Rubicon

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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 trence 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 sray 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 shitTell 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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