

# Declaration

## Young Chozen

Yo, this girl called me, heard the De La  
Said I'm back in style y'know?  
You need to stop  
I declare that only live niggaz rap this year  
Jam's off the meter yo, this shit is hot, there's always one  
Amateurs get hung with they own gold chains  
I declare that only live niggaz rap this year  
The average MC sells terror  
We nail terror up against the wall for target practice  
Not one of your top five MCs  
But I see clearly with ease you lack this  
Coast to coast, we pop up on your scene like toast  
Playin' host to your regiment  
Who rally to boast but now boast no more  
They got floored by the sight of my ledger print  
I came specifically to fracture yo' ability  
To grandstand anywhere next to me  
This is the year when the true better man  
Keeps the cheddar an' writes to his destiny  
Timeless episodes of talent got me nominated  
By the ones who hated me on spittin' tighter  
Salute these 'Supa Emcees' for bein' clever  
An' never use the weed as a ghost writer  
I declare that only live niggaz rap this year  
Jam's off the meter yo, this shh is hot  
Run a rapper through a maze like a experiment, yeah, word up  
I declare that only live niggaz rap this year  
Contrary to popular truth, these youth are runnin' scared  
So in one stare they gettin' strapped  
Cash rules nuttin' from below the belt  
The dick choose to melt, ask where them dollars at?  
Musta been bitten by a rabbit, actin' silly like that  
Your pop culture need a diaper change  
I'm snatchin' the mic like I'm lootin'  
With a whole lot of shootin'  
While you're keepin' out of sniper range  
Your aim's to please, my aim's to freeze  
You dead center in your tracks with your hands high  
Ain't no tricks, we set it to 'Fire' like Hendrix

All the hard rocks at liquor spots  
All over the scene, makin' it messy  
So we make a clean getaway to a better day  
Can't say the same for them cats who left the game  
'Cause they couldn't claim the better pay  
This ain't no masquerade  
So the mass parade of people need to stop frontin'  
There's truly a few makin' them hits  
While us, we got our mitts closed  
'Cause you on the field buntin'  
Make it to third base but never reach home  
The word is your whereabouts is unknown  
While we're that point of view that you never really knew  
With the stitch to keep the cut sewn  
I declare that only live niggaz rap this year  
Jam's off the meter yo, this shit is hot  
Rock a bye, baby, on the tree top  
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock, rock

Lyrics provided by

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