

Who Came To Party

OG Maco

Oh what a massacre
Like Jason, Michael, Freddy, and Idi Amin after ya
Civil syllable war, niggas should've been prepped before
Forthcoming about your weakness
Cause now I'm feeding on fetus and bitch slapping nonbelievers
It's the god motherfucker
They running like Gail Devers with rocket powered Adidas
From features including now
Secretly half coward, and cowering from a foul
I'm like Cheddar Bob's revolver, go off at the slightest broad
Fuck the humble façade, part of 2, I'm Gorilla Grodd
Or Luther, blast on intruders, break mouths to silence the vows
I vowed to remain silent and beat a nigga like Rocky
My creed is this constant credence cause niggas thought they could beat it
Well I been feeling murderous, deadin' tracks and murking shit
Niggas didn't notice then, backing when
Still ain't never backing down
Never feared men, only he that made them
Turn around and made me, look at god's masterpiece
I mastered beats and the streets
Brought some light to the meek and good dick to a freak
And some food to the table for my whole team to eat up
Fucking feast, more plates than the damn DMV
They say damn y'all so greedy cause it ain't too many seats
I be damned if I give a damn, we gon' flood the streets
They build a damn, blow that fucker down soon as the track leak
Back on my old mackery, order them hoes a daiquiri
Tell them hoes matter factly that it's all on me
Brought J.I.D. for the assist like Chris Paul and Blake Griff
Bake balls and cheap spliffs, don't shape shift
A silent nigga till I RIP

Now who came to party, got the 'gars split
And we rocking the crowd, some nigga might get hit
And yo bitch say we dope so this is that dope shit
Now who came to party, who came to party

One dollar [?], one dollar [?]
Young enter the frame like Billy D
I can fuck your grandmamma out her teeth
Lay her on that posturepedic
Creampie, ooh said she proud of me
That's sick as shit, my flow is equivalent
Just painting a mental picture, picture this
The villages overthrowing the tyrants
[?] to concrete, iron sharpening iron
Sharpen a shank for your enemies
Stab a nigga with sympathy, tip
I'm just tryna fit the bill, so what you wan' hear
You wan' say, I sure ain't got killed when them shots squealed
Like they want yay, them boys to men, they remain gangster
And y'all asking for claps and thank you
When them niggas on the block, strapped to their ankles
He's a monster, blowing all types of ganja
And they campaign strong so who wants a sponsor?
Doom shot a nigga like who wants lasagna?
Who wants a nuisance with a few guns and the coupons and the food stamps

Never had a job, never do nothin'
Nigga shoot time
Bust in your crib and lay you down while you watching TV on the fouton
Like ooh ah, I'mma need that
Take the money where the weed at
Take the what? Leave the what?
Get your girl, I don't need her bruh
Except when I'm hitting it doggy style
Giving that bitch the finger butt
Spillage village on the money hunt
Stack chips, pringled up
Nigga had dreams of counting money till my fingers cut
But that's, but that's what's up

Now who came to party, got the 'gars split
And we rocking the crowd, some nigga might get hit
And yo bitch say we dope so this is that dope shit
Now who came to party, who came to party