

# DOUBLE DARE!

SXMPRA

Cough-cough, cough-cough

Ayy, sit back as I rip from the chest  
Microphone in my hand and a voice in my head  
I'ma keep spittin' till there ain't none left  
I guess death be the only thing that keep me set  
Like, two years since I said ya dead  
I made moves that the money ain't a thing, oh, yes  
I stress that I'm not just a regular guest  
The rap for the stacks, I bring back the boom-bap  
Like, who that kid dressed in all black?  
Every motherfucker wanna be on my track  
I don't give a fuck about your cap-ass rap  
You stay wack while I snap, keep the bars on tap, huh  
All I hear is "Money, money, bitches", but I don't see no money or the motherfuckin' bitches, uh  
All I see is corny rappers acting famous like they made it, but ain't makin' any fucking digits  
Yeah, let me break it down for ya  
You do it for the image, ain't nobody down for ya  
Comin' up out the grave, I was underground for ya  
Now I'm comin' and takin' the throne, better bow down for ya  
Highness, leave your bank in the minus  
All my bills are blue like my motherfuckin' iris  
Fillin' up your head like a goddamn virus  
Really wanna say my double dare, you fuckin' try this  
What? All you get is my piss  
Spit like a mag and I'm dumpin' my clip  
Name someone else who be doin' this shit  
Y'all can keep it coming, schema clique in this bitch

Ah, ah-ah, ah-ah, ah  
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Sittin' on the curb with the .40 in the hand  
Sun in the sky and the smog in the air  
People lookin' at me for the clothes that I wear  
You can see it on my face, man, I just don't care  
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Time to kick dust up, I bust like a clip  
When I duck out the back and I creep up like this  
How many motherfuckers must get dumped with the gun quick?  
This is for the souls that felt this  
Who's that?  
Comin' straight from the back  
I just stack up my pack while you sit there and act  
Tough motherfuckers wanna be so bust like they subject to another style they suspectin'  
Everybody wanna be respected  
Take a little shot when they least expect it  
Who am I? Gotta be objective

The blade stay tucked and it ain't selective  
Dissected, emptied out his pockets and kept it  
Split a motherfucker from his posse like Brexit  
I don't give a fuck about a man who said shit  
Really want a feature but the flow expensive  
Fuck out my way when I bust it like that  
Sly goes the track, and I punk out the gas  
Fuck what you say, and then fuck what you heard  
I stick to movin', I fly like a bird  
Spray words like it's blood to the paper  
Stay cursed, but if I see things worse  
When I go and get a rise I'ma take Earth  
When you address me you go 'head and say "Sir"  
Can I get a little bit of the steez please?  
I reap the rewards of a war I'm knees deep in  
I pull pins like a frag, I'm so bad  
I bust slugs, bitch, and recover the bag

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