Check it

I'm the fucking one without a jacket
When i play with the microphone ,I rip it yes i wreck it
Fools in my way, step out of my way
With this lyrical style, you're gonna get sprayed
Masterminded with a master plan
Well i'm back to the jam with a mic in my hand
So where would you rather be, living on your hands and knees?
Well they got you wanting it so bad now, it's just a fucking te
ase
Use you mind over matter, don't give in
Reach for carrot, that's still hanging
Masterminded by a master plan yes... they don't give a damn

They give with one hand
And they got take with the other
While they say they're your friend
But their world is a lie
They give with one hand
And they got to take with the other
Well ya know it's the end
But it's just the beginning

Dominant view
It's all over you

Check it

I'm the fucking one, with the pin-stripped jacket
Orchestrate my shit, while the drummer's getting wicked
In your mind, no room to decide
All the same, so you're trapped inside
Masterminded with a master plan
Well i'm back to the jam, with a mic in my hand