

# Talk of the Town

Skyzoo

"Barrel Brothers are doubled as monsters"  
"Skyzoo"  
"Torae"  
"Barrel Brothers are doubled as monsters"

As we proceed, to give you want you need  
There's nothing better motherfucker  
So it's whatever motherfucker

It's what they all been waiting for ain't it?  
What people pay paper for ain't it?  
While niggas got famous, I camped in the lab and made bangers  
The more heinous the bars the most flame it is  
What's more dangerous, denying the pad?  
A beat tape from Oh No, my brother Sky in the lab  
I'll been dying to spazz  
You niggas eating been dying to fast  
Speaking my name shit you dying too fast  
Still iron to blast, still caine that's still dying to flash  
Illuminati still eyeing your cash  
There's still rice, still trice, still slide you a pass  
Full body cast and thrash, I'll body yo' ass  
I mean  
Pull the pull subtle shit let's puddle shit  
Niggas mad moist I voice the choice of whoever I want it with  
Another classic who offering the 24 team tear at your jean  
we corner shit

Louie belts and rubber bands is my attire  
D-Boys stance, my hand is by the fire  
I been here to triple plans like the supplier  
Palming itching, the money chance is like a choir  
Ain't too many left on the land that I admire  
So really I'm just rapping for me and a cramped tire  
For the love of a double stanza hemp buyer  
And a few expensive habits who prance like they Mariah  
Pocket of the loot, I feel the groove and been a groove  
Charm something and turn interviews to get a rooms  
Back to the reason you know me  
A reminder of these, the motherfuckers who running this from behind us  
Heh, you feel different than getting good with your feeling though  
Tell a bitch, "Please don't mind" like we was Philly's Most  
Mad dog riser and scorpion Ben  
Turn a record into contraband all you can be  
Motherfuckers

So what we talking 'bout, fiction or fact?  
We dealing with baking soda or we giving 'em crack?  
You nickle and dime rhyming or you giving 'em stacks?  
Light up the booth, I just go waving black  
Ain't no holding me back  
Came out the cage, untamed and wild  
My pen game Steven J. Cannell  
Type a page and pow  
I aim and blaow my days is now  
Your days is numbered fucking with the talk of the town

Throw the drum into the race  
The running of the apes  
The flow feel like you took an onion to the face  
Know that my day ones be the one up for the day  
And they ain't coming to shows cause they coming off the waist  
Hhhrung  
Your retros are beyond words proper  
I rap and turn a room into a nose first drop  
And then the plot thickens at the top missing  
And know that if I throw you a shot the shot's sticking

You talking 'bout us  
You talking 'bout the talk of the town  
We the only one's mentioned when they're talking the crown  
We the only one's in it who ain't alter the sound  
That I'll shit that we bringing you now

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"I told y'all"