

# Wikispeaks

Ratking

I got ya eyes glued open  
You got a eye itch, you wanna blink  
What you think? That ain't a wise pick  
That's why my friends only got like three guys left  
Ends only got like three five cents  
You wanna blow my head off? Be my guest  
Breathe out my soul, like in the cold you can see my breath  
On some next shit, you just see my death  
Take the train everyday it's like a break from the pain  
Subway cars keep my heart at bay  
Single ride paid, they start to raise  
I go under, I gotta tell you I ain't got the change  
I got a boy play ball, he go hard in the paint  
I got another that write, he go hard with the paint  
All this shit got me startin' to think, startin' to drink  
Gulp, gulp, startin' to sink  
A drunk mutt, that's my pedigree, it's meant to be  
Hennessy's the only thing that's friendly to me  
I'm straight New York, what a lot of y'all pretending to be  
Ya'll cats will feel the cuts eventually  
Smoke the blunts consecutively  
Fuck dogs disrespecting to me  
Explain the words so we can let it just be  
Yeah baby, let it just be  
I let the evil enter my soul to get that legal tender  
To get that tender illegal booty, seeing splendor  
Too much shit on my mind, no time for Jesus' agenda  
Beating my dick's the only way of beating my temper  
I just leave it to pleasure to relieve all my pressure  
I'm just a shitty toy, can't put the pieces together  
Check, check, just a shitty toy

Niggas gotta peep the way I speak  
I hit my peak, hittin' L's 'til I sleep  
Sippin' 40's 'til shorties forget that Wiki's sweet  
Kicked out the crib, roam the city streets  
Think I'm pretty weak cause I've seen some shitty weeks  
It's about time Wiki speaks  
It's about time Wiki freaks

I'm just tryin' to spit, can I, can I, can I?  
Damn I feel like Jay-Z in '96  
Man I feel like ODB in '93  
Am I even an '04 Ye?  
Girlies ain't my forte, sip 40s for days  
All day find me walkin' down Broadway  
Broads hate on my broad ways  
Everything I do they call fake  
Everything I do dope they call fate  
Pause, wait, chill  
Me, myself, and I go in on everything that the God makes  
But God's fake, I gotta say  
I caught a break  
If hell was real, I'd be on my way  
I don't bag bitches, I drag bitches and bag critics  
Tie 'em up and then spit it  
Smack any piglet that gives me a damn ticket

Get it?  
Seen wreckin' every seen section's C section  
Any bitch that seems pregnant  
Just a teen getting  
Some shit out his head and  
Some shit out his chest  
And his face, ugh, pop pimples  
Clumsy kid, drop cymbals  
Drop symbols every time I got a pencil  
Every time I rock simple, sling shot's to cops' temple  
Cop temple's off the devil  
Sold my soul, at least I've still got the mental

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Manhattan  
Africans' with Gucci, kufis matchin'  
Truly rappin' to ruggishly bootie's Giuli's baggin'  
Clean up the city? Need to clean up Wiki's act then  
Clean up Wiki's ass and I'll let then you catch him  
That shit ain't hapennin', nah  
Motherfucker do you realize what a craftin'... fuck it  
Massacre the public, ain't a master of the subject  
But I go in hard though, I ain't flaccid when I'm fuckin'  
Raw, I ain't maskin' up the munchkin  
MSG Carmelo, now we dappin' when he dunkin'  
MSG, that's the shit that they package in my dumplings  
Said I'm stuck in New York, stuck rappin' in a dungeon  
Well I'm really lovin' all the action in this dungeon  
Ain't leavin' 'til I'm runnin' every faction of this dungeon  
Five boroughs my boroughs, laughin' at assumptions  
Feel like four or five 'bout to get assed out in corruption  
Gettin' paid, but can't get me nothin' except to get my nut in  
There ain't no way in hell that a paper can get me blunted  
Keep budgin', keep pushin'  
Pencils and pennies down under my cushion, while niggas keep lookin'  
Over my head, they sure ain't heard the shit that I said  
I go to bed thinkin' about the shit that I dread  
Wake up sticky, at least I didn't shit in my bed  
Wiki speaks though Wiki sleeps, I flipped it instead

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