

Radio Is God

Opus

First off, how you gon' come off
All this rap shit, get done off
Man listen this a passionate mind
I come thru, gun drew splashin a rhyme
Wet dat, dead dat, cash on the line
In an orderly fashion in the back'a the line
Can't talk now, I got cash on tha mind
Bitches and dolla signs dance in they mind
I love dat doe, but yall niggas love dat flow
Man I don't love dat hoe
All I see is cash flow
Brains an occasional ass hole
What I need is a, whole lotta money involved
I might run into Rob and run in ya job
Real cats take chances
Then I make ya head spin like break dancers

My niggas in the front don't front
My niggas in the back, where you at
My niggas on the side, bout to slide
My niggas in the middle we rock just a little
Then we ride, the ride

My bitches in the front don't front
My bitches in the back, where you at
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If raps don't work, need ta put some in
I hear yall knockin' but ya can't come in
Said I'd get cha, wrote the scripture
Chick roastin like motion picture
Have you any idea, how many nice MC's
And how many I feared - None
Just trust me son, I do what must be done
And I just begun, I let em-
Count sheep, rock em to sleep
Got me, cocking the heat, poppin a Jeep
Let's go, Expo top of the line
Exo, Yes ho, hoppin in mine, I got a-
Big Bad Boy you could meet
Men use beef and it's all you can eat, I be the-
Dep with a G in the front
Front, fuck around and be in a trunk

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Ain't no games if you're curious B
Can't be serious G, seriously, I'm out ta-
Put a big hole in the joint
Like I, sold her the joint, told her to point, it's like-
Mind over matter with this

Mad Hatter with this, battle with this
Like a sentence, it just run-on
I'm pro and you a princess, come on
Yall ain't ready, ain't crazy and ya name ain't Eddie
And ya aim ain't steady
Dream big boy but ya chain ain't heavy
Brain ain't ready, my game ain't petty
Must be stupid or somethin'
Thinkin' this all love like Cupid or somethin'
Live from the 2-1-2
One question: What you gon' do?

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