

I'm So Epic

Stevie Stone

They might look, shit talk me, but dem still can't see me
If god give dem wings, them still can't fly with me
They t'ink they above (they above)
They above (they above)
Me t'ink they above dem
I'm in a league of my own
Don't need a crown or a throne
They said that I'm so epic
One of a kind, they say I'm so epic
Do you hear that?

I'm backing them up
Them leaned up
When I dump it's King Tut on you chumps
You seem to have gained a lot of ground
Keep it breezy
and bombin' you mo'fuckers
And bomboclats had better get down
Middle fingers up
Boom by the grave
Haters kiss my anus
Rope can't tame this
'Pac woulda banged this
woulda had it in a box
What the name is?
Biggie woulda said "Stone you exactly what the game is"
Charge up
Anything I touch, yes, it's venomous
Slaughter
Gimme 50 feet, feeling generous
Hard jaw
Voodoo on your tendons and your ligaments
God's gift
Better when who you dealin' with

I said "This music don' made a magical monster"
So epic I'm makin' new people conjure
You better listen to me
We out here roaming these streets
Here goes another one

Out here running
Background: Hunting
Strange Music reppin'
Beast out hunting
Creme de la creme, nigga raw and cunning
Take the mouth on him
Keep calm, stunning
Written in the books
Bleedin' from the heart
Born in the Jungle, had to walk up in the dark
Chiseled out my name
Said "There's beef out on him"
Where he at?
I want him, let me put the pound on him