Prankster

Ophidian

Back in the days, I never snatched pocket books
I just snatch your mind up with the flow and the hook
That's right, be on alert, comin' faster
Corny MC's, body snatcher with the rapture
Dismember your body like I was a raptor
Pluck your eyes out, so you can't see my laughterDon't care how many gold and platinum plaques you got
I put my foot in your ass up in the spot
A beast break necks, that's right, you couldn't sit through
I'm bone crushin' on the mic like a Pitbull
Foamin' at the mouth, ferocious to start againRockin' hard body cardigan with the Timberlands
PF drop the beat, Afu drop the grammar
Was swift with the gift, old school like cold bangers
The five mic slangin', head bangin', chitty, chitty bang bangin'
Name your whole rap crew like I'm gang bangin'You ain't no gangsta rapper, you'se an amateur
I seen you back in the days, they used to laugh at you
You ain't no gangsta, nigga, you just a poser
I grab the mic and do it like it's supposed toYou ain't no gangsta, nigga, you just a wanksta
I schooled you back in the days, you just a prankster
You ain't no gangsta, rapper, you'se an amateur
I saw you back in the days, they used to laugh at youAm I brother's keeper? Don't get swept beneath the rug
Stomp these posers out like they water bugs
Tired of these rappers with these ice mugs
Claimin' that they spitting slugs but they spitting dudsTired of these fake thugs, that's lighter than feathers
With all that nonsense, they puttin' together, screamin', "Murder, murder"
I thought they would of learned from Biggie and 2Pac
That you can bring to life, what you spittin' in your artYou ain't no gangsta, nigga, you'se a wanksta
I schooled you back in the days, you just a prankster
You ain't no gangsta, rapper, you'se an amateur
I saw you back in the days, they used to laugh at yaIt's Mr. Spectacular, tacular
'Bout to swat that ass out the sky like he gammara
The flex of ego on your little pedestals
In front of your people, now what you wanna do?You ain't no gangsta rapper, you'se an amateur
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You ain't no gangsta, rapper, you'se an amateur
I saw you back in the days, they used to laugh at youYou can't stop this hard rock, rock, ready to rock this
I got lyrical ability to bring you hot shit

I swat so many cats, it's rainin' birds
'Cause I'm cold as ice, forget the ice in ya watch, kidSpit more flames than the back of a rocket
Mic check, one, two, linin' up my targets
I be the mad man in front of the cam
That be stealin' ya fans, yup, up on the red carpetMake more connections than Nextel, ring the bell
My first connection, make you fuckin' lips swell
Make more noise than a terrorist attack
I'm dangerous like anthrax, my voice burn up the waxAgainst the way, I put myself up on the map
I'm a dope MC, I put the squeeze on the dope tracks
Body care free on the dope tracks
A hundred 'round banana clip, leave you where you atYou ain't no gangsta rapper, you'se an amateur
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