

Get It

Run the Jewels

Penny ante your bets up
Any sanity left (Nah)
Any chance for humanity's landing on who's the next up
Hope we handed 'em ammo enough to work from the neck up
Those who handling damage control don't wish us the best luck
I'm a living in smoke type
Floating with a grin over the moat type
Harry Allen on you bitch, I believe no hype
Closer to the edge than even we want to admit
If this don't go right
Then assholes like myself are proven so right
All I got is this rap shit
All I want is a castle
And to move like a man with a minimum of harassment
The company of women with opinions and fat asses
That's my list of demands
You don't answer them, get the Gatling I'm stuck in a time capsule
When rap was actually factual
Meanest shit you spit might cause killers to come and clap at you
Stupid, goofy, stooily
The gooch in Gucci will slap you
And that go for the cop kissing cats that's in the back of you
They all sweet as Little Richard damn
Good God Molly
It make a nigga like me go "Woo!" and rob the party
I exit stepping with my weapon with the Jefferson walk
If you expressing any objections you can get left in chalk
So my suggestion's let a G be
Forgive my transgressions
Or I'mma be in Catholic confessions professing depression
I'm chin checking, chill stressing, on your button I'm pressing
Mike will fuck a rapper's life up like Mo'Nique did to Precious You know I
Get it My name is Jaime Meline
I'm not chasing the green, I'm taking it
Bosses don't change a thing in the name of seemingly making it
Servants will kiss the ring of whoever they think is paying 'em
You don't deserve the spit that they hurdled up in your face and shit My name is Michael Render
And we are the new Avengers
We're here to tell you all your false idols are just pretenders

They're corporation slaves indentured to all the lenders
So even if you got seven figures, you still a niggaSome men aren't meant for the light to be shined on their
shitty talking
Y'all better off trying to hide like the yai in a little pocket
We overly fucking awesome
They watch and adopt our concepts
They squawk at the Run the Jewels squad
We skin 'em then cop a coffinYou know I
Get itYou know I
Get itYou know I
Get it

Songwriters

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