

# Rubicon

## Alan Braxe & Fred Falke

I dont peck, I rain on a set  
Going so hard I gained the respect  
Respect is mutual, the same I expect  
When I give it out without the chain on my neck  
Give it out without a thought of a plan though  
Im from a council block I get around though  
I make waves that are big out of time show  
How I do that Im big out of time bro  
No king will ever go untested, its what he does that might get him arrested  
How he handles things that you requested  
How he caters without requesting  
Anything from anybody you might offer  
Said Im not a don, but they was off they rocker  
Im not a blocker but since I joined twitter get right and Ill block yo  
Youre are good actor act of a laugh  
And it hurts like a fractured acture  
You can be the don of this town, that town or city on the rhythm Ill product of that ya  
Go to the hood and give product to that ya  
Call me a king, thats a product to that ya  
Aint no thing dont call that to act ya  
Have all my business into that, to that, to that  
I walk in like who disagrees, Im my POG for anybody on the scene  
Stay all free cause I was popping with a dream  
Now its reality popping in a weave  
You do grind but stop when I breatheGo to the gym and feel like rocky when I leave  
Man feels stocky when I leave  
Dont ever feel sloppy on a beat predictor  
Im in free and I mean one for Im on east  
I could take one e one toss see the south with me a bit but east stand more  
If a mans chatting on twitter the beefs unsure ignore that if you wanna elevate higher  
Cause we all know god loves a tryer I didnt get here over night, I wont lie  
I spent so many years walking through fire fire  
You will get tired, didnt get far because you still tried  
All your hype died, all your fans lied  
And me Im just an MC inside the right  
I do it for real, thats why Im still firing  
I could bring a monkey and a lion in  
Thats who I am I wear my own gums and I do my own ironing  
Im just spraying bars like I aint got a life

Got one fresh ting, but I aint got a wife  
Feel danger blud I could trenc while I hype  
They flickering out and say the flame not as bright  
Game isnt tight the aim isnt right I roll like a comet, I came on a fly  
You aint having it, Im the same on the mic  
So I dont go passing blame on the mic  
Dont touch you will burn your hand on the stove  
Im not a lab rex when I say that Im standing in grove  
I can handle my role even though I know I aint no random abroad  
My hand grows cold, thats right for it, Im right for it  
Spray can, Im ready to spray ann I believe in myself, Im ready to spray anger  
Take twenty of the best and I will put twenty to the test.  
And I leave all twenty in a mess, pick twenty on the rest  
Doing it again thats forty, not just twenty of the best  
Im stepping on stones, no bad bones in my body  
But I got a star stepping on clones, dont forfeit nothing  
Reap out the zones cant tell me spit and get out your phones.  
By step 5 you should be alive bees buzz around me a lot, I should be a hive  
You hove around me a lot, you can see a vibe.  
If I hove around you a lot I can see a style  
Shit MCs, I can see a pile, but its better they learn now than trying in a while  
No time like the present Im present and grime aint felt this alive in a while  
So have a laugh, stink, have a bath. Feeling like rose, then have a blast  
I made snowman ice thrown on me frost bite merk or man, I never launch  
Cause I dont think that my production act that much  
But dont think that I cant open the logic page and make one  
That aint stinking rhythm that I know another cant blud  
Run up in a place like what them them liku dibby mic stars man who are man already got them  
Too many pulling out the pen, I gotta stop them.  
Take pics I dont like and I crop them  
Too pure in a game so if I come across another artist, I cant knock them  
If I see a kid who dont know jack shit Tell him put down the knife and I block then, pack them on  
I only work for legs and arms, I said I been a bit lucky like charms  
Them man are cool they aint ever had arms  
Might have had crumbs but never had a heart  
Never had a finish, never had a start but I aint come along like what the rush  
None of these spitters aint in my class I was making noise ever since I swing  
Let me put it on now, let me see what I think  
Fight cool like the colour blue same colour as the drink I drink  
Dont wait for the day I sink cause more than often Im out of sink  
Some are hanging on aint heard new stuff  
I know you dont work, Im out of blinks,  
Phone back chick chilling on the reck just like the yellow M on the Mark V sign  
Nigga might be late but then its black pips time  
Might be hated but I catch his raps

Yeah, I know a young belly, you will come from the belly  
And take the whole belly like thats his time  
See me in a carnival, that means hype  
Got tess passing more and thats revise  
And I might despise of any of them guys  
Who dont wanna work nights by thats his life  
Might cool down the feelings, see whats one  
And shots of gigga booms black hif life  
Greenwich, woodish back to queens life  
Dont stick it like the inside of a beehive  
Im the cop, the man for the job kind of seems odd but the fans decide  
Head phones head dont get a rhythm kill it with a headshot  
Some man are got a hair line like Escor  
Man are looking for a wave on a Friday night  
Well, Im free wanna see what the west got  
Dont test me, I put a hole in your vest top and my young gunners aint letting off a test show  
Aint the best and your best not get in my way  
Cause Im top and your sets not thats why your dumb play short stop before they hit me.

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