Statik Selektah
Turn me up a little
Got my hoodie on, yeah
I used to want a beat from Statik now I got an album with 'em
Check the algorithm, ayy

I spend my days tryna' cope with it Pour some liquor, have a smoke with it Since park days gettin' so lifted Back when [?] considered prolific Shit'll shock ya, realizin' life got no limits (Hold up, ayy) Back against the wall the most comfortable Diss me on a song, the homies huntin' you I have them layin' on your crib for a month or two Ayo, Statik, what the fuck it do? I got fantasies of tannish kis coolin' under canopies A fan of me told me that I made it but I can't agree 'Cause I'm still slidin' through in hoopties Difference is they don't gotta introduce me, truthfully Bape sweats, pocket full of latex, stay fresh I just left Toronto to L.A. next You should see me out in Boston how I break necks Same one to move the product from the Payless (Me) These is bars for the soul Pray they open up the gates when my brother see parole They hated me since my inception Expect it, I couldn't be an X.X.L. freshman Due to my behavioral disorders Lookin' for the Blanco, shit, I'm way across the border Yeah, I be all the way in Mexico (Mexico) Light the dial up and let it go (Let it go) Yeah, let it go

I put the barrel straight to your head
Don't matter if you punchin' the clock or the shakin' the feds
Smokin' at an early age, I relate to the dread
I was on the honor roll but I relate to the speds
Wait a minute, hold up
Matter fact, roll up
From the hood, no luck
Get your ass tore up (Yeah)
When you don't say nothin' that's immunity, regardless
My niggas went to jail, I went to community college
Sold a little drugs, after that I was an artist
Shinin' already, I came in the game polished
Got my money right, after that I gained knowledge
Ode to youth and the booth get demolished

I mean what I say and I say it with aggression (I mean it)
That I'm the wrong one to play with in this session
My name reigns supreme at the top of this profession (Forever)
Only thing that I play with is the Wesson
Ah, or the Smithin', listen
G.G. four if it ain't the sour or the piffin'
My connect came from Mexico
Crack the D'Usse and let it go

Let it go What (What)

Real hip-hop shit Type of shit I love