

Different League

Statik Selektah

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Yeah
For all my niggas
This for everybody
A lotta shit be on my brain I don't even talk about it
The butcher comin nigga

Yo, this for all of my day ones who never gossiped or crossed me
You know I think about some wild shit sometimes when I'm saucy
Most of it small, but some still constantly haunt me
Like how my mom showed me things that my pops should'a taught me
Trappin' to cop school kicks that my pops should'a bought me
Raised by the block as a shorty
So tell me how could you fault me
When these niggas will pawn their soul for a spot at the Grammys
And these hoes just want surgery from Doctor Miami
But we don't gotta do whatever to sell
Cause real shit it never gets stale
The new niggas you never could tell
There's niggas that's home that probably lived better in jail
End of term, like Larry Bird I get some Kevin McHale
It's like my whole city wired every block got a camera
Traps got room for smokers and spots for the samplers
Pots I'm'a hammer and card tables, spots for the gamblers
Guns with red beams on them not for no amateurs
Still fuckin' with the same shooters
Arm out the window
Barrel on a bulldog
Smokin' like Eddie Kane Jr
And we represent the same movement
I miss my homies screamin' free all my niggas until them chains loosen, ah

Black hoodie down I ain't worried about designer
With the wolves and piranhas leave the Prada to the mommas
Got the product from Guatemala I'm all about a dollar
My Dominicana momma she smuggled that marijuana
I be movin' through the city, jeweled down lookin' pretty
Hair lookin' like Dru Down rockin' with big willies
Got the perm activated
Yeah Term got some haters
I was present when they invented the word calculator
Gettin' money like Ice T
Tiger Bone Tai Chi
Thai mission sippin' on Hennessy with Leslie
Everytime they talk about GOATs and don't mention me
They disrespecting my legacy
Heavily, tremendously
Fuck a b dot list cause he not lit
I never seen him in the streets
Plus he never seen a brick
Stove hot with a fever
Stolen Glock or the Neener
Whole fridge full of recompressed rock in the freezer
These rappers never lived that life
It's very evident
That's why when I look in they eyes

They look delicate
Reptilian skin cover my new leather
Word to Kay Slay
I know he rockin' leathers in heaven
From the Law
Where you gotta go to get that raw
Those real plugs I met, tell you they love me for sure
Every week, baggin' up til my hands got sore
Half a key, like he broke his shit off in the door
I'm a monster of God
I should be mount on a cross
God's favorite, when I die you'll see cracks in the pavement
Relax cause I made it
Fuck rap got me jaded
Yo Stat, this number 10, no doubt let's get this paper