

# 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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<https://damnlyrics.com/>