

## F A Rap Critic

Pro Era

Eff a rap critic  
He talk about it while I live it  
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I break hearts, a hundred bills on cheap thrills  
I spend it all, fuck up my wallet, stay on refill  
Your wallet on E still, bitches doing E pills  
Chuckie he get free fills, at strip clubs throwing ones  
Black and red 1s, blunt rolled with a cold one  
My ex she been choosy, but I could give a fuck  
I'm with Rocka smoking Lucys, life been getting better  
Since they heard about the Era  
They say Chuckie got beats, but his bars can be better  
Well if you gon' suck my dick, make it wetter  
Odds against Che is slaughtered  
Bumpin' Midnight Marauders  
Niggas smoking with your daughters  
You ain't getting beats until I see commas  
Niggas act up, there's finna be problems  
For the most part but niggas don't be wildin'  
And if she ain't got no rubbers, it's no backstage pass  
Retweet a dumb shit and watch the bitch get gassed  
And all my Prodiess just laugh

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From the block to the block  
Keepin heaters shunned  
Like the chromosomes losing ends  
The cells gone wrong  
All I see is D-boys, tryna hold it down

While I'm in the lab tryna take the crown  
Puffin loud, coughing at the most high  
Don't wanna see a coffin  
At most fear, til I hit the fuckin office  
Sign me up, then I'm off this  
I'm tryna be a prophet, I done heard niggas lost it  
I'm so far, loungin back, I'm sofa  
Niggas tryna censor me out like SOPA  
But the sensor been so on, observe through scaffoldings  
Make niggas throw the towel in  
But word to the green it's just 48 laws of powering  
And word to the world I'm only a fuckin hour in  
Praise to the holy father while ducking undercover  
Why bother? Aaight [Water]

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You should already know when I get it mic checking  
If I feel threatened as soon as I step in  
Use the mic as my weapon, Reload my mind  
Fire my thoughts and then I recoil these lines  
Whoop! d-boys behind, know what they tryna find  
My nine, but that's my mind, you can't touch it  
That's a crime, how can I restrain silence  
I got the right to remain violent  
I can't stay still what's ya problem with that?  
They like chill, you earning medals but it's harder than that  
Diamonds and gold on me, so vanity has got its hold on me  
But any ice got cold on me  
So they don't know who Isis is, this priceless shit  
Got enough shine to get you enlighten with  
Strike like lightning, cobras try bitin him  
But cold blood's thicker than the ink you writin in

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