

What Can We Do, Pt. 1 & 2

Statik Selektah

Come on guys, improvise man
What can we do for you?
Statik Selektah

ANoyd stab you in the air when he speak
So why you frontin' like your shit ain't leak
When it sounded like I make cure-a-tea
The other side of the same one-way street
Said I'm the best what? The fucking necks up
Like airplane sleep and I'm taking off
Like the national anthem and wearing hats
And to the hearts no mirror matching
To a pigeon a terror act
You fear the fact, a fan dressed in all black
Ms. Mary met bottle service
What I bring to the table got flavoured tag
Just aim to catch it, from here on stop it
See the fear on ya' shit
Face looking like a three-pronged socket, electro fire
My desert the whip stand
You holding the hourglass while sinking in quicksand
I did you dirty like old bad boots, scuffles and slack box
And clap topping with a foot in the door
Seen it sasquatching
I found myself in my reflection. I'm back
Watching Billy faded off and looking in mirrors
I'm hat shopping
You can see the Alibaba shows
Surprising this Lady Gaga and some dyed out clothes
And ta da I revitalize they idolise my flow
And they shit be sounding like they reading wifi codes
And voila, every vocal is just important as there
Half and half is getting to listen, other's hoping they care, yeah
My true colour and temperature vision thermal delivery making
The push less painful like epidural

Well what can we do for you?

Well, well, I'm just cut from a different cloth
Shitty snort made him look like Mickey Rourke in the face
We just want paper plates, meetings with paper planes
But I keep having nightmares word to Dana Dane
I heard the misericordia let me splash the water
Achieve the white salami, autograph your daughter
She just wanna make some IG videos
I just wanna be mentioned amongst the billy goats
Snoopy and Charlie Brown on me a silly coat
Hooter coming right back bitch no Arsenio
Drop a few papooses on Crestview, wet fumes
A bunch of graduates from out the wreck room
All say my shit the stupidest but ain't no guarantees
With this music shit
My primo dope m.o's the fifth along with Ludacris
Primo manteca mon amor frozen
Tis atrocious method I add that I'm like a swarm of locusts

Well what can we do for you?

Yo, This morning I woke up and scratched the numbers off
I need at least a mill by next year
I'm giving the plug a call
A lot of slow leaks in your circle, when I can plug 'em all
When ya'll was getting rich off the purple shit
I was cutting hard
I ain't never lied on a verse
I wound up being dead broke when
You're alive to choose dying is worse
I made real niggas cry with my words
Shit I might hit styles for a verse
Reporting live from the curb
I reside where niggas run on the 1st and on the 15th
And if your name good then niggas slide you work
I got one goal and that is to bring it back to my era
The good karma's, more commas like grammatical errors
I don't get caught up in the chatter
I just laugh and do better
For Statik a potato on a barrel for whoever
Even in the summer my sterling is dragging the pavement
And I got hammers in the attic blowing weed in the basement
We ain't dig in the safe for a while
Pop told me if I wanna make it work so we gon' take it to trial
I'll be damned if I slip up now, no celebrating prematurely
Because I can't afford no hiccups now
I'm off seasoning the cord that I cut through
And when them partners telling you they straight
Nigga guess who they come to
Started taking shit several years to look what we come to
There's a lotta things that I can't undo but we here now

Hey yo this Ap
La, la, la, la, la, la, la

What can we do for you?
Yeah, Statik Selektah

Young nigga living, jury had feds watching me
Trying to war with the king, niggas don't think logically
At any moment God reward me for my modesty
Killers dump the body leave you stinking like rotting meat
Blasting, smoother than Billy Dee in Mahogany
Fashion, model figures disown a wannabe
Bragging about the days when you was a shooter
When you run into some real ones they want you to prove it
How could I trust you?
Don't even trust the ones I grew with
Niggas stupid, catching bodies then youtube 'em
Just to hang boy you tie your own nooses
I can see the state in your eye while throwing deuces, yeah
No soul reflect on my best years
It's the flow forever, gonna stress peers
Please, I'm the dopest you never heard
Like a crack fiend's screams, falling on deaf ears
Yeah, so ferocious, flow is potent, yeah
Hit the pussy then I hocus pocus
Praying my karma don't curve back like scoliosis
If niggas don't know how to play it throw it to Kobe
I gotta let you know though
Feel like James Evans in the hood with the flow though
Started with a band, made my money solo
You could be standing by your killer in these photos, bang nigga

What can I do for y'all?

My kind of music is embalming fluid
I'm prime influencing, it ain't that hard to tell that I been through it
Brazy back then even my momma knew it
Kinda foolish, quick to crash out like Osama fluid
RIP to the Taoist
In real life I really feel like I'm Tommy in Power
Not to mention that I'm co-signed by Tommy in Power
So when my stars align I'mma shine on you cowards, look
Like really, how I'm 'posed to relate?
To these artificial artists, I been knowing their fate
Monkeying round you could get a hold of your date
Mr. flow-to-drown-rappers, Stat, show them the lake, splash
Air bubbles from the gasp
Air bubbles in my sneakers, writing Brody in the max
Biggie in the speakers when I'm opening the pack
Mike sold him my apartment because we both was in the trap
Hmmm, I'm headed down to Lollapalooza
The car with the shooter will probably make you swallow a Ruger
How 'bout a Uber and bust you for an awkward manouver
I stomp on the tune then dip into the jar with the buddha
It's smelly

Well what can we do for you?

Young but I'm gifted like stork visits
Flip birds like caught pigeons, I'm couped and it's off limits
My material can buy these Timbs in New York fitted
It's my pedigree raised by the pounds that I brought, bitches
Hoid up, got the polar, bad flow no one colder
Heir to the throne or colder
Bad to the bone like arthi-ritis and
Auto-write it on auto-pilot
And caught pics where your daughter ride it, I'm so excited
No x's in site just o's and commas
So know the drama
Deep like penmanships and ocean's harbour
Ain't Will Smith then hold the llama
For all who brought the drama, this ain't Broadway mama
Me I been M.I.A to the bullshit
My demons straight, I could demonstrate what the truth is
Been roofless since I was ruthless, we been on property's roof
It's just dogs barking up trees with the nooses
And new since the new kids, I'm the back of the movment
And proof that a root gives fingertips on the groove this
So who-dissed-that-nigga-that-you-been-sleeping-on
My temper peaking, you never see I'm like a see-saw
We the law if you can follow the words
Just keep your ears to the streets
Or you might swallow the curb, the concrete though
Can't steal and my my arms swing low
Sweeping bitches off of they feet, the Bronx hero
It's Rivers

What can we do for you?

There's nothing like sitting at home, let me tell you that
Well what can we do for you?