

Rookie Card

Shah

Intro:

Used to wish I was a hundred feet tall
Yellin' I ain't give a fuck about y'all
Verse 1:
Finally droppin my rookie card on 'em
He gon' be Da Vinci, He gon' make a Mona
Rap's last meal, il cenacolo
Not bad for da little brown boy from the corner
Queen and Lansdowne, bout to make a killin'
Vegas switchin' odds on the next to hit a billion
Rappers tellin' stories, stories just for children
I be addin' stories to the top of the building
Just the beginning boy, Adam in the Bible
Day One boy, disciples at the revival
Check the rookie card, Magic's '80 finals
Killin' 'em oh Lord this Tyson's first title
Go on and throw that sucker punch, I duck it and I bust an uppercut,
Knuckles into your stomach - crunch - crumblin', you in trouble son
Startin' to fall, their summer's up, Finally callin' my number up
Bulletproof rookie dog, can't nobody fuck with me

Chorus:

Used to wish I was a hundred feet tall
Yellin' I ain't give a fuck about y'all
Wishin' I was bulletproof
Just wanna snatch the crown from the gods
Now I'm a hundred feet tall
Still ain't give a fuck about y'all
Now a muhfucka bulletproof
Watch me snatch the crown from the gods
Verse 2:
They finally dropped Shah's rookie card on 'em
Y'all can say you heard it, before it went Honus
He gon be like Jordan if Jordan coulda hit homers
He gon be like Jordan, majority team owner
...set goals, I got all 'em
I got 99 bitches and no problems
I got feminist friends: say that's appalling
Girl I got No Limits: 95 New Orleans
Just being frank - 100 with cha
Ben Frank - 100 with cha
I'm in Dublin at the W, my W's are doublin' up
Bulletproof rookie - can't nobody fuck with me

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