

The killer standing in your front yard
Gun bars motherfucker, we got gun bars
Bullets spreading from your lumbar to where your lungs are
Talking shit like Donald, pull your trump card
Chill with the angry rap, fuck that
Like pulling out when doggystyling, it's the comeback
Corporate sponsors don't like it homie, what's that
Still got niggas sitting in the drug trap
Beautiful ignorance, I spew beautiful ignorance
I'll fucking shoot you what you think I do to some instruments?
Real bitches love my shit, do the arithmetics
They don't fuck with your soft shit, that's musical impotence
Hell nah, I don't fuck with y'all
Glocks and them revolvers man, I done tucked them all
I know the cops probably kill me with shots 'cause I can't duck 'em all
I just pray to God my dying words is "fuck them all"

(Word, man)

Fuck the motherfucking police, man
Killing niggas with their hands up
(On my mama)
Fuck them motherfucker, man
(Hate them motherfuckers)

You know what, we got start killing them out here
(Like doo, doo, doo)

I'm just a shady ass nigga from the west coast
Getting cash money ever since Death Row
Ain't no limit to the way I let my tec blow
Rock a fella to sleep with a smith & wess yo
I'm a ruthless bad boy nigga, let's go
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Yeah, Fake niggas got the game falling
I give a fuck if you lames balling
You don't like me, get to name calling
I speak my mind like I'm James Baldwin
Yeah, I'm raising hell while you're facing L's
Losing yourself chasing sales, that's a major fail
I'm ringing bells, blazing trails, nigga my paper swells
All day I think of bars, blame my brain cells
I'm getting drunk if you can't tell
Ain't no gravity in this ho so I can't fail
Fall, all you pussy boys go to hell
If I tell you what I know, I'll probably go to jail
But I think too futuristic to ever become a new statistic
Like you predicted, right, I'm super gifted, right, and what I write is too descriptive
We can get pugilistic, or I can shoot the biscuit
'Cause I shoot terrific, you will lose if you get the ruger twisted
Right, they're wondering where that real rap was
Nah Statik, these niggas don't want to rap, cause
And I got some bloggers I don't like at all
Fuck your site, nigga, put me on the cover of Final Call

You fucking mother fucking punk ass websites
(Like some Malcolm X shit)
You damn sites tried to kill hip-hop
(The shit here crazy, man)
It's fucking hipsters out here
Posting all that soft shit
We don't fuck with that soft shit
(We don't like that shit, nigga, fuck it)

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I'm just a grimy Puerto Rican from the east coast
Squeeze toast, lifting off your chain, call me Debo
In front of One Freedom Tower with the beams glowing
All my goons hungry wolves with the teeth showing
I'll run in the building where Darren Wilson live
Wearing a Mike Brown mask and kill his pregnant bitch
I got a military submachine navy gat
That will put you where Brenda put the baby at
I'll cut your tongue out, it's nothing you can say to that
Just a mercenary machine that was made to rap
And for the profit, I'll hit you with a dome rocket
You should've went and bought a gun instead of foam posits
A nine, 38, desert, and a mac milli
Four different kinds of spitters like Black Hippy
You act silly, I'll treat you like a clown, man
Put a red dot on your nose and have you found dead
I'm ruthless 'til I die, call me Eazy-E
But I bring the east coast sound like I'm in D&D
Rest in peace Sean P, you was the rapping king
Cop your thing one time in the air for Statik KXNG