

Man Down

Grieves

I don't deny there's some strange evolutionary process going on, but mankind won't be destroyed. The fact that you and I are working here today is evidence of that.

(Shaggy)

It's been a minute, now I'm back up on these beats
Tell your mom if I ain't call her back she didn't make the team
I'm on some other shit, go and pick it up, try to run with it
Stupid motherfuckers getting rich up off some mumble shit
A mad house, camel clutch the tap out
Suck a bunch of dicks if you've been sleeping on my camp now
Been doing this for decades
Homie we don't plan on standing down, we're coming through your speakers
They like, "Mayday, mayday, man down, mayday, mayday, man down"
Fuck with me and see
You keep talking 'bout your hustle like you out here in these streets
Ain't nobody know your name, you out here acting like a bitch
And if life don't pull your card I got some homies that'll roll up and assist
Tell me something, do you believe in fate?
When it comes down to that sacrifice, can you even relate?
Ain't nobody out here acting right, they talking out the side of they mouth
I get they momma on the phone, I tell her what I'm about

It's man down (mayday)
I'm sick of playing around (mayday)
They stepping up out of bounds (mayday)
Surrounded by all these clowns
The radio ran it out
Mayday, it's man down (mayday)
I'm sick of playing around (mayday)
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Mayday, it's man down

(Yeah
Grieves, what up man?
Let's do this)

Yah
Now go and gather, every motherfucking rapper
Line 'em up I'll knock 'em down, these bowling pins about to scatter
I won't spare nobody, bitch I'm bowling nothing but strikes
And while these streams are going up I'm 'bout to double my price
Spit so cold that when I be touching the mic, I'ma leave it covered in ice
Bobby Drake with all the stuff that I write
And I ain't fucking with this whole new wave of colorful types
To me the game is black and white like it's a wonderful life
You either got it or you don't really, how much more simple can it get
This ego over talent thing, see I'm just not a fan of it
And now my shit is poppin' but y'all see the way I handle it
I don't gotta stunt man, I'm so Jackie Chan with it
Seven strains of cannabis, crate them by the kilo
Jameo in my bottle then I chase it with some Tito's
Body every wack motherfucker that I see-oh
You think you got a heart of steel? Bitch I'm Magneto

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