

Stop Playing

Statik Selektah

Yo Statik man these niggas playing out here
They playing man
Niggas got ghost writers and shit
Ain't no body real no more
Shit is all made up
Stop playing nigga
Yeah
This for the gods man
Hip-hop gods

Real niggas provided the platform
Yeah I'm a rap for em
You niggas just rap boring
I'm taking a nap snoring
I'm waking up past four
And hop in that black 4
And that GT is grand touring
Counting these grands touring
I heard another movement might have took it from slaughter
They just took a page out our book
You better look at the authors
Look at my partners
We keep it the same
Never change
So funny how going nowhere took us the farthest
I'm rapping with body baggers
You rapping with lolly gaggers
If it was up to me
None of you niggas would not be rappers
Fuck, your clothes tightened up
Your voice lightened up
Even your own white friends ain't white enough
I think you haters had quite enough
Like porn stars bleaching their anus
All you assholes need to lighten up
It ain't that serious
Selling your soul
They paint a brick road yellow
And tell em its gold
Tell em its the yellow brick road
Fooled by the wizard of Oz
Now you'll never be an Em or a Nas
Kim or a Fox
I'm the rap villain
A rebel
Got a bad feeling that they want me to slit my throat
When I crash through the glass ceiling
But fuck the mainstream
I'm in the underground
I'm counting cash, chilling
An outsider like matt dillion
Listening to Big Poppa
Sticking proper dick in a chicks knockers
Sipping on french vodka
Keeping my choppa loaded
My choppa stay loaded like a rich rocker
I call the shit stopper the witch doctor

Poking holes in you like a voodoo doll
Who do y'all thing your fucking with (huh)
Blow pop in a [?]
You on some sucka shit
I'm cookoo dogs
Letting my Zulu balls hang since FUBU draws
For the fuck of it
(Hahaha)
Bitch, suck a dick

Diary of a psycho rapper
While y'all all spineless just like a retired chiropractor
You jellyfish just a delish deli dish
Eaten by a rapper slash iron clapper
Nah them ain't fire crackers (nah)
The nine leave you silent as a mime
Then we move like Charlie Chan being quiet by design
Why would I retire in my prime
The scientist spittin' flames
I wrote the thesis this is pyrokenisis startin' fires with my mind
Hot niggas, yeah we still are
Me and Staith show you who the real are
To the industry we a threat, still politically incorrect
And I put that on God while I'm chillin' with Bill Maher
It's King Kong and Godzilla we connect we start illin'
God willing we givin' ya'll that '94 Large Professor and Nas feelin'
While we top billin' like audio two and two Audis with the drop ceilings
Chillin'