

It Is What It Is

Outerspace

It's vinyl thug music, man
[Jay-Z:] "I call a spade a spade, it just is what it is"
7L...Yo, Planet', set it off, daddy
It's Outerspace in this bitch, man (Uh-huh) (Yeah)
My man TZR in that muthaf**kin' hit house (Word up)
We just touched ground in Boston, man (Yo)
Let's do this

I'm the wizard of wordplay
I spit paragraphs in absurd ways
I'm too fly, you die in the worst way
Sort of like burning your body parts, the party starts
And inspires the crowd, like hearin' Marcus Garvey talk
Awkwardly spark beef, I put you all to sleep
The "Blood and Ashes," I keep that all for me
I brainstorm in a blizzard and still remain calm
I walk through the inferno with flames in my palm
I start wars with killers and carnivores
And smash characters' heads in Cadillac car doors
Far more than amateur - I'm immature
Some say I'm Godly for holdin' the sinners' cure
My skin is pure, my body is waterproof
Slaughter the boof and keep blades between my jaw and my tooth
I'm dangerous, man, with just one raise of the hand
My game plan is make grands with my ace in the fam'
Ain't nothin' changed with the budget, and love from the public
I'm still waitin' to kill 'em with one club hit
My rugged approach, they lovin' the most
So while you...huggin' your toast, I stay up with the smoke

Aiyyo, it is what it is, my nigga (We gon' eat)
Whether the sun or the storm, my nigga (We gon' creep)
If it's on, then it's on, my nigga (We gon' beef)
[Jay-Z:] "I call a spade a spade, it just is what it is"

Yo...
In case y'all ain't know, I'm a ragin' beast
Been hibernatin' all winter and I ain't made my feast
Eyes of Satan all lit up 'cause my aim to see
Quick to stab you in the back, never aim to please
Spit havoc on a track, the terrain could freeze
Live lavish on the map with a chain of thieves
Split atoms with a rap like my brain's diseased
As if I was a 'Nam vet with a grenade in trees
And if there's beef in the air, we let it fade the breeze
Invade the beach, parade the street from days to weeks
I'm made to creep, from above and beyond, beneath
Slave the beat, engrave your meat with ancient speech
Homicidal, cock my rifles, I'm a sniper
Plot my rivals, lock the title, I'm your idol
Squash the Bible, I'm a psycho, not disciple
I'm a tower, not the Eiffel, not delightful

It is what it is, my nigga (We gon' shine)
No matter who hatin' on the clique (It's our time)
[together] Let's do us, every rhyme, line for line
If I shine, you shine, shine

My pen's cursed, the ink will poison you and your friends first
(Lyrical gems burst, what the f**k are your mens worth?)
Your neck jerk, every single part of you's left hurt
(Outerspace niggaz got the power to end Earth)
You out of place niggaz I devour, respect turf
(I shower flames sicker in a tower of dead birth)
on the hour train, nigga, where cowards get left murked
(And I'm the main nigga, y'all flowers with red skirts)
You'll probably brain quicker than a nun that offends church
(We bring pain quicker, every second it gets worse)
My network: equipped killers and experts
(Have your family fit proper in a box in a stretch hearse)
Have it propped up, locked up in a spot where death lurks
(Get your knot cut, rocked up, stainin' your sweatshirt)
I wrote this off of drinkin' with a bottle of Beck's first
(Had y'all niggaz thinkin' I was savin' my best verse)

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