

South Park

Mickey Factz

That was cute man, that was real cute
Now you about to get some competiton
Cause I dont know if anyone else is gonna say anything
So we about to get into this
We about to bring this all the way back to the Bronx
Know what I mean?
S'Mickey □ Black apple, bitch
XMJ, peace to Lord GFC
Yeah, I'm ready

Where I've been at, what I'm up to
Nobody cares so my response is f**k you
Black apple patron in the city y'all black foes
Throw my hues like Langston
I dont know what you thinkin
So Kendrick wanna play this game? Cool, I got you
Game point and I spot you
Shoot over you then I watch you
Look over to see the ball go through the net when I washed you
You knew who to name in that song and who not to
From the bottomless pit, out comes the pit
Treatin kenny like Bane after he blew Gotham to bits
Gotta be Mick, got the slick tho
This is what you wanted nigga?
Competition from a killer that's a tundra spitter □ cold
I wonder what your steez did your sunny iller bars
Black out eyes just like your album cover, nigga
You the king of New York? Beg your pardon
The king of LA is dead and that nigga from Harlem (2Pac)
Don't be like Ja Rule mimicking him
Or we gonna sell you drunk outta that pool of liquor again
Who Bishop against? None of y'all
You avoid juice
Fake Omar Epps, just be a Schoolboy Q
Gonna prove facts wrong, talk over that shit
You set the bar high, nigga, I vault over that shit
Hollywood star, nigga, I walk over that shit
You say you sick? I cough over that shit
Who want this?
I'm targeting you, calling your crew
Who see the soul of Ab fly if heparring with you
Homie it's true
But you know what? I ain't gonna namedrop y'all to death
Cause Hova's team is the only Jay Rock we respect
New York, no beef, just lyrical warfare
I heard the record sat in my lawnchair like aw yeah
I'm at the window like Malcolm looking at y'all scared
You at your internet window, you saying I'm soft, where? (where?)
You love my city, keep it accurate, dawg
Stolo so haircutting think you got fabulous bars?
Oh yeah, you used to copy Charles Hamilton, dawg
A good kid turned the mad city after him y'all
Plus the girl you was rumored with is outta New York
I guarantee his lady go gaga over this song
I aim for the soul with them bars, I won't spare it
I'm just concerned with the haters who hate after they hear us
So if Black Hippy step they gonna die off, bless

Vampire with the bars, I'mma find y'all next
Killing everybody, you can cosign those bets
You shot and got a quick return like the IRS
Better than you, said it back in twenty ten though
Polic with the penstroke, call up all your kinfolk
Mighty with the sword, Ninja Gaiden
It's shockin how I held back and came at 'em full force
Remember Raiden (yeah)
Let's bet on the next threat, new cess next
You struggle with the bars over your head like a benchpress
Telling you right now, don't talk around me
Cause out west you couldn't picture getting hit like a paparazzi
Black apple, I'm ready to set it off
Coming for the bank, who ready to play] the God?
While I'm busting open doors everybody on the floor
Put the money in the bags, don't ring any alarms
I'm taking over the town, Ben Affleck on the song
Ain't no king of New York, Biggie gone, Christopher Wallace
Put it on the blogs for the frauds, make a response
I'll be here with the rest of my city holding the fort
Reality gonna show him that I'm raw
But can he get cancelled with his bitch? That's Khloe and Lamar

Let's have it, lets have some fun, you know
You wanted to have some fun? Well, let's do that then
You know, make sure y'all ready
Cause clearly we're ready over here
You know
Nah, f**k, I got another verse
I bet the funeral home got a stash, reverend got another church
Two arts and mouse
I'd rather battle Picasso and Dali in the gardens of Garvey
Shadowbox with Ali, postin up Barkley
Hypnotize...