

Gods and Generals

Outerspace

My flow cock-d, Des be the meanest
Pulsating beams on the gat leave you spleen-less
Built right in, you don't hold iron, you lying
But my license to carry stays tucked, why?
Don't let the clean record fool you
If they eva found out the dirt I've done
They'd throw me under the jail
And building of the jail won't talk
But instead I'm on your block
Twin air brush Glocks claiming all your guap
Me and my ace we done took your place
Blow the kush in your face while you state your case
Disrespectful you know why? We don't give a fuck
We a lil outta pocket but I dare you to brush your luck
You betta duck quick cuz the sound of the four/five busting
You running got me love sick
You dumb shit learn the science to the math
Or I let my bitch shake you for an hour & a half
They need to set steady beef free let Koosy out the gate
We need the Hilltop Hustlers back, the Park Side Killaz
Club Fever, the rap we spit bust ya speaker
I'm wit the Gods and Generals throwing up ether
You in the land of the poets, where every man is a motive
A bulldozing the game, not sure if you notice
That Q Dominion is pure focus, raw talent
We balance the beams evenly and face the challenge
We own up to the name, we spit raps spacely
Outta this world, gon' whateva rap take me
And even if Planetary ain't the best breathing
I leave 'em at loss for words and their chest wheezing
You and your man beefing? Let me get on the horn
And see how these Voltron niggas will transform
We come so deep; man they'll lower the casket
Bury us alive, we look up at the streets cracking
We still Gods of rap, we still Generals
Serial kill the track, we pure criminals
Disrespect straight up, fuck subliminals
Disconnect your neck, you're so pitiful
Yo, when OS in the building, you need to listen up
This ain't '94, when will you give it up?
I ain't gotta freestyle, I ain't gotta write graph
I'm allowed to like cash, I'm about to write math
WHAT!?! Hip-Hop is ova, no roots, no culture
Every man fend himself, no troops, no soldiers
Yo Planet and Des these niggas straight violating
I annihilate 'em; spit it live from the mind of Satan
Eyes erasing, scheming on the next move, eating on the best food
Creaming wit the fresh jewels, stress you, neva the best, who-eva
Pick up a mic, spit precise, your crew severed
You got few skills, claiming like you ill, sounding like Dru Hill
Get thrown in the slew kill, QD Killadel P H I A
2-1 Pow! We hold it down, we not for games
It's the Gods and Generals, man we back in the building
We filling the airwaves wit this shit that you feeling
Y'all try to think; I just write it and rap it
I hear the track and smash it, yeah it's time for some action
Y'all simulated games, y'all target practice

I sit on the globe, niggas ain't on my atlas
God forgive me, Lord have mercy
To any mothafucka tryna hurt me
Any Label tryna jerk me, I rap on my terms
Y'all chill on seed level, I'm deeper then earthworms
I'm baiting Satan to a game of chess
Ain't no debating untill I lay to rest
Yes, I remain the best
Forget talk-to-talk, I scream and shout
The dream is about getting that green and large amounts
We calling you out, yo I headed up the hill
Wit the Lion and the guns that you kicking in my ear fam