

Splittin' The Racket

Ocean Wisdom

I ain't hittin' it back I'm splittin' the racket
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I'm comin' straight outta Brighton
A crazy motherfucker named Wizzy
Sirens in the city like I'm rollin 'round with Dizzy
You was in the basement with a plectrum gettin' picky
I was in the basement with a couple eighths I'm gettin' sticky
(It's like a) It's like a OOH!
Makin' a brudder go high pitched
All of these mandem are tellin' me that when I get on the mic it's a hype ting
Vibezin', don't wanna hear no violin
Big beat from the Dike like sick sick sick! that time again (it's that time again!)

Look, I ain't hittin' it back I'm splittin' the racket
You got that literal whackness spread upon your lyrical sandwich
All of my brothers be lovin' the way I be spittin' erratic
Rappin' as sick as the fashion, never my mind on 'em, I'll spit in the face of an enemy
Wizzy be movin' like hazardous
For music I'm jet settin' like Led Zeppelin
I hate talking love rappin' I intend reppin'
Fuck bench pressin' I cover my food in French Dressin'
Playin' football munchin' on a pasty call me Gregg Beckham
Oh no brudda ya listenin' to a megalomaniac
Master of modesty that contrast is enigmatic
And I could pen it backwards
Plus I got my pick of the perfect places to pen a passage
Watch me pitter patter to different parts of a written pattern
Plus alliteration a wicked blag for a sicker stanza
Watch me dip in lava, my fickle thoughts in this sea of magma
Plus I got the slang to decipher gibber blacker than Sagna
Mad with the grammar I tell 'em

(It's yours)

Is it? Yeah brudda it's mine
Co-coconut, cro cro an' that yeah brudda I'm fine
O-pokin' that, slow tokin' that I roll it fat right?
No-no to that po-po I got no statement or time
(It's yours)

Is it? Yeah brudda it's mine
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I ain't hittin' it back I'm splittin' the racket
You man are visibly vapid me I got that visceral package
All of my mandem are lovin' the way I be givin' them classics
They're in-equivalent rappers I'm an extravagant brudda
I'm doin' it rancid they call me the king and the captain (yeah)

They call me the king and the captain
Plus they accompany that with a couple of compliments
Catered to keep me from killing them
I never tolerate nonsense
I rush the world around to keep myself from slowin' down
But slow it down on tracks so you can judge whether my word's profound

I'm Jamaican like Snoop Dogg
Hate bacon like Boondocks
My Dad looked at 2Chainz and the future
He said do what you gotta do son
So I did what I done did brudda I got flips
And I spit gutter I bopped in with a bic
Nah I'm fuckin' up shit this summer

(It's yours)

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