

I be rappin' rappin' motherfucker
They don't even know
Tryna do this and go play World of Warcraft
And then fuck yo bitch
Yeah

Ridin thru my city give a fuck bout you
What you know bout life
We can keep that tool
When we kick that kung fu dojo moves
And I got a bad joint like doja too
When I get home yeah, we gon make that move
And she break that down when I hit the boof
After show backstage and I smoke that boof
Fuck wit me cause I hold trey deuce
32 rounds in the dome piece
You the type to fuck with the police
Have my phone buzzin on the late nights
Talking bout sumn didn't seem right
What you really mean right
Got a red dot wit beam right
Talking bout you, talking bout you, talk talk talk talk
You the type of pussy that really be faking
Coming from my city shit yeah boy that shit vacant
Hey hey
Fuck did you say
Bitches be dissin I lived in the kitchen
I whipped with the spoon and some kiddies went missing
I mastered my flows moving smooth like I'm Pippen
The goat like I'm Jordan when I be recording the city been waiting for somet
hing like this
You the type the to die on a night like this
Homies outside speaking life like this
(Whew!)

Cook in a pot
Talkin my shit
Flipping the box
Think about life
Serving the rock
Step in the joint like east coast killers
But they never love me like stone faced killers
Silas on the mic baby and his soul like killer
When he rippin and slippin and people really wanna flip it but they never go
nna listen so I gotta keep it hittin like whoa
Fuck rap
Gotta keep it tuck but I buck back
Fuckin wit me then you must strap cause I got hands boy and you gon', and yo
u gon'
Back where I came from
Back wit a new flows
Boutta leave em dead boy
New name tombstone
We don't play card games
But I'm still uno
We don't play love songs
But I stack C notes

Break it down
Roll around
Killa town
Make a sound
Break it down
Roll around
Killa town
Make a, make a