

No Tolerance

Paul Wall

Wordplay superlative
Statik on the track you murdered it
I'm all thorough that's affirmative
Being fake now I ain't for that shit
I'm going flawless all permanent
I'm known to turn heads like a turna kit
I turn your bitch and now she turning tricks
I turn rich I tell my son to watch out the game can get merciless
I'm on the south lee 59 we be merciless
Not having my bread that be pernicious
I'm all over the paper yeah I'm quite like a journalist
And first before you diss understand this
I'm too busy worrying about me

Granted I took the love for granted
But I manage to vanish before commitment landed
You changed the standard when damage came in the picture
Pucker up kiss ass nigga
No bad liver my lungs leaking this gas though
Tadpoles caught in a maze behind a blackhole
Three dollars and six ten strips was on my dresser hoe
Let me know serving revenge cold
Warm it up for no souls
I used to play Sudoku
Cop the miles for me
If you ain't got it I gotchu
But you gotta get busy
My nigga Bently covers puddles for me as I fall through
We split the cizy in fourths that's how we stay together
She said of course when I ask for Ty damn you matured
Talk about him get descriptive like you talk to the lord
I couldn't vouch if I ain't seen you had to cut down the noise
I hate to see it but these niggas fuck boys they null and void

Fuck your life, where your mask at
You know the fuckin vibes
You ain't even gotta ask that
Feeding fiends percocets like they had a bad back
Laughin at the game because all of these rappers ass crack
Corona left some of ya'll exposed
Can't survive 3 months without doing shows
Rappers that are lesser-known you hit em up for a spot on your mixtape
That's how we know you broke you dick face
Pay homage when you see me its the fuckin God
You never been up north how you rappin bout the yard
Talkin like you hard but I know that you butt
I smack the reme offa your hat
Then ask you what's up
Fuck your life the only brand that I rock
Live from Coney Island we be blamming at cops
I only fuck shorty cause her man was a op
Knocked him out his shoes like he has cancerous socks

Imma keep it two Virgils with you
Every word official don't let this burner lift you
Set you up go and send a lil bird to kiss you
With a german pistol full of murder missiles

These rappers washed up who I gotta clean next
Mamma in the church weeping in the Kleenex
You insane if you thinkin that its me next
PTSD stretch you off a reflex
Before the all a shazam it was jammies
Running up in them panties had them popping them plan Bs
Foul gentleman burner under the letterman
Ketamine peddling for presidents we devilish
War ready leave em all buried extraordinary
Pennin' heavy get em all ready for the cemetery
Them rappers that you love, they love me
Like Bun B fuck the police they can't defund me