

On Da Spot

Cory Gunz

I mentioned success, right?
I tell em, I used to give a shit
Now I don't give 10 less, niggas want shows
Applaud for em, as I impress and inject threats with twin techs
Your kin's next, my niggas hit the bar
And park you with the guards
Who got the bench necks, I been fresh
Yes, fuck G's, your bitch ass the way out I told her "suck seed"
The problem with the league is that niggas don't want to perish
They nervous, Cory get em discouraged
That sort of verse died in that Beem and Suburban
His sort of wording, you probably see him in a turban
Disrespectful, fondling your beam while she nursing
I'm lyrically perfect, fuck it I said it
Mirror me worth it, a good look made it clearly and certain
Hold me to the age of your favorite regardless
I'm favored by the starvers who make their targets the product
This lil' nigga got some nerve, you think you Jay?
Nigga save your thoughts, think yay
My niggas pop Xannies up in nannies
On you cross-dressing trannies
On the 4th, Wessons go off at your fannies
And I want every cranny, and I'mma be grit
For every Grammy, and I did it with shit, not even Mammy
You hear me?
Had to let that bitch breathe...

Fuck it, let's suffocate her cause I waited long enough
I'm on this nigga's heels, I'm just waiting on the cuff
Threw it to him smooth, but it blew it through him rough
Pull out some shit Suge-height, jerk like Puff
Toughs like bluffs, bring the uptight stuff
Fight what? I fuck fights up
Abrupt dice luck cause a nigga Niks scuffed
Corrupt heist bucks cause a nigga life cuffs
And that's how I write stuff, making niggas bite dust
Aiite, what...

I'm rapping like M, Jigga, Kool G
A pinch of Fugees, grouped in Nas and his kufi
My group the groupies are like wet bottoms to roofies
You can be the new G, seen first in that v-neck Coogi
When that tech loogie, hacht-pooie
No lock, just pop and drop like Huey
These haties' ladies see me coming on that kaka doodie
To me, you sushi, chewy and tooshie
I'm bad like Boosie
Rap to me is easy as apple-picking is to baboonsies
I baloon his goons and lay them lead with that strap
It'll leave you scrappy, Scoobie
Act the movie, ain't what he shat, but it kept him rolling
My swag is

So overpotent, I rap like I'm overloading
Convulsions doing exploding imploding foes
And reloading foes back
I keep shit going all lax why the fuck they fronting? I'm back

The fuck they wanting with that?
Just keep mine coming in stacks
And repeat your thumb in your ass cuz you fucked yourself
Iller than some are real and I'm trill enough for the South
'88 New Yorker nigga, old school grill in his mouth
No school blocking my route
Pro Tools truck and I'm out
Those rules drop and I'm out
Position her like a stool then we pool drop in her mouth
Militia we ain't playing
MC'ing we ain't banging
Quiet riot what you saying? Green
Ha ha ha ha ha yes on the set like a bet
Who the next guest best the shit I express
Too much to ingest like incest being confessed
Lingo I possess can infest the nest
You manifest, blessed, your chest compressed
Can be digested, following a drive by
Like let's get high, eyes get tested
Lives get hectic, guys' wives get pipe-necked
Besides refreshments, I can't imagine any more than poor misfortune
Forming porking if I'm forking he's an orphan
Dwarfed and morphed into a short and awkward vulture
On the? kind of raucous
Hit the stork like skip the door bitch it's important
Stripper store, pop a cork for Cory Culkin
Whore a story walking glory talking
For a Maury Povich audience
I'm annoying, I'm employing so I'm enjoying
Employing my shit's a dime on top of another nine
This rock could your mother climb
Shit popped another?
Gets dropped for some other? to get flipped for other tops
But bitch, a lot of niggas hellas copped my swag
And trying to raise the race green and never clocked my drag