Training Day

Frisco

It's Big Fris and I'm back at it
I was raised in the jungle so I act savage
Make you disappear no black magic
I smoke cess that will leave you short of breath like an asthmatic
No round of applause but there's chaps clapping
Man see the size of this skeng and start backtracking
Enough of these idiots, need to knuckle down and stop chatting
Nobody over here spits like you? Cuzzy stop gassing
I ain't got nothin but shots for that crack addict
If you been shuttin for years and still can't buy a whip fam you need to stop trapping
And I know man are pissed the way we came in the game and took everything over
But I'm happy now cause when I was young
I said "I really wanna spit bars when I'm older"
You man are soft like cushion. Big Dutty Stinking hard like boner
On the road to success, follow me
Flatten emcees in my way steamroller
Keep telling them over and over, so many bars in my folder
Armani fragrance mixed with a little high grade yeah that's my odor
I'm stubborn, overly ignorant
I hate waiting I ain't got patience
Good manners, you can take me home to Mumsy
Yeah that's my persona
When the album drops my name's gonna be ringing in your ear like a Motorola
And if you don't pay then I won't spray
I'm after the cream no soda
Straight to your neck like a choker
Sicker way off the Richter
'Nuff of these emcees don't get the picture
Boy Betta Know be a household name
We be known to you to your Mom, Dad, Auntie and Uncle
Stepbrother, Godmother, Brother and Sister
No dilly no dally I'm straight to the point like a glass of Henny with no mixer
That means I ain't beating around the bush unless it's Chantel's
Don't mean to be rude but I have passed through a couple man's jails
Last year went Jamaica saw mad shells
Mad skengs big straps couple hand-helds
I set the plan well test if you want come try your luck
We ain't gonna be nice when I see the cyber thug
Gimme a 'StayFresh' beat and I'ma light it up

Wild it up Go get your C.V. done type it up
I've come a long way since running the streets
with Danny & Dean, Sammy & P
I'm about in my ends bloody cheek
You ain't alive in your ends
I stand tall and shout loud from my ends
I do this properly
Instead of hating, fam, you should honor me
Back 2 Da Lab check out my discology
I'm on the road to success come follow me
You know I, you know I do this properly
Gimme more paper, I wanna purchase land in Jamaica
I been ballsy from way back when I had Gucci and Prada from way back then
Cause I'm cool but nothing like Coolio
Nowadays man roll with a 9 living in a gangsta's paradise like Coolio
I've got to be top 3 selected, these dickheads
ain't erected, they're not hard
They tried to front but they got parred
Ain't got to be close I aim from far
Don't think cause I emcee that I won't pop it off, make it rain and tear through cars
I come through like "Yo, wagwan?"
You wanna hype up? I'll draw man's card
And I'm back again
Big Frisco on a track again
No I'm not skimpy with beats, I'm nippy with Ps
Plus I'm picky with beats
And them man are slow I'm lapping them
I don't hate haters I give thanks to them
A couple emcees are ahead of me, minor, Frisco's catching them
I'm catching up, still cashing in
Man violate I'll smash him in
Frisco's gone no catching him, runaway flows no matching him
I'm on point cause I know what success can bring
Niggas hate Frisco's getting it in
So I stay on my Ps and Qs
Cause it's not about next man getting my bling
Never that

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