Fuck Off

Khaligraph Jones

You see this game had me laughing for a minute You know I heard a couple of cats saying that Iâ€™m always rapping about the same ish. How many rappers do we know who claim to kick knowledge but they only using that as an excuse to be whack. Men I dont give a shit bout what you talk about. But if u dont apply skill Then I fu@k off with you. Eat your game up.

Oh,yea you so called critics in the 254
Im sorry I had to be the one to kill your gay wishes
Lame snitches strange witches
You can get this while you surfing on the net im on the road to gain riches
The same picture when I say we are not the same type
You claim you spit the knowledge but you (but you) aint tight Dont think im laughing when I hear you fellas speaking Claiming how you can challenge K Jones on the beat
I mean you people aint serious
While you were talking smack on room sixteen I was working to make millions
Half of you cats in room sixteen you oughta grow up
We used to have them cyphers but these fellas never showed up chill hold up
Yea, you know what these fellas finna hate when another rapper blow up (blow up)
So I dont care if you give me your respect
One time give it up to my people and choose rap
If it aint oxide, haze, ace or xtatic
The rest of you rappers chill cos we be the best at it
My brother I.T Kayvo lets rap
Have the fans coming back like a bunch of crack addicts
Its simple mathematics
We were never even I was blessed with this gift before you
I will walk through the valley of the shadow of death
I stay cautious like theres only one hour thats left for me to pass away
Haters feelin right that I left but like biggie Iâ€™mma live my life after death
Got the vision that a friend stuck a knife on my chest
So Iâ€™d fuck with anybody man this mic is so disp
Ive been degraded for a minute I couldnt take it that I had to break from the shackles but still waited for a minute
My level of lyricism is never described local
Crowds is loving my voice like theres magic in my vocal chords
(vocal chords)
Yea I know it im a poet with this rap Shit
So hola at me Iâ€™mma blow em with a smack quick (are you gangsta)
Iâ€™m from the streets kid and im not the sort of rapper that youâ€™d wanna beef with
I never sleep cos I see Krueger in my dreams

so im always in the lab trying to manoeuvre with my chemes of killing tracks
Cos aint nobody doing it right here
Theyâ€™d never cross me cos they know I dont fight fair
I know killers and niggas that slang coke
And drug dealers from Kenya to Bangkok
Ish ya I grind so major
If you aint talking cash then I guess its see you later
Aint it funny how these whack niggas tryna advise you
And tell you what to do so they be poppin like you
But behind closed doors they tryna be like you
You internet rappers couldnâ€™t match with my IQ
Its like im sick I feel like im sick in the brain
My mind is racing chasing paper so im spitting the flames
Im fucking this industry up
I stick My Dick the game
Get with the name
Half of yo rappers in this Shit is lame (lame)
So I guess im ahead of the pack
Go to your leader and tell him im back
Bitch im better than that
Im selling my rap you selling your crap
Im selling my tracks you selling your trap
When im in the front she sat in the back
Off with you fuckin hater its a wrap

Yo Khali the real baba yao, ahaa!
These rappers is fakers and wannabes man. Aint real mcs like you They be yapping smack on the track man

Lyrics Submitted by Precious p Benjamin

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