God Of Rap

Afu-Ra

Yo, go straight rockin' it
Hit the block with it, chess boxin' it
If I can't shoot it, I ox it
And I'm reppin' for Brooklyn, tools in my rocket
Broke right outta my cage, I'm gonna rock itOoh, well, that's how I spit, chill, yo I got this
I bust a move, one-two, shell shockin' it
Put words together, make you stackle it, tackle it
I'm well endowed, and my flows quite accurateI pull rabbits out my hat on some magic ish
Presto change-o, I do my thing, yo
Three sixty spin into Dr. Strange, yo
Wa-da-da-deng, wa-da-da-da-da-deng yoFuck gamin', and the gamer who spittin' flames yo
I do this for my people whose minds in them chains yo
So everybody that's really to roll, get ready to eat
Because I'm cookin' on this track, yoI said hey, hey, hey, hey
You know I be the God of rap, they couldn't hold me back
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeag
I'm burnin' that purple, Dogg, you want some of that?I said hey, hey, hey, hey
Wanna murder these tracks, the God know how to act
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yea
I'm bout to rep with skills, hold on, they couldn't hold me backI gotta be, all I can be
No matter what nobody wants from me
I gotta be, all I can be
No matter what nobody wants from meI had a revelation
To speak my mind with a good vibration
It don't matter what you sayin'
I'm hardcore with my rap and I ain't playin'I get around, get around, get around
A force untold with so much soul
A twenty four karat heart of goldI get around, get around, I get around
A stop drop and rock, and shock yo town
Listen to the way that I scream it nowI said hey, hey, hey, hey
You know I be the God of rap, they couldn't hold me back
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeag
I'm burnin' that purple, Dogg, you want some of that?I said hey, hey, hey, hey
Wanna murder these tracks, the God know how to act
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
I'm bout to rep with skills, hold on, they couldn't hold me backWanna run up? Put the smackdown, crack down
On the track now, matter fact, it's a fact now
Million stops, earthquakes from the beats, move the streets
I got the treats and it's a rap now

My sex is engulfed in a small pack of pow wowI weigh the crowd for havin' a sound
That astounds the pounds, of leadin' to the track to the ground
And surround clowns with more color in they faces
In any circus in any town, uptown, downtown
Straight up and down, holler at the moon, nowStraight bring it to your face, kid
Blind ya like the police, sprayin' that mace, kid
I get around, get around, get around
A stop drop and rock and shock ya town
Listen to the way that we scream it nowI said hey, hey, hey, hey
You know I be the God of rap, they couldn't hold me back
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