

Rapper Shit

Ab-Soul

My back against the wall, I can see y'all fronting
Drowning in your own spit and ain't coming up with
nothing
I call this shit "Rapper Shit" cause I ain't a rapper
But if I was, this ain't some shit that I could rap
after
Caught up in the rapture, you call yourself a factor
You're lame, paving away, Bob the Buil' factor
I'm a real master, real massive, you just real average
I see your chain, it's strange, they wore those in the
Middle Passage
And it's harder to play me than to fiddle backwards
Don't act like you knew my tactics
Cause when it hits the fan, you know I stand last
I see through your true colors like stained glass
I see the fear in your eyes when we arrive
And what's the odds of even thinking you coincide
When every time a nigga open a door you go inside
Just to realize, either you're weak or someone lied
See, you spend more time boasting about what you do
than you do
So by the time your shit is due it's doo-doo
And who knew that too cool fool who used to sit in the
back
Would slip through the crack, like dudes who went to
rehab
Ab-Soul, Abstract Asshole
Black Lip Bastard, et cetera for forever
I follow no ruler, even if I'm under a drastic measure
But whatever

They say pressure bust pipes
And I ain't never had to deal with plumbing in my life,
now that's a bar
Sparring with me like blasphemy to cathedral
Or colliding with the diesel with your baby in your
arms
You would test me but you know better
It's inadequate to go against the Jesus of Nazareth
Of the rap game, and guess what, I got no cheddar
But my mind is like a wizard
I defy the laws of gravity every time I get high and
write a sentence
Back teeth never been in agony, but I got wisdom
I have risen from the wicked to jump on the
competition, scorch ya
Third degree burns next to their sideburns, all sorts
of
Combustible flows, firemen on speed dial
Free the leaders of the free world with a freestyle
Free the teachers, black activists get up off your feet
now
And feed off my feelings as I control my wheel
Like new power steering, so sincere
Tryna duck court hearings but I got big ears
Rap peers, used to study them wishing they would fuck
with me

Now they can't fuck with him, I'm wishing good luck to them

Reluctantly these critics loving me and I don't blame 'em

They say, Kendrick you gunning for these niggas

So when I pull my weapon out, I give 'em the pleasure to see me aim it

And watch these bullets run into these niggas, clear the set

I got now, I got next, give you nouns, give you verbs
Give you adjectives while proposing an agitated threat
I am most debated in barber shops all because they slept on me

Big homie fear young, buck cause when I buck I make more than a buck

Dollars come quick like a fucking nun fucking for the first time

Put me in Alaska for six months in the dark, in my heart I know sun/son still shine

Still got a skill to be found in a gold mine

I got an appetite for habitual liars on the mic

Who with pliers couldn't get a grip on life

I spit like I sat the tip of my dick on ice, and that's intense

Imagine if I had already came twice, ain't that some shit

Pass the swisher nigga, fill your cup with liquor nigga

Fly your kite till you're gone till November nigga

Show 'em you remember nigga

Pour some Hennessy and Crown for your homie six feet underground

Smoke an ounce and turn that frown upside down

Like the triangle in the panties of my gal

When Mike Jack made "Raining in Moscow" I had no style

Tommy Boy stocking on my scalp

And that was like ninety-five, now it's twenty-ten

Two years away from when they say the world's expected to end

And I ain't even begin

That's more ironic than a bum asking for 50 Cent from "Many Men", one

Too many relays for DJs to replay

I do the reject while I eject your new singlay

Hot enough to sit in hell, then unveil in heatwave

Piss on a demon with ice water

And if I lose my voice then I'm probably calling out to all P.A

Systems to assist in with the word I'm tryna spread

Like county jail bread or the legs of a hoochie

And that's off top like a toupee, I'm 2Pac

Coming back for doomsday, spitting at cops, go and cop my album

Get high to it, pop some valium, then turn up the volume

I influence ghettos where it says caution

And them larkins get to sparking like L.A. females that's balling

Round the time this happens often, the violence get the flare

We racing against life, the turtle or the hare?

And nobody can compare to the legacy that we bout to

build
Y'all work at Build-A-Bear's office, underhand pitching
with skills

Shit, and ain't no use in crying over spilt milk
You're dead and gone
The pall-bearers carry you and your family will carry
on
And on the real, this ain't a construction site but you
know the drill
We lead the league in all aspects
And we deserve more medals/metals than a magnet
Put you niggas in a hole like bad debt
Shooting three pointers with the globe, nothing but
nets

Nigga, nothing but the best
Every time we hit your tape deck niggas hit the deck
I rhyme like a fucking TEC
-9, and I 'Clown Posses' if they disrespect
You looking at T-Rex snapping at a winter rest
Yeah, this the flow that killed aspiring rappers
Too late, I grab the eight and start expiring rappers
Some shit only BIG and Pac could rap after
And if they was alive, they would have to pay tithes
I am God
M.C.R. squares will disperse in despair, this is me
motherfucker