

Beast Unleashed 4

Vin Jay

Gather 'round, come place your bets
Let me welcome everybody to the main event
The fourth beast unleashed and we came correct
So go and let ya heads bop til you break ya neck
I layed to rest the ones who were doubting me
Now I'm all up in your face, fuck boundaries
And Imma haunt their dreams while they sound asleep
And Imma burn shit down like a pound of keif

Tell em all I been living like I'm on death row
You can hear it when I'm talkin' strep throat
Young rapper that turned to a clef note
Pull up for the bag, then I'm out like presto
They fill em in the gang and I pull payments
Made em a little bank and they gettin anxious
Strangle em in the basement I'm feelin dangerous
Dangle em with a crane, give em all a face lift
Get views and views and linguistics
Y'all just rap, I truly do business
Never go broke, I loot recruit's interest
Put on my tunes, your crew like "who is this?"
Dead broke, but they diamonds drippin'
They wanna flex on the gram, but they drive a Civic
And everybody been tellin me that the sky's the limit
But I been goin up a mothafuckin mile a minute
Just watch, I been committing big news and I ain't gon' stop
Tell I'm rackin up quick views and Imma get guap
Every time when they click through, I got it on lock
And a fucking jiu jitsu
But rap is a martial artist, it's hard to start
From picking all the bars apart, for smart remarks
It ain't about the foreign cars or sparking jars of weed
Or just tryna start beef with the larger star
Y'all got next, I'm a legend right now
I got the throne, where the hell is my crown?
Can't sit still so I'm sellin my couch
Wrist band, if it ain't about the cheddar I'm out, huh
Y'all claim that I been a little hostile
'Bout to put em in a bit of a debacle
Swoop up your girl then I hit her in the tonsils
Man that bitch should be living in a brothel
Rolling heavy, hope you hoes are ready
Pull up at they funeral and blow confetti
Got a loaded semi, turn your bones to jelly
Imma leave em drippin like a broken levy
Bitch I'm ready to hunt again
My stomach is rumbling
I'm at the peak of the summit
I pop em like supplements
So tell em I'm rippin the heat, I don't need me no oven mits
Wait, I don't live a thug's life
Gotta stay true dog, ya'll have been the sus type
I been up in the field tho threaten like a Bud Light
Please stop spittin, I thought you grippin the gun tight
Y'all just rappers, really bad actors
Only time you kill anybody is through laughter
Open up your mouth and the lies come after

Better off tryna be a home town pastor
Take over the game like I'm using cheats
I kill em all doesn't really matter who competes
I just rack up a couple milly views a week
Until the bands get heavy like Judas Priest
They hatin' but know what I did is superb
What you make I probably get triple in merch
I take em to hell like they lit up a church
You came for the beef and now dinner is served

Now they watchin what I been on, they want me gone
Cuz every time I drop a bomb, it's nonchalant
I do it cuz I'm on the job, I'm like a US pilot from Nagasaki
I be winnin the war, we killin em with crippin' forces
They hear me comin like I'm whippin a Porsche
And drop bombs, ain't nobody wanna give me the torch
If they don't wanna let me in, then Imma kick in the door
Live ya life on your computers bitchin
Imma cop a ghost like I ain't superstitious
In the proof I'm driven is the coop I'm whippin
No limits, ain't no wonder why the roof is missin
But I'm beastly, better believe we back
When we knee deep in the green we relax
Sweet dreams when they receive these tracks
Like GG Imma go clean these plaques
So I been a mess, shit I'm not a bit impressed
Whole day spent just trippin on the internet
Thirty years old, no wonder why they livin' that
Hating on me, instead of tryna make a bigger check
Still I been a king and they gotta bow to me
Road to a hundred mill, shit sound nutty
I don't wanna talk if it ain't about money
I been laughing to the bank, like a hundred sound funny
Broke in the game, bitch you dumb for lettin' me
I been comin with the flavor like a public enemy
They be lovin when I rap and they bump the melodies
Ain't a moment that you petty little bums offended me
Hello rap game, I'm your new savior
Never really been a debate on who's greater
Rose from the mud, it's been my true nature
They sell out red rocks, when y'all move paper

Really feel like I'm an urban legend
And my vocal chords a fucking murder weapon
Never stressin who my words offended
Til my final breath, I rep my first amendment

Really feel like I'm an urban legend
And my vocal chords a fucking murder weapon
Never stressin who my words offended
Til my final breath, I rep my first amendment, little bitch