This Or That

Reks

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha
(Am I a good man?)
Yo
(Am I a fool?)
Am I a fool, y'all?
Yo, nigga this, nigga that
A nigga rap circles 'round the map
Rap circles 'round these rap cats
You are now in tuned to the facts
The innovations in a state of lax
My click clack tongie attack tracks
Like Rihanna spreads gonorrhea
Chris Brown beats the blacks on her peeper
Give me freedom of speech to speak either
That'll send these MC's to meet Aaliyah
Free my flow, fever my soul seeker
Little more they T-Pain and Wayne in my speaker
My brain's in bleechers, thinkin with the fans
Reks defeats his stretch like Lil' Kim's features
Or Superhead's cheek, for the rappers that are weak
All these rappers over beats, scary as jeepers creepers
Jesus piece took 'cause you look hard
But shook his knees like Yung Berg or Bow Wow divas
Nigga this, nigga that
A nigga rap circles 'round the map
Rap circles 'round these rap cats
You are now in tuned to the truth, when Reks in the booth
Freedom is met and necessary hourly for you
Bewary when R. Kelly in the buildin'
He peein' on the chil'ren, peein' on the chil'ren
Nigga this, nigga that
A nigga rap circles 'round the map
Rap circles 'round these rap cats
You are now in tuned to the facts, Reks the black Aristotle
With bottles of beer in the backpack
I follow the cheers of the stairs to the stage
Had it up to here with the ways
Where cool kids turn to men in days
These fuckin' hipsters spits are fakes

And tight pants for girls or gays
Mama, I chew when your son spit rage
Y'all still slaves tryin' to be free like 106 chicks suckin' Jay
Make you gargle grenades, covered in semen from Aids
Cover razor blades in your lemonade
Y'all are Flavor Flav, hypin but your, writin fugaze
My mic shall ignite a blaze
Simon say, shoot yourself in the face
Fuckin disgrace! Uh huh uh huh!
Nigga this nigga that, check, yo!
Nigga this, nigga that
A nigga rap circles 'round the map
Rap circles 'round these rap cats
Someone tell these dudes to rap
Over statik seleck beats, I'm too deep to be dumb to fact
I come from the tracks where they slumber and slackin'
Reks suggest you shut your motherfuckin' trap
'Cause you don't rap you advertisin'
Clothin' lines and since when is that dope rhymin'
You screamin' no homo, but that's so homo
Such a no, no, please swallow the fo' fo'
Someone tell Kanye West to keep his clothes on
And if Wayne E.T.ish than tell him phone home
Nigga this, nigga that
A nigga rap circles 'round the map
Rap circles 'round these rap cats
With they slave mind state fact
Their crime rates increasin' police policin' Diddy's and 50's
Inner city gang where you chase American dreams
It's where you get chased by badge and the high beams
My dreams to awake and find fiends
Dressed in three piece suits, addicts livin' they life clean
But I mean, this ain't 'gon happen, be happy it seems
We free dumb, um, I mean
Not to disrespect teens who chase black cream
But black cream bloody from the backs of black teens
Like Emmitt till we get it we sing, we sing, we sing
Am I a good man? Am I a fool?
Am I a good man? Am I a fool?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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