

## 2 12's

Nic D

I got two 12's in the trunk  
Will I? They could, now they blowing (Blow blow)  
I got' stop turning it up (Turnin' it, turnin' it)  
This what you doing, it wrong (Brrrt)  
I just be calling they bluffs (Callin' it, callin' it)  
But they never pick up the phone (They never pick it up)  
I guess when push come to shove (Uh)  
They might get knocked off they throne (Yeah)  
I got two 12's in this trunk (Yeah)  
Will I? They could, now they blowing (Yeah, yeah)  
I guess I'm turning it up (Yeah)  
This what you doing it wrong (Yeah, yeah)  
I just be calling they bluffs (Yeah)  
But they never pick up the phone (Yeah, yeah)  
I guess when push come to shove (Yeah)  
They might get knocked off they throne (Yeah, yeah)

They keep on singing a lot, I know  
What do you want from me?  
You want a piece of the pie, it shows  
Pardon my manners and pardon my grammar  
I do this for love  
Put that on my grandma  
I'm wearing my cutoffs  
Like I'm David Banner  
I hand out my 10's  
And nobody even knows I'm a star  
Life is a beach with a private cabana  
We hanging like banner  
Play that drum, and it hit like a hammer  
I ain't done, and I show 'em the handles  
Push they button like I'm changing the channel  
Same pattern, different day, like you rocking a flannel  
Speakers get blown like a candle  
Rappers that don't look their part, I'm the perfect example

I got two 12's in this trunk (Yeah)  
Will I? They could, now they blowing (Yeah, yeah)  
I guess I'm turning it up (Yeah)  
This what you doing it wrong (Yeah, yeah)  
I just be calling they bluffs (Yeah)  
But they never pick up the phone (Yeah, yeah)  
I guess when push come to shove (Yeah)  
They might get knocked off they throne (Yeah, yeah)

I guess I gotta say it  
Thought you knew, but I shouldn't assume  
When I spit you gonna take it like vitamins  
Watch how I'm moving, maneuver  
I'm splitting these waves  
While you - just be riding them  
I set the standard, don't lie  
Decided to be fly, if you up I'm the pilot then  
You wanna test me, then push me  
And keep something real  
'Cause you gonna say goodbye to it  
Who rapping circles round the kids?

Why you telling fibs?  
Give this boy big  
I can kill a catalog  
With just my lips  
I pretend I didn't see it  
Let him live  
You pretend you got the heat  
Even got a seat  
Even get to eat  
If you wanna meet  
Let me know the deets  
If you wanna beat  
Levels, six deep  
Wait, let me chill a bit  
With the bliss  
Remember this  
I stand alone  
Challenge don't exist  
Don't gotta explain  
Only get the gist  
Only gotta take what therapy insists  
Only got it if you wanna see the Son  
It's a lot of fish, swimming with piranhas  
Two 12's in the trunk  
Know I got the jump  
Take me for a chump (Yeah)