

Cobra Clutch

The Underachievers

Alright we're gonna have a demonstration
I've had a lot of cards and letters: why don't you all guess how this cobra
clutch works
Is it a sleeper hold? Is it a submission hold?
Well, it's a little bit of both!
If a guy gets into the hold, he either goes to sleep or he's a good boy and
he gives up before he goes to sleep

Seek, destroy, came down from the Heavens on an asteroid
Acid void, falling down like ashes will I crash or soar
Smack the royal niggas, got the power but do nothing for you
Hash and oils keep me less in nuisance when I'm 'bout the boil
I can't say, I heal they souls like Dende
When I speak they walk like Sensei
Through they speak they talk no English
If it ain't about gettin' my ends paid
Got a mind of my own, y'all been slaves
Got your girl and she don't got a man today
She just jump for the dick like a holiday
I be rockin' it but no apologies
Niggas sleep, move quietly
Soon enough they admire me
Soon enough, get the Cobra Clutch
My career erupt, leads to higher me
Niggas at this, they should quit the rappin'
Yeah I really like to blame society
Kobe at this, niggas in the attic
We could get it crackin' if you trying me
Bitch I'm nothing what you used to
Bring your aux, need a bluetooth
Acting reckless, we might shoot you
Main in colours, here's a blue's clue
Elevated but I'm dangerous
Nothing changed but the payment
Niggas bang at the fame and
Spending all that pay just to claim it

Hear you speaking but bro
What's the thesis
Lately I've been dreaming 'bout these rappers
How I'm gon' feast 'em, right amount of seasoning
Tell 'em if we see 'em wouldn't wanna be 'em
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I be on my high horse
I be on my God course
Separate the Don Darks
From the living live courts
Laser eye like cyborg
Wizard like I'm John Wall

See the future, groundhog
Smoking dope, reclined up
My scream like Designer
Student watch your conduct
Giving niggas F for exposure like a higher up
Get that resurrection class
Give your soul to sign up
Spliff rolled up with honour
Smacking like E. Honda
Me and my conspirers
Secretely been plotting domination
In this board of imitation, either die or dance with Satan
And I got my new shoes, think they right for the occasion
Got my crucifix, I hope it help in time of desperation
God, body, reputation
Check my winkie fast
I'm the whole shabazz
Nigga artificial similacs
Silence the aristocrat
Head of operation, Danny Ainge
I ain't stopping till my niggas get them rings

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