

Shit Like This

Nature

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

24-7, 365 Days
Niggas coming sideways, not me
Some are sloppy
My style sharper than a three-piece suit
Plus a tie, and deper than the look
In a thugs eyes
Why do slugs fly?
Ask ya'self that
Why does Uncle Sam got us held back?
My niggas sell crack, to survive
Thun it ain't what you wear
It's what you drive
Them crackers in the bank don't give a fuck if you live
No offense, but y'all just gotta know
That it's tense
I'm energized, everytime that I rhyme
I go the length
From point A to point Z
I guess you slept
I guess you'll never realize how hot my joints be
So turn it up
I found a new way to earn a buck
Rappin' for the people
Hustla's and murderers
Doctors and lawyers
Cops and Tom Sawyr type niggas
Ball playas earning nice figures
Everybody, play my shit loud at every party
Bitches get dicked down
Now they praying that they pregnant by me
On purpose, I be the nigga that you worship
Staying in ya tape deck

Spraying ya favorite verses
Again and again
Peep my adrenaline
Thugged the fuck out
At the same time
A perfect gentleman You ain't never heard no shit like this
You ain't never heard no shit like this
You ain't never heard no shit like this
You ain't never heard no shit like this
You ain't never heard no shit like this
You ain't never heard no shit like this Now who else could take a beat like this and twist it
Speak wisdom, and sound clear on a cheap system
It gotta be me, you know my policy I keep you on ya toes
Like high heel shoes for real though
Irritating like when ya beard grow
Try to trim it, the hottest nigga in the rap game
Without a gimmick
Keep my hat on matching my wears
Bitches ask me for loot
Only after my deal
It's all real
I'm critically acclaimed
My shit bang
From here to Quebec
Niggas show me either fear or respect
You could dance
Put ya ear to the deck
Either or, you could do it at work
Try to teach ya boss
Messin wit fate
Y'all fake niggas
Stay stressin' my tape
Think y'all ready for hits
Step up next to the plate
Wit ya low percentage
Low value, no value
Ya shits slow mo
Mine is thrown at you, homo
I don't make the rules
Nigga I just break'em
Rap for the fouls
Lay my jewels out for the takin'
Pick'em up
Listen well
Critics predicted

Since the firm that my shit a sell
Straight doing it
Can y'all picture me not movin'em
I know you'll love it so much
You'll cop two of them

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