

Put the rap game on a crunch  
Blow the spot without warning  
You get no chance to back down  
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Hop off my Harley Davidson looking like I just got hit with the cool stick  
Sherry red boots, cigarette lit and aggravated  
How come it's to this dirt road moonshine trailer trash trooper  
Every day a party happy belated  
If you smoking marijuana with your mama at 12  
Then we either related or related in jail  
Street thangs, stealing Honda's for the major gains  
Hopefully yall means little sister will give me brains  
That's street cred for the incredible nobody  
Am I Bon Jovi looking like bitches so got it  
Loud it, Catfish Billy get stoked shawty  
And I shined up the bowties up that box body  
And Alabama knows it  
Travel the world with my slangs some of them don't get the slang but Alabama knows it  
I'm sweaty funk humility punks fish hook on the hat  
Dirty little then we float back lips chapped  
I'm country hard

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Ain't nobody fresher than em and def with more pressure than em  
Never mess with niggas whos image is skinny stretchy denim  
Just remember everyone who with me winners, everyone who with you dinner  
Bitches with you quick as Brucie Chrissy Jenner  
Chrome rims on a whip just to shine on niggas  
Black tires to look white, Tyrone Biggums  
Giving out turkeys on Thanksgiving like Nina Whittis  
We even passing out TVs like Wendy Williams  
All I know is that I'm the wild child  
Yall don't want no smoke with these bars  
All yall niggas know is yall SoundCloud  
Hypothetically say I'm pissed, I would definitely AR grip, i would definitely spray yall whip  
If yall expecting me to hesitate to shoot this bitch, then yall are definitely in the playoffs with J.R. Smith  
I would definitely put my hand in your pocket but not the way you want  
I put your whole family in boxes like yall the Brady Bunch

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I go bananas, too miraculous to react to mortal mammals  
Cooking crack in my new velour pajamas  
Getting back to my roots rap where I stored em hammers  
Lord of Grammar, my IQ's my actual portal panel  
My IP address is my dressers drawer, I ain't stressing unless its war  
I ain't said shit unless it's more, I bet you you'll die less than my irons  
legend for regretting gore  
Ghostwriter in the driven snow and its headed north  
Looking like it's for the seven floors, flows are metaphors  
Buried skulls all over the globe like a Stegosaurus  
My rifle kick back when it get blazed in the sky  
I'm a classic I get dressed plain with women on  
Don't do some shit to get your wifey kidnapped  
Have you on twitter begging for your bitch back like Sage Gemini  
Why these niggas getting their hair dyed and they nails polished  
I'm like Biggie and Pac trapped inside of Big L's body

Rhymes I create a knock out ya gold tooth  
Battling me is like fightin' a gorilla in a phone booth  
I wreck mics and drop the cool speeches  
Nowadays rappers think they motherfuckin' schoolteachers