

Yo, your shit went wood like a splinter
I write till there's no more ink in the printer
A winner, it's all from the soul in the inner
You rapper couldn't find ice in the middle of winter
Fresh like the N.E.R.D.s from Virginia
You wack like the herbs from the 'burbs who's pretenders
Jigmasta, DJ Spinna
Pockets heavy, yours are thinner, far from beginner
You a sugar substitute, Splenda
Any gender, who's a contender, must surrender
I keep a stash full of legal tenders
In case robbers wanna hold me up like suspenders
I spit that flavor, taste it on your tongue
Youth gets wasted on the young, I'm the shits like dung
It's all from the power of the lungs
You got it spend it, Ego G is authentic

"Too tough to fold too hot to hold" - Pitch Black 'It's All Real'
"I never seen no kid like that"
I'm authentic

Ayo most rappers fold like cheap chairs
And real talent only comes around now and then like leap years
And like Goldie Locks And The Three Bears
I'm just right
And just might write a verse to beat theirs
I'm indeed competitive
I listen to these niggas late at night if I need a sedative
I don't wanna hate but I can't lie
Think I'd rather sit around and watch some paint dry
You dudes bore me
And this book's in need of a new story
And lyrically I'm the father and you Maury
You just a talk show host, I'm hot
You get burnt if you walk so close, you not
On my level, I'm bout to get on my rebel
Without a pause shit
I bet real niggas endorse it
And write they name on the dotted line, they gotta sign
Ain't too many flows as hot as mine
I'm authentic

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