

Glockappella

Cee-Lo

Brother, you've been on my mind, oh brother
We've changed over time, so, brother, I'm keeping my eyes on you
I bet you don't think I know no better but singing the blues
Oh but brother have I got news for you, I'm something
And I know you know that I'm something too Yeah, usually I don't get into all this battle rap shit
And all that shit's stupid but I'm gonna address it
And after I get it off my chest may God bless it
I will invest four minutes exactly for everyone
Who had the audacity to attack me I kept quiet but perhaps I should have pushed this fire quicker
'Cause to just sit with this shit I've only gotten sicker
Yet I react without even a crack in my composure
But the only way he knows to bring this shit to a closure I'm worthy and my associates and I named the South
Dirty
And I'm even for sale in Braille, the deaf, dumb and blind have heard me
But I ain't even breathin' until I get an even 30
I could casually clap up the front of somebody's throwback jersey You makin' me hafta talk this way, ain'tcha?
You makin' me hafta talk this way
You forcin' me to walk this way
Maybe my album will get bought this way Niggaz slow down around me, I make 'em superstitious
And one of my vices used to be wanting to look visually vicious
But instead I use my head and I fed niggaz something nutritious
But you will appreciate what a sacrifice this is And I know you ambitious young men, you have my best wishes
Have a piece of this pain on a platter, it's one of my best dishes
When you assassinate my character, not one remark misses
So it's gone get funky when I'm fryin' these little fishes Fuck fakin', there has been some offense taken
But this itty bitty beef is, beneath me like bacon
But hear me when when I say, I ain't gone hate you halfway
You know me, somebody will surely owe me When it comes to respect, I only put my family before me
And the beat ridin', oh so slowly but surely and you in danger
And I'll be strict about straight every one of you niggaz like strangers
I'll put bullet holes in anything that oppose through car doors and clothes Amateurs and pros, hard-head niggaz
and hoes, also friends and foes
Let it be known that you'll lose your life fucking around with Lo
This is my Glockappella and I'll be wearing diamonds forever
Like I'm signed to Roc-a-fella and I'ma bust two times in the sky 'Cause ain't nobody around here ready to die
But if there's more that you want, can't but one side win
And I'm damn sure ready to try motherfucker, yeah
Hold on, I'm all off the motherfucking beat, hold on Lo crazy, Lo a hurt somebody bad, Lo crazy, Lo a hurt
somebody dad

Decide to ride down your street and just hurt somebody bad
You know, as in house, hurt somebody's child or somebody's spouse
You see what I'm saying and you know I can be what I'm sayin' And I got the most to lose but you steppin' on
my shoes, nigga
You become a target and will remain a target until you are hit
You gone fuck around and found out that's Lo still down for it
I ain't scared of ya, never been scared of ya If anything I'm scared for ya because I'm so ahead of ya
Take that to the head brother before I walk up on your bed brother
And paint your blood in red brother, you heard what I said, brother?
Motherfucker, I ain't mad at these niggaz, I tricked you We got a real awful thang goin' down, getting down
There's a whole lot of talkin' going round
You best believe me before I pack up and move out of town
I will gladly gone and glock one of them down I said, bring me the funk, I want the funk
I said, bring me the funk, give me the funk
I said bring me the funk, I can handle the funk
Just bring me the funk, bring me the funk, motherfucker

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