Blue Yankee Fitted

Skyzoo & Torae

Ha
Blood type is Yankee blue
Sky came, jumped off the steps and made a coup
My refined lane bust out the left to play the loop
If you sideways come out your neck, bring a noose
From the grey bottom era and one of just a select two
That never change what he wave when all the rest do
My 16's is heron how y'all freeze tag
The city's starting to get heavy in the Supreme bag
Bin was in the duffle
I lift that up a bundle
Fans is bamboo and they been that on the humble
Youngin's get in the way trying divvy up the gold
I Chris Paul the draw put Clippers in the hole
New Yiddy in the room and they saw it from the deck
Half a pound watches, Walker Wear sweats
Logo of the city and double down on that line
In the top by default I don't count past five muhfucka
{x2}
Blue Yankee fitted on daily
Think of a blue Yankee fitted when you hear me
You know the squad
Uh, and the city is on deck
Know when we be on the city gon' repThey don't respect humble all niggas see is the shine
So I design lines illuminating they mind
Greatest in modern time
They tell you different they lying
The cyclone, Nathan's, and me, vintage C.I
S.K. is the 'Stuy, combine repping the K
Black jackets and ratchets is the new N.W.A
W is on my hoodie and double G is where I lay
Any attempt to threaten will force youngin to spray
All blatant no subliminal diss
So if there's other shots fired I just empty the clip
How more hitting is this?
I'm more sick
I'm more slick with the spit
I talk the panties drawers off of your bitch
I'm more

The pen bars hit the toilet and sit
The boy Tor' still author that shit
Grey bottoms hidden under the crown
So when you see them two letters you know how that sound
From the trunks with spare tires on the back of the door
The top down in the winter be attracting the law
I pull a Michael Michelle off the hype of the rail
And tap dance on a loop like I was
Call me cash money brother
Addicts by the numbers
New York to death when y'all was rapping undercover
I never looked back on the town or where I've came from
The spokesman of the hustle that you was raised onSon
So how the fuck niggas talking 'bout
They rep the city when they joint sound like Walk It Out?
I deliver the soundtrack to when the hawk is out
Perfect backdrop for when they chalk you out
I've been off the route, march to the beat of the drum
And shoot dope into the needle till the speakers is numb
Uh
Place your bets on the vets
The two man set
Barrel brothers, ain't nar' 'nother a threat
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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