The Exclusive (Featuring: Percee P)

Jaylib

I come on spittin, the song's hittin
Before there were capon chickens different dons listened to me for advice
Like I'm John, niggas just left again, so I'm steppin in
To catch wreck and when on my next kin'll be checks to spend that I'm exitin
Perc' is nice, worth the price, every verse entice
One of the most praised ministers to speak twice on the Earth since Christ
Ideas delay of light years away from what's here
I dare all my peers to slayTwo grand, review and, your whole crew man
The true fans, know who can, bring heat like in the Sudan black
No games, style is fo{?}, verbal cocaine, like propane
I blow brains bashin them no-name cats that flow lame
Writes well, recite then there's a chance you might hear
In the right air your worser nightmare after a sliced ear
Perc' spit every verse with the worst shit known
Disperse quit first clique tryin to front get they turf hit blown

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