

Uncontrollable

Mysonne

[Verse]

You niggas playing with fire cause I command the entire
Empire State, if he state he king he a liar
Although I admire the confidence you've required
But put a nigga up against Mys', it's quiet
But thank you, now I'm inspired to put you niggas in graves
Ingraving your tombstone "Lord, nigga was brave"
You niggas is just waves, I am an ocean
My motion is controlling like most of the east coast and
Nigga want bread, I told him you need toasts
Sometimes negative brings positive results in
I'm melting all of you niggas like wax on this wax
Most of these rappers is wack and that's facts
Ask some niggas in the mac if they listen to y'all fiction
Painting pictures of life, that's my jurisdiction
Jewish, Christians, Baptists, Muslims
Scholars, hippies, trappers, hoodlums
I ball with any being, believe in [?]
This money shit these rappers be screaming don't mean shit to me
Before you think you fucking with me know the history
I've been the truth since '98, they've mentioned me
Instantly when they speaking on seeking the real lyrically
(I kill all you niggas) I'm speaking for real, seriously
Game tell your homie he controlling the west
But this NY shit is on me, show some respect
I know you just don't expect to be crowned in my town
After all the fucking years I've been putting it down
While y ou was riding around hiding in your mom's minivan
I was robbing around with hammers riding for my city, fam
Before it was 50, fam, it was Mysonne lefty
Rap motherfuckers would all love to forget me
50 grams of the Whitney, 100 pounds of the sticky
All my boys in the hood, but I ain't trying to be Ricky
I'm doughboy with a flow, boy, so you know, boy
I'm a grown ass man, you ain't playing with no boy
You ain't playing with no toy, I'm a ticking timebomb
Heard his shit he was spittin' and it clicked like "it's time, son"
Yeah, this the shit that I'm on
You internet niggas gon' need to click in and sign on

It's where I'm gon' have niggas saying I'm sick and my mind gone
Fish you, nigga, that's getting this grind on
(Talk to them Mys') I'm Biggie, Jay > and Nas
They gon' say I'm crazy, but Biggie gave me these bars
The shit this niggas sayin' be okay with them frauds
They get constellation prizes, but niggas ain't even stars
Fuck the cars niggas drive
The bars I provide got niggas hype
Banging on them bars trapped inside
You a good kid in a mad city, I'm a bad kid in a bad city
I've been getting in niggas ass, ask Diddy
Pause - now I'm back up on my bullshit
Hoodie on, scully on, black wool shit
Maino murder, Pat French, Vado
All of my niggas, but they know just like I know
I'm certified and I am lyrically a crime
So like Jay Z said it, New York City is mine
If I named you I respect you, if I don't then forget you
I respect the niggas you got that protect you
Motherfuckers must have forgot that I am special
To the streets and to the art of hip hop, I am a [?]
Tell whoever sent you you niggas is all fired
Terminated, services no longer required
The nervous shit that you lames are spitting done expired
I pray a nigga say my name, let 'em try it
I quiet a nigga riot, I put a nigga on dieta
I'm an underdog, it's David against Goliath
Maybe they could deny it if I just wasn't so different
If I was spitting lame shit all the others was spitting
I do a nigga filthy, freestyle or written
Look, I cook a nigga in every pot in my kitchen
Put 'em outt, a commission, finally got 'em to listen
To my gospel I'm an impossible mission
I promised all my niggas when I got out of prison
I'll bring the city back, now the statue is risen
Nigga[Outro]
Are you not entertained?
Is this not why you're here? Haha, hip hop is back
I'mma straight kill you niggas

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