

From Roslindaley to Philly to anywhere on the map really
I been spitting real raps like a bastard
Clapping with the Mac milli
What's happening is I'm actually stacking
Strictly re-enacting life graphically
I've been challenging these cats to come and ask with me
If they can but they can't cause I'm that shifty
My army is too large, my conscience been drowning
I dumped his ass in the fucking lake, he never been found
And I've been down and out, rose out of my own ashes
The rest of you's is stupid as dogs sniffing your own asses
When I was grown I seen holmes making his own acid
Sniffing coke with his folks then coming home plastered
I seen suicides, overdoses, and chrome blasted
I war with people who wanted me in my own casket
I made it out alive in stereo to stare at you
The Dimock to seven-figures right here in America

Ghetto landscapes, where a man is determined by how much a man make

Lost Cauze lyrical leviathon, literally leave your limbs
Littered laying in the lion's den
Lying men make we want to fire ten into their spine and limbs
Buy them a fucking heart, you got beef then don't deny it then
Fuck a fair one, air gun share some
The MAC make a fat nigga leap like Air Pun
God rest the dead but God bless your head (no homo)
And my dojo is calm, breath, and lead
I sit in a dank basement blowing bank statements
On a dank fragrance planning my next invasion
Like Slaine in The Town flick, quick as a hundred rounds spit
You fucking pussy cats, I'm a hundred pound pit
Astounding rocking a hoodie make of hound's skin
My balls, your broad loves her lips around them
A nigga say he fucking with me, he a clown then
You should kill yourself for even hanging around him

Ghetto landscapes, where a man is determined by how much a man make

I rose above everything they threw at the kid
Pops dead, no fucking bread, doing the bid
I had a choice, I could rhyme or put two in your wig
Cause an option for me was never pursuing a gig
Yeah I made demos, they spit in my face, begin again
I started having reservations like an Indian
I'm a man of God but I started to sin again
Cause motherfuckers was sleeping on me like Lithium
It's a lot of years later I'm still nice with the hands
I'm a dick to my people but I'm nice to the fans
Some other rappers talk shit but they rightfully stand
Dig in the same fucking place where they rightfully stand
Me and Slaine been around the fucking world together
Drinking bottles, sniffing something, fucking girls together
And the objective is to take over the world together
And the objective is to take over the world together