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 annihliate your type, if you violate
Makin' your blood rush, you post never a higher rate

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