

Kaysarasara

Kardinal Offishall

Some men were born to be heroes
Bet everything comin' up with zeroes
Some think they God but you know how that goes
Que sera sera

(Yeah, uh huh, Jake you stupid for this one son, y'know)
Hey yo, actions speak louder than words
My middle finger speaks louder than yours
I'm in the hood, feet poundin' the curb
Jealous of nothin', mine is bigger than yours
Standin' still, y'all runnin' with herbs
I stole the soul motherfucker, I ain't bringin' it back
Whack niggas like Jamsport, holdin' me back
And I don't care if you're friends with Jay
Or Dre, or Kay Slay, you're still garbage
Learn to parlay, before you look this way
I'm heinous with mine, Kardinal made this
I don't pay to get on any playlist
Niggas in the street was waitin' for someone to say this
I ain't suckin' dick for y'all DJ's to play this (let 'em know)
My records spin like rims on an Avis
Look at me wrong, and say what's up to Sammy Davis
I'm heavy nigga, the biggest libra couldn't weigh this
Before you kiss your TV, you should kiss my whole anus

[Chorus]

Some men were born to be heroes
Bet everything comin' up with zeroes
Some think they God, but you know how that goes
Que sera sera
Some men still drivin' in the highway
Do you, just do it out of my way
At all costs I'm doin' it the fly way
So I never say que sera sera

I got the most superior mainframe in the game
Flows like a fifty-paper, ain't a damn thing changed
On the mic I'm deranged, off the mic I'm just crazy
Spit-shine my letter combos, that's what pays me

In other words it's the nouns and the verbs
That buys the X5's and the cribs on the lakesides
I run this shit, I don't take sides
What you see is what you get, most of these rappers are in disguise
With no persona, so they diss guys
You want to lose your profession? I suggest you test this guy
The best buy in any Best Buy
I'll straight burn the place down like a throwback Left Eye
Ahead of the class, nobody ever left I
I'm so right, I can't even open my left eye
You're dead wrong, tryin' to correct I
I'm like the dead in one way: no choice but to respect I, yeah!

[Chorus]

Yo, everything I do is strong when I rap
I don't bust no verses, I talk in thunder claps
Give black hands daps, and X marks the map
Dot city on my chest, show the world where I'm at
Lift you higher than a three hundred dollar weed pack
And a G4 smuggled in my jacket in the back
Yeah, some question my heart and dedication
Why? I'm into the pulse like a palpitation
Some man dem dat I know hold down the +Big Macs+
And they come and watch you air the beef out (Blak, blak)
That ain't me though, I'm regal like a pharaoh and them
Leave the squabbles to the kids, I bring dollars by the pen, y'know

[Chorus: x2]

It's Estelle, let 'em know!
Black Jays!

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