

## 82 92

Statik Selektah

Hey, hey  
What up, Term?  
Uh-huh, uh-huh  
And it go like  
I'ma let the beat ride out for a little bit, you know what I mean?  
Just so y'all can feel what I'm feelin'  
Aight, now that we on the same page  
Aight, look

Hey, hey  
We be makin' that classic shit, rappin' on some Statik hits  
Immaculate Mac a spaz and laughin' at all these average kids  
Be with the baddest bitch, style so miraculous  
Think you heard me spit, but you don't even know the half of it  
Keep it funky hungry like I need some money  
Cheeky so my speech is funny, own it like it's bees and honey  
Tweedle-dee and dummy, tryna take some G's up from me  
Yeah, they hate me but they love me, I be sillier than putty  
Motherfucker, y'all be shapeshiftin'  
Hate spittin', but with them wack bars  
Take pictures with eight bitches, boy, we some rap stars  
Used to fuck around and just kick it in my backyard  
Now I'm on the road, hittin' shows with some bad broads  
Me and Term be on that hip-hop shit  
Surprised this youngin here know what real hip-hop is  
Everybody here be like, "Oh, this my ish"  
Hey yo, Term, go and kick that shit

Listen my mellow, the metal will turn you into jello  
Claimin' that you peddle with mettle but never in the ghetto  
Kill a fellow rapper, immaculate, never will I settle  
With a middle class budget 'cause, buddy, I get the cheddar  
Scrape up you amateurs, babble on when I batter ya  
Bakin' brownies with hash in 'em, bachelor who be smashin' them  
Gucci wallet attractin' 'em, hoochies always be flashin' them  
Loosies yo, I be stackin' 'em, so really I'm imaginin'  
The wax killer, with Mac Miller, my rap's iller  
Just ask Spitta for Curren\$y, I'm a cash-getter  
I smash Twitter and Facebook, you straight shook  
I do a song with you, homie, and it's a great look  
My shotty handle is Armani, they all on me  
Call mami and twist her back out like origami  
I pour Johnny Walker in my cup  
Ever since a little pup, I knew me and Stat was gon' live it up

Sicker than your average, average  
Who's really the shit?  
1-9-8-2. 1-9-9-2  
Si-si-si-sicker than your average, average  
Who's really the shit?  
1-9-8-2. 1-9-9-2

I'm better than good, it sounds so now they mad, they hatin' on him  
Girlies be waitin', I'm skatin' a figure eight up on 'em  
Bitches be makin' me lemonade and cupcakes  
Now you on my dick, bitch, tell me how my nuts taste  
And we like, "Fuck Jake," tryna get this puff cake

We bad boys for real, homie, you trunk space  
I'll put a body in a Maserati from the lottie (Hey)  
I'm packin' y'all in a Rottie mixed with the Dalai Lami (Hey, hey, hey)  
Hey, you mad I ain't as lame as you, eatin' beats like some Asian food  
Flowin' that's uncontainable, rooftop, amazin' view  
A million rappers in the game, but I'ma make it soon  
They spendin' money for me, now I'ma pay for you (Yo, yo, ayo)  
Squash you like a tomato do, burners while high will blaze at you  
My mami take the pillow and bite it when I be lacin' it  
It's undebateable, roll around with a hater crew  
Mac was born in '92 but he rhyme like he from '82

Bars sicker than your average, average  
Who's really the shit?  
1-9-8-2. 1-9-9-2  
Si-, si-, si-, sicker than your average, average  
Who's really the shit?  
1-9-8-2. 1-9-9-2

1982, the album comin' soon  
Bitch