

Work Craftstyle

Marlon Craft

Young urban novelist, herb slap a apologist
Leavin rappers dead in my wake and they won't acknowledge it
I'm headed to the top of my own and they want their bottoms kissed
This Trump shit enough, I ain't doin industry politics
See, rappers flex but when the mic is in all of their hands
They stumblin like Sean Spicer at oral exams
When you really hot ain't nothin more important than fans
So I only do it for the ones supportin the plans, settin new precedents
Fuck that orange-ish man, he tryna privatize the world til you
can't afford where you stand
There's too much at stake, I gotta be more than a brand
See, I'm more of a man
And even when I travel the foreign-
est lands rappin and tourin expand
I'm screamin Hell's Kitchen and keepin it New York as I can
See if I could paint a portrait of man I'd hang it in the subway
right below Port Authority, fam
That's word to everything, my words are everything
I do it my way, even if I'm off like Freddie sing or it's the highway
Never gave a fuck about a fast lane
Godfather of rappin, check my first and last name
It's young Brando, you one channel
My tongue vandalizes beats and catalyzes heat without not one handout
So don't approach me I'm on the block with a 40 screamin free Charles Oakley,
beggin anyone to coach me, catch an elbow to the throat
See I'm boxin out man, the game is mine
If you miss your shot, when I get the rock, you gon hit the pin
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And cats frontin like I ain't the one to get behind
Ironically they'll all get left behind when I get what's mine
No gang of stars behind me, its just me, homie
But shouts to Guru, the legend, man R.I.P. homie
All respect due, but this beat was screamin "Use me"
Hope my rhymes are supreme enough that Preme don't sue me
They be like, "Craft, you kill it every month, when you gon quit it then?"
Maybe when Van Gundy come and coach The Knicks again
Maybe when Charles Barkley's old uniform fit again
When it snow in Sahara, it's a desert in Michigan
Listenin til they lay me down
I'mma lay these nouns, verbs, and adjectives on wax and spit un
til it make me proud
So they can go and try and make these clouds of smoke and mirro

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Like I ain't the fuckin realest they won't ever make me bow, th
at's word