

## 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

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

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

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