

## Half Moon Part

Statik Selektah

Still call me suck-Y-Z-O-O  
In honour of the half moon part  
The tattoo scars, the backroom jaws  
They say that it was too for real and that I rap too far  
They say I shouldn't shoot to kill and try to rap through y'all  
If a Henny bottle could talk, it'd sing my last two bars  
I'm the inner side of the raw, the middle part of the core  
The base of what you was basing, you're winning on from the door  
The basement that got it shaking when it was bottles galore  
'Need breaking when they was breaking to get inside of the hall  
I'm a park bench logo, foam posits and polo  
'Em grey bottoms get three wears before we throw those  
I'm made by the shit you would hear  
So how the flow go?  
Should all be accredited back to my [?]  
Back to the bar bettin' it  
Back to the start sketchin' it  
It sound like white GS rappin' like Shawn said it (haha)  
Or Avirex leathers and beepers like [?]  
For y'all motherfucker's that don't get it

This is half moon part baby  
Know who we are baby  
We play the sound like we ain't here with that bomb baby  
No one ever minds to the shit that they regard baby  
And if you ride just remember what we are baby

Scarface the rapper did more than Scarface the movie for us of course  
Cause bitches selling they souls to be married, pushing a Porsche  
Mattress is by the window, sleeping out on the floor  
I'm ghetto out on the porch, revisiting '94  
I'm slick as a southern pimp  
When I spittin' a couple bars  
When I twist inside of the raw  
When I'm giving it to all of y'all  
I'm the dope from around the alley  
I pitched it to get a car  
A youngin' whoring an onion  
Just wishin' to be a star  
I'm southside stompin' in gravel  
Chasin' my paper  
Pimpin' pistols, high stencil  
This scripture got them in awe  
Got it soundin' like, Naughty by Nature  
In Chuck Taylor's  
I'm the west coast [?]  
With this verbatim  
Yes I are baby  
Get in this car baby  
Don't try to play like you ain't knew who who we are baby

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Yeah I young but my hustle hard  
As far as I can remember back  
I've been fuckin' raw  
Livin' in Philly man  
No broken heart  
No book of law  
But it's my time right now  
So I sit back and take it all  
In a pimp house  
Spitting's just the way I live  
Just tryin' make it big  
Think 'bout all the things I did  
Half of y'all fakin' to be  
Whatever you say you is  
Drink so much that I probably  
Never see straight again, damn  
I come alive when he turn on the mic  
You heard of me right?  
Verbally nice  
Murder the hype  
Irvin and Mike  
Ball hard, never fall  
Word to my life  
Nigga's come at you like water  
Freeze up and turn into ice  
But what's life?  
Cause that ain't really  
What I thought I take from it  
Top spot that they wanted  
Lack bidden's that eight-hunnit  
Far side y'all state runnin'  
Visionary, my day comin'  
You see me nigga?  
They say somethin'  
Ain't no frontin'  
I'm just straight stuntin'

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