo Brav - just do it
[Exile] Ayo, Coss - just do it
[Fashawn] U-N-I - just do it
[Exile] Hey Blame - just do it
[Fashawn] Ayo, Ev just do it
[Exile] Aloe - just do it
[Fashawn] Yo Heck - just do it
[Exile] Yo Blu - just do it
Do it, do it, do it
Duet - this is the duet!