

Yesman Shit (feat. Sean Price Reks)

Apollo Brown

"Oh, I was so lonely and so blue" I come from Brownsville you come from Who Cares

Son got rude scares, round from the pound kill

Niggas is not tough, get off the block coward

Never sold crack in fact you just sell watch towers

Witness the god distributing hard despicable bars

Egotistical arms beat the shit out your squad

Rugged and raw and Force my team

Loving Allah but off my deen

Spit harder

Forgive me for the shit I spit father

Pray four times a day, yeah I missed Fajr

I'm a work in progress

Work hard so God know my words are honest

Do a verse worthless

Sell it to a clown, universal soul circus

You are now rocking with the best

Everybody wack bop, stop rocking with the rest

P!{x4}

And if you on some tag-along flunky yes man shit

Do me a favor; please get off the next man dick

Superb verbalist, two words: murder shit

You herbs, birth of this

Tag-along, B.S.ing Reks

Efforts is dusted, for the hip hop hall of fame

Call my name for flame

Rhythmic Eternal King Supreme

Pick a team, shirts or blouses

Fuck your couches

Rap is my house, let's run nigga, DMC

Son niggas

What I spit put out, the motherfucking sun

Whip the K off for the dark in my heart

Repping this art Bigger

Better and Deffer

Weapons that stretch ya without Heckler and Koch

Pop the top, apply pressure 'til your thought box

Your head explode

Kim Jong-Ill, this tongue here

Be like yuuuck

Nauseating bars for boys and girls
I hurl pearls
Jewels and wife's tales of how I prevail
And set sail across sea shores still
You're now rocking with the best
Apollo Brown, Ruck and Reks
Original, get off the next man dick
Bitch

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

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