

State Of The Art (Radio Killa)

Goodie Mob

What the fuck you know me for
Obstacle of holy war
I won't get there radio killa
No filler, no filler
You playlist the dealer, dealer
Let's go in the chilling, chilling
Don't work on designer, signer
I'm streaming for visions, visions
Let death be your sentence, sentence

You think they know something
Then you might as well be dead
If you see us then we see us it won't be code red
And I stay up the emergency it's time to break bad
Songs to be ignored like title one clap

There's very little money in your mind
We want yours
The ride always carry me
We need the possessing
I was blessed enough the class in
Go and crazy go dismissing
Verbal grasping rappers really
Got me fast and pulled the mission
If the masters of the 7
Using speakers as a weapon
Rapping we at war, MO
B MO, B MO
B MO, B MO
Say bro whatcha hesitating?
Come on man kill hat motherfucker
Ain't no secret keep it real
We do what the fuck we feel
Every road a righteous scale