

Too many best rappers, not enough best rhymes tho  
Guess I'm delusional, used to doing it all the time so  
Maybe I'm just jaded, out of touch and unrelated  
Unable to connect greatness based on the person who makes it  
Or maybe I just hate it  
And that would make me hater  
Maybe it is great but that don't mean it's greater  
Having your profile raised doesn't make you a raiser  
Being ambiguous with assertions, isn't making you safer  
What you mean tho?  
Line us up, paddling us on the back  
Like we steamboat you, president of the frat  
You goin' sling toast, like you Ringo  
And you think Doc Holliday's  
Just goin' tolerate and too sick to let that thing go  
It's just a matter of returns  
Ashes to ashes, scattered them from the urns  
To start a fire shaky to gather them from the burned  
And reassemble these ashes, the blackness is something firm  
Then moving blackness backwards in the bread of some other shit  
Any deep we spreadin' wheat seeds from a bucket shit  
McDonald had a farm and he lovin' it  
Rolls Royce of the scented voice against the arms of the govern  
ment  
Artist gettin' robbed for their publishing  
By dirty Jewish execs that think his alms from the covenant  
I'll retire when I'm tired, that's a Firestone death  
Easy to say when nobody's there, like a microphone check  
They wanna hear what I'm gon' say before the microphone check  
Make me sign an NDA before the microphone test  
Let you face that type of faith, institutional opposition  
Then with all due respect, you are not my competition  
Nah