

Survival Tactics

Joey Bada\$\$

[Intro]

It's either, them or you
It's sort of like, survival you know. Survival of the fittest you know
You do what you do to stay alive[Verse 1: Joey]
Niggas don't want war
I'm a martian with an army of spartans
Sparring with a knife in a missile fight
Get your intel right, your intelligence is irrelevant
But it's definite I spit more than speech impediments
Brooklyn's the residence, the best and it's evident
We got them niggas P-E-Nuts, like they elephants
Throw 'em in a trunk if they hate though
We don't give a fuck as long as we collect our pay, so
Ya'll collect pesos, ya money ain't right here
I got them girls next to the wood like they lightyear, I'm right chea
Tryna get a buzz, tryna pollinate
STEEZ got that presidential shit out to inaugurate
My P.E conglomerates bout to P-E-E on any wanna B-E, weak MC
Air 'em out to leave 'em empty congratulate the semi-auto
Fire flame spitter like komodo
No time for fake people, they be simmin' like Kimora
I'm the empor-ah in search of the adora, my heart go:
Ba boom Ba boom Ba boom boom Ba boom
It's panic like Dora when shots blast
See I was raised that way, I'm from the place where they raise that K
Like every day in every way and every where you go, just ain't safe
The only thing that I can say, to you is pray
Cause when niggas start equippin'
And throw the clip in
Your blood drippin'
And got you slippin'
Another victim
Don't know whats hit them, through his spinal
Just another man who defeated by survival
That's your biggest rival, in your whole life
These bars you can't handle you better hold tight
They sayin' I'm the best, I'm like you're so right
Still ain't got enough shine to last the whole night, nigga[Interlude]
Yo, fuck the police nigga

Fuck every ass corrupt politician on Wall Street
 P.E, Public Enemy, Assassinate us, bitch
 Fuck that, fuck everything son
 Fuck government, Fuck, listenin' and shit You want fuckin' energy? Dickheads[Verse 2: STEEZ]
 It's like 6 milli ways to die my nigga choose one
 Domsday comin' start investin' in a few guns
 New gats, booby traps, and bazooka straps
 Better play your cards right, no booster packs
 Everybody claim they used to rap
 But these ain't even punchlines no more, I'm abusing tracks
 Leaving instrumentals blue and black
 I'm in Marty McFly mode, so tell em' that the future's back
 Riding on hoverboards, wiping out motherboards
 Stopped spitting fire cause my motherfuckin lung is scorched
 King Arthur when he swung his sword
 A king author I ain't even use a pen in like a month or four
 I had a hard time writing lyrics
 Now I'm way over heads, science fiction
 You can try and get it, my man the flyest with it
 With a mind of fine of interest for your finest interests
 They say hard work pays off
 Well tell the Based God don't quit his day job
 Cause P.E's about to take off
 With protons and electrons homie that's an A-bomb
 Fuckin' ridiculous
 Finger to the president screamin' "fuck censorship!"
 If Obama got that president election
 Then them P.E. boys bout to make an intervention
 Fuck what I once said, I want the blood shed
 Cause now-a-days for respect you gotta pump lead
 I guess Columbine was listenin' to Chaka Khan
 And PokÃ©mon wasn't gettin' recognized at Comic-Con
 It's like we've been content with losin'
 And half our students fallen victim to the institution
 Jobs are scarce since the Scientific Revolution
 And little kids are shootin Uzi's cause its given to 'em
 Little weapon, code name: Smith and Wesson
 And you'll be quick to catch a bullet like an interception
 If your man's tryna disrespect it
 Send a message and it's over in a millisecond - nigga

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