

Pac man

King Los

Beat the whole frame up (Pac Man)
Repo your main slut (Pac Man)
Peeped all your chain up (Pac Man)
Eat the, eat the whole game up (Pac Man)

All these hoes I got to like one
All these blunts I got to light one
All these guns I got to shoot one
All these niggas ghost when I come
All these niggas ghost when I come
All these niggas ghost when I come
All these shots I got to hit some
All that shades you got to get sun
All this sauce I got to drip some
All you niggas sound like my sons

I am invincible damn near invisible
Say the word, I'd off his head I'm a man of my principle (talk to 'em)
Top scholars versus the pop stylist
Do a video you need a pop stylist
If a nigga wrote a verse for you, you a dub nigga
You are not a top fiver
No, no keep your lips locked in
God flow on you niggas for your hip hop sins, ugh
I ain't nothing like you niggas need a school bus to pick all my clones up
Kill a rapper, bury his ass, get bored then dig all the bones up
Ain't nobody that can one on one me, everyone that want me better zone up
If you say it, nigga own up, I'ma make it feel like your father picked the p
hone up
And caught you lil' niggas talking grown stuff
God, I have to help you find my skill
God, help these helpless niggas with these calcified pineals argh!
Diet diet diet diet, you should try it, I got a whole list of reasons
All of you niggas diseases, getting bodied by a holistic vegan

Who is God? Black man
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Okay, any person that try to fuck with your man
I son son and bury son under the sand
What I'm saying is when sun come up anyone can get tan
You know they selling melanin for 400 grand

I be getting to the bands thinking like a mad man
Can see the white man kill another black man
When a black man kill a black man that's a backhand
To the face fake nigga face the reality
Only one race that can race to the galaxy
Nigga really want that smoke come challenge me
I ain't got no time to battle niggas one at a time
So whoever want it the most come to the front of the line
I just close my eyes and say the shit that come to my mind
I got a 100 in them drum or, keep on something divine
Got my finger stopped to the trigger quickly stacked to the pir
'Til you niggas try to come for my shine
Straight crack when I come with the vibe, skrt, skrt, skrt quick but partner
ship be studded inside
Bitch it's a war if you flinch, shit can get more than intense
Spray paint these walls on the side of The White House
Like bitch we need water in Flint (show nuff)
Who's the master? Who's the rappers using the masses with abusive rap shit?
My niggas push the base like producers do trap shit
We build pyramids no moving backward (pussy)

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