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 inquidentials
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
(This is live and direct)
(Carry on tradition)
[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.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/