

Intro

Propain

Okay, y'all listen up a minute
We gonna do a song that you've never heard before
And it goes a lil' somethin' like this
Hard, on-on-on the beats
Hard, on-on-on the beats
Ayy, I just got a question
Look

What you talkin' 'bout? Some rappin' shit?
If it's just money and hoes, nigga, you ain't rappin' shit
Put a cease to your old flow, 'cause it reeks like a hobo
Nigga, I will DC send this Joan blow go CC, tell your whole coast we don't want that weak shit no more
Fuck these niggas, Pro' focused, nigga, my flow ferocious
Ride this beat like a locomotive, reppin' these streets like a G supposed to
Old school 'Lac with the muffler smokin', dents in the back, but I'm rollin'
With a bad bitch and her ass look swollen, talkin' that trill shit as we coastin'
This that realness, I ain't posin', nah, I ain't no killer
But these college girls, they love him, the streets niggas, they feel him
Got the knowledge of a scholar, demeanor of a killer
Recognize the dangerous mind, homie, you see one in the buildin', nigga
That revolution Marcus Garvey flow
I'm Bob Marley, though, even though I hardly smoke
I blew when niggas tried to call me lucky as a four leaf clover
But I furthered they style, don't need no Maury show, bitch
The fans is losin' they patience
'Cause they want that original, but niggas is droppin' out duplications, boy
Mobster all in your rhymes, but really you're not, you niggas is fakin'
Why the fuck is you broke all the time with all these so-called moves you makin'?
Hold up, trill nigga, better ask around
The only reason your ass got signed 'cause nigga, that deal, I passed it down
Gimmicks could last a round, this him to the legends gon' pass the crown
I'm stackin' that cash up now 'cause every beat I get on, this cash compound, I kill it
I kill it, banks of snakes, I hope they ride and die
But it's not for I to be protestin' on blocks outside
Die or the cops are swine, I watch my folk get popped and die
My nigga, D, still out the side, Texas heat, I've been out the pot
Fuck them hoes 'cause I gotta ride for the Gs in blue and niggas poppin' fire
This real shit, they can't knock the nine, hit the stage and niggas think Pac's alive
Alex Haley, Huey Newton, Gil Scott and Nat Turner, too
Droppin' heat, boy, I burn the booth, Pro' be speakin' that Sojourner Truth
H-Town I represent, and out the south to the east to the west
No disrespect the Cali team, but I easily bet, my nigga, we the best
Ask Slim, that my partner, Face heard me, nigga tried to sign me
Z-Ro tweeted "I'ma be a legend," Bun B quoted, "He gon' be a problem"

If you want respect, you gotta earn it
You damn right
You gotta be ready to throw down, stand up, and die for that shit like Blizzard did, if you want some juice
You gotta snatch some collars and let them motherfuckers know

You there to take them out
Any time you feel like it
You gotta get the ground beneath yo' feet, partner
Get the wind behind your back or go out in a blaze if you got to
Otherwise, you ain't shit
You might as well be dead ya damn self