

# Clones

## Thomas Barrandon

Yeah, to all the Jim Carey ass large co-op  
Know what I'm sayin'?  
Large co-op, what the fuck?  
To the clones, we bless the domes  
Blow the vial, you know my style, large co-op  
Freestyle all the way son  
Dice  
First of all let's talk about these ill capers  
And fly ass frontin' bitches that now caught vapors  
Niggaz run up on you with guns, snatchin' papers  
Outlined body chalk, is how they would scrape ya  
From off the pavement, I hate gettin' locked up  
'Cause that upstate bus reminds me of the slave ships  
But then the Bible never saved shit  
I guess that's why every Juvenile is in the same predicament  
You wanna slang crack, or hold tecs, and do the concept  
You can't make loot, when your moms is smokin' up the product  
I try to tell ya, don't let these streets fuckin' fail ya  
The way niggaz be gettin' clapped, shit'll fuckin' scare ya  
But in the dark, we ran wild, so we killin' em  
Niggaz scared, can't stand still, like fuckin' helium  
Fake niggaz, they don't go platinum they go aluminum  
Got 'em cloned the fuck up son, that's why we losin' 'em  
I'm lookin' at this niggaz longevity, to make a big play  
But then it might be a mistake  
'Cuz if I get sent to D C, I'm sendin' dice to DE  
With three P's, so when I get out, he can see me  
For real, 'cuz the streets is filled with snakes and rats  
The snake will be that bitch and that rat will be that cool cat  
With swollen pockets we gonna take you back home  
Master Allah rule Savior, never clone  
Yo, I use the mic to slap you in the face and erase your taste  
Disgrace your date, put your title to waste  
Dominant lyrical grace, from a place called wild  
Illadelph Isle Pensy, that's the residency  
Consist in currency, my pockets never empty  
Some cats, believe they M C, but we know they all fraud  
Do a show in Philly niggaz wouldn't applaud  
Nobody know your record nor who you openin' for

Can tell your squad's artificial while approachin' the door  
So you should prepare, for lyrical terror that's pure  
Step up to the resevoir, of the soul proprietor style  
Messiah or, the higher law down with dice raw  
The matador, Shorty Conniseur  
Stompin' whatever you build to the floor  
Similar to that of a dinosaur, I told you I'm the rap Predator  
You insist to imitate, what for?  
Superstar niggaz is ten percent real, ninety percent invented  
For a fuckin' record deal  
Comin' with somethin' veterans can't feel  
I hit you like a steel anvil  
Because you grafted off the next man's skill  
But still I remain mellow, seein' the theatrics of Othello  
Run over tactics of Robin Ello  
C L O N E S fess  
The phoniest cats is felonious word  
Dice raw the Juvenile lyricist corner store terrorist  
Block trooper, conniseur of fine cannabis  
Focus never weak, blow up the spot like Plastique  
Leave a nigga shook, to the point, he won't speak  
Never half-assed, always live and direct  
On bitches try to punk smell, the panty and raw sex  
Mad lights I had to black out, when fake niggaz act out  
Or step out of place, they get slapped in they face  
All y'all niggaz is fake, tryin' to emulate my style  
What grown man? In this game, to me you're a child  
I trained wack M C's, in camps like ex-marines  
Why the fuck you think you went home and had bad dreams  
Of horrifying things, that your ass never seen before?  
You traveled to the realm of dice raw  
Where clones get they dome blown with chrome microphones  
It's not your fault black, just the fact you wasn't shown  
You'll come through this like a smurf  
I got you rollin' stop off the earth  
Represent while I been like this since birth  
And I won't be the last but I definitely was the first  
Dice raw big car Logan's Isle, soldier  
Don't come across that line or pay a cost  
Knuckle games and hammer cocked ain't nothing sweet or soft  
Win, lose or draw, to the jaw take one  
Derange lyrical launcher, or station  
No conversation is needed, my task completed  
Read a nigga up and down in the cut where I'm seated  
Snatch you from your cloud of cannabis, you ignoramuses

You laid on your lap, when I attack your glamorous  
Lifestyle, I banged your head up with the white fowl  
My character, a product of this two one fifth trife style  
I breeze through areas niggaz would fear to walk in  
Balance the talkin', that galactic style as of a falcon  
Your Star Trek ass will wrinkle  
Spill these words and form into a sprinkle  
Cap you're brought up and the name of twinkle  
My insight will crack the windpipe of y'all niggaz  
Whether small, middle-sized, or tall niggaz  
Just tie your name next when I start to X  
Givin' out flex pains of death, so fuck a raincheck  
The insane vet, whether you ganked the brain wet  
You proceed to lame check, the opposite of same sex  
I annihilate your type, if you violate  
Makin' your blood rush, you post never a higher rate

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