

## Another Level

Statik Selektah

Bang, bang, bang  
Show off, show off  
When we connect, we connect on another level  
This is respect on another level  
When we connect, this is respect on another level  
On another level, on another level, on another level, on another

Complexion ain't entitled, complexion is in title  
What's a stream to a tidal? I'm coming for all titles too  
From the state of the baby blues, and I ain't talking New York City, fuck with me, it's biblical  
I'm the Genesis, you what Jesus is to Christmas  
A reason to say you're gifted, uh  
He want born in spring though my nigga wow  
Spit that real Mayweather for all you Pacquiao's  
Rest in peace to the Wolf Pack-uiao's  
I've been dying to coach you, you got no style  
Address em with all vowels, ay I owe U nada  
Only my seeds could remake me, like Straight Outta Compton  
I might son, I might son  
So cold, Korea to season they can't fuck with me  
Yeah, wannabe stars  
Wanna be king to a jungle that was never really yours  
I'm cruising and running yours, I'm a giant to all your cars, bars  
Loose shit don't appease me  
I've been off of that young shit like Jeezy  
Yeah cry me a river, a teenie  
I'm Wiz with this here, mah'fuckers can't see me  
Know who you talking 'bout, I chalk you out  
And I don't mean murder, I teach you niggas how to be me  
Not in this life time, fuck I'm out my right mind  
That's how I love 'em though and this one here's a breast stroke  
Statik on the beat, yeah that's what you call easy  
(Bang, on another level, this is respect on another level)  
The devil told me he need me  
Jahlil Okafor, you need 7 feet to fill these shoes  
I'm walking on water  
I'm God level with flows, in Atlantic talking business  
I ain't talking fees with cruise ships though, I cruise this  
Brown Sugar, the Black Messiah to all the new kids  
Look what I did, you all looking like pupils to what I is  
On another level, you mah'fuckers can't buy shit  
That's respect, live wire on my Kentucky  
Fuck that nigga, that's how I feel you ain't lucky nigga, real spit  
On my blackout, Kunta with his back out  
They try but can't kill me, that's the route of it all now, unstoppable

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