

Yo

Hey, yo I heard your coach scream we can't stop em we gotta injure nigga on top I goes in like T enter it young money red devils all we do is win it then get our michael phelps on with these bitches yeah we swimmin it showin off this man in choice scrubs can't stand this boy If they don't leave they hood then I'm coast to coast like Brandon Roy and that emit that dissin I ain't got the energy cause niggas is tough talkers with queer tendencies fuck the kid shit I'm groanin bout my dollas so I'm a play sabathia and you go play prasoda catch this fuckin heat that I'm throwin at yo collar and tell Big L I got em once we reach the heavenly father nigga I rep that uptown call me mr harlem my flow monumental like madison square garden my bitch will air your squadrant nigga I beg ya pardon don't get the rest of you motherfuckin kids darkened

Um

I grab the mic and od like I'm free base in and we control shit like free mason oh you a bold bitch a lot of e taken I peter roll shit a lot of teeth waitin leave the seen vacant young money cage in ice on the rims so we leave skatin neck full of gold wrist full of glitter and when we leave all the hos follow like twitter flow sour type bitter I'm a different type nigga stomp niggas out yeah we typewrite a nigga then we put em to bed yeah we night night nigga I'm over ya head like the zyguise nigga I could get you brain for the right price nigga cause these boys are pussy like pie spice nigga I steam and cook em like hot rice nigga misery with the guillotine chop dice niggas

Bitch I'm Mack Maine

You are now tuned in to one of realists to do this shit I spit proverbs they spit foolishness I spit the truth and shit They spittin tall tales If lifes a test I pass and ya'll all fail I bring you all hell my words should be written in read a psychic came up to me one day and this bitch said Jermaine on the mic I can tell you nice you touch hurts you might be the second coming of christ