

# The Blackboard (feat. Faust & Shortee)

## Supastition

(We welcome to the stage at this time... the wonderful)

It's Supastition. I'm back on my 1, 2 yo. to show you how this emcee shit goes  
I gotta school these fools, man. Y'all got me feeling hungry again... and back in my zone.

This one's for NC. Rik Marvel, let's rock.

I'm gone start it off with a dangerous  
no better way to get you reacquainted with your kinfolk  
it's something dope to bump in your residential  
and perfect timing, 'cause the music industry's been slow I'm at the blackboard trying to move back towards  
that golden season, the reason I used to rap for  
I'm warming up, I ain't get loose in a minute

I run the new and old school, I'm like the superintendant  
I hope my talent trickles down to future Supa descendants I never had to act a fool just for boosting my image  
I'm so official, gone blow in this bitch like match lit fuel you spit bull over beats more fit for Pitbull

let's get it straight my mark in the game's already  
I'm marvelous, you couldn't carve a niche with a machete blade

I'm steady played by DJs who carry heavy crates  
in every state, they recognize dope I'm just a better grade the love is unanimous, no amateur shenanigans  
for song listens, I see long distance as a Canon lense  
or Nikon, I'm rap's lifelong icon...

if you ain't digging Supa, you ain't heard me on the right song  
like Guru told us, man it's mostly the voice  
so I'm the posterboy for dope shit the culture enjoys

I'm co-sign by the greatest plus local endorsed  
now who's Carolina's illest? this ain't multiple choice... it's Supastition  
(scratched by DJ Faust and DJ Shortee)

"I was blessed with the talent"  
"classics, backseat banging ass Blackboard hip hop" "I'm at the blackboard" "I speak from the soul"  
"take the world by storm"

"I was blessed with the talent"  
"classics, backseat banging ass Blackboard hip hop" "class is in session" "I speak from the soul"  
"take the world by storm" I'm so sharp, I sets it off so fresh of course

like Joe Clark, teaching lessons with excessive force  
I'm professor Moye, speak with an aggressive voice  
watch the room clap for this boom bap esher course these corny industry fools tried to section us off  
I'mma fill up their swimming pools with electrical cords  
for shock value... I'll beat the Pac out of you  
and 'father whoop' niggas in boxers and old house shoes you ain't rowdy at all, you're just loud and mouthing  
off  
only talk about it, bath towel soft as Pau Gasol

blow the powder off these rappers stuck in infancy.  
short temper? me? I come back with a fucking infantry  
I'm deadly as the weaponry that a regime brings  
so if my words were bullets then I would pull it  
from a hundred miles away and still hit a spot on your jean seams  
or shoot the soul patch off of Bruce Springsteen  
so hats off to the rap boss from Greenville  
from shows to passports, everything seems filled  
a handsome fella, hell I'm known to make the queens squeal ironically they wanna marry me just off my single  
my supreme skills always get support on wax  
I stand behind every offensive line like quarterbacks  
this is sort of that lyricism crash course  
I'm feeling like an old school teacher at the blackboards... it's that raw!(Repeat)  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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