

Y'all ready for this?

I need y'all to put your lighters up like this

Guess who in the building, send New York a fax  
Tell 'em I'm rollin' chronic up with Jay Electronica  
Tell 'em it's (Game time!), yeah let 'em know son  
I've been swiss cheesing beats since '01  
I put the Range in the Rov, the 6 in the hundred  
Stay blunted nigga I gets money  
You niggas just spittin' to get cars and cop cribs  
Can I live? Drive that bullshit off a bridge  
With a Jesus piece under my polo  
Entourage, never that, now I ride solo  
Roll up backwoods and smoke with finesse, yes!  
I said a prayer then I took off my vest  
Now I'm walking with disciples, fully-loaded rifles  
Back on the top like I'm sittin' on the Eiffel  
Tower I devour MC's  
I'm dope aka a hundred keys

Put ya drinks in the air and get  
Higher, higher, higher, higher  
Put ya drinks in the air and get  
Higher, higher, higher, higher  
Game and Swizz in here we get  
Higher, higher, higher, higher  
Put your hands in the air and get  
Higher, higher, higher, higher

Nas already told you  
The rap game is like the crack game, cut throat  
You got to pull your own weight nigga, tug-boat  
I'm out West now bangin' with the Game and them  
California top shelf kush to the cranium  
One love, one blood, the legend is real  
Word to @Iamdiddy, the President Seal  
Has been stamped and approved  
We rock every crowd, you get trampled and booed  
It's the phantom of the chakra, slum dog opera  
Rap Radar, Nah Right, Okayplayer mosh up  
Everything was all good just a week ago  
What happened to your clique, nigga, where your people go?  
I got a message for you homie, let your people know  
We got the game locked down from Inglewood to Tupelo  
Jay ElecYarmulke and Westside Red  
Breaking bread like black kings, fuck what you said