

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 avalance

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