

Yo, poor dressing on a court progression
Spill my lower intestines in a recording session
Hoist up a big rocket launcher and point it your direction
Rosary beads around your neck won't give you more protection
Crank my finger for the membership
Scribble with so much intensity, make the pencil split
Over the budget, my body's draped in expensive shit
Empty the cartridge and reload with an extended clip
Big mechanical wrecking ball
Step on the raw with ethanol
You couldn't handle the repertoire
Too many ligaments to chop, I need an extra saw
I cut the cards before I shuffle up the decks and draw
Legends fall, rap blew the whistle I couldn't catch a call
Take a short piece of material and stretch it tall
All the way to the quasars
Catch me hiding out in plain sight, I'm fly below the radars
Put emphasis on the gang when you say ours
Oh, you can see the stars, like soliloquy and chaos
Days will get dark, shit get darker than the seance
We did the dirty work, there's no way that you could take ours
Riding all year, ain't no days off
Pop show me that mama told me that shit is gonna pay off
Balling like the playoffs, all that money's in the net
So we turning on the green light, somebody's getting checked for sure
I'm taking instant grams, not Instagrams
The shit you can't picture a man, but I can picture like a picture's hand
Right from the top, we throwing curves out
Right from the mound to the corner, curve route
It's gang, gang

Yeah, I'm staring at the paper with the margin
If the words ain't passing when I'm rapping, then it's garbage
Growing as an artist from the city of the harvest
Back streets be the seediest and lead them to their targets
Endure the hardship more than often
What is life? It's forget to live before the coffin
Thought it was the jacket I was rocking and it still is
California's active and cops are cat pillars
Body catcher on a stage, I'm that killer
Heart became cold and stone, I'm that pillar
A lot of days do tell who fell and stayed level
Keep the base at my feet
Mid-waist, face, treble
Bad choices over time, it's been expected
The point is how you falling down and get up to correct it
They'd rather be wrong and sit and stand corrected
Standing on the ground 'til we ran them to the exit
Off the intersection at the lab stove is cooking
Connected to dots, spots they missed and overlooking
This is basic, leaving blueprints for them to chase it
Following my steps 'til it's permanent, replacing its gang