Drama

Da Beatminerz

[Wild Son]
Yea yea
Wild Son, Wilson Ave
Shades of Brooklyn motherfuckers
Beatminerz, check this shit out here
Check it

[Wild Son]
Columbus thought the earth was flat
I copped the map, to navigate on track
Repercussions don't buy Black, false allegations
I rush through nations like some Haitians
Since my incubation I been destined for this paper
Timbs scraper, fly shape up, got my weight up
Laugh at haters, smack 'em now, kill 'em later
Small Soldiers, action figures in motion pictures
You read off scripts, and for the feds gave tips
Icebergs sank ships, Shades load up clips
Cock back the four-fifths then continue to spit {*two gunshots*}
Blow ya neck off, ya specs lost, respect black to the boss
Get those hands chopped off, for thinking I'm soft
I'm quite well of course, many feet with this rhyme technique
Beat off the heat with an ear to the streets nigga
Word life motherfucker
Wilson Ave, hand cock, Wild Son motherfuckers

[Wilson Ave]
Now you know what type of shit I'm on
I feed on the broke, the poor, and the weak-n-sore
I defeated all these tribes and the gangs
I'm that number one killer, Drama!

[Wild Son]
why yall niggas can't fuck with this
Black mongol slave, Pastor Gray,
low see's and no feds, it's time to get paid
Hold the hand grenade with the pin in my mouth, issued army
So when you come to get me kill off everybody
Escaped from a trapped room, my hood is Beirut

The buds recruit, while all the guards, crackers was true
Good health and wealth, for cheddar cheese as green as dough melt
Some cried some died from the pain that's felt
Why fight? Why fuss? That's what the want from us
But if it's love that's lost, then there's no more trust
With that fake love, that cause to get your brain straight plugged
Gun held snubbed, seen your fams and gave 'em a hug
Did I see you? Nah, I wouldn't want to be 'em
Sort as wounds treat 'em, deep in foundation
Best believe that's how I leave 'em

[Wilson Ave]
Ain't no cure for this, what I suffer from is mentally
I got drama with one, drama with these hoes
Shit I even got drama with this finger
And I'ma damn sure die with it, forever having drama
Since birth I've seen it everywhere
New York, Houston, St. Louis, even Kansas City
What cha'll know about that

[Wild Son]
Competition, there is none, fuck with Black and get done
Pack guns, gat-lers, rocking all the latest fashions
You gotta love me, for being young, black, and hungry
Considered ugly, but since this money wanted to plug me
I keep it humble, speak to myself so call me Mumbles
Move some Buddu's, until the these rush through
Or maybe touch you, cats wanted two from the crew
This shit is tense, you out the fence, you even lost one shoe
Ran a marathon even though the cops ass won
Shit was on, rapper we get it be gone
Meet you at the stash crib, twelve blocks from where you live
Don't say shit, even turn your wife and your kids
Daddy's on the run now, all alone with low reprise
No cries now, the way a real nigga gets down
Facing death, stealing somebody's life's called theft
Black know's best, this even go's for the opposite sex
No regrets, I did what I did, ah from the whip
Kids think sick, pack big shit, extended clips
Motherfuckers, yea yea
Get it all, bring it on what

[Wilson Ave]
There's three types of drama
One that gives drama, one that receives drama

And one that watches drama
Sometimes the outcome you wouldn't believe
Don't sit there and front like you never felt it
Maybe just that the wrong nigga sent it
So when you find yourself afraid, frightened
Fearing for your life, pray I'm not after you
Drama!

[Wild Son]
Motherfucker, Shades of Brooklyn
Ya get caught, get your motherfucking life taken
Bitch ass niggas, Wild Son, Wilson Ave
You hand cock homo, we hand water and rocks nigga
Sharper Side on the beats, ya heard
Serious up in here

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