

# The Renaissance

Pro Era

Straight-from-the-fucking-dungeon raps  
The fuck y'all thought this was, nigga?  
Beast Coast, niggas! (Flastbush, nigga!)  
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From the era of the boom baps  
Spiggity splat man, I'm sick with the raps  
Move caps and naps when I rip the rhythm fast  
Killing the mass, Crooklyn, represent the clan  
Your green shorter than grass, my nigga, just relax  
Before we make emcees run, I don't play guns  
But I spit straight bullets like I ate some  
Who gone shake 'em, none of y'all can pace 'em  
Never been defeated, better tell em' to break a leg, son  
You know the Gawd stay pipe broads and write bars  
I make rappers fall easy on the mic brawl  
I know life hard, better check if your mind is right  
Despite the trife, no brother can step inside my sight  
I leave them lights out, no Edison, I'm better than  
When I set it in, I shift then cause a weatherin'  
Fuck your settings man, we just out for dead presidents  
Rush more loot to my wallet, then light the clematis  
The specialist, you thirsty niggas need a beverage  
I'll bend your chick back and clap, then I'm off of that  
You niggas need to stop that awful rap  
I'm all for rap, but its sad what emcees have to offer rap  
Get off and spazz, attack whoever talking trash  
I'll straight thrash any nigga who try to pass  
You peep the mask, we coming out for all the stacks  
Better back back  
Give me that, give me that, take this, fuck that

Sometimes niggas will ride with ya, sometimes the  
Other side just come alive in em  
And it's hard to decide when you trynna survive  
In a, world of fake lies, fake guys, and snakes in the sky

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I take walks in the back of my mind  
Came across all sorts of faults in mankinds  
Some niggas is vampires and bloodsuckers  
'Stake em for blood brothers  
Til they do the forbidden to get in where he fit in  
I peep shit that's mad hidden  
Had the writhens, cool, calm, collect like I had the Ritalin  
Only thing getting popped is, mami who topless  
Five finger shoplift, hotlist when I drop this  
Over the Metropolis  
Only place you be is where yo metro fees  
Nigga, stop it, I'm in the cockpit, with the pilot  
Money I pile it, stylin' Impalas  
God emcees spitting Rikers Islands

Hold your eyelids, wide open, cause how I live  
Niggas ain't got time for breaks, big mistake  
While you sleep, we'll take your plate, leave it scraped  
Beast coast, you know! But you can't relate  
It's the anthem, get your damn hands up  
Split wigs like sick cancers, attack then switch stanzas  
Fuck a chick's standards, no chick before my grammar  
Got the bars on lock, but can't get handcuffed  
Get your Jordans scuffed, trying to kick it with me and my niggas  
Lifted off the eighth leg, shit is mad wicked  
They on they pivot when we started spinning  
We in it to win it, only L's we see be full of spinach  
It take money to make money, streets ain't safe, honey  
Yeah the block be hot but it ain't sunny, don't strafe  
Funny, look both ways when you cross here  
Last dread found dead caught in the crosshairs  
That's a regular report here  
Patrol patrolling all year, but only support theirs  
Watch which lane you swerving, fast life, fast learning 'till you're  
Turning indentured servants