

Full Clip

Martin Buttrich

Big L, rest in peace

Fresh out the gate again, time to raise the stakes again
Fatten my plate again, y'all cats know we always play to win
G-A-N-G to the Starr son
Haters took this shit too far son
So that's all for you, I'm wiping out your whole team
I'll splatter your dreams with lyrics to shatter your schemes
The badder you seem, the more lies you tell
The more lies you sell, and by surprise you fell
Into my deathtrap, right into my clutches
Stupid, you know the God must bless every single mic he touches
I've suffered, just so I could return harder
Wanna be the shit starter, fuck around, make you a martyr
I make ya famous, turn around and make ya nameless
Cause you never understood how vital to me this rap game is
Save it and hold that, you catch a hot one
Rhymes chase a fake nigga down soon as I spot one

So if you stand in my way, I'm gonna have to spray
Learn that if you come against me son you're gonna have to pray
Since back in the day I held the weight and kept my head up
They wanna see the God catch an L it's all a set up
I give no man or thing power over me
Why these niggas so jealous and looking sour, over me?
I'm bolder G, I'm like impossible to stop
I'm like that nigga in the ring with you, impossible to drop
I'm like two magazines fully loaded to your one
Plus I ain't gonna quit spitting til you're done
Plus, more than ever I got my whole shit together
More than a decade of hits that'll live forever
Catching rep off my name, you're bound to fry
Know how many niggas that I know is down to die
We never fail, and we ain't never been frail
You niggas talk crime, but you scared of jail

Attacking like a slick Apache, lyrics are trigger happy
Blowing back your wig piece just for the way you're looking at me
Cock back, blaow, I hit you up right now

I don't know why so many of y'all wanna be thugs anyhow
Face the consequence of your childish nonsense
I could make your head explode just by my lyrical content
Get you in my scope and metaphorically snipe ya
I never liked ya, I gas that ass and then ignite ya
The flame thrower, make your peeps afraid to know ya
How many times I told ya, play your position small soldier
My heart is colder, makes me wanna resort to violence
Stop beating me in the head son, nah, I'm not buying it
I'm ready to blast, ready to surpass and harass
I'm ready to flip, yeah I'm ready to dip with all the cash
I hold my chrome steady, with a tight grip
So watch your dome already cause this one might hit

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