

Pump

Merkules

Fallin', fallin', fallin', we ain't fallin' for the sneak
Hear a lot of talking but they jocking for the reach
They gon' switch up on the low, never hit you in your face
Hit you in your face, never hit you in your face

Nah I never been a fan of the wackness
Been around the world with a map and an atlas
All the mumble rap is a massive distraction
You ain't Sway you ain't have all the answers, nah!
Everything I see you do is run of the mill
But fuck it you feelin I'm killin' like I'm Buffalo Bill
Been through the thunder and hell, I got my act together
So I dare you to name somebody who's rappin' better
I betcha won't, til you can't, til you should, but you couldn't
Cause I'm dope, I'm the man, got the kush and my hoodie
Got a scope and a lens and a bush fulla bullets
With my finger on the trigger I can push til I pull it
I came outta my mom with a mic attached
It's like I siphon gas and then I write these raps
And all these other cats bite like a Tyson match
But you can find me on the web like Spiderman
I'm comin' to kill em, these mothafuckas suck, I'm the realest
The whole freshman cover is number one on my hitlist
And you get punched in the grill, cause I run it like fitness
I see your girl front row tryin' to suck on my didick
I said NO!
They pump us up they used to try and punk us out
My team is dressed for a funeral we don't fuck around

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They pump us up (they gon' pump us up)
They pump us up (get them numbers up now)
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They pump us up (get them numbers up now)

Why they wanna see me in the dirt, wanna see me fail?
Once they hear the work we gon' see the cell
Watch 'em change like chameleon
Pump the brakes, y'all fuckin' fake don't wanna see me with

I be the general with the flow
I used to be minimal with the dough
They be jealous, subliminal
When they all on my genitals
When I flip it and hella reppin' the MO
Now they know when really ready to blow
And I look at the women havin' the glow
But in the very beginning
They never thought of me winning
We see the haters be grinning within' my show
I was walkin' up a hill in C mid boost
Coughin' up the real and grievous juice
Lookin' at suicide

Stupidity, you decide
Fakin' it wasn't the way 'cause he went truth
Tecca beat 'em down, pound for pound
Winnin' em all over, town by town
The clown with sound was down, but found
Now the Nina's world renowned and crowned
I was forbidden yeah
Had a rough time gettin' there
But instead of wishin' a nigga was grittin'
So now I'm spittin' yeah
Now they all wanna listen here
But a whole lotta hissin' there
They wanna hold a nigga back and I put the gun up on a track imma kill it when on a mission yeah

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