

E Lucean Le Stelle

The Rapsody Overture

Trunk shit

Burnin motherfuckers to the third degree
Burnin all the way to four when it's time for an encore
Hardcore, unexplainable like the trinity
Taking out the enemy with double shots of hennessey
And ain't no such thing as a survivor
Seal the blunt with saliva set it on fire
While I dominate brainstorm like mcgyver
I make fakes deteriorate like richard pryor
Now who's the liar, who's the man with the answers
Am I the xzibit or breakin down like branches
Tryin to survive in this high price of livin
That's only most niggaz is dead or in prison
And a whole new style of livin
We are at an all time low like jacques cousteau
We got the minors and the majors and I just went pro
I'm like shadrac meshack abendago
It's way too hot niggas gotta shake the spot
We put you all up in knots but yo it's all for a reason

As long as I'm sweatin and breathin it's open season
On any emcee that flash his brights in my gunsights
In the shade, paid, from the bitch-made
Took the test made the grade now we in the cut
You can't handle the static you don't wanna turn it up
Your eyes my shine, teeth may grit, and all of that shit
But you still won't step so come next
To a whole new style of livin
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