

It's On

Wax

A legend in the making, straight record-breakin'
Tremors in your area, rap's Kevin Bacon
Elation, got the whole globe goin' apeshit
Cookin' in my kitchin - Stirrin' up my cake mix
Went from the 8-Bit to Avatar money
3-D in your face, put your glasses on sonny
Never been the same since I saw my first hundred
Usain Bolt-ed and I've never stopped runnin'
Always been broke - Fuck an economic crisis
People in my neighborhood never owned nice shit
I'm'a be the first to be a boss, call me bison
The drive of a racecar, before I had a license
I've earned respect from the people you respect
You would've thought it was Aretha in the flesh
Been payin' dues, we ain't equally in debt
I've learned from the best, the top teachers in the West

(It's on)

The fire's been lit, the drive is sick
We climbin' non-stop to the top, as high as it gets

(It's on)

And once it's on there's no off switch
All of the homies lookin' at me like I've lost it

(It's on)

Watch all hell break loose
I put it on my Mom that I will break through

(It's on)

And when it's on it's on
It's the Wax and Dumbfoundead phenomenon

I be that raw rhyme bastard, multi-tasker
Sing, rap, and hustle doin' it all while plastered
The raw file captured and mixed and mastered by my damn self
While y'all demand help like a damn elf
Tryna reach the top shelf in the kitchen
We done slaughtered to wilt the competition
Me and Dumb revolve for the wealth of composition
That felt the opposition like your father givin' you an ass-woopin'
But I'm way past spittin' these days
On to the gettin' cheese phase
I ain't mastered it yet, the cash or the checks
Still ain't enough for livin'
And I need more paper like I'm purchasin' from Dunder Mifflin
I don't know what the fuck you sniffin' -
But if you dummies think you fuckin' with me you fuckin' trippin'
Y'all ain't bringin' nothing different to the table where I feast at
Should have been discarded in the grease trap, ease back

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Big Wax and Dumb will keep movin'
Cause we've never been for settlin' for losin'
We're ahead of the pack while y'all dead in the back
Cause y'all wack motherfuckers stay snoozin'
Fast-forward while y'all in slow motion
We got the pedal to the metal y'all coastin'
So keep the champagne chilly
Cause we 'bout to do the damn thing
'Till we at the finish line, toastin'

Adrenaline rush, never lettin' the dust settle
Levels ahead of you busters smokin' like Burt Reynolds

All you see is dirt pebbles and sand hittin' your windshield
'Till you lose control, and skid into the in-field

Skin peeled back from the G-Forces, be cautious
Reachin' speeds that make you feel nauseous

Exhausted by this race, you lost it by a landslide
We taste victory - Y'all swallow your damn pride