Gunshowers (feat. Elzhi)

BADBADNOTGOOD & Ghostface Killah

Simple minds get blown, shattered into pieces
My thesis is thick like the Book of Eli
We live we die, we put 'em in the sky
Free your mind as a slave like the Fourth of July
This a sandstorm created from original thought
I bust boundaries son, you just do what you're taught
My vocab is powerful, spit shit subliminal
Slang therapist, my whole style is criminal
Bugged like Bob Digital, fly visual
Mind body and soul, I'm a strong individual
Come through in the final hour, with gun showers
Stand the fuck up like Flav to fight the power
I'm an activist, socialist, deadly ass poetrist
Supreme Clientele, I'm a goddamn vocalist
My thoughts are so heavy I could change a generation
The x-factor, we puttin' holes through inflation
If you hit the rock bottom of the asphalt, that's likely your ass fault
My lines are cocaine, the flow is bath salts
I'm a for-sure Don, no one in your circle can box me
That's like an oxymoron
I flirt with building your empire
Gotta shake the snake in the grass and spark sharks to swim by ya
Cuz every meek head that speak street cred ain't banging heat lead
And probably cut like sweet bread wetting their sheets spread
So nigga holla, I coin phrases to trigger dollars
Its butterfly like the shirts made with bigger collars
Women thank the scholar, the broad stealer
Who laying them face down and ass up like a card dealer
The time ceases, I keep a bed with dime pieces
As I palm another phenomenon rhyme thesis
Because on the contrary, I get it popping like Dom Perignon beyond Tom, Harry and Dick
You can declare me as sick
Highly contagious
Bathsalt flows leaving bodies all on stages
Locked behind cages, Don of all ages
It's Ghostface nigga never plead in the cases
But I plead the fifth, four-fifth by the belt buckle
Crack stone-faced niggas with the steel of a knuckle
Go ahead and chuckle, I have uncle murder your goons

Hoes and balloons, ODing on flights from Colombia
Pull your trunk through your neck when the cartel's done with you
Supreme talk boss, verbal holocaust I'm a thriller
Have you jumping out, they sleep, Wigs hand me a Miller
Sick the dogs sitting in their shoes
My iron monkies spit banana clips with thick traps like Terry Crews
Silverbacks with high tracks, fuckin relax
Got a duffle bag full of guns son, dipped in black
My culture rises in attack just like a vulture
Ghostface the next Escobar or Sosa
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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