

It's either you fam you food, it's only my mans in the room  
I do this dance for the sun, with both of my hands on the moon  
Alotta you niggas is trash, I guess I'm extending the broom  
I did this work all alone, please stop pretending its you  
I spent some days in my room, so I could present this to youth  
My boys need a ring this year, I need a letterman too  
Youngest in the game right now, but I'm making veteran moves  
I need that guaca right now, smellin' like Mexican food  
Fuck I just said food twice, boy I'm a star in the blue night  
Boy imma bar if the mood right, noisey my bars when the tune hy  
pe  
You spitting but you ain't really move MIKE  
When you on stage you don't move mics

MIKE-

y set the mood right with food twice, far out gimme two slices  
Who's nice as this? who writes like this?  
You paid his dues on used mics or slightly preowned, rightly he  
owns all the steaks  
Y'all fight for meat bones  
Write and rewrite rhymes the reflex time is tight like ice to k  
nee bones  
I just said bones twice, roll this track like pits to Old Spice  
Golden flow just pissed and missed the bowl, mister old guy  
Fists of coal hot furnace burnin might preach a sermon on demon  
worship  
This evil wordsmith will have you askin fore you open that trap  
go to spittin that rap, is it even worth it?