Bitchslap

MC Hawking

Yo Ant, kick the beat you just kicked a little while ago...[VERSE 1]
I bitchslap rappers so hard it give em whiplash
You fuckin with sleeveless t-shirts, where your tricks at?
Look left, look right, wait, where your chick at?
She findin out she walk and talk right, provide dick pipe
I'm a big baller, shot caller, all a y'all are runnin laps
Let me tell you little fuckers a story walkin out
You probably think you're somebody big talkin loud
You're transparent, I been starin through your Karl Kani
Art imitates life imitates art
Get it straight, slice through the mic, pourin out my heart
When it's late night we litter the landscape
Animate our dead opposition to get one last phoney handshake
I read a lot and write a lot, empty my pockets at the giro shop
Hit the cash machine for some green, maybe a ten spot
I said giro cause my Greek's a little broken
But my four-letter French works fine if you're provokin[CHORUS]
And we killers in the morning, killers in the evening
Wake up and we yawnin, happy we still breathin
Got one longin, that's to keep eatin
We here to stay and we ain't leavin(Rock y'all)
(Everything gonna be alright)[VERSE 2]
I'm a cross between John Gotti and Mahatma Ghandi
Look between pimp and square, you probably find me
There, in vain I solemnly swear
I'm a Guardian Angel with gang signs in the air
I spent too much time fuckin with sorry sobs
Treatin beats like bitches, flippin m

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/