

Masked with nylon with a can of krylon while on
point see you through the walls we write on
ride strong with a crew who's considered sly cons
high on this rush provided my wrong
cops try to put a stop to my art and hip hop
but they knock what we rock we got the streets locked
juras don't mix with pinturas
catch us slipping and try shoots us
we're looters of virgin walls the no gutters
writers reign supreme on the street art scene
my team goes by the OPM kings
rings and tight cliques we mix to snipe hits
and be the uppest that's the main thing
catch graffitiIwreck on my city set
my committee gets respect well known with a gritty rep
who step to the bomb yard with a fat tip
trying to get a name in this world and that's it

I like to crash dance halls write all over the walls
I like to rock buildings that stand a hundred feet tall
respect or street props I never got any
then I met German fat and new york skinny
now I'm known coast to coast east to west
everybody out here be my alias
I bust an old school battle like MC sham
but instead of a mic I rock a twelve ounce can
now here we are all dressed in black
mobbin' down by the railroad track
we began our attack
watch out for the cops and the sneaky rats
so next time when you're out on a midnight mission
keep your eyes peeled for the police they out there fishing
for all the young hoods that like to rock
and ain't even trippin on a motherfucking cop