

Ground floor to the top tier
Like what up? What's happenin' here?
Shift gears, let me make one thing clear
When I step up you step back, I'll be like:
Yo, yo, move back, I'll be like:
Yo, yo, move back, I'll be like:
Yo, yo, move back, I'll be like:
Move from the mic, step aside right. I'll be like:

Well, hello, welcome, my name is D-rapht
I'll show you around Orion's belt in a beemer
Been to Mars three times
I've kicked it around stars like FIFA
Still rather be [?]
If you've been kind enough to bring those three friends
Talk of total recall
Two years, three cans, the weekends upon us and to be honest
I'd rather dance like [?]
Old soul inside of you, seems all inside of me
I light the fuel only when I [?]
Machine gun runnin' this place
Put them hands in the air like a rottweiler's in your face

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Now fuck the bottom of the barrel, I'm cream of the crop
To hot to handle, so put 'em up like top to bottom panels
Uh, kings and animals, uh, slings and arrows
Uh, better play your cards right
Bring the tarot readers, see this, elitist with Siesta
You see [?] brah, I depress
Put me on the stage, I'm a tiger
Put you on the stage, you need diapers, step and get sniped
Hunters become targets, denyin' their decline
Fingers in their ears humming "dum, dee, dum, da"
To I, double L, Y; D, R, apht
And many have come before us, won't be none after, go

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I'm gettin' over it now
The [?] and the heads are like a merry-go-round
Once relatable, now I'm an alien on your radio

Radiatin' through waves like Hulk in the day light
Shred like Wolverine in a cage fight
Been a juggernaught with a stage mic since Marvel adapt
It's comical, trying to stop a bullet full bore
Maybe when pigs soar, till then I'ma hog that pen
It's like, a zen master, master candid
Blowin' up was on the cards like gamblin'
Even the one plan to dance with my greatest fears
The understanding that who I am got me here
Now Pauly Poulter's here, Illy Al's here
Like pulling straps out of holsters when ghosts appear (bang!)
A shot cleared, they suckers not peers
They come and go, they non careers but we took 'em from the

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"I, double L, Y"
"D-D-, R, apht"
"M-Phazes" "Good gracious"
"Pauly Poulter's here, Illy'al's here"
"Runnin' this rap shit"