

Land Of Lords

The Underachievers

Raised in Flatbush, born in Brooklyn
The beast coast with us, kes ghost when flow spitters
Like cobra, so live for I show the blocks no chauffeur
Coast to coast, the same shit, I'm that focused
Hold up, Brooklyn they sat frontals how we roll up
Fucking numbers, tryina bless fuck with no fuss
Thrown on aroma, sour diesel, higher than my ego, cino
Hold a bitch closer than my pesos, you lay ho
Bank rolls be my occupation for the moment
Elevated, overthrow the government, you know we on it
Higher minds, fire burning, I don't care what you concern with LSD
On the DV, check the KP floating
I know you beat the steeze, golden like I'm chosen
Jays leave em Z, way before the Berkeley center open
You hopin, I crash this plane, never man
I'm in the legendary lane, hitin Janes like Tarzan
Hitting Janes like Tarzan, fuck you and your men

Pick it up, where my brother left it off
Purple drunk, sour diesel be the feud for all my Brooklyn lords
Brooklyn lords, there's no control
You niggas lame, I'm going hard

Living large, watch out for coppers, you know they makin noise
Flappers grow, rate the right shots as we ride there by our boys
Jaja knows, been out the majors since like snotty nose
Switching flows like a Brooklyn nigga on these folks too dope
I count my pesos, I let my brain girl
Watch out for my endo cause they tailin halos, know they hate though
It's 'cause we clean on the block, living dreams on the clock
Keep the weed round my team, so we lean in the spot
The Beast Coast we better than most folks
Ain't no hope for niggas that be guessin our brain growth, you dead smoked
Like my urban chateau blunt to the sun child
Can't walk a mile in my shoes cause we run that Brookline
You get it? We bringing change, motherfuck your game fame
I don't need your damn approval, gotta clear my name
You niggas fucking shooters, we the matches of this game
So take a seat nigga, and let a God teach nigga
Don't wanna pro preach with you, but one of us soul killers
Other than Cho runner don't be sendin no sinners

No sinners, no frienemies, spray 'em, they all enemies
I grip your life, don't get the grip, just fist fight
Knuckle up, fuck happen and scrapin
Niggas ain't tough enough for the bus to slump
Then show a brother love, that's why you can't fuck with us
Ah, I remember them hoop dreams
Thought I was the one like Hakeem
Jump shot me, till a nigga hit a pot steam
Then a nigga drop rock like a fiend
That 2 train, till the last stop that man block
Man shots, 10 pun the way to the buck puck with a blood clot

10 boys, world's fair, zombies, pro era, ASAP
New York, New York, that's where it's at, where it's at
We the new New York, better protect your neck

When you're looking at the guard, take another step back
Cause we soarin, while niggas borin, see me tourin
A nigga been chosen to elevate most men, til we go deep
And caught my cedar, that's of course
Cause my bitch she wants a horse
But I mind just say for fuck it and go cop that shit got porsche
My mama want a crib, I tell my motherfucker called
You done raise a fucking deamon child of riddim and the corn
Your corpse is paid, so we just squeeze lemonades
Flatbush Brooklyn, where the fuck I'm gonna stay?
And I be chillin with my villains climbin on the fuckin milli
And blowin on the loud till a nigga touch the ceiling aha

That's the end of the song, and nigga know me can do no wrong
Body and tracks, division the back of the Cadillac, now you know all this sh
it