

I'm a beast with these flows
2 birds one stone, you get geese when trees roll
They say I'm evil cause I trained my eagle to see gold
See, no seagulls couldn't see these goals
Please, it's the return of the beast coast
No cash, flash put the cheese still make teeth show
The cold needle, is how you move on a strip, you tryna be Vito?, well
There's rules to this shit
Don't get clapped, ya'll ain't real spitters, ya'll lips chapped
Better watch the Mr. Nicewatch, don't risk/wrist that
I got a 6 pack of bear/bare skill that I spill like that
And everybody know (THAT SHIT CRAY!)
Ya'll niggas softspoken, down below token
The type to drop the soap when you soakin' in front of most men
It makes sense you want beef with this frozen
It nuts for new school, in the tool, ya' kid hold him
Better shoot yourself Plaxico, because I'm next to go
The Progressive flows from New York to New Mexico
A lyrical spanish, with a dance that's demandin'
Step into my box and that's exactly what'chu standin'
Ain't no half steppin' 'round me
And you gotta drown a fish before you clown me
That young cop killer, I'm dat I'll, so doc' will ya
Give me two shots for 2Pac killer

Soul searchin' 'till my flows are perfect
I ain't tryna be a slave to grow old from workin'
Sorry BADA\$\$, you lucky that I peeped the second
Tell them niggas keep it steppin' with they beat selection
Check the melody, it's so heavenly
That shit'll get your hips to move no 70's
All the Opium, can I bust soliloquies
Got that shit mix and mastered both remedies
Grab a spoonful, sturrin' up a pot
And you know we gotta serve it while it's hot
I'm flowin' like a volcano, drippin' verses while drippin' verses off
the top
Dirty cops still swervin' on the block
Lookin' for black kids, that spittin' up acid
It's in my genes, don't worry where my pants is
Get with the script it's that ignorant shit
And they bound to get sick off of this quick
But I sealin' my lips, it's a shift
I know you feel it man
We blowin' up like a ceiling fan
Droppin' off jewels like Killa Cam's man
When it comes to kickin' verses I'm Mr. Van Damme
Crushin' strawberries it's a jam
So throw up both hands if you can
Irony how I'm killin' this shit
Until they bury me, my volume is going in depth with longevity