Time to clear out the bullshit!
We ain't gon' never give up this type of sound
Time to clear out the bullshit!
I know what y'all, what y'all after

We ain't never leaving this space right here! This is what it is When we took the vow "I am Hip Hop" This is what we swore to defend, this

Welcome to the Lyrical Ass Beating I'm not in a mansion or a yacht I'm right on your black man speaking, I keep teaching Cats be like "How he still eating?" Cause I build on skills that never weaken I ripped a club just last weekend Y'all sitting around playing XBox and internet freaking Then you want to get what I got? You want to get in my spot? You want to click, click and hold on my Glock? Nah player get your own pistol My arms become dealers when I'm holding up that mic missile Stay back with your rap, it might clip you I use smart mics, my words will hit you As you can see I'm much realer When the mic weapon is in my arm, I become that rap arms dealer So who da best? Who da best out here? Who claiming the crown when KRS out here Who da best motherfucker today? My fans are here to stay Sixteen albums, not one of my producers were fake Who da freshest motherfucker in rap? You better dig in your crates, who lives what they state? Who's the most consistent to date? If you're talking 2Pac or B.I.G. you late (KRS!) I ain't got a Maybach but I takes it way back Knowledge reigns supreme, watch how you say that I slept where the World Trade at Right at ground zero's where my head laid at New York is where I'm raised at When it comes to Hip Hop, we made that We can never trade that, for any payback

Yo JS! Where the real DJs at?