

We don't play that game
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You need it all, We need don't nothin
Quit with the fuck shit
Who got the buck shit?
You got that up in the club on some dumb shit
I got that, pour up the rossi I'm done shit
You got that flex all yo shit and It's gettin redundant
You actin bout nothin
You rappin bout nothin
You ain't trappin nothin
You ain't clappin nothin
It's OmenXIII and the ink bleeding murder
You leadin the herd but then why I ain't heard of ya
Further I'm takin these words then the learner does
Murmuring gurgles when worms try to work me up
Fervor in men that speak of me with fork-ed tongues
Underground orchestra, swervin the cor-ners
Corridors bringin you back like it's horrorcore
Bitch I am Gandalf and you are just Dumbledore
You testin me you shall not pass
You can run up on me but you won't blast
Run up on us get your dome smashed
Better yet might get your throat scratched
Itchy on blades and I can't hesitate
If you really want problems they comin' your way
Fuck is a scene to me
I step on the scene then I change the scenery
OmenXIII and there is no defeatin me
Could try to fit in but that's just so obscene to me
Ain't a fuckin thing interesting
I heard your shit
But, who's really listening
Who's really listening?