

All I see is blurbs
All I see is words
Nerds, talkin' 'bout what they did, see, or heard
And all I see is clones, see you muthafuckas
With mixtape plans because they seein' how we movin'
And all they say is this
But they ain't sayin' shit
They talk reckless when I do not work for them
They say come harder, come smarter
Which one it is?
Which one you wanna hear, since you such a music whiz?
First thing I learned when I was coming up in age
When they stumble in your space, is to punch 'em in the face
The second thing I learned, I was in the second grade
Sliding onto second base, I can orchestrate this game
The third I heard was, "If it quacks, it's a duck"
The fourth, or course, just be upfront, whatchu want?
The fifth was this, "Keep something crisp on your wrist"
Now we on album six, the top team on your list

Probably grab another hun' though
Industry cutthroat, watch how I'm construct though, uh
Concrete jungle
If rappers were presidents, I would get Trump's vote, uh
Truly, I'm just staying humble
But I can take it back to Nasty if I want to
Some young dumb crazy muthafucka from the hood

Yo what time is it, Hit?
It's yo time, bro
Yeah, you know what?
Yeah, that
And this and that
You know, yeah
Yeah

Don't be scared to execute the vision, lock in
Get back to the art, not the trends, tsk
I mainly invented raps by bangin' on table tops
And takin' on any competition
Listen, they put hammers to your ribs
But I'm Too Legit To Quit
They like Bishop with a blick
They exposin' who a bitch
And I'm like Furious when he took his son to fish
Droppin' knowledge on the kids
Droptop when we slid
Step on lawns, trip on
Dior slides grip on
The handrails
Crib on some acres
Pull off the tails off shrimp, some
Beyond blonde, sip on
Some fine wine
We just some shakers
So when Planet Rock came out the Bronx
I was watching boomboxes

T La Rock never made it rich?
And when I witnessed that the benefits of living good from making hits
I make bread off what I invent

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