

Every Little Step

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Yes, God! We ain't got no replacements!
This shit is easy. It's too fucking easy! God!

Dropping the bomb
Sound the alarm
Heart on my sleeve
Not on my arm
Plated my poem
Counting this records 'til 6 in the morn'
Cut me a check I just need me a loan
Better yet, crown
I need a throne
I am the king
You are
I'm in the spot
I'm in the zone
What do you know
Who would've thunk it?
Came out of Maryland, jumped out the barrel, I'm turning myself
into something
I studied the fundamentals of the craft I made it up out of the
dungeon
Know what I'm punchin' I treat this piece like a luncheon
No it's not up for discussion
I am disgusting
Nigga you can't tell me nothing
Who in the fuck, done it the way that I done it?
I swear that my shit is original
Pressing your luck, thinking that you're on my level
Oh no my nigga we not similar
I'm in the cut plotting and planning my future
I made a brand new maneuver
All this shit is amusing
I don't believe it, it's an optical illusion
I done been up
I done been down
Had to bandage up the bumps and the bruises
I had to run
Go get it now
Think of the winning, I can't do the losing
I realize that this shit is a choice
I am a fire we lighting the torch
Still? with your whack ass
Living in the past nigga never that
God!