

Corporal Punishment

Masta Ace

Make some noise (Oh)
Oh, Oh
Oh, Oh
Oh
Check- check- check it out
Can't- can't- can't fuck with it, it's impossible
'Cause it's not the game to play, no, it's not the game
I came in the door, I said it before
With truth in the music, who can refuse it?
Your man's back in this
Let's show these motherfuckers that it's true and not just a hobby

I'ma put it to you simply, the soul of the music so empty
I'm cold when I do this, don't tempt me
Won't walk the stroll and the label won't pimp me
That's when I was younger with my face all pimply (Yeah)
Now I be's a runner but I'm not picking kis up
Me, I just be coming with the rap, chicken caesar
And I just be all up in these bars like a wino
And I do this all night long like I'm Lionel
This shit is final (What?) this shit it analog
This shit is vinyl (What?) this is not Tidal
This ain't Spotify (Nah), Pandora playlist
Kids with Sony Walkmans used to play this
Don't know how to say this, looking at the whole scene
Shit went from Crooklyn to Clockers, Bokeem
You can lean and keep sipping codeine (Yeah)
And I'ma be a cheerleader, go team
And help my environment go green
And cut your music off like old jeans
It's that slick artist known to spit hardest (Yeah)
Bringing money in like Kickstarters
Who gon' get farthest, that depends
Used to ride around in the Benz with shit starters (Ha)
This is what they call music from the soul (Soul)
There's a good chance that I'ma do this when I'm old (Old)
Young boy talking 'bout, "You already ancient"
And I got the belt, let me show you how I spank shit
Good shit, bullshit, this is how I rank shit
All white party, yeah, this is on some Frank shit
No cocaine, sorry for my profane language
Legendary style like Coltrane
And still making moves, no Hammer pants (No)
And still bringing beef, no cattle ranch (No)
When the shit goes down like an avalanche
You gon' end up bleeding, speeding in an ambulance
Let me tell you where I was like a alibi
Brownsville Brooklyn, turn into a college guy (Right)
But please don't sleep like a lullaby (Please)
Got friends from the Group Home, Melachi (Dap)
Everybody who can rap want credit
Forget it, dead it, y'all don't qualify

I embrace the unknown
While you expected fear, there was none shown
Feels like I can kill two giants with one stone
That theory rectefies a duty to drop heat

Breaking record highs while most don't recognize the beauty
I got Mecca ties tucked inside of lawsuits like Detroit Red
Without law rules, that's word to all my Saginaw brutes
Eating on raw fruits and veggies, still rolling Reggie
Can't use cliffnotes to edge me out, I know the ledge is edgy
To push me, and momma warned me about y'all bushy
Tail girls, girls giving up tail to tushy
For Chanel, pearls and Michael Kors
When I let one of you ride on my motorcycle horse
It's how I feel
I'm a student of Masta Ace, Pastor Ma\$e
And a Killa Bee with the Casper face
Give you a blessing right in a session
While I'm rolling up 'dro, loud as a "no" in a room full of yes men

'Cause it's not the game to play (No), it's not the game
I- I said it before
'Cause it's not the game to play, new shit
Can't fuck with it, it's impossible
'Cause it's not the game to play (No), it's not the game
Wanna walk the walk, well make sure your shoes fit
'Cause it's not the game to play
Let's show these motherfuckers that it's true and not just a hobby