

Ego

Burial & Four Tet & Thom Yorke

Yes sir

Don't let 'cha ego trick your ass

'Cause this motherfuckin' tech will get your ass

Yes, the semi-automatic tech is know to jam

But if it don't, that's your ass my man

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I got guns 'cause they got guns

I get cash they get none

So I'm sure you see where that leaves me

In the streets with two heats, both one within my reach

I speak slow, let 'em understand my speech

When I say, "Get low, these hold ten shots each

Please, don't move too fast

I'm scared of y'all niggas and my nerves is bad"

So sad, but I won't think twice

We rich, we get the best judicial advice

Threaten my life with them words that they utterin'

Adrenaline pump, my heart start to flutterin'

Continuous dump, that tech gets to stutterin'

Left in the slump, mother and sister cuddlein'

And for what, 'cause you ego-trippin'

If that thing jam, it's divine intervention

Click

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Even if it's talk cheap

You know I can't sleep on his word

Had to show him that I heard

All that duct-tape-tie-up talk put in reverse

Now it's him who's in a bind on the account of his words

Yeah, they talk 'bout this and that
Got it fucked up, like I'm all 'bout rap
Word is I'm loaded, they want a piece of that
I respond with four words, "Rat-tat-tat-tat", In your ass
Now, rap about that
I carry a human heat box, to make ya heartbeat stop
Some say Pusha's the coldest
Money is my morals, other than that, I'm soulless
Refuse to wake up zeroless and 0-less
Carry that shit that blow your arm out your shoulders
Techs don't come with holsters, I'm a menace boy
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'Cause this motherfuckin' tech will get your ass
Yes, the semi-automatic tech is know to jam
But if it don't, that's your ass my man
You niggas ain't fuckin' wit' us
This is the real
You niggas ain't fuckin', wit' us
This is the real
You niggas ain't fuckin' wit' us
This is the real
You niggas ain't fuckin', wit' us
This is the real
Bitch!

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