

# 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