Target Practice (feat. Blueprint)

Craw

[VERSE 1: CRAW]
There's no place to run now,
I am having fun now,
You think you won, ha,
We barely begun now,
Get um in the mother fucking back with the backpack,
Back for the last laugh, murderous,
Fit to get it and go, blow,
You are playing a role now,
You are not in my zone pal,
You are not my equal,
Leave you Paul Walker style, unable to make the sequel,
Get up in the brain now, can't contain the pain - dangerous,
Paint with a canvas, aint but a bandage,
Pray for the madness to leave me,
Believe me, I'm knee deep, in pee pee,
Huh, shit aint nothing, I'm bustin' over percussion cussin',
Those aint muffins, I'm huffing and puffing over the oven,
Hungry as fuck and my stomach's rumbling,
Hundreds of other who like me, so,
Why do I think that you'd like me?
Cause I'm nastier than an AIDS infected hooker in Latvia[CHORUS X2: CRAW]
You sing songs, act like you rapping,
One year later, your ass is platinum,
I can't stand, the way you acting,
Here I come, this is target practice[VERSE 2: BLUEPRINT]
They don't wanna win, they want me to quit,
Take the easy way and skip the conflict,
They think its all luck, they think it's a gift,
I put in hard work, they think it's a trick,
It's like magic how my scenery shift,
From banging out a beat - to on the beach with a bitch,
From hating my boss for being a prick,
To being a boss and owning my shit,
A powerful man, I rule with an iron fist,
So when I write a rhyme it feel like I'm frying fish,
I start to heat up - the beat's just a side dish,
So much food for thought you feel like you're side split,
Soon as the flame's lit, my feet is up, I'm all in ya shit,

In ya house, but not a guest, I'm an arsonist,
Yeah I'm talking shit, but it's all legit,
Another body dropped, another target hit[CHORUS X2]

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