

Electricity

Ferrari, Testarol, city flowing in and from Sicily
All of my flavors are sorted individually
All of my rings are like ornaments on a Christmas tree
I'm on the brink of extinction, links sit on a chinchilla mink
And I'm still tequila-drinking in my Lincoln
You be slipping in the darkness and sinking
Push the feather across the parchments for inking

My blood type is royal

I'm working with dirty Pollo
And night oil I cook till the pipe boil
Drinking fermented fruit with a slight spoil
I wrap the takeaway packages with a nice foil

I'm Gulf Shoe, my coat name is "Espionage"

At the Taj at the table getting a neck massage
I never step from out the lodge without a check involved
Insert the needle into the groove and let the wreck revolve

I'm closing my cases never solved, never blown

Your rappers hover, craft fidgets, spinners and reggaeton
I'm sprinkling methadone on a cess bone
Disco ball you shine a light on a Patek stone
Every card on a dextrone

We must act at once

Hey J Doctor, Shof Housey. Dr. Shof Housey
Doctor, please, we need you at once.

Flick in the toothpick, we got it playing like the blueprint
Using the glue stick, I make connections like paper-news clips
Goon shit, dirty ass room lit
As Dr. Death in the holy scrubs
Rolling shrubs, it's only nugs
And I don't go to clubs
I'll leave that for the youngsters and the thugs
This old man want that old money here to plugs

My nigga that a two shay or two page

They move dates and take two with two Ks
For loot crates and breakthrough a hoodies like I'm Luke Cage
We got the readers if they swish it to a new page

Closed chapters, take it all with the brain we born Morton

That's dumping salt on them like the rain got it storming
Whether or not, whatever you thought
Was all stress, no sweat, you never was hot
We only see you as a legible op
And I'm a doc that'll diagnose you back to that medical spot
That'll lift you with the helicopter sound, 'bout to threaten your block
Gamble it now, you better to chop