

That's Hype

JME

Move, you fucking dumb speng
Idiot, chief, div, prick
Donut, tramp, swag, fool
Stinking piece of shit
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Donut, tramp, swag, fool
Stinking piece of shit
(Guess what? Guess what?) Everybody knows
Jme's gonna pull out a rudeboy flow
Not on a hype like "Boy Better Know!"
More on a ting like "everybody thinks to MC tough..."
Or one of them flows like "garage has stopped" or "I shot Os"
Needed a start for a conscious lyric
"Guess what? Guess what?" is what I chose

Yo, blud, that's hype, that's hype
Shut your mout, pass the mic, give me the mic
See, all that badboy talk is nothing, you run up your mout like you wanna do something
Don't get rude, I said don't get rude, I will start headbutting

My bars build up like your costs
You was a wasteman but now you're worse
You man a get left in the past
Claim you're a badboy, you're just a spack
You can't say that you spit in my class
I'm all over your shit like a rash
See who's the best mic man when we clash
Won't never fall off cause I'm on track
Badboy mic man, others get shook
You don't wanna ride what I'm on, you'll turn poof
What's that? Got nothing to say? Then shh

You spit weak on the mic and sound frail
Don't underestimate me cause I'm pale
I'll drag you along, leaving trail
If I'm on track, I'll knock you off-rail

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Listen up, I'm a soldier, I take chances
Monkey magic, I swing on the tree branches
What you mean, I don't come from jungle rima?
Rudeboy, I keep the dances
I'm a champion, I win races
Solve a crime call, buss a couple cases
I've been caught in bare different places
Black Huarache, black shoelaces
I'm a money boy, I'm worth paper
That ain't cops, blud, that's worthy freighter
I'm from LON, not LA, I'm not a Laker
Look into my face, there's not one crater

Eski walks across water
I'm like Jesus, first I was a pauper
Now I'm Wiley, you might see me with a gangster's daughter
Drinking wine in Mallorca

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I'm an OG in this ting
You know I make P in this ting
I move class A and class C in this ting
But I don't move no B in this ting
Man are big man, man are OG in this ting
I don't work with ozs
Rudeboy, I work with a whole ki in this ting
It's '05, not '03 in this ting
Yeah, they're not like me in this ting
They watch too much TV in this ting
I've been making Ps from back in the day
When D Double E said "me" in this ting
Ask around, you can ask about me in this ting
Cause I'm known all over the bits
I've got my hands all over your girl's bits
Don't leave your gyal around me in this ting

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