

Uh
Yeah
Most slept on, but can't be crept on

Game locked, still got time on the game clock (Woo)
End of the game the pawn and king go in the same box
The same block, I'm just never found in the same spot
And these two ratchets is twins, they got the same pop
It's bad boy, and we can't stop, the kid proper
This one-twelve make it hot, call that the Big Poppa (Poppa)
I'm Puff Daddy, don't pop pills, I pop collar
I fail nada, it's not a dollar, I'm not bothered
My forefathers was bank robbers, they can't spar us
Who got these rappers a lil' wheezy? Dwayne Carter
I ain't your martyr, too many bars and they can't follow
I'm thinkin' too hard, maybe rappers is Benny Carter
For the record, y'all ain't stoppin' a thing
See me sittin' on the chessboard, I'm on top of my game
And while they watchin' my game, dude is watchin' they king
Have 'em givin' up the rock like it's Roc-A-Fella and Dame, homie
Tried to tell 'em, everyone's a critic in my town
No need to critic, I hypocritic in my sound
But y'all don't get it, for every lyric I write down
That mean I get it, and y'all can get it on sight now

No Call of Duty, these Black ops could die now
No Call of Duty, these Black ops could die now
[?] 'em out, no padlock for my pound
Got X-Clan on the flag, watch the time's now

Yo, everybody a critic out here in my town
Put him in water and leave him, but he will not drown
All in 'em jungles with lions, watch him stand proud
Assassination for real [?] growl
It's Hanz On, this the Meth Lab, what up, partner?
In tune with legends and shooters that change ya whole posture
Chupacabra, he spittin' lava, it's the [?]
Home court want to specify, and y'all follow
Y'all could call or bark it, the blade sharper
Become a martyr, this music'll get to [?]
Yup, death premeditated your whole roster
Dudes is cowards, you're featherweights to my monsters
Handz On [?] yo, the flow bonkers
Be on your sponsors like Ronald Reagan, I ran contra
It's a ménage, success, money, Balenciagas
Word to the fathers, you cowards is gon' need aqua (Water)
Word to mother, y'all could die now
Doesn't matter, become cadavers, it's one round (Round)
Dead bodies for every lyric I write down
[?] we get abusive on sight now, yeah

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