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 shitYou want fuckin' energy? Dickheads[Verse 2: STEEZ]
It's like 6 milli ways to die my nigga choose one
Doomsday 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 disrepect it
Send a message and it's over in a millisecond - nigga

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