

Ohh

Wrekonize

Get your money, get your mind right
I say what's real, fuck that limelight
All these haters, they don't want it
All these haters, know I'm on it
And I got 'em like ay ohh
And now they like ohh
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I walk around this little city getting busy out bed rock?
Miami Dade menace bringing records to death stock
They looking at the majors where Wrek spot
I rat' 'em all flesh rot
Than try to take a sip from that cess pot
My arsenal is loaded I'm a British Willy Wallace
Beats my battlefield you'll have to kneel to peel me off it
I hear 'em in the corner on that gossip
Like if he's really got it
I tune 'em out to be completely honest
I crack throttle
Living inside a life size Jack bottle
Grand piano laying on a fucking black model
Rappers are trash bluffing when they sucking pen swallow
Keep your advance on my avalanche you [in Tahoe]?
I fly by sky sipping Absinthe
Bitch ring around the phony when you know we kicking has beens
Singing to a Holy Ghost they won't be only advents
So you and all your homies keep your poemies in the trash bin

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Oh. My God. Please
Enough of yesterday
I watch the game from skybox and these rappers mouths still need a diaper change
They're still talking shit, while they walking it
It's awkward [?]
It makes me want to hawk to spit
Like Blaow, Let me stop styling
You're still trying to read the man-u-al while [I done been the islands?]
So dumb it down, fuck that, put your smarts up
But you're too busy dot comming on your mom's [top?]
See since I sin, I sense my soul slither
I sip and slurp sounds from the [?] of a son's scissor
You must overstand
Manage the language or stay swollen on the shore
Sore until you vanish
It's, 2013, I am not earth-a-ling
I am evol-v-a-ling, from the swing of a monkey king
You rap cats are just doing this shit to pose

I'm here to push my pros forward until I'm ghost

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Somebody said his [?] was better I guess he lied
I'm hot, got my borough on lock, like 25
The life, when I write fell the ground shaking
[?] I recite, get the town baking
I'm not your average beast
I can't stomach y'all make my abs get [?]
Extra nauseous from the blab you speak
So drop your pen
Rip your notepad and skeet
You not a friend
Don't make me have to grab your creeps
I count to 10, one, too late bastards
Look at y'all, shook, koolaid packards
You know the situation, I'm that intimidating
Cold dog, fell like a fridge of [?]
You trying to bring it back, I'm just trying to bring it
You got them Red Bull bars, you just kinda wing it
Like a butter knife that ain't gone cut it
But I ain't even mad at y'all suckers

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