

Stop Bitin'

Grits

Stop bitin'
Using styles that you know
That ain't yours
Stop bitin'
Changing sounds
Every album you do
Stop bitin'
Reciting lines
I done heard before
Stop bitin'
Making money
Off of rhymes
That ain't yours

For the cleptos
Who stole flows
From those
In the pros
Get you mouth
Swole by blows
Thrown by those
You took from
How can you stand
To even look
At yourself
Peering through mirrors
Got to be
Insecurity can't
Just be bout money
If it is you
Got issues
Way beyond the benhamins
Need reminder
Of purpose
Cause you
Clowning on surface
For those
In writers block
Stealing ideas
For concepts
This is judgement day
I'm putting hurt
On your rep
It's not my fault
That you slept
And didn't wake up
You getting shook up
Getting dug up
From the roots up
Put your boots up
Your time has finally come
To a swift
And deadly end
A grammatical revolution
In the spirit
My friend
So stop bitin'

Stop bitin'
You ol style
Nibblin wagon
Jumpin braggin
Skill gnawing
Chainsaw jawed bandit
Moet drinking
Too high off weed
For proper
Thinking, sinking
Drowning your own vomit
Plus stinking pitiful
Selling soul
For residual
Individuals
In rituals
Through habitual manners
Driving me bonkers
And bananas
First off
I want to thank
Gotee for allowing
Me flow free
while some labels
Wild by picking
Their artists style
And that blow me
Completely out of the water
Thinking to myself
If they ain't
No good
Should they
Determine they
Artist vision
Make decision
How could
They regardless
Of how they feel
I'm gone avenge
Like Emma peel
For the preservation
Of hip-hop
From the one's
Who like to steal

Nothing more devious
Than a force
If my previous verse
Was harsh
A president of the U.S.
Finding love
In a boggy marsh
Me and this
Hip-hop thang
Go way back
Do what I can
To keep it intact
My soothing
Verbal herbon
Can absorb
A comet's impact
So react

On impulse
Or in a manner
That you deem fit
More of you's required
So get inspired
When my team hit

Copyright infringing
Producer pretending
To be
Beat borrowing
Noncreative
Wordless emcees
Take heed
We straight original
Rhyme sayers
Music composers
And songwriters
Christ was incapable
Of sin
We're incapable
Of biting
If we did
It would discredit
Everything we stand for
Keep your carbon copy repeats
That ain't never been sweet
Please forgive me

[repeat]