

Carry On

Statik Selektah

[Intro]

(This is live and direct)

(Others such as myself are trying to carry on tradition)

(Carry on tradition)

You're static and I'm a selektah

Mic check 1,2,1,2

(Carry on tradition)

Mic check when a nigga come through

Niggas keep it silent

Cause we all about that knowledge

[Verse 1: Joey Bada\$\$]

Besides the fact a nigga never been as swank as me, I like that

Until I shine I sit patiently, so light that, I'm folding back, scroll a pack

And roll a fatty, smokes heavy, not even over

Mad I'm thinking what they probably should have did before

I'm on my girls and soaring, foreign under them heels

It ain't about the Ralph though, tell your horse chill

Don't need to grill to feel like a real nigga

If he can't see the light then shine Hilfigers still

Six-figure deals with the hell, since the age of six I knew the name would ring a bell

In six more years to wonder what the time could tell

That's 666 still no signs of a three-sixty deal

Neither did I sell myself, Records spinning by they self

The DJ tell myself go reflects off the reflex, before I told Flex drop that Semtex on the next New York best

This sickest sound, stick around, and we coming for the vets now

Can a nigga contest? Maybe if he put his pride aside he could confess, but none the less

It's fundamental, we need to fund the mental, wise with the momentum

So rise on this momental, so born your inquistentials

Watch who you pretend to, and put a potent diamond to fuel

If you respect my conglomerate then wait I'm rocking to

It's such a prominent tune, but I won't get my roses until I lie on my tomb

Flowers

[Hook]

(Others such as myself are trying to carry on tradition)

(Carry on tradition)

You're static and I'm a selektah

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[Verse 2: Freddie Gibbs]

(Nigga that Hennesy)

(Nigga that Hennesy)

(Nigga that Hennesy)

(Nigga that Hennesy)

With my lyrical Billy Dee 45 colt

Fuck the polices, they raided but they can't find dope

If it ain't about money and bitches, nigga what you rhyme for?

Work every day in my trap, make what you sign for

My niggas is willing to whip that work, it's such a ridiculous feeling

You come in your crib and shit don't work

Electric, gas and water, you fugazi

You mutilated like Pookie at the Carter

Jumps the Jackson, this gangsta rapping, nigga respect the father

Taking it back to making them pick a switch off the tree

Every time you rap or do a show bitch I should pitch off your feet

You used to flow 'bout goofy shit

Met a G and got on some groupie shit

A slave to my rap page, student under my tutelage

I'm still taking these boys to school

As quick as I build them up, I can just disassemble them

Coke and cut the curriculum cousin stayed up in Flint

I was shipping this shit to Michigan

The black bastard fuck lean [?] I see the bitch in them

Copper squad drop a pile on them, I'm steadily shitting on these niggas

But i hit them with Freddie Cane, switch up the style on 'em

I stretched it out to 250 he got a nine coming

[?] night but I'm up as early as five something

Chopping boulders, and blowing doldgers so fuck a couple folders

Bended corners, and serving yola off of this motorola

Sometimes you sacrifice your heart to serve this hard weight

Thirty rounds of death from my waist, its baby scarface nigga

Yeah I got thirty rounds of death from my waist, its baby scarface nigga

I got thirty rounds of death from my waist, its baby scarface nigga

(Carry on tradition)

(You're statik and I'm a selektah)

You know what I'm saying these niggas is rapping around in circles and shit

They ain't talking no real shit they ain't really 'bout about it you dig?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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