

Third Eye Shit / Suspect

Joey Bada\$\$

Suspect niggas don't come outside
You might get your wig pushed back tonight
Said I deserve my respect
Brains don't matter if your wig get split on some third-eye shit
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Started blazing, and stargazing
See how you can reach your farthest aspirations
It's like holy matrimony in The Matrix
It ain't shit, they just call it a strange shift
Cold feet 'cause I'm on thin ice
It's alright besides the fact I want it all in one night
Like, you can't skip steps is the best
Even though the vets hold a .47 with a vest
Now that's a wise investment
Or a concept to try and hide divine intentions
Like, let 'em hate, stay calm and meditate
When life hands you lemons it's time to eliminate
More sour than lemonade, anyways
Different days, different highs, different haze
Kamasutra with miss Mary Jane
And the karma suits her, she a vibrant thang

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You niggas is suspect and I'm just a ruffneck
That wasn't breaking pencil tips when I would bust lead
I puff meds and leave chumps fed and punks dead
Her cunt wet, she getting rough sex, no sunset
I like a chick with a buck tooth, yeah it could get fucked too
We keep one eye open, they sus' too
Never tell 'em my government, make any covenant bitches be loving it
Say not to put a glove on it, some funny shit
You must've thought I was a dummy, miss
I feed lines to felines just to get up in their tummies quick
Yeah you got tricks but I got five more
So any game you try to play, you better know I got the high score
You better settle down 'cause you're not on my level now
The Pros is semi-circle, they can tell the world you get around
Some niggas clowns, what's the shit about?
They used to doubt now they see us sprout and I'm out

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Nigga I deserve my respect
And brains don't matter if your wig get split on some third-eye shit

When I was 13, I was bad, rapping 'bout guns we never had
Now we smoke raws with filter tips, old homies talking shit
Said you got what's best of mine but you stay plotting on that dime
Thought 'cause we was cool before that we gon' take yo ass on tour?
Fuck nah, this my chance to get it
How you entitled to my shine? Nigga you ain't help me get it
Now these niggas see me getting it, check the statements on my debit
My profile get requested but I never hit "Accept"
Hit the sour to the chest, I reflect
When I was 14, up late, eyes glued to the sampler screen
Eyes beam, 'cause we can make it better
Smoking on that Jack Herer, welcome to the Progressive Era

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And brains don't matter but tell me what really matters
When you pissed off at the world like you got a crazy bladder
And, momma always said that shit don't come on silver platters
So I gather my thoughts and make use of all these synonyms
'Cause I could never swallow the truth, like it's cinnamon
Excuse me if I'm militant
The sinning men in my hood could leave a nigga quivering
Like goddamn, deliver him, the venom and his liver is
Corrupting all his ligaments
Now he's at a standstill so tell me if he'll live again
The fire in his heart, still seem to be simmering
Now take that little simmer and turn it into adrenaline
Penicillin could not stop the drive he be giving 'em like mad fours
But fast forward, let's get to the part where his records
Could 'fford him a couple Fords like "Lord, ain't he gifted?"
Christmas just doesn't fit him, I need my own holiday
And by the way, I'ma possibly own Monopoly
And all McDonald's property 'cause I won't live in poverty like

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In the clouds come and find me, someone flier than Hermione
Homie tripping, got 'em sounding like Hansen in the '90s
Charlie Manson your whole body, 'cause that damage in your party
Can you manage what I'm dishing out? Go get your wishing count
You sell me something then I flip that amount
I just switched that account, get that profit then I'm out

Yeah, they all wonder but it's Nyck bitch don't doubt
Rip your lips off your mouth
Man I'm violent ring the siren with these bars I'm reciting
Cars with no license
Hard man, I'm feeling like a spartan with a trident
Damn, picture perfect, bet I'll make that picture worth it
I'll be doubling my spot, no Louisiana Purchase
So declare that, with my hair back
You want a fair one, catch a fair smack
I hunt up on my prey
So pray I ain't hunting on your ass today like be afraid

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Cool cuts flow, the deli can't touch this
Slipping like fishes, choking when you hit the cypher
And I ain't talking weed smoke but I let the weed blow
Anything, just let the leaves know, oh
Suckas fuck around, get clapped where you rest at
Nigga saying you cracking, fabric of your imagination
Ask your lady
It's assassin when I come up on the track
It's a curse that I always try to find sex in these verses
But I got your attention, it's part of my ascension
But if I keep toking this strain
It's gonna leave me stranded in this dimension
Or to mention, niggas is snitching
Might charge me with battery
But fuck that, 'cause piss was never in your anatomy
So don't try to lie on a nigga that got mine on my third-eye shit

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I tell you I deserve my respect
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Man I'm onto higher degrees without my masters
I could use my words to urge into disasters
Niggas wanna know how my wheels keep on spinning
And they see we getting love 'cause they see the Pros is winning
'Cause we giving love back so they peeping how we fitting
Ain't gonna have no sus' nigga stepping to me
I like to keep my chakras open so respect my G
I got the bush going in, repping FBT
So sus' niggas watch your back, Pros next to me
I got Chuck on the team to collect the green
And show these suspect niggas what it mean to scheme
Another apex predator crushing your dreams
Gonna get your wig pushed back between my cream
Taking all you sus' niggas, throw you out the scene

I'm taking all you sus' niggas, throwin' out the scene
Taking all you sus' niggas, throw you out the scene

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The P, the R, the O, the Dette
Never am I vexed, I'm always calm, cool, collect
Unless you disrespect, I wreck you verbally
So expect the worst from me, I beck you with my intellect
You best be circumspect check, made you making all the wrong moves
Do I intimidate you, or more infuriate you?
'Cause I annihilate all who participating for the gore
Lovers I decapitate with everything I say, see
Come sneak a peak and, tell me what you peeping
Then struggle to say it ain't greatness that you seeing
It is what here sits in the midst of us, yeah it's quite mysterious
No you're not delirious, I'm serious, it's clear to us
Add some crystals, gonna see gold
Then platinum, seen it on some tarots before
So I know how it is all gonna go down
Gotta go more uptown, more in the cloud
'Cause didn't ya know by now, I'm skyline bound
And my time's now, I don't graze ground, I'm new in your town
So assume what you please but you don't know me
Say what you please but you don't know T'nah

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Who that mofo that came to showboat just 'cause he float like no other?
Style smooth as butter and slick like lubricant rubbers
So going in on tracks ain't a real test, the real quest
Is making real tracks with feelings people ain't feel yet
Dessy be that suspect for subjects for all the records
Set in for all the records, I spit in a split of seconds
So you can't reckon that I wasn't checking for beats unpleasant
I eat up a track and hit your producer up for seconds
Remember I'm the face, so lace me in the line-up
The bars that I could line up could probably bump the fine up
Define what never can judge, rap is in my blood
So much, my capillaries adapted a sanctuary
From the fifth of January, every punchline turned into crunch time
Was cutting records more times than my school's lunch line
So if this hits mine, go ahead and pop your wrist fine
Been spitting dirty, the vocals recording spit shine

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And I deserve my respect
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'Til the day I die, I'll be puffing lye, fuck the world, fuck it dry
Tell them government spies I won't cover my eyes
Won't cower, won't move 'cause I don't move like a coward
Knowledge is power and the flower of life is ours
Get as high as ours, maybe you could see the towers
Scour your dirty mind and maybe you unleash the power
We all got the potential in our body and soul, probably you know
I found mines right through the pencil, started bodying flows
But fuck that, this be the preview of primeval hip-hop retrieval
I hold illegal like them coppers hold weasels to squeal
This one for my people, headed to the top, no redo
Thinking up evil but see no evil, just be Knieval
'Cause I ain't ask to be this good, they just made me better
They told me cheese at the cams and they made me cheddar
And the green only made me clever
See God made three Bigs, two Pacs, but he only made one error
The Era

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