

# Cobra Clutch

## The Underachievers

Alright we're gonna have a demonstration  
I've had a lot of cards and letters: why don't you all guess how this cobra clutch works  
Is it a sleeper hold? Is it a submission hold?  
Well, it's a little bit of both!  
If a guy gets into the hold, he either goes to sleep or he's a good boy and he gives up before he goes to sleep

Seek, destroy, came down from the Heavens on an asteroid  
Acid void, falling down like ashes will I crash or soar  
Smack the royal niggas, got the power but do nothing for you  
Hash and oils keep me less in nuisance when I'm 'bout the boil  
I can't say, I heal they souls like Dende  
When I speak they walk like Sensei  
Through they speak they talk no English  
If it ain't about gettin' my ends paid  
Got a mind of my own, y'all been slaves  
Got your girl and she don't got a man today  
She just jump for the dick like a holiday  
I be rockin' it but no apologies  
Niggas sleep, move quietly  
Soon enough they admire me  
Soon enough, get the Cobra Clutch  
My career erupt, leads to higher me  
Niggas at this, they should quit the rappin'  
Yeah I really like to blame society  
Kobe at this, niggas in the attic  
We could get it crackin' if you trying me  
Bitch I'm nothing what you used to  
Bring your aux, need a bluetooth  
Acting reckless, we might shoot you  
Main in colours, here's a blue's clue  
Elevated but I'm dangerous  
Nothing changed but the payment  
Niggas bang at the fame and  
Spending all that pay just to claim it

Hear you speaking but bro  
What's the thesis  
Lately I've been dreaming 'bout these rappers  
How I'm gon' feast 'em, right amount of seasoning  
Tell 'em if we see 'em wouldn't wanna be 'em  
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I be on my high horse  
I be on my God course  
Separate the Don Darks  
From the living live courts  
Laser eye like cyborg  
Wizard like I'm John Wall

See the future, groundhog  
Smoking dope, reclined up  
My scream like Designer  
Student watch your conduct  
Giving niggas F for exposure like a higher up  
Get that resurrection class  
Give your soul to sign up  
Spliff rolled up with honour  
Smacking like E. Honda  
Me and my conspirers  
Secretely been plotting domination  
In this board of imitation, either die or dance with Satan  
And I got my new shoes, think they right for the occasion  
Got my crucifix, I hope it help in time of desperation  
God, body, reputation  
Check my winkie fast  
I'm the whole shabazz  
Nigga artificial similacs  
Silence the aristocrat  
Head of operation, Danny Ainge  
I ain't stopping till my niggas get them rings

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