

# Sporting Life

Ratking

Explode these streets you know its me  
Not from my face but you know its me  
Trust me you gonna see you gotta see  
Gotta be doing what I gotta do solemnly  
Drinking make it obvious don't do it obviously  
Following me hopefully you following me  
Every ounce of my ways is the sound of the train  
Seems like looting when producing all these pounds and these waves  
And it only exist for the homies that spit  
The cypher live at nights and still you ain't owing me shit  
Fuck the industry  
I'm about the holiest bitch shittiest angel gansta that talk with the rosies  
t pitch  
Holy moly you don't know me yet you know I'm a mix  
[?] San Juan the devil not handsome  
Rebel no hand guns settle for hands son  
Regrettable and fun and dumb  
Erected in New York elected the damn don

Blink and its on, blink, blink, blink and its on  
Baby what you think that I'm on  
Get off my dick, nah  
Master of Ceremonies might carry ya  
Train keep me warm at the brink of a storm  
Brought hype shit all type spit (spic)  
I'm fire like a dragon buy I'm retired from fairy tales  
Trying to get my city back y'all

Yous just a cheddar chaser only kids getting paper  
Roll at a better pacer  
Letter Racer  
And beef I Made the street sign  
Dumb herb from the suburbs get your dreams dropped  
Hi herb I heard you guys learn to rhyme words  
But its my turn to do shit on my terms  
Every decision I make I make when I'm swerved  
Heres five words "Hey Welcome To My Church"  
Where all the money you donate goes to buy perps  
And to get a rise from wire ladder to crime curve  
We're really a criminal enterprise sure  
But if you talk you'll take a big bite of a nice curb  
But I'll take you're wallet what about a metro swipes worth  
Hit the 1 line cities bloodline slack sometimes  
What'd you expect get the express  
Try my best not to let it get under my flesh  
Inside my head up in my chest  
I cough it up and what's left a puddle of piss is coming up next  
So the only thing that puzzles my head

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