Get Outta My Face

Raptile

Grown man music mothafucker,
No low kids shitMonstablokaz,
Shit is crazy right,
Mozez baby,
Let's goChorus
You know just how we do it,
Monstablokaz ...blockaz.... music,
Gettin money while we make this music,
Taking money while you out loosin,
You know just how we do it,
In the fresh new whips I'm cruisin,
100 deep in the club we movin,
No love in the game,
So get outta my faceVerse 1
(The Game)
Can't get me,
While I move like that,
Sixtrain Impalla,
A fucker Maybach,
Bottom line,
Yeah go deep,
Spend a lot'a points in the middle,
Consult a fuck in it,
is comptin bitch,
Who gon stop it,
Nigga wit the attitude,
When he blow that forth fifth,
I'm used to this shit,
If I say it,
I mean it,
And I envy out clips,
Like I do my own englishVerse 2
(Keon Bryce)
Fuck the police,
Like Dre said,
If I had money on a nigga hand,
Then they dead,
Street is talkin,
He ain't always been a gangsta,

Soon as my brother died,
It was me and the saversChorusVerse 3
(Raptile)
MC's come and go,
Like G on my sidecic,
Everybody tryin get,
the beats I did,
Is grown man music,
Read from my lips,
Your rapers sound like,
Desperate housewifes,
They all think they got the game alive,
'cause they made a few G's,
And got the chain on top,
If you ain't on my level,
I won't fight you,no,
I'll just treat you like taxes,
Write you off,
If you buzz,
I might write a song,
Or just throw one line,
And whipe you dogs,
It's stackin blacks,
And you callin me out,
Trust me bitch,
We bring the war to your house,
And that's just the way it is,
Son your crew run run run run,
(your crew run run)
I just cop the prop,
On the top ten ap,
And I will keep it locked,
Till the day I passChorusVerse 4
(Beloved)
No hailin,
I ain't forget you punks,
You can hop in the made back,
You can fit in the trunk,
Brooklynn's back
Chill dog,
Hold it that,
The name's Beloved,nigga,
Ain't no hoes in that,
Been a G since '78,
Crome me bad,

No matter how famous I was,
never aimeed wit a rat,
Okay okay okay,
That ain't get you bit,
How you eatin baby food for weeks like *******,
Nigga this promise,
What fans is gone,
How you gonna brag,
When your biggest hit was a bunny song,
Man,he's hot,he's warm,
I belong to the top,
Ya niggas scared,
You should get a dog and call it POPChorusSo get outta my face

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