

# view

## [dying:dust]

Yo, we 'bout to get it, get it, get it, get it  
Get it, get it, get on down, down, down, down  
Yo, we 'bout to get it, get it, get it, get it  
Get it, get it, get on down, down, down, down, yo  
We run it hot when we over the drums  
To the top 'cause the bottom we're from  
We got the drop on your weekend crew  
'Cause you're full-time talkin' while we peepin' your view  
Rahubat, you know my name  
I run my humbleness with fame  
God-body, nuttin' plain  
While you claimin' shepherd that you heard this  
You heard this on day first  
Watch my man, he'll make it worse  
Ain't no new click, we still Native  
Clothes knit, stitched tight, related  
That's the way we handle it  
Pin us up or mantle it  
We on fire, you candle lit  
Daydreamin' on a rack  
Get bought worn and brought back  
We sport rhyme, thought real tight  
To gain sizes much bigger  
Life life well, get mail filled with  
Checks from sales we deliver  
Spend a little, make a little  
I want it big like white boy wallets  
Credit delivered, Fed-Excellent  
To my dot com, we on the web like Charlotte's  
Hornet, back her up, she too much on it  
Your plastic ass'll get swiped  
Past the limit, see you the type to get yo' cosmetics  
Smear'd on pillows all night  
We run it hot when we over the drums  
To the top 'cause the bottom we're from  
We got the drop on your weekend crew  
'Cause you're full-time talkin' while we peepin' your view  
While we peepin' your view, while we peepin' your view  
We got they eyes on lock

Let them flock to your with while I spit after you  
Look ma, I'm still rhymin'  
Baby boy still providin'  
Breakin' bread in four states  
Makin' these struggles get gone  
Private eyes, I see y'all spyin'  
You watch while I clock  
Fertilize my brain data  
Makin' accounts grow green like the front lawns  
Yo, I may be old school  
But I'm not no old fool  
Heard out your mouth words flee  
'Bout "These niggaz ain't nice"  
You just barbershop talkin'  
While we round the world walkin'  
B, you ain't D.M.C.  
You slip and fall on my ice  
No lyin', straight shinin'  
I give you supper from my upper diamond  
You got limbs, so climb in  
Yo, soak up what you find in  
We too pure for you to try  
You sniffin' maybes and ifs  
And if "if" was a spliff  
Man we'd all be high, high, high  
But it's not, so sober up  
You flashin' out like you paparaz  
You'll need to take a liver shot  
To feel the heat on how we runnin' it, yo  
We run it hot when we over the drums  
To the top 'cause the bottom we're from  
We got the drop on your weekend crew  
'Cause you're full-time talkin' while we peepin' your view  
We run it hot when we over the drums  
To the top 'cause the bottom we're from  
We got the drop on your weekend crew  
'Cause you're full time talkin' while we, while we  
While we lettin' you know I'm in a  
Certified rhyme meadow for days  
If you ask Mercenary 'bout this shit, it pays  
Hitting Willie Mays style out the park  
Mastering in this Art that's Official  
Your ears absorb this like tears on a tissue  
'Cause my thoughts are dollar bill crisp  
Distinct like E-Double's lisp

L.I. alumni, wonder why I got it  
Got it? Get a piece  
Got product that you all should own and not lease  
Some say drummers play synonymous with ill  
With wordplay that keep us all paid like a bill  
We're the parent company  
You the sub in my D-I-vision  
You don't know how

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