# The Renaissance

## Olspur

[A La $ole]
Straight from the fucking dungeon raps[Verse 1: A La $ole]
From the era of the boom baps
Spiggity splat man, I'm sick with the raps
Move caps and naps when I rip the rhythm fast
Killing the mass, Crooklyn, represent the clan
Your green shorter than grass, my nigga, just relax
Before we make emcees run, I don't play guns
But I spit straight bullets like I ate some
Who gone shake 'em, none of y'all can pace 'em
Never been defeated, better time to break a leg, son
You know the Gawd stay pipe broads and write bars
I make rappers fall easy on the mic brawl
I know life hard, better check if your mind is right
Despite the trife, no brother can step inside my sight
I leave them lights out, no Edison, I'm better than
When I set it in, I shift then cause a weatherin'
Fuck your settings man, we just out for dead presidents
Rush more loot to my wallet, then light the clematis
The specialist, you thirsty niggas need a beverage
I'll bend your chick back and clap, then I'm off of that
You niggas need to stop that awful rap
I'm all for rap, but its sad what emcees have to offer rap
Get off and spazz, attack whoever talking trash
I'll straight thrash any nigga who try to pass
You peep the mask, we coming out for all the stacks
Better back back
Give me that, give me that, take this, fuck that[Hook x2: Joey Bada$$]
Sometimes niggas will ride with ya, sometimes the
Other side just come alive in em
And it's hard to decide when you trynna survive
In a, world of fake lies, fake guys, and snakes in the sky[Verse 2: Joey Bada$$]
I take walks in the back of my mind
Came across all sorts of faults in mankinds
Some niggas is vampires and bloodsuckers
'Stake em for blood brothers
Til they do the forbidden to get in where he fit in
I peep shit that's mad hidden
Had the writtens, cool, calm, collect like I had the Ritalin

Only thing getting popped is, mami who topless
Five finger shoplift, hotlist when I drop this
Over the Metropolis
Only place you be is where yo metro fees
Nigga, stop it, I'm in the cockpit, with the pilot
Money I pile it, stylin' Impalas
God emcees spitting Rikers Islands
Hold your eyelids, wide open, cause how I live
Niggas ain't got time for breaks, big mistake
While you sleep, we'll take your plate, leave it scraped
Beast coast, you know! But you can't relate
It's the anthem, get your damn hands up
Split wigs like sick cancers, attack then switch stanzas
Fuck a chick's standards, no chick before my grammar
Got the bars on lock, but can't get handcuffed
Get your Jordans scuffed, trying to kick it with me and my niggas
Lifted off the eighth leg, shit is mad wicked
They on they pivot when we started spinning
We in it to win it, only L's we see be full of spinach
It take money to make money, streets ain't safe, honey
Yeah the block be hot but it ain't sunny, don't strafe
Funny, look both ways when you cross here
Last dread found dead caught in the crosshairs
That's a regular report here
Patrol patrolling all year, but only support theirs
Watch which lane you swerving, fast life, fast learning 'till you're
Turning indentured servants

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