# TGC 2

**Swoope**

Why is he being so arrogant?
Is he saying he's better than wackness? Yes I am
Should I settle in my craft and be lesser than
Or follow the footsteps of my dad and be excellent

Oh I fell off?
Maybe ill be well of kicking the whale off his posted seeds
And see how the whale lost
His flow, see he used to be sick
But now Jonah is swallowing flowing harder without a sell out
Winning without a sellout Kobe to your mobi cheesing at all you zellouts
Colby where your mold be, Vivaldi over cold beats, so even when my brain ain't high I'm classical
Run it back I'm black mamba to your black fish
Swimming in your golf and still staying up to par
A lot of rappers is actors not up to par
Backwards I ain't lifting my rhymes up I'm just raising the bar
Put a Hershey in the air hey it hurts me when the airwaves keep playing the old same
Impressed the aim I'm bothered
I'm pressed to save the starters to keep your bars on the benches if they don't hold weight

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All of that wackness I'm calling it out just like the old dang tag kids play with click pow
I'm playing toe games hits out John Domain
I'm for the kill out
Kids play turns to childs play
My buddy with machete, toe tag
Hits still out Chucky is now Barry it might get ugly or scary if you ignore us
Cause now Chucky is using Norris as his moniker
Put baby monitors on all you monikers
Watch this lullaby I make you shut your eyes sleep think think
Of being stuck inside of whats inside the club of sides of the toughest guys with no heart
I pull your card don't start homie
I'm the dealer of the dealers
Killing off this choke art these cough men they see the killer of the dillards
Similar to Lillard shooting just for practice
Trailblazer y'all just follow behind and jack it

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This ain't rap its a victory lap
We running up the score call it a soundtrack
For the '96 Bulls, Michael Jordan and Pippen
You ain't got enough bad boys you ain't a Piston

We ain't big, but we're defending the faith
Think weak like a 2000 puffy without Ma$e
Our lines stay fresh y'all jokers past stale
You ain't feeling this you must be learning bad braille
In the city of rap I hear a lot of pop
We in the art district you live in writers block
Poetry in motion we rocking from that Al B. sure to that Frank Ocean
Do you see the family where hands in the sky?
I'm clowning around writing on clouds because I'm high
Just because you sound drunk don't mean you got bars
You can serve with lines when you stand behind ours


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