

The Resurrector

Bishop Lamont

My condition in this mic time is scenes with custom motto
Pure animal, flammable, no Don King or pre Robing Gibbons
No bitches getting my dollar, setting up a trust fund for my daughter
Put her through college 'cause she ain't never put through what I was put through
I promise, no facade, I'm really a god
You fucking frauds oughta really pay homage
I sit with revolutionaries, killers, scholars and prophets
Build louds with old timers, freedom fighters, iconic
I'm a real nigga, fuck it with these hip hop topics
Ain't dropped an album yet and I can jet to the Tropics
Put that in your gospel, no squad, no bodyguards when I move through the streets
A butcher nigga, I rap with my own beef
One life, one love, one got a course, I go for dolo
Get on superstars, may go for fans to slap bands and take photos
And still got my four four, don't make me act, react, attack, clap
And black light you off the quota

You on point, homie?
All the time, homie
Is you on point, dog?
All the time, dog
Is you on point, nigga?
All the time, nigga
Well then grab the microphone
And let your words drip
You on point, homie?
All the time, homie
Is you on point, dog?
All the time, dog
Is you on point, nigga?
All the time, nigga
So play the resurrector
And give the dead some life

Boys are bitches, target in my arm, I burn you like Blair witches
Niggas swear they hot and they bumping like bad itches
Blood baths if you throw me in a batch with whack niggas
I'm a murderer, you can send a message through the currier
Express angle stress when you dress to be inferior
Switching up their top 5, this day is earlier
And I'm just having fun eating rappers quite curvier
Yes, you can, I bet you can cry me a river
Charge it again, fill up on names like plain rivers
Snow here where I grew up, rally with my stuff on
Worldwide to their eye they calling me the new son
Shine on 'em, burn, put their ashes in pine box
Six feet deep between Nina and Medlock
Always on point, carry, I can handle that
Try on Q, dog, I leave how we hitting back
Woke up to the light burn a man different orange
With your ass up in here you gotta live to be born
Just lasers in storms, I'm scarlet digging
Just a small draft of what they plan, acidic rap, nigga, yo

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Nowadays they so mad at success
They really they just ruin the whole rap experience
Never once considering the fact they lack the fat shit, delirious
Delusional, I swear the act is lazy in you
Booty eyes rappers with your garbage eyes flooty poop
...clowns, stay down, you never understand winning
And I don't give a fuck if you was in from the beginning
'Cause for real these OGs are old fools
And both of you are rapping the latter
We outgrow you like palm trees to weeds
Say you monster siege, you never break down anyway
We put it down any state, any lane
'Cause people relate to what's banging
Not that I'll solve ass explaining
If you go on but you couldn't be moved
But since you gone we can only assume the game wasn't for you

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