

## For the Critics

## Stack Bundles

Listen the critics is talkin  
They got questions  
I got answers  
I'm not sick, I'm offended  
I got cancer  
They askin about the dancin, I was a kid  
14 I was gettin bout \$1000 a vid  
Dude cryin in interviews they wanna know what he mean  
Mad wife crossed over where the grass was green  
Sayin I stole from Wayne, that's the name of his team  
(Squad Up!) got that shit poppin on the scene  
Wanna know if I'm a hustler or I just sell drugs  
And I don't beef with faggots, I just shoot thugs  
Nah, I'm just pullin ya tail,  
Could'nt pay a nigga to front if he sang with Jay and Pharrell  
En Vogue flow, givin somethin they can feel  
Even the blind can see it's no need for brail  
And um, when it come to the Rock  
It's no singers round here, it's no need for Rell  
  
(They keep askin bout the desert storm situation  
Me and the A-Team still makin classics  
Joe, Cain, Fab, what up  
Clue my dude, wait till they hear that Lil Mo shit  
It's nothin, I got some more shit though  
The Riot Squad is that gang  
Holla at me, 917-443-4820 man  
It's all love)  
  
I'm not glory hog, I could'nt if I would

Fab made Desert Storm good  
I just made Desert Storm hood  
They had to block, I supplied the Rock  
In other words I just helped solidify they spot  
I'm not the star of the label  
Just the strongest leg  
Which makes me the essential part of the table  
And though you might've seen 'em on cable  
Don't get it confused, Cain made this able nigga  
Not Paul, that's my dude  
I'm talkin bout raw, a lil nostril food  
See the deal just gave me jewels  
And the fame, got me walkin around with this big ass fifth  
I'm used to matching  
This don't coordinate with my fit  
But I can't take it off my hip  
Niggas won't think that I'm hip  
Like I don't know you sick to your stomach  
I'm winnin and you don't benefit from it  
The f\*\*k you thought, I bag the bitch and let you hump her  
It's not the block, I know you used to be a pumper  
But this a whole different ball game  
Young nigga I'm not for games  
That glock will flame nigga  
The riots that gang nigga  
Drugs down to bang nigga  
G'z and Bynoe feel the same nigga  
Squad Up!  
  
(The fans already know what it is  
I'm appreciatin all the love and support I'm gettin out there man  
Ya'll see me on the corners, Scrambler City holla at me)

Look

Dear critics, I'm comfy, I'm doin well

Comes to the grooves for the ladies

Shit I'm feelin as smooth as LL

And you can tell by my R&B features

Theo negotiatin Squad Up sneakers

I'm as lyrical as Nas

As charamatic as Jay

Got his borough on lock like Big still to this day

As deep as Beans

As slick talkin as Kiss

One phrase to describe me

I'm on my shit