

Where You Come From?

The Evidence

And once again it's on...
I guess I'm on that
Once a good girl's gone bad, she's gone forever
To tell the climate of pain, it's like the rain told the weather
Sometimes you move towards the wolf pack
And go hunting down mamis in wolf slats
I pulled the reins back, horse on the race track
Dogs and same cats
Falling on down, they used to be London Bridges
But they all on the ground, broke down to little ridges
It's a simple story of build and destroy
I'm like the judge's hammer, slamming the villain to void
Killing his boys, killing his girls, killing they world
Feelin like the Third Mobb, Hell on this Earth
I spit verses: there's better ways to pay the rent and shit
It's not ideal, still I deal sentences
Graduated to stardom from apprenticeship
Emphasis reversed, from exodus to genesis

Catch you when we drop that
Plant seeds, grow those trees--then we chop that
Twistin' up that old green life--then we burn that
When will you mother fuckers learn?
We build and destroy!
Catch you when we drop that
Plant seeds, grow those trees--then we chop that
Architect, leave a big hole where ya block at
When will you mother fuckers learn?

And once again its on...
Evolution of the art of noise
I paint graffiti when I spit so they saw the void
Create to devastate, I build to destroy
Construction for the destruction of toys
I saw the choice made it, saw the void filled it
Saw the mic slayed it, saw the stage killed it
Ask the doctor what the cause be when the bills hit
Dilated Peoples diagnosed as the ill shit
Yeah, Rakaa's up, bars up, power up
Renovate the structures from the bottom to the tower up
Plant our own medicine and chop it when it flowers up
Add Swiss precision to bombs and when the hour's up... (BOOM)
Gone, erase 'em like who's that? (Huh?)
Replace 'em now, tell these cats to draw new maps
There are new boundaries and they can never move back
Cause they slanging old dope, hanging in a new trap

And once again it's on...
Build or destroy it, krills in my toilet
Cops banging on my door, not a bench warrant
Number ten Jordans, and my pen poison
Causing men torment Permanent misfortune
Make you feel important, this the wheel of fortune
My ten boys with a wrench pointed right near your noggin
My heart been robbin', rap Bin Laden
Been stalking these rap cats with big wallets
And I spit flawless, young Chris Wallace

But I skipped college, didn't Asher Roth it
I put a casket together to put yo' ass up in it
Cause it's cast a minute, high fashion biscuit
The Gucci guns, Louis lavender gun handle
I'd shoot myself in the brain if I couldn't out rap you
Ev hit me to build, told me destroy the mic
On this beat Alchemist made, I said sho' you right