

Top Shelf

Outerspace

Outerspace, nigga!
I'mma beat your asses
Warchild, Planetary

I came, to take the world by storm
Transform every word, put my life in the song
It don't really matter if it's right or it's wrong
You gon' feel what we do when the mic's turned on
Gonna, surrender your life, we ready to fight
Like King Syze spit heavy on mics, any of hype is over
Street's cobra, free souljah, in to take the streets over
We told you, nigga, don't ever disrespect our click
Get found in the ditch, with your son and ya bitch
Cause I'm expected by fame, we proven murderers
Top shelf verbalists with words I spit
It's simple, instrumentals get scared to hear me
I can nose write though, I got potential clearly
I'm from Philladel, the place where the streets is watching
And getting your ass whooped is the only option

Get up! Throw your hands in the air or shut up
Me and your atmosphere, yo what up?
Something for the DJ to scratch, you're caught up

Babygrande is the label that pays me
Just any beat ain't gonna amaze me
All to my days be, you grind up
Let me find out yo that we're twins
Maybe there's a equal of space
90 miles seperate Philly from the atmo
Who clam they came, it must be how they Snapple
Or work whole day, make the X go
Everytime I'mma hit you, I just go
I'm a radical, just medical, I'm a terror
Flat bring hot weather, ya get to that?
Anyone deal with that, gon' bust
Three balls in my area, I'm gon' pop
When this world gonna find my whole proton ???
Barried under ??? but it still the kill
Fronting any other ??? was a threat, better yet
They raised up my statue, at least once I'mma catch you
Other times it might be another by the rhyme
If that's the case, man it's going outerspace

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Something for the DJ to scratch, you're caught up

I came, to take the world away
Long time anticipated so the world awakes
Strong arm affiliated, watch what you say
To a fifth executioners, East PA
Play game off the chain, that's the least to say
Spit flames off the brain, cause we don't play
Keep my dawgs 'profaso', we don't stray
If the cooking to ya numb heads, we don't lay
Put rocks in this bitch, from NY to Philly

Told the block when it rained, I'd like to keep it filthiest
War, hell is out not even the beast can kill me
Starving artist on the mic, only a feast can fill me
OS reigns supreme, and y'all can hate on it
Your dudes ain't crunk, if you can't stay on it
Your beats still not, if you can't break on it
And the track ain't played unless you put Space on it

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