

## Warmup

Mike G

When I'm finished, they'll never take another breath again  
Wolf Gang representing running with the best of 'em  
Living to reach excellence  
Gold medals when you win, watch as I repeat event  
I make haters go on trips when they wouldn't come back again  
That's why I'm showing off my moves like I'm backpedalling  
Your half-step  
I'm better, just check my track record  
Call me deadly like the seven sins  
I'm the star player, put my number on my letterman  
Now I run the new school, there's no rules  
But what I say, you should do  
And if not, then fuck you  
Only thing that can tell me  
Is if I remain this cool, I'll be hot, making shit hot  
Your shit stops, you ain't moving nothing on the block  
Got me feeling like I'm running from the cops  
Never running out of breath but I'm gunning til they drop  
Get more stripes than a ref's uniform, now I'm on  
What you saying, who's been gone?  
Winds blow me far from home  
Right back to where it's warm  
Quiet storm when I perform  
And I'm a good shot  
Top bomber, tell Saddam that I'm coming for his spot, dead or alive  
I break silence and I won't stop til the dead start to rise  
And heads start to turn and flesh starts to burn  
If you listen you will learn nothing's given, you can earn  
Ain't no stopping if it's profit, it's mine it's not your concern  
If you want it, then I got it for you if you wait your turn  
Follow me, you let others plea into court is adjourned  
Mike G 1: 23, time of murder currently  
I can make it hard to breathe like you were leagues underseas  
Break rules for me, it's impossible to follow policy beyond belief  
City values raise when I walk the streets  
Pardon me, my name should be etched in stone, me alone  
Put my heart in it, beats the same as a metronome

It's slow motion sprint home  
Don't call it a comeback, I'm just getting warm  
Tryna avoid the hangover in the morning  
Scorin, O. Trice ball like Mike Jordan  
Now women adore when I'm touring  
Not travelling now we exploring  
Don't call it a comeback, I'm just getting warm

These rappers divas  
There's more bitch niggas than there is bitches  
A million and one face lifts, nigga pull out your stitches  
You ain't who you say you are, Obie's an eye witness  
You hiding behind real niggas and a couple of ditches  
Ain't no more soldiers, this gay shit took a toll on us  
I been waiting patient for the day this blows over but  
How this culture cultivate homo  
Sapien and embrace 'em, nigga that's a no-no  
Guess I got a phobia  
Bill folds, I'm rolling 'em

Classic in the slack of [?] for hoes and them  
Poking 'em Souls is Mischief  
Opio got more than one misses, it's written in hieroglyphics  
That Mike G, would ask my assistance insisting  
That we murder musicians and their existence  
Man I got issues  
Parallel to listeners hell  
Only difference share spells through Instruments real  
Might as well be an instrument for you to prevail  
You to excel, Obie put the truth on the nail  
Ever since the booth with Proof and homie that's pale  
Had an alter ego, nigga you could call me D12  
Niggas all for evil when doing good for yourself  
Had to part with people before I own a loft in a cell  
Off Hennessy, everybody enemies fucking with my energy  
Ain't nobody friending me, fuck who you pretend to be  
Real, you presented me  
Kill you being me, nigga that's the entity  
OT shoots you have you needing souchers  
Put you in a suit, be the last time they view you  
This ain't just a booth, nigga duty will pursue you  
You missing the roof when bullets you introduced to  
All that tough talk, you motherfuckers is used to, useless  
Meet me on the block, let's make it an odd future  
O. Trice, ruthless