

Masked with nylon with a can of krylon while on  
point see you through the walls we write on  
ride strong with a crew who's considered sly cons  
high on this rush provided my wrong  
cops try to put a stop to my art and hip hop  
but they knock what we rock we got the streets locked  
juras don't mix with pinturas  
catch us slipping and try shoots us  
we're looters of virgin walls the no gutters  
writers reign supreme on the street art scene  
my team goes by the OPM kings  
rings and tight cliques we mix to snipe hits  
and be the uppest that's the main thing  
catch graffitiIwreck on my city set  
my committee gets respect well known with a gritty rep  
who step to the bomb yard with a fat tip  
trying to get a name in this world and that's it

I like to crash dance halls write all over the walls  
I like to rock buildings that stand a hundred feet tall  
respect or street props I never got any  
then I met German fat and new york skinny  
now I'm known coast to coast east to west  
everybody out here be my alias  
I bust an old school battle like MC sham  
but instead of a mic I rock a twelve ounce can  
now here we are all dressed in black  
mobbin' down by the railroad track  
we began our attack  
watch out for the cops and the sneaky rats  
so next time when you're out on a midnight mission  
keep your eyes peeled for the police they out there fishing  
for all the young hoods that like to rock  
and ain't even trippin on a motherfucking cop