

Critically Acclaimed

Statik Selektah

New told lies, with supreme visions of lonely tunes

Uh, what the fuck, what the fuck, huh?

Uh, if I ask you who's your top 10 greatest rappers dead or alive

And you don't mention my name, I'm a blacken your eyes

I'm from the bottom of the 'ville, duke I had to survive

Where them snakes that'll murder your fam' and then slap you a five

Keep it goin now, P.E. shit, hold it now

Big bag of white widow, kiddo (throw it down)

It's the death of a MC, death of the Auto-Tune

Death of the motherfuckin engineer that recorded to ya

You're spaced out, what the fuck you recordin for motherfuckers on the moon?

This is for my real corner goons

It's Fame (M.O.P.), back at it again

Cop killer, slugs, black 'matic and gauge

Niggas ain't gon' give me my credit

So hear's a couple of curse words for y'all niggas to edit

Suck a dick, you trick punk bitch

You fuckin with the Brownsville warriors, I'm so glorious

"Tell 'em Fame"

"Lil' Fame in the"

"Holdin it down, for New York City"

"It's (BK), it's (all day) "

"Statik Selektah"

"Critically acclaimed, criminals to blame"

"New York, is takin the scene back"

"Yes sir"

"The world; s most underrated"

"I'm showin off for Statik"

"Brownsville"

Haha, look

Oh I get it, you thought you was dealin with some regular niggas

Fishermen'll find your fuckin head in a river

See my competitors quiver, holdin slugs, I'd rather deliver

Yeah I got locked but I'm here, he a dead nigga

You can't compare it, I hear niggas with 25, say fuck inside, I'm a wear it

From dead niggas, I don't hear shit

Think before you risk losin your health

Niggas grillin me, should understand man, you're just confusin yourself

Cause I don't buy that, that shit is whack, it's a smart act

Tell a cat let's do a car jack, see where his heart at

If he refuse it, then Omnipotent might lose it

If he do it, we gon' see he fuckin stupid and use it

To make 'em do shit, like rob a club with a pool stick

On a train stickin chicks in they tit with a toothpick

Lay back and laugh at this jackass

Make 'em let me use his army coat pocket as my personal crack stash

If he ever backlash, let the black MAC

Blast from the back of his cap up to the crack of his ass

Look it here, niggas took it there, like a crook'll care

I unload, all ya hear is blooka blooka yeah, blooka yeah, nigga

"Saigon-Saigon the Don"

"Holdin it down, for New York City"

"It's (BK), it's (all day) "

"Critically acclaimed, criminals to blame"
"When it comes to verbs, I be flippin
Cause herbs just be shittin off the words I be kickin"
"Say word"
"That's word, Sean don't give a (give a) "

Haha, what up?
Yo, Sean P, Statik Selekt', pass me the sket
Shoot the first whack rapper spittin trash on the set
Pass me a check cause nigga don't be rappin for free
Rap for a fee, producers, I rap for a beat
Fuck around and get smacked with the heat, wrapped in a sheet, cremate 'em
Loved across the board, P. hate 'em
I don't like thugs (thugs), I don't like nerds
I don't like myself and I hate bein disturbed
I hate seein you birds, hummin, stunt on the block
Suckin cock for a hundred a 'wap
Get a job, I used to sell rocks in front of my mom's building
Twelve hundred a day, now me and my moms chillin
Uh, I write raps, make five stacks a show
Sell white to white people, stay playin in snow (okay)
Stay rakin in dough (yeah), you stay hatin the flow
Assault and battery, I stay breakin your nose

"So what"
"Just wonder why he's fuckin crazy"
"Holdin it down, for New York City"
"It's (BK), it's (all day)"
"Critically acclaimed, criminals to blame..."
"Somewhere"