

What Goes Around

Statik Selektah

They say what goes around comes around
This rap game is a gamble, it's like a roulette wheel
You just gotta learn to take the ups with the downs

Here comes the first thing, you know I don't fake it
Usually bust raps on how to rob a nigga naked
Made for the Benjie, crack era frenzy
Rest in peace [?] Spuds MacKenzie
Major or independent, this street shit I represent it
We look major on the independent
Go dig down your bitch mouth to where her neck be
And explode like Mentos in a Pepsi
Good morning, scrub, Built you a little fort huh
Fuck your fort, little nigga
This blood sport, little nigga
You balling on the wrong court, little nigga
Right now, homie, you staring down a barrel
This is the sound of New York airing out to battle
But as the game goes on and all you lames fall off
Me and Statik show off, show off

What goes around comes around, am I coming or going?
Only God knows when my time'll come to its closing
I got a wonderful flow and a bright future, a nice Ruger
I just might shoot ya with this gun that I'm holding
I've never been no shook ass, I ain't running from no one
Brought a can of whoop ass y'all don't want me to open
Who want it with Easy? Got a militant mind
And a weapon with enough bullets to fill up your spine
Plotting on getting to mine, I may let 'em out
Bet I give 'em more rounds than a Mayweather bout
When I aim at his scalp and bang 'em out
You would think his brains was chilling how them hanging out
For real, and your women I'm all in 'em
They calling 'em a G-star in the hood like raw denim
Your boy kill 'em back to back, bringing this rap shit back
Spazzing black on these Statik tracks
It's easy