

Anti Emcees

Hacktivist

I'm more gang than a gangman trunna be gangin'
And I ain't even gangsta whats up with that
I reach out my hands, you don't say thanks
That ain't pranks it's a wallop or slap
Wallop me back, I'll start to levitate, and launch a hover attack

Jot, you're just getting irate, you can't hover, or levitate

Make no mistake in the right state I could fly straight into the sky
Make a fireball and fire it straight into your eyes
Everybody in a blind state trying to survive
Wait, okay, lemme get real
I'm way too science fiction
I don't eat enough meals
And on stage I cause a lot of friction

I ain't even tryna emcee
They're just following fashion I'll clash an emcee
You could be the baddest emcee
Some gangster spraying the mac emcee
In the club with champs and gash emcee
Crack in a bag or a shank in the stash emcee
I don't rate these emcees me and Jot Maxi will terminate emcees

Yeah, we ain't even tryna emcee
You could be the best slang grammar emcee
Snap-back top swagger emcee
Or badman roll with a dagger emcee
Shot a couple rocks of crack emcee
Or just that one good track emcee
Programmed to attack emcees
We're Hacktivist the anti emcees
The anti emcees

These fabricated emcees
They don't really shot weight but they talk greeze
Let me elaborate for an emcee we a different species
We won't collaborate with emcees
If we don't rate them G's
Like that's not gang that's fake emcee
You come from the trap now you're tryna trap me
A piano is the only time that your pushing keys
You ain't got no lyrical degrees
Hacktivist smashing emcee to smithereens
Stinging emcees, two African killer bees
Make a road man start running to police
Exposing emcees with lyrics that I wrote on a beat
So take note when I speak it gets deep
I put em in shit's creak
They don't want war or beef with Jot or me

Million views emcee
Kill him end up on the news emcee
Yeah, we might do what you do but not like you
We just abuse emcees's
The scenes mashed up is an understatement
These man are gassed like they run the pavement

Keep dreaming, or street sweeping
Even though I hate them I pray to the lord to save them
I ain't gonna lie I'm raging
That's why I'm a stage king
Started writing pages at the age of eight
Now I'm stuck in a game I don't rate
Sing: Anyone who knows me
Knows that they don't even know me
Nobody knows me, even my closest brothers
Leave me alone when I go into the zone

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