

## The Exclusive

Jaylib

(A Jaylib exclusive... with MC Percee P)

I come on spittin, the song's hittin  
Before there were capon chickens different dons listened to me  
for advice  
Like I'm John, niggaz just left again, so I'm steppin in  
To catch wreck and when on my next kin'll be checks to spend th  
at I'm exitin  
Perc' is nice, worth the price, every verse entice  
One of the most praised ministers to speak twice on the Earth s  
ince Christ  
Ideas delay of light years away from what's here  
I dare all my peers to slay

Two grand, review and, your whole crew man  
The true fans, know who can, bring heat like in the Sudan black  
No games, style is fo{? }, verbal cocaine, like propane  
I blow brains bashin them no-name cats that flow lame  
Writes well, recite then there's a chance you might hear  
In the right air your worser nightmare after a sliced ear  
Perc' spit every verse with the worst shit known  
Disperse quit first clique tryin to front get they turf hit blo  
wn

(Another Bronx to Detroit to L.A. connection for that ass)