

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