

[Verse:]

My man Dirty had to boot it  
Just to put me in my right mind  
I rhyme stoned, drop jewels and bright lines  
Siked dimes a slice, closed eyes  
I'm sliced so by, why you ain't to go  
That given thrown so by  
Laugh it out by the pole light  
Show Shorty to the back room  
Place your race she acting like a vacuum  
Showed her to the door before the afternoon  
She fell hard on the floor  
So you know that she'll be back soon  
Fake MC get their raps wrong  
Young villans up upon a track  
And the track doom, click clack boom  
Ressurrect and boom back from the tomb  
Drags dope like crack in cocoons  
Back in this move, back on the move  
It's the motherfucking real, nigga, chill, act cool  
Pay respect to the cat drew  
And I'm way too blessed  
To be dough with shots, that's true

[Interlude:]

Big ups, Brooklyn, home of the realest  
Big ups, Brooklyn, home of the realer

I'm trying to find my own lane  
In this freeway life  
Just remember homeboy  
It ain't no free way to life  
My nigga has gone haas  
Tryin' not to lose his soul  
'Til the rims holes are gone  
'Cause once the devil drive on  
That nigga ain't letting go  
And I'm far from religious  
I just know right and wrong  
I know how to write these songs  
I know how to light these bongs  
I know how to rip thongs  
And I'm pretty good and being bald  
Nigga, I'm so crazy, Nigga I'm loco gased up  
Like Scirocco pressed the pedal to the floor  
But you out the door  
Bitch loved it in here, no more  
'Cause I weave low, faking in a Louie bag  
Weap chick I tried to back, 'cause she had the nerve  
To turn me down, heard the song and turned around  
Now she want me to enter her pants  
But I'm gone bitch, missed your chance

Big ups to Brooklyn, home of the realest  
Big ups to Brooklyn, home of the realer  
Big ups to Brooklyn, home of the realest  
Big ups to Brooklyn, home of the realer

[Verse:]

I got sick in class started making classics  
Now all I really do is get the grass lit and, bus asses  
I'm sure they'll blow like bust acid  
Puff acids, like Mav' chuchu Maverick  
And I'm average above average on an average day  
Doing bad shit but you still can't pass this  
And his teacher still pass him  
Though they adolescence, they be having rapping secession's over adding less  
ons  
Like fuck trigonometry, I'm trying to multiply  
Monopolies and tax the homies, then divide the cheese  
Divide lexus to resize the lease  
So my eyes could see through the ease  
Shown you all how about decease  
A part of see, after asses like apostrophes  
You can't stand here unless you pay a posture fee  
Part of the cheese, head at the spot and leave  
Apologies for apology

[Outro:]

Joey Bad and Chuck Strangers  
Leaving niggas in danger  
Joey Bad, leaving niggas in danger