

# The Beginning

Stat Quo

Feels like fresh air  
I can breathe  
Long time coming  
Let us begin

This is statlanta wih no em and no dre  
Just nothin but that mothefuckin a (yeah)  
They can't keep him away hes too resourceful  
Getting that gwop with the glock by my torso  
The young terror from the crack era  
I turn never to a gaurentee  
God speaks through me  
This is my bio read my life  
Tune your ears to my soul  
Let my music bring light  
No hype no gimmicks  
Obie told me there's no love in this game  
Most niggas od  
On the fame and the change  
But I remain sane  
With my feet and my body engulfed in the flames  
First album but it feels like the third  
Countless mixtapes I'm a grind on the curb  
Stood strong when the bullshit occurred That's my word  
I am what the hood prefer listen her  
A magazine can't make him or break him  
I'm still the future double x l's mistaken  
It's trouble when the monsters awaken  
The top spot vacant it's mine for the takin  
Throwback flow no breaking  
Old zone swag off in Beverly hills I'm cakin  
On the cover of magazines n\*\*\*\*s hatin  
The game lack creativity they just tracing  
No equals too leathal hear me people  
This is just a preview stay tuned for the sequel (part two)  
I saw past what the rest couldn't see through  
I am the young beast it's time that I feast  
Fuck n\*\*\*\*s retreat may you forever sleep  
Where the maggots and the earthworms eat  
This is murder on a beat have a seat  
Feel the power when you leave this beat  
Having moneys so bitter sweet  
It's like a double edge sword  
When the blade and the flesh meet  
These so called best rappers looking like fresh meat  
Yeah so it's time to die  
And I ain't askin n\*\*\*\*s shit I'm just takin mine  
Rhyme for rhyme soul for soul line for line show for show  
The survey say stat quo  
Those that don't know don't matter bitch  
And if you don't understand just listen to this