

Morphine

Statik Selektah

Yeah

Uh (Statik Selektah)

Here we go

Kidnappings, alibis, drive-bys
I been there, there's paperwork, so why lie?
Four-fives, bullets spittin', flesh cookin'
Now you bare, fitted, body on the best cushion
Hah, I came to dinner with a meat cleaver
Bam, I get you hit up with a street sweeper
Unique dreamer that's whippin' the green Bimmer
In them clean sneakers, I spent my feature money on reefer
Reach for my piece, you fittin' to meet Jesus
I'm a street genius, before rap, I sold heaters
It's no weakness, runnin' with cold creatures
Put a bullet into your bitch and kill your fetus
Cement shoes, they don't know where your feet is
Closed casket, no clothes, you're at the griever's
It's up to me, make a killin' off the morphine
The fiends come and we hit 'em with the quarantine

Brr (Yeah)

Statik Selektah, Termanology, Fizzy, ahh

Ayo, I'm loyal to my brand (M.O.P.)
Grand Royal to my brand (M.O.P.)
Nigga, I spit fire, y'all can't deny it
Y'all fold under pressure, I was taught to apply it
I spit that raw shit, that old go-to-war shit
And leave it all over the track like horse shit
Spaz-matic, I spaz with it
See that cloth that you cut from? I wouldn't wipe my ass with it
Analyze my vocals, I'm the motherfucker you go to
I leave niggas puzzled like Sudoku
I blam a nigga down, I specialize in street carpentry
Yeah, I hammer niggas down
You know how we do, ran a nigga down
Went upside of his head and beat the camera nigga down (C'mon)
M.O.P. and Showoff, we be the raw team
Statik, hit 'em with the quarantine