

Brand New You're Retro

Tricky

We know, yes we know it's my ego on fantastic
But still, you're fuckin' with my plastic
Dedicated, medicated they bend and break me overrate me
I take a small piece and make it breathe It takes a second for a record sucka niggas won't believe
They stress me, test me, vex me
So what, you got a gun? That shit don't impress me
Yes yes you always walks with the crew You'd better back the fuck up 'cause you're not alone
You're a motherfucker 'cause you're not alone
If you don't think I'm a brother, then check my chromosome
Brand new, you're retro I already passed you on a one-two I've been cued to this already bullet to the head
Bullet to the head, what you know I's joking?
What the fuck are you doin'?
You come to represent my attention? You need more than a mic and a mention
Through the scars you see bars
Through the bars you see scars results of my rage Brand new, you're retro
Brand new, you're retro
Brand new, you're retro Scared to skip and step in case you trip and fall
Thunder picks you up, slaps you on the wall
That's maniacal, I cuff through my manocle
Mechanical and super-natty Love is not talk I walk on by exotic spices
If your mouth can't tame the meanin'
Be careful of the faces you're seein'
A dread of the past and fear of the future
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