

Survival Tactics

Joey Bada\$\$

[Intro:]

It's either, them or you
It's sort of like, survival you know. Survival of the fittest you know
You do what you do to stay alive

[Verse 1: Joey BADA\$\$]

Niggas don't want war I'm a martian with an army of spartans
Sparring with a knife in a missile fight
Get your intel writing intelligence is irrelevant
But it's definite I spit more than speech impediments
Brooklyn's the residence, the best and it's evident
We got them niggas P-E-Nuts, like they elephants
Throw 'em in a trunk if they hate though
We don't give a fuck as long as we collect our pay so,
Ya'll collect pesos, ya money ain't right here
I got them girls next to the wall like they lightyear, I'm right chea
Tryna get a buzz, tryna pollinate
STEEZ got that presidential shit out to inaugurate
My P.E conglomerates bout to P-E-E on any wanna B-E, weak MC
Here I'm out to leave 'em empty congratulate the semi-auto
Fire flame spitter like komodo
No time for fake people, they be simmin' like Kimora
I'm the empor-ah in search of the adora, my heart go:
{Ba boom Ba boom Ba boom boom Ba boom}
Hispanic like Dora when shots blast
See I was raised that way, I'm from the place where they raise that K
Like every day in every way and every where you go, just ain't safe
The only thing that I can say, to you is pray
Cause when niggas start equipin'
And throw the clip in
Your blood drippin'
And got you slippin'
Under the victim, don't know what's hit them
Through his spinal, just another man who defeated by survival
That's your biggest rival, in your whole life
These bars you can't handle you better hold tight
They sayin' I'm the best, I'm like you're so right
Still ain't got enough shine to last the whole night, nigga

[Interlude:]

Yo, fuck the police nigga
Fuck every ass corrupt politician on Wall Street
P.E, Public Enemy, Assassinator, bitch
Fuck that, fuck everything son
Fuck government, Fuck, listenin' and shit

You want fuckin' energy? Dickheads

[Verse 2: Capital STEEZ]

There's like 6 milli ways to die my nigga choose one
Doomsday comin' start investin' in a few guns
New gats, booby traps, and bazooka straps
Better play your cards right, no booster packs
Everybody claim they use to rap
But these ain't even punchlines no more, I'm abusing tracks
Leaving instrumentals blue and black
I'm in Marty McFly mode, so tell em' that the future's back

Riding on hoverboards
Wiping out motherboards
Started spitting fire cause my motherfuckin lung is scorched
King Arthur when he swung his sword
A king author I ain't even use a pen in like a month or four
I had a hard time writing lyrics
Now I'm way over heads, science fiction
You can try and get it, my man the flyest with it
With a mind of finest interests for your finest interests
They say hard work pays off, well tell the Based God don't quit his day job
Cause P.E's about to take off, with protons and electrons homie that's an A-
bomb
Fuckin' ridiculous, finger to the president screamin' "fuck censorship! "
If Obama got that president election then them P.E boys bout to make an inte
rvention
Fuck what I once said, I want the blood shed
Cause now-a-days for respect you gotta pump lead
I guess Columbine was listenin' to Chaka Khan and pokemon wasn't gettin' rec
ognized at Comic-Con
It's like we've been content with losin'
And half our students fallen victim to the institution
Jobs are scarce since the Scientific Revolution
And little kids are shootin Uzi's cause it's given to 'em
Little weapon, code name: Smith and Wesson
And you'll be quick to catch a bullet like an interception
If your man try and disrespect it, send a message and it's over in a mili se
cond
Nigga