

The Exclusive

Jaylib

(A Jaylib exclusive... with MC Percee P)

I come on spittin, the song's hittin
Before there were capon chickens different dons listened to me
for advice
Like I'm John, niggaz just left again, so I'm steppin in
To catch wreck and when on my next kin'll be checks to spend th
at I'm exitin
Perc' is nice, worth the price, every verse entice
One of the most praised ministers to speak twice on the Earth s
ince Christ
Ideas delay of light years away from what's here
I dare all my peers to slay

Two grand, review and, your whole crew man
The true fans, know who can, bring heat like in the Sudan black
No games, style is fo{? }, verbal cocaine, like propane
I blow brains bashin them no-name cats that flow lame
Writes well, recite then there's a chance you might hear
In the right air your worser nightmare after a sliced ear
Perc' spit every verse with the worst shit known
Disperse quit first clique tryin to front get they turf hit blo
wn

(Another Bronx to Detroit to L.A. connection for that ass)