

# Ether

## Pollie Pop

Fuck Jay-Z  
What's up niggas, ay yo  
I know you ain't talkin' 'bout me dog  
You, what? Fuck Jay-Z  
You been on my dick nigga  
You love my style, nigga  
Fuck Jay-Z"  
(I)  
Fuck with your soul like ether  
(Will)  
Teach you the king you know you  
(Not)  
"God's son", across the belly  
(Lose)  
I prove you lost already  
Brace yourself for the main event  
Y'all impatiently waitin'  
It's like an AIDS test, what's the results?  
Not positive, who's the best? Pac, Nas and Big  
Ain't no best, East, West, North, South, flossed out, greedy  
I embrace y'all with napalm  
Blows up, no guts, left chest, face gone  
How could Nas be garbage?  
Semi-autos at your cartilage  
Burner at the side of your dome, come outta my throne  
I got this, locked since '9-1  
I am the truest, name a rapper that I ain't influenced  
Gave y'all chapters but now I keep my eyes on the Judas  
With Hawaiian' Sophie fame, kept my name in his music, check it  
(I)  
Fuck with your soul like ether  
(Will)  
Teach you the king you know you  
(Not)  
"God's son", across the belly  
(Lose)  
I prove you lost already  
Ay yo, pass me the weed  
Pour my ashes out on these niggas man

(No doubt)

Ay, y'all faggots, y'all kneel

And kiss the fuckin' ring

(I)

Fuck with your soul like ether

(Will)

Teach you the king you know you

(Not)

"God's son", across the belly

(Lose)

I prove you lost already

I've been fucked over, left for dead, dissed and forgotten

Luck ran out, they hoped that I'd be gone, stiff and rotten

Y'all just piss on me, shit on me, spit on my grave

Talk about me, laugh behind my back but in my face

Y'all some "Well wishers", friendly actin', envy hidin' snakes

With your hands out for my money, man, how much can I take?

When these streets keep callin', heard it when I was sleep

That this Gay-Z and Cockafella Records wanted beef

Started cockin' up my weapon, slowly loadin' up this ammo

To explode it on a camel, and his soldiers, I can handle

This for dolo and it's manuscript, just sound stupid

When KRS already made an album called Blueprint

First, Biggie's ya man, then you got the nerve

To say that you better than Big

Dick suckin' lips, won't you let the late, great veteran live

(I will not lose)

"God's son" across the belly, I prove you lost already

The king is back, where my crown at?

(Ill Will)

Ill Will rest in peace, let's do it niggas

(I)

Fuck with your soul like ether

(Will)

Teach you the king you know you

(Not)

"God's son", across the belly

(Lose)

I prove you lost already

Y'all niggas deal with emotions like bitches

What's sad is I love you 'cause you're my brother

You traded your soul for riches

My child, I've watched you grow up to be famous

And now I smile like a proud dad, watchin' his only son that made it

You seem to be only concerned with dissin' women

Were you abused as a child, scared to smile, they called you ugly?

Well, life is hard, hug me, don't reject me  
Or make records to disrespect me, blatant or indirectly  
In '88 you was gettin' chased through your buildin'  
Callin' my crib and I ain't even give you my numbers  
All I did was gave you a style for you to run with  
Smilin' in my face, glad to break bread with the God  
Wearin' Jaz chains, no teecs, no cash, no cars  
No jail bars Jigga, no pies, no case  
Just Hawaiian shirts, hangin' with little Chase  
You a fan, a phony, a fake, a pussy, a Stan  
I still whip your ass, you thirty-six in a karate class  
You Tae-bo hoe, tryna' work it out, you tryna' get brolic?  
Ask me if I'm tryna' kick knowledge  
Nah, I'm tryna' kick the shit you need to learn though  
That ether, that shit that make your soul burn slow  
Is he Dame Diddy, Dame Daddy or Dame Dummy?  
Oh, I get it, you Biggie and he's Puffy  
Rockefeller died of AIDS, that was the end of his chapter  
And that's the guy y'all chose to name your company after?  
Put it together, I rock hoes, y'all rock fellas  
And now y'all try to take my spot, fellas?  
Philly's hot rock fellas, put you in a dry spot, fellas  
In a pine box with nine shots from my glock, fellas  
Foxy got you hot 'cause you kept your face in her puss  
What you think, you gettin' girls now 'cause of your looks?  
Negro please, you no mustache havin', with whiskers like a rat  
Compared to Beans you wack  
And your man stabbed Un and made you take the blame  
You ass, went from Jaz to hangin' with Caine, to Herb, to Big  
And, Eminem murdered you on your own shit  
You a dick-ridin' faggot, you love the attention  
Queens niggas run you niggas, ask Russell Simmons  
Ha, R O C get gunned up and clapped quick  
J.J. Evans get gunned up and clapped quick  
Your whole damn record label gunned up and clapped quick  
Shaun Carter to Jay-Z, damn you on Jaz dick  
So little shorty's gettin' gunned up and clapped quick  
How much of Biggie's rhymes is gon' come out your fat lips?  
Wanted to be on every last one of my classics  
You pop shit, apologize, nigga, just ask Kiss

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