## wrekonize

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What up? I heard that you got a little prob' Wit the way that we roll and the heads we done robbed Stickin' and flickin' the bangers, thrown them out through ya neck Another beat down inflicted by that nigga TekAnd for ya back, establish, yea I got a sharp dagger And a left hook that'll cause ya jaw bone to shatter Whose skilled enough to come test the weeded two Titans from Bucktown, that'll burn through ya crewI got a vibe from the session in the back When niggas is shaft on the ground puffin' meth and kickin' raps Smif-N-Wessun comin' wit nuff buds and skunk Fake the funk and get found dead in the trunkAll heads realize, wrekonize Real heads on the rise, wrekonize You better wrekonizeAll heads realize, wrekonize Real heads on the rise, wrekonize You better wrekonizeAll heads realize, wrekonize Real heads on the rise, wrekonize You better wrekonizeAll heads realize, wrekonize Real heads on the rise, wrekonize You better wrekonizeBack again, make room for the boom Puffin' the lye, gettin' high to a beat minus two Choke my yak, is where I lives at and lotta rats Cooch and pain is my brain, so I don't sweat that Instead I mack wit a Tek and a Dog, my man Ruckus and Rock And yo Rippa, what up doc? The deals going down like this None affect the mouth, watch ya lips and my boots do a French kiss Puttin' an end to those who tend to get me aggravated I'm tired of countin' dues and addin' up the years we waited Be on the lookout for these mad blunts smokin' Keep ya girl away from me, 'cuz I won't hesitate to stroke itAll heads realize, wrekonize Real heads on the rise, wrekonize You better wrekonizeAll heads realize, wrekonize Real heads on the rise, wrekonize You better wrekonizeAll heads realize, wrekonize Real heads on the rise, wrekonize You better wrekonizeAll heads realize, wrekonize Real heads on the rise, wrekonize You better wrekonizeI'm feelin' the rush from the cannabis plant

But I can't lamp 'cuz niggas get me amped
Talkin' this and that but my raps formats phat
And I slap cats that come miss the stand backsNever could I ever agree on

Cuttin' loose a lot of mic troops that I roll wit for eons

Be on ya tippy top or ya crisply crop

By them crooked cops or the local cop blockers on ya blockI watch my back when for delf Some say the buzz, but I say the fuzz bad for my health

Huh, critics could get banged like did it

Bowl, first I get lifted wit my click before up in a showSo, I say what I mean, mean what I say

Do what I do, and me not play

Say young God for punks who play hard

Don't be surprised, I'm pullin' ya card, ya better wrekonizeAll heads realize, wrekonize

Real heads on the rise, wrekonize

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Smif-N-Wessun on the rise

You better wrekonize

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