Spit

Saigon

[Chorus] X2
When I spit the room temperature change
I am what many consider to spit of a flame
When I spit the room temperature change
What niggas done did to the game, the shit is a shame
[Verse 1]On your mark, get set, go, the rest flow was just SOSO
So when I'm the best? I guess so
I rhyme like my ribs and my stomach touching
I gang pound on these clowns like a hundred something
But hold the prophecy, but peak, the mold of my philosophy, D
Contemplate crime playing for keep
Elevating, reconstruct, got rhymes that erupt
From my brain, and then they drain right into a cup
From which I drink, then I think deeper, in them sink
From the dark hall of my skull, and then at your ink
That's a old school metaphorical phrase
I should shower and shave, but it's time to get paid
Get out of the way, I'm like a bat out of hell
How I'm wetting the hoes
You would swear a nigga just got out of jail
I'm a MC, slash stick up kid
Ask Pusha of all the shit I did
I ain't playing with them
[Chorus] X2
[Verse 2]We can discuss, discuss, plus lush, and what it does to us

I don't bust because I must, I bust because I love the rush
Plus checks, that I collect, bust TECs at suspects
Marks men and linen, we don't come off as rough necks
Sixty six and six, six, six, shit
The flow is fluently flowing like liquid
Even Jamaicans be saying my shit wicked
Y'all should believe me, I shouldn't have to kick shit
But look, you still lying in your raps
Always act like you're dying for some action
But we really know you not though, you not no
Vato, loco, you a twat bro, for sure
I'ma get rich or die trying like 50
Even if I got to do something that's quite risky

Pass me the Hen' bitch, I don't like whiskey
My guns snap, crackle, and pop, like Rice Krispies
[Chorus] X2
[Verse 3]I flex for your entire set
Rhyming in different dialects, fire TECs
Aim where your knee and your thigh connects
I, contracting like isometric hexicides, let's collide
Last nigga to try melecularide
Beside, I can see in your eyes you petrified
I'ma let you slide, without a lyrical hex apply
Next to Sai, niggas for sure, like a midget on a ball court
Come with that wack rap the store bought
[Chorus] X2

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