

Web 20/20 (feat. Peedi Peedi & Truck North)

The Roots

Yo, Jam Boy Magic, Mr. Fantastic
Masterful mind, the list that I've crafted
Fresh new trick to flip--I'm Dick Dastard
Half smooth criminal and half straight bastard
No mask when your flag get captured
First class, take you to the rap hereafter
Gone in a flash and yet he gets faster
Sick when he hits the mic like Mix-master
This the Battle of Troy with no Pastor
Slicker than a can of oil with no Castor
Chill in the front of the flight, outclass them
Bring your favorite rapper to fight, I'll trash him
Then I'll leave in a timely fashion
Uh, emcees get the tiny rations
Your girl hold me close as a tiny dancer
You got a death wish? Well it's finally answered, prickYo, Jam Boy Magic, Mr. Sarcastic
Rap catalog consists of all classics
Blackness, tell your bitch to fall backwards
Fuck a hood pass--my shit's for all-access
Killing tracks like this we call practice
Any bullshit y'all twist we call backwards
Jam Boy sharp as a tack--we all cactus
Waiting on a big payback with no taxes
So if you follow the game, you might catch this
Act like an activist--you know, active
Nigga like me just has to spit acid
Sucker like you just has to get blasted
Ashes to ashes, Frasier to Cassius
No homo--y'all some pains in the asses
Get turned to toast like raising your glasses
When I'm on stage, girls swing from the rafters
Often nasty like Monster Mashing
Y'all know the voice is tight, hoarse, and raspy
Can't place the face, kind of hard to catch me
Kings that pull strings like Dorothy Ashby
Johns keep telling me I'm great like Gatsby
Caught like a felony, you can't slide past me
I'm low-key, kind of anti-flashy
Then I'm O-G up in a black tie classy

Sun Tzu to Sun Rai, Gargamel, Mumm-Ra
Son of a shooter letting slugs from a gun fly
Should call a Mumbai with the bumbaclot
It's Black Thought; my sound's hard to come by
Last spotted on a yacht getting dumb high
Banging yacht rock with my squad from 2-1-5
Straight calling niggas out like the umpire
Any chump tryna front (word 'em up) Jam Boy Magic, Mr. Get-Busy; you get busy too?
Then get with me; we'll get busy, dig me?
Smooth Remy, tool skinny, but hold plenty
.22 long contact, new Bentley
No miles yet, curve backs and cruise and he
Bring it back when you through with it, roger that
Grip tenny, French mummies in Vic' panties
Lips candy, dick hard as a fifth of brandy
Hop in it for five minutes; then I'm finished
'Cause pussy is pleasure, but I'm attending my business
Retractable roof, magical coupe disappearing
And reappearing; German engineering this McLaren
Hot jacuzzis, watching movies, glock and Uzis
Shots of Louis, busting cuties, popping jewelries
Oh, oh, Ultramag' emcee in a M-3
Whole body tatted straight up out a MP

Songwriters

THOMPSON, AHMIR K. / COLLINS, TARIK L. / MILLER, JAMAL / ZAYAS, PEDRO LUIS Published by
Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>