That I exposed, my hundred seventy-five flows The inkling of a sect, suspect me This assemblies and less than two verses I'm able to disengage mics And chew MCs up like Mike & Ikes When I recite they like two flips I sink MCs like ships With my nocturnal vibes, mandatory eclipse There's no comparison, I embarrassment Cause microphone harassment Here's where the fear and terror spin I'm hit brick, decipher these look-a-like MCs Claimin' they rock mics like nights for days So I'm able to have more to perform I explode on the mic like C-4I eliminate ya fool microphones These limited the amount of opponents Step on the microphone I show em' Over and over, these weird situations Enter in the gladiation, now they facin'

Last night I had a dream and it just made me realize
That folks don't give a damn about me (They don't care)
So many haters on the scene, can't stand to see me on the rise
But I'm gon' still remain the same, you best believe
We keep it gangsta, straight gangsta oh (Now that's gangsta)
We keep it gangsta, straight gangsta oh (Now you know that's gangsta)
We keep it gangsta, straight gangsta oh (Now that's gangsta)
We keep it gangsta, straight gangsta oh (Get cho' ass on the floor)

If I wanna fuck a homie I would, ya best believe that Wanna call me reg, show ya girl where the cheese at Niggas roll and shit, hatin' on a young bitch Cause flow I cop or the spots I rock I'm still classy, playa like me I keeps it jazzy Still keep it gangsta whether not I'm gettin' sassy Got a beeper, fly out and release my profile Or my click bust eighty for all you busters actin' shady Fake ass ballers wanna-be shot callers Think y'all holdin' clout, niggas runnin' they mouth It's still Death Row mackin' when gangs start crackin' Askin' all you cats in this game yo what's happenin' Hoes talk about they cockin' back, bustin' guns Knowin' damn well heat is on deck, you cowards run Hated by many, yo we loved by few You ain't gotta like us homie but respect what we do I'll buck y'all niggas then bust y'all niggas Set chu' niggas up then wet chu' niggas up Seen a jazzy hoe steppin' out with the gators Hold up haters I'm executin' all the fakers Lettin' all you cats know I just wanna fuck you Back to ya wifey, it's her job to love you I'm lookin' for my baby daddy, what's he got He old enough to cum, he old enough to get fucked Yeah, SKG Death Row mackin' the new bitch in town That's how I get down

If I had a million dollars then I'd be rich If ya ho was on deck then I fuck yo bitch It's Gotti in the cut with the Don Corleone And Dillinger with the hollow tip chromes Catch ya and travel, leave ya flabbergasted Stalkin' y'all walkin' caskets Hit the spot where the smokers hold Low and behold, the tightest composition composed Can ya catch it, I threw my thoughts like a quarterback So when they ain't around, I angle murder and slaughter act React, actions speak louder than words But ain't nothin' more important than vision I've seen optical collisions corrupted I'm spontaneous when I combusted melon Can't escape a lyrical felon Excellin' in the out, like it's in from smokin' the bong Koran Don, set to explore like napalm Cataclysmic, with a habit to form collisions Various visions, intellect sharp enough to injure Like incisions with the deadliest intentions To grab the heat and bust niggas into different dimensions I had thoughts, had thoughs of electricity Murdered by millions of volts I got a forty cal cold I'm all about business Life ain't what it seems in two seconds I peeped the red beam, I tried to dodge Grabbed the chrome plate, I dumped once But I was two seconds late cause the size I was Was the first mistake My moms came and shook me I didn't awake Cause in my position that's the chance ya take In the dream, in the world with no way to escape