

Professional Rap

Wax

Y'all remain in the box while we step out of it
The crowd love it we do too we proud of it
We don't half ass nothing we come hard every time
Every beat every song every bar every line
It's so hard to define I don't know why y'all try
It can't be fathomed by the mind of a small fry
But you can take a lesson in that
Sit back, shut your trap while professionals rap

Ain't nobody spittin' tighter
Crowds are gettin' hyper
I been rippin' cyphers
Since y'all were shittin' diapers
You Little Tike bikers with training wheels on them
Y'all dogs paddling, we Navy Seals frogmen
In aqua fatigues
You are not in the league
You're a lesser breed
Follow the professor's lead
Smart people sit intent at their desk
But most of y'all dummies are content with F's
You little toddlers
Sheep flock followers
Deep cock swallowers
We pop thermometers
E drops the melancholy
He rocks ominous beat chops
The butcher from the methodic meat shop
Where you can buy sound by the pound
If you're clowning around then sit the fuck down
Homeboy this ain't amateur night
So keep your hands off the mic if you can't handle it right

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Belittle fucked rappers who lose
Get cut, battered and bruised
Blood splatters and oozes
I love battling fools
For a decade I been doing this been murdering the booth
Y'all were nesting in the uterus covered in mad goo
You mumbling baboons doing nothing but cover songs
Always playing it safe like fuckin' with rubbers on
We're raw dog
Balrog
Punches are comin' strong
Mike feeding, I'm feeding lunch to these hungry palms
You bite style copiers
Of what's now popular
Couldn't see us if your fingers clutched on binoculars

Zoom in from the audience see how the pros do it
Fall in love with the raps that you wanna propose to it
I'm bending knee wedding ring death do us part
Put an X through you marks
So get left in the dark
We're calling out names like you ordered at Starbuck's
You know the drill the slogan's still "go get your bars up"

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I've lived many years spent a lot of 'em doing this
Tried to keep it funky on some guano manure shit
Never tried to copy cause I'm not a computer chip
Did my own thing like entrepreneurship
So many rappers make me wanna vomit it's ludicrous
We keep it raw like sushi bar lobster and tuna fish
A lot of producers' motto is follow the music biz
But we redefining what music is
Autonomous
Cats can't follow this
Trashcan novices
Fat chance of toppin' this
Dope like poppy that's grown in Afghan provinces
Fuck all your wack plans and promises
I'mma just, supplement the beat like creatine
E chop it up like a guillotine
Wax, Herbal T, and DFD a team not to underestimate
Can't just talk it man you gotta demonstrate

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