

Noisey

-Verse 1: Pusha T-

They think that they know, something 'bout my life
Not in the same class, not on the same flight
Maybe the same club, just not the same lights
Both fucked the same bitch, just not the same night
You just took her phone number
I just took her home with a-
'Nother bitch, mnage
Boomerang, Strange'
Lipstick on my collar, Oscar de la renta(y)
Your hijo - pequeno, my nachos - bel grande
Stay sippin' that Andr
Spent 3 stacks - that's Andr
That Balmain, that Phillip Lim
They say I'm dressing like Kanye
I'm everything that my rhymes say:
Breadwinner, brand owner
Play Cloths, millionaire
Trendsetter, landowner
Hope your bitch don't land on him
Drink in his hand with the sand on him
You small time - you Hyundai's
Y'all couch niggas - we stand on em
Dope money with a band on it
Half gold, we got a hand on it
D-boys still ball the same
Just gotta little bit of glam on it
YAH!

-Verse 2: Bryant Dope-

I got flames for your download link
I let Ja Rule when I murder ink
Murder pink, murder what you thought and what you think
This Queens prodigy is the product of what you ain't
Well packaged to distribute to the masters
Plotted this since first grade classes
Class is elements of a classic
I've got evidence of a master
You never thought you'd be bodied by a bastard
A bachelor who backspin on breakbeats
Break necks of broke souls who hate me
Hate he? You can't take my heat
Fireball flow, can't bat in my league
I'm the best rapper that's been slept on
Stick around like gum that's been stepped on

Stepped on, I stepped up, so what up?
 Tryna make bread with these damn cold cuts
 I cold crush every beat that I touch
 My words silk and my flow is pure plush
 Tell HudMo Dope says "what's up?"

-Verse 3: Go Dreamer-

Go Dreamer's a looney, wish upon a star
 I'm too cold for Pluto so I'm movin' back to Mars
 Cause this that spaceship, that space shit
 This that category 5, this that quake, bitch, that quake, bitch
 See I'm so fucked out, like out of here
 Like blue lights in the basement
 And it's a red state, in Georgia with it
 Last verse, did you get it? Nah
 Never mind, just throw that cash in a duffle
 As I'm on my Hollywood shuffle
 Eatn' your million dollar truffles, this acquirin' taste
 Tantalise so you can see the bigger picture that God is the light
 In the fixture or in the background
 Cut all the hatin' in the background
 Cause if music and money is the motive then you're so gimmick
 Who's to tell me I can't have a trillion dollar grilled cheese sandwich?
 Boy stop playin', stop playin'
 I'm just sayin', just sayin'
 Now who else wanna fuck with Hollyweird Go?

-Verse 4: Retch-

Break up and roll it, light it and smoke it
 Pass it, don't hold it, lovin' that potent
 I'm drunk and I'm rollin', this pill got me open
 These bad hoes is gruntin', their booties is pokin'
 Out them little dresses, a nigga wanna fuck
 He don't even smoke but tell Butter roll a blunt
 Cause I'm way too drunk and I'm too turnt up
 And I brought my own drugs and I do my own stunts
 Young and I'm wildin', new drugs, I try 'em
 He'll call me Retch but your bitch call me Brian
 In Polo I'm stylin', it's all that I'm rockin'
 If you catch me out in 'Lo it's a problem
 'Less it's a Champion suit, then I'm trappin'
 Fuck with me, I got all this 'Lo all from raggin'
 Used to have a nigga that was down to get to clappin'
 Seen it on a video, he yappin' to the captain
 That nigga snitchin', R86 him
 These niggas trannies cause these niggas switchin'

And these niggas bitchin' more than these bitches
 And I'm just so sick of this shit, it's ridiculous
 Middle finger to the feds and bitches all day
 Take her out to eat then I make a bitch pay
 And my wine -?- and my shrimps sauted
 And I'm chillin' in LA with a bitch for the day

-Verse 5: Nipsey Hussle-
 Ain't that a bitch?
 Foot up on the gas, ain't no brakes in this bitch
 Cover girl givin' face to the Crip
 Somethin' 'bout a nigga on the way to the chips
 High off the money and I'm wasted as shit
 High off the life and she can't get a grip
 Hundred dollar cup and you can't get a sip
 I'm a million dollar nigga, you should take you a flick
 Hundred thousand dollar car where I sit
 And my broad is the shit
 Crenshaw in the 6
 Got it parked at the Shell in front of all of the Crips
 You either ball or you brick
 She don't know money so she callin' you rich
 You ain't got game so you fall for the shit
 Spend it all in this bitch 'til it's gone and she split
 Now you feel like a wimp
 Talkin' 'bout what you was buildin' and shit
 Got you all up in your feelings and shit
 Problem is, she addicted to the real nigga shit
 To the real nigga shit
 50 dollar, hundred dollar bill shit
 Gold crown on a real nigga wrist
 Fresh like my nephew Khalil in this bitch
 .40 cal, no concealing the shit
 4 gun cases, I'm still with this shit
 Backlit, wood wheel when I whip
 Got her right up on my lap, that's a real nigga risk
 In the field on my tip
 Hoes like Phil then I Stockton assist
 It ain't no stoppin' shit
 Avoid the potholes, put stocks on the 6

-Verse 6: Problem-
 Got Mary blowing Jane
 We fucking high, sex on a plane
 Hey newscaster, we about to reign
 Loving the club because we fill the section with pain, c'mon

Blow him up, finna explode
 All of hell's kitchen praying he don't stick from the stove
 God got me, illum-i-not-me written in bold
 Slept on, now I'm everywhere like g-g-g-go crazy
 'Bout 150
 Let me tell y'all now, I want Nicki
 Lift her up high up like helicopter far away from her fellow
 Let her play problem
 While problem tongue play with propeller (what)
 Keep fresh just in margielas
 Diamond lane running thangs ain't shit you can tell us (don't tell
 us nothing)
 Done everything, ain't shit you can sell us
 Money over bullshit, friction derail us (naw)
 -?- niggas, yeah we take it or leave it
 But know it's over since I was -?-
 You nervous like I thought you seen -?-
 Got everybody thanking me
 -?-
 I'm a boss -?-
 -?-
 -?-
 Cause I'm a mad man
 Fuck niggas like the Klan, man
 Put you to sleep like the sandman
 Give me the throne, I'm a chairman (diamond)
 Rolex beat, it's time for just winning, no fakes
 Just copped more 45's and 9s, I ain't talking bout no J's
 Please be afraid but I ain't the shooter
 -?-
 Riding shotty in the chevy -?- know as a Krueger
 Lyrical Ruger, pop your medulla
 You lukewarm, boy, go get you a cooler please
 Your bitch know that I'm cooler, please
 Your bitch know that I'm cooler, please
 So cool I could fucking die if I drop a few degrees
 Boss daddy used to call the police
 Get it good girl, use your knees
 I love them brainiacs
 Yeah, my last ho had a few degrees (for real)
 Back on my Compton shit
 Demonic how I demolish shit
 Angelic with my intuition
 Student of game make hoes pay tuition (huh)
 No dice, no pill, but I'm on a roll
 That one nigga that Kendrick can't control (what)

Problem

-Verse 7: Danny Brown-

(CHECK!)

That Ambien in my ink pen
 Move the brown squares like Wheat Thins
 Y'all five days and a weekend
 Stay smokin' on that defense
 That's 2 or 3 and I'm zonin'
 Got money like I cloned it
 Your bitch came through and I owned it
 Rims on the Caddy and I ice-cream coned it
 Homie, you ain't hitting on nothin'
 Drop that top when I hit that button
 Pimp so hard it's a full time job
 Swear, 12 stacks in my glove box
 Bitch niggas, tell me what it's gon' be
 Young nigga chop it up 223
 Come to the D, don't hit OGs
 And my advice is stay low-key
 Bitch we great, bitch we great, fuckin' set
 Bitch we jump up, bitch we jump up, we gotta have it
 Gotta get it, we gotta get it, we gonna take it
 Bitch we jump, say bitch we jump, we gotta make it
 Couple racks up on them -?-
 Your bitch here smoked my trippy stick
 Ridiculous, put dick on tit, spit on clit
 And it's over with, I'm over it
 No sober shit, drink til I just throw up and shit
 Y'all ho told me come over here
 So guess what nigga it's over with
 And it's over with

-Verse 8: Meyhem Lauren-

Fresh out the wave pool, my niggas made cool
 We wrote the blueprint for the shit y'all niggas try to do
 If I'm not outside, then I'm probably inside your boo
 My team's official, you ain't shit, that's why she's trying my crew
 Pardon me, I move retardedly
 This shit is old to me, the real New York is part of me
 I'm always shopping, keep it fly, Lauren is archery
 Don't get it twisted, realistic, I could part the sea
 My life is fast, I take a chance when I insert the key
 And then I turn it up, that's really how you work the V
 Your stash ain't never dry if you getting your work from me
 We do this fly shit perfectly, we're enough to rise the mercury

Heat nigga, street nigga
 Reflect those both when I be rapping on the beat, nigga
 Looking Cambodian while standing at the podium
 My flow was opium, we cock bottles and open them
 Laurenovich

-Verse 9: Raekwon-

Stop by, tryna see a nigga
 All I buy is these trees, king
 100 ki's in them streets, nigga
 Mask me up in grease
 Sneaker game is lethal
 N.Y., them eagles
 Fly through, get high too
 Fly as hell, might as well
 Hire you the live group
 Come through with that live crew
 Birds chirpin', cop that Birkin
 Boo, yo, I supplied you
 Liable to be in Beirut, no Beirut, this debut
 Slick, little niggas get gun pounding
 Keep moving, who saved you?
 Play who? Not me
 Me and Bronson, not we
 Two real niggas sitting in the East Coast
 Ice is on, heat close
 Fuck around and kill one of y'all clown ass niggas, word up
 Take your two, take your hat
 Take a nap, put your ass ton the ground, little niggas
 We pound niggas and drown niggas and
 Hemmied up, that brown, niggas
 All my niggas get stemi'd up
 Hennessy, Louie V
 Me and you, me and her
 We as one and she is done
 Battle rap me three to one
 Freedom after, kingdom come

-Verse 10: Vado-

Triple hundred K in my duffle
 Give a hundred K to my muscle
 Slept a hundred days, just wakin' up
 Need a brick, just break it up
 Break it down, then take the cut
 We shave around like a taper cut
 I weigh the pound, if you hatin' us

'Bout to paint the town, most hated what
 Most hated what
 Grab the dice then shake 'em up
 Talked hundreds since 8 and up
 You lost the onions, no makin' up
 No blunts but y'all fake as fuck
 It's gym time and I'm shapin' up
 I've been foul'in', when Blake get up
 You gon' waste a life, you need to hang it up
 Dreams, click clack
 Man down with that chrome Uz'
 On his back like "nigga don't move"
 Word to mother, we don't lose
 Talk -?- like we don't move
 See Gutter, be home soon
 See Gutter, he'll be home soon

-Bridge: Vado- x2
 What's good? Talk the money, what's good?
 Haters frontin', what's good?
 I'm pullin' up like, "What's good?"
 You know I got it, what's good?
 My people's 'bout it, what's good?
 Never stop, we never settle
 Gotta push the pedal in that hood
 -Verse 11: Kilo Kish-
 I sit in the back of the room
 Legs crossed, melting wax
 Another free drink so soon?
 All good, knock it back
 Red lights, heart attack
 Just a dream with no end in sight
 Waking up to evening
 Now it seems I live this rotten life
 Spoiled rotten life, frozen hair with burning hands
 Coming out to dance with other drones who couldn't give a damn
 But when the night calls
 Redcurrant lipstick with the lights off
 Look at all the bottles lined up
 Wondering who they could pop for
 Golden ember to the black floor
 Burning monks to -?-
 Part of the action
 Retweet, now you're the attraction
 Sit around and watch them
 Watch their faces and reactions

Then blur the lines until the sun
Is back on your horizon

-Verse 12: Juice-

Breathe, breathe, breathe, breathe, breathe
Inhale, potent marijuana running shit like the mayor
Rap game Peter Parker web swinging through the air
My minds in the clouds and I ain't got a beer
See I ain't got a care kill them now and reap the benefits
Coldest nigga out and I ain't sold no fucking disc
Henny bottle-eater, 3 grams in the fuckin' spliff
Call it what you want I'm a zombie bitch I'm off this shit

-Verse 13: Erick Arc Elliott-

Yo prada never gonna pile up
If you can't follow this game, nigga
My team smoking that green
If you ain't seen me then you must be a lame, nigga
And I'll give you three shots hold this heat down
Shorty pussy so wet she could soak a beach towel
But meanwhile, Effortless, so she thought it was a freestyle
Everybody wanna floss like a G now
What about me? Never had a bitch nigga doubt me
Zombie gang all y'all niggas pace is shit
On some basic shit it's no wonder that you sound the same
So forever am I living staying out of prison
Mommy told me different but these hoes don't hear it
Forever am I living staying out of prison
Mommy told me different but these hoes don't hear it

-Verse 14: Meech-

I heard life's a bitch so I spit and stimulate her clit
Hitting licks Henny shots hitting licks on the ave
Hitting licks who is this? that be Meech
Zombie walking casualty beat the beat till it's actually fragments
Coke off her areola and no not a can of soda
Tearing flesh pussy pink look like Cam's Range Rover
No High school diploma but baby I'm a street soulja
School of the hard knocks every class I leap over
Smith and Wesson .500, long nose, mazel tov
Shoot a man who squeal then I peel like an old cut
Like my women heightened and not even trying
And if she leaky leaky then Meechy gon' dive in
Ha, mic check check me, skin darker than Wesley
Two-eighths of shrooms got me dancing like Mr. Bentley
Mind yo' fuckin' business, why you think the whip is tinted?
The darkest nigga in it sparking up to infinite

-Verse 15: Renegade El Rey-

Renegade, nigga let's get it straight from the gate
 I'ma tell you what it is, I'ma tell you what it ain't
 See you ain't gotta question
 Or better yet second guess anything that I might say
 You see not a single syllable is out of place
 I rock a venue, people barely know my name
 What I'm tryna tell you is I ain't gotta tell you a fuckin' thing
 I'ma show so you know
 Niggas either do or they don't
 And bein' number two is what I won't be
 I'm silencin' lambs and sheep, don't sleep
 Cause my characteristics are that of a cannibal
 Call this shit Hannibal Lector
 My timing's impeccable, sharp like a razorblade
 And you look dissectible
 I've been on my mind for days
 Cause homie we've been in the grind for years
 Southern eagle nigga, fuck 'em all mane, we don't fly in fear
 I grew up in the city where they figured they can kill dreams when
 they kill king
 Niggas stay shot, -?-
 I stay strapped, fuck you mean?
 'Bout my green, I need bread, I'm like "Fuck the rest"
 When I need bread, I'm like "Fuck the rest"
 I be up all night tryna chase the check
 Prolly spent it fast, I need to make it back
 M.E.M.P.H.I.S, they could never stop me
 Check these lames and pimp this game
 Let's put it in my pocket

-Verse 16: Rockie Fresh-

And they will never know 'bout all the nights that we prayed
 All the meetings we took, and all the records we played
 I tried to tell 'em I'm the shit, but they told us, "no way"
 With no cuts, they're like a barber, they're about to catch fade
 My number one rule is that I gotta get paid
 I've been thinkin' this way since I was in the 6th grade
 No English, I ain't talk, but boy could add
 In the school of hard knocks I'm a fuckin' grad
 In these Pumas I'ma run shit, high so I'm above shit
 Lame ass niggas I don't fuck with
 Bathing Ape trucker, I'm a fly mothafucka
 My team lookin' at me like every time it's supper
 Cause they know I'm gon' feed 'em, Rocky been a boss
 I ain't worried 'bout the price cause I can clearly pay the cost

I'm the sharpest guy around and I'ma always cut my loss
Then come back for the win, I'ma make it, then I spin

-Verse 17: Pill-

Real west side nigga, -?-
Might pull the piece, somebody call a Buddhist
Your bitch put me high up on a nigga to-do list
You can do that, fuck nigga do this
And yeah I'm from the slimiest place where the bombs are pacin'
Niggas call me Jason when the guns are chasin'
Might hit 'em with the TEC, yeah the foul is flagrant
You be on gay shit
Hand in the bowl when your hand really cold
Work the light in the day shift
I don't really give a fuck as long as I get paid shift
New Cadillac, chopper, no new blade shit
I go crazy on this beat right now
I really gotta go and spit heat right now
Don't matter what the fuck it's prada
Well fitting suits eating on clam chowder
Knock it out the park like Eric Estrada
Remember I was shoppin' at Family Dollar
Got your main bitch Facebookin', beggin' for a swallow
Pop this pill then I pop my collar
Park this shit then I toss a couple dollars
Instagram, gon' post for some follows
I've been in and out my zone if you really wanna know
I got Hen and got Patron if you're really tryna go

-Verse 18: Bodega Bamz-

Oh, you don't know Bamz?
I'm what the music game need
Like Rich when he just came home
And then gave the keys to a cherry 3 Series
Oh, you don't know Bamz?
Fucker, that AK go chopped
7:30 my time, I'm on psychiatric watch
Oh, you don't know Bamz?
Show and prove for what?
I got XXL mula, I got bitches tryna get fucked
Oh, you don't know Bamz?
Now you're dead, pussy boy catch up
Pool junkie rack up, nigga, act up
Trunk with the mac truck bulletproof'ed up
Oh, you don't know Bamz?
Double parked on murder lane

187 my address, Boulevard of pain
 Oh, you don't know Bamz?
 My cellphone backed up
 My clientele meet once
 No voice mail, just call me up, uh
 646 684 01 01
 Hit me up when you want that coke
 Hit me up when you want more drugs
 646 684 01 01
 Hit me up when you want that coke
 Hit me up when you want more drugs

-Verse 19: Remy Banks-

As I sit back and roll up this black demeanor
 Reminiscing on my past, still dreaming about that Beamer
 Shit, I never was that kid in the streets gripping on Nina's
 Instead, I was that nigga puffin reefer, fucking lolitas
 With the baddest features
 Dog 'em then it's onto the next like I do my sneakers
 That was the life I was living, careless about their feelings
 Caught cheating, ask for forgiveness, of course I got my way
 But now I'm older and wiser, cruising through summer days
 With a little Ma riding in the passenger, she rolling up that lavender
 Purple cannabis rapture, head high like a Jersey in the rafters
 You wing a Frazier, some smart players until we major
 Traveling the world, collecting paper, pissing off these haters
 Come back home and invest in something then ball out later
 In five star restaurants high as hell when I tip my waiter
 Providing for my seed when I bring one in this world
 But until that day gets here I'm thinking about these joints, twerk

-Verse 20: Killer Mike-

Lord have mercy
 I'm so motherfucking fresh to death, better call my hearse
 My hearse a 72442 with an all wood wheel and that bitch'll vert
 My Oldmobile is a cold mobile
 Got a cold, young chick down in Mobile
 My stacks so fat can't even hold that
 Fold that, lay flat like I lack no wheel
 Lay flat like I lack no wheels for real
 A nigga had to cold the corner, move crack for real
 Move crack for real, no rap shit
 But I rap rap shit, my rap shit for real
 So you rapping ass rabbit ass ratchet ass niggas
 Gotta listen to these raps for real
 Cuz, I don't give a fuck if you a Blood or a cuz

Cause I draw blood for real
 Tryna hang in my city, tryna see a bitch titty, no pity
 Nigga, you'll get hit for real
 These maggot ass hoes ain't hit on shit
 They'll set you up for the loot shit, man
 Thinking that's your bitch, better have your shit
 Better have quick hands like Gucci Mane
 Niggas tryna get a brick of Kathy Lee Gifford
 Better be strapped like Clifford
 It's the big, black nigga gripper of the big black pistol
 I suggest you confess where you keeping all the money, mister
 At the worst you'll see a hearse
 But at the best he just will pistol whip ya
 Get to see you child and live
 Lord have mercy, please forgive 'em, gone

-Verse 21: Del Harris-

Young Del God is handsome
 Your girl, she's on ransom
 She don't wanna come back
 Cause you don't make her cum
 On the beats I do go dumb
 And I do her till she numb
 And I make her soaking wet when she grab that water gun
 Now fuck that brag rap, man
 I'm Batman, I'm Bruce Wayne
 I'm kickin' it, I'm Liu Kang
 I'm killing these niggas, they're too lame
 Unorthodox, they too tame
 I'm right hand but play left
 I'll chop a trend down 'til there ain't no more plain left
 Now pay respect to them gods, niggas
 Not talkin' church, I'm talkin' rides niggas
 On boulevards when we ride
 Hovercrafts cause we fly
 Q Gang 'til I die
 Pyramid on my eye
 Button up on my chest
 -?- chain on top, no tie
 While I'm choppin' up this Thai food
 Young Del God make god moves
 Young Del God say "fuck fate"
 If I lose then I choose to
 This that chateau rap, that shit that niggas ain't used to
 Might salad fork while I choose to
 While I'm fine dining on YouTube

I'm a king, I said that I'm a king
Go to Onyx with an Onyx -?- on my ring

-Verse 22: YG-

I'm back in this bitch bashing
These rappers be swagger jacking
Clap 'em not, they don't even matter
1-2, this lung been splattered
And I heat a pistol on something
I keep a fifth on the belt
Pulling out the needles with the liable
Make sure it ain't sitting on the shelf
Cause I ain't light on the body
Fuck waiting in your lobby
Hannah Montana finally did grew up
I've been waiting on Miley
I'm gangbangin' 'til I break my fingers
Ti'l all my family members speak the slanguage
I ain't even drop no album yet
Off mixtapes, that's how I've been maintaining
If you offended, nigga, sorry
In backs there is bodies
Have your best friend, cuzzo, uncle, pops and another
Bury you in front of everybody
If I ain't been who you are I don't fuck with you
If I fuck with you then I'm stuck with you
I'm stuck with you, I'll shoot it out
Do some years and a couple months with you, woo

-Verse 23: CyHi da Prince-

Lyrically I am the epitome of a real MC
Biblically I am Timothy, visually I am Tripoli
Full of bigotry, fighting with Gaddafi over liberty
Politically I'm Barack smoking pot, sipping Hennessy
That's my only vice, old school noisy pipes
I ain't tryna be the richest, I'm cool with an M like Obie Trice
Rappers sing the same song, it must be karaoke night
That shit sound like you sang the hokey pokey twice
But this the main event, can't tell me that I ain't a prince
A one-hit wonder to your girl cause I came and went
But this that fly talk, smoke it, you'll get high off
The best thing to happen to the street since the sidewalk
Or the stop sign, or the shots flying
From a Glock 9, now the block crying, I don't freestyle, I jot mine
Call me Mr. 1-800, all I got is hotlines
These niggas tell so many stories they can overlook the skyline
Biatch

-Verse 24: Young Thug-

Thugger!

Y'all got me drunk as hell, uh

Now I been red since I was little like Robin Hood

They been hatin' on me, cutting my cable cords

They gon' hate on her when she come in Michael Kors

Meanwhile, your bitch in the 'Lac, grippin' this wood

I want you

She went to grabbin' for my jewels, I told her

Buy yourself a squad, you get a rollie, rollie

She know she can't have it, that shit love my woadie

She want to buy him a chinchilla

She see you serve foreign country boys from the village

Always, I gotta stand her

No, she don't want nobody to eat but her

She but like fuck them digits, stack them digits

Cut them then we benefit, cut them then we send them into

She ride three deep with molly in the middle

Put Micky Thompsons all on my Jeep

Ain't got no handprints on my golds, they all on my seat

Ten-thousand-dollar toe rings, featured by me

Bitches know it's time out

They be fucking me so good, I be like 'Time out!'

They want to fuck me 'til I tell 'em all to time out

She stroke it, I can't coach it, I'm like 'Time out!'

I'm not no snitch, but I be tellin' 'em, tellin' 'em, tellin' 'em, tellin' 'em

Tellin' 'em, tellin' 'em, tellin' 'em, tellin' 'em

I'm so tired of tellin' 'em, tellin' 'em, tellin' 'em, tellin' 'em

Tellin' 'em, tellin' 'em, tellin' 'em, tellin' 'em

Now I'ma show 'em

Her posse beat me by the threes, I call 'em Reggie Miller

She roll my weed in giant ?, she tall like 'Zilla

I want you

Baby, don't you run from me, you know I want you

She down with Slime, she got a tattoo of an anaconda

Thugger getting high in London

Bitches walking 'round naked in no pajamas

Lil' homie ran off with lots of numbers

And for that, I'm gonna fuck your aunt, your sis, your mama

Then pop a pill together

She want to feel just like I feel, we growing wings together

Everything perfect about her, can't get my things together

I turn her up and we shit out earthlings together

Just do it like Michael Montana

My father say I got stamina

I cooking the Hannah Montana
 I bury these hoes like Santas do
 I kill every one of my features
 I spend all my money on divas
 My pockets on yella bands
 Just like a beeper

-Verse 25: A\$ton Matthews-

They found Max B prints in my way
 Bitch, I rode the Red Sea through my biblical days
 No roof, snow boots, and that Persian Mercedes
 Perving the 80's, you ain't never surf with the Brady's
 Ric Flair, a heavyweight champion
 Got Trish Stratus with them panties on singing "daddy's home"
 Bust it, in these Space Jams, I'm a Monstar
 Do-rag, tote on, that cake blocked in an arm war
 So rumble, young man, rumble
 Young killa when he came out the jungle
 Young dealer in the rains with the bundles
 Gets no realer, get chipped when you stumble
 Eat the ox on the foil, ten toes in the soil
 Chop chop 'till he drop, fuck what you thought
 I never leave my life with a lawyer
 Eyes wide with my head on the swivel
 Choose a side or get left in the middle
 I just treat with the sand on the beach
 When the desert eagles meet, then I'm finna beat
 Rest them in their sleep, you can lose 'em to the beef
 Move or we shooting in the jeep
 Homicide coming through the sneaks
 Your hands ain't moving with your cheek
 Bag 'em up and move 'em up the creek

-Verse 26: Prodigy-

On my test, got a story to 'em
 Like all my raps weigh more than music
 The more I write, the better I do it
 And right now my stock is up
 I do me from day one, huh
 My nigga you know where it hit fours
 Still fuck with me at day one hundred
 Cause I don't play, I gets off
 Piss off, bitch, you ain't lit
 You just a nigga saying shit
 Rappers burn out, Pasadena, Kansas state
 Mobb Deep is that truth, liar

Prodigy is that fuel fire
 Come try me, I show better than tell, Infamous empire
 I'm on point like the state building
 I stay sharper than razor blades
 Think you doing the most, I give you the most
 Slashes to the face
 Hoes like "he so angry", uh
 Trust me bitch, you gon' thank me
 Cause when it pop and the smoke gone
 We gon' walk outta here safely
 Fuck with me, I got you
 Real nigga, no costume
 This modern art that I spit
 It's not no bullshit, and colossal
 So pour it up, pour it up, that's how we ball out
 Cause when I bomb on these niggas it's worse than nuclear fall out

-Verse 27: SL Jones-

Keep the small bills separate from the hundreds, please
 That bank vault can't talk but the numbers read
 And the tellers makin' statements, breakin' all the codes
 This ain't a mothafuckin' date, we takin' all the hoes
 Shop 'til I drop, freshest corpse in the morgue
 Lookin' like a fashion fossil, I'm Gianni reborn
 Four, I was voted most likely to trap
 It's survival of the trillest, nigga, die or adapt
 Waste a lot of champagne but I don't waste a drop of time
 Public with my gang relations, throwin' up the proper signs
 Sawed off the shotty, got the chopper circumcised
 Chevy so clean, look like I dipped that bitch in turpentine
 All my homies certified, hottest nigga outchea
 Look like -?- we burned alive
 Thought that I would ball 'til I fall, then I learned to fly
 Spread my wings
 They say success is contagious so I share my dreams

-Verse 28: Nasty Nigel-

Bolo swingin' from left to right
 I'm not a cholo but I know hoes out in SoHo lovin' my ethnic type
 When I smile for the photo looking like Lobo
 Me and my bloodshot eyes
 I pass on the Bud Light Lime
 Just pass me that brew of St. Ides
 Got cash, I ain't gotta think twice
 Unconventional shit
 Pretentious hipsters that diss

Half-assed review on Fader
 Still get no love from Pitchfork
 Nigel Rubirosa, que la cosa?
 Feet up on the sofa
 Heat up on the holster
 World's Fair! Yeah, you know us
 11-36-8 be the zip code
 Corona, Queens nigga
 That's what I call home
 Feet on the dash, mind on the ass
 Racin' the Sun just so I can get dome
 Pimped the shorties I've been with
 My friends that had me evicted
 It's been two years and I'm slippin'
 Still got no pot to piss in
 It's everyone goes, they can suck a -?-
 We have another song, I won't fuckin' feel it
 Got my eyes on the Harley and I'm trying to peel it
 Had my eyes on the bitch but she married Keaton
 Got no job so I'm hardly eatin'
 And you eatin' then we fuckin' beefin'
 I need a pie and pizza just to meet up for a fuckin' feature

-Verse 29: Bobby Creekwater-
 Man, they don't wanna see a nigga
 Winning in a mothafucka
 Happier than a mothafucka
 You know lightweight grinnin' in a mothafucka
 When you're a dead guy and you on that high
 So the whole world spinnin' in a mothafucka
 And a couple young angels hide their halo
 Cause they're 'bout to start sinnin' in a mothafucka
 They don't wanna see a nigga on the upswing
 In a black tux with cufflinks
 When you're the reason that every single girl in the party
 Wanna dance and cuff drinks
 When you're the reason that shit gets ran
 And mothafuckas wheezin' to keep up with the plan
 And the other niggas show up at your function
 Actin' all anti-social, no, a nigga fan
 Run up on your mama puttin' money in her hand
 And you do that shit again and again and again
 Pull up in the 8, goin' home with a 10
 And you really can't defend or depend on your friends
 Ex girlfriend wanna key up the Benz
 When the Sun comes up, nigga we up to win

Mothafuck you man, all you do is set trends
And you do that shit again and again and again

-Verse 30: Action Bronson-

Ugh, ugh
Got those motherfucking custom Roshes
Feel me?
This big beard cover my face
Until my mother gets her first crib
My hand's on some surf shit
My Spanish mami perfect
Fuck around and get your father's shirt lift
Drop a thousand on some sake and some urchin
Swing the Dodge Viper lefty like I'm Randy Johnson
Hand me the Thompson
I'll spill your clams on the carpet
Then eat some snails with some garlic
Paint the town with a harlot
Cream FILAs and Carhartt
Three-wheelin out the car lot
Put the snorkel on the Wrangler cause I'm silly
I chip a little piece of brick into the philly
My daughter's neck is chilly
My son's neck is chilly
My mother wrist so cut
Look like it got bit by a grizzly
And these drugs got me spinning like some capoeira
Still rock the slow beats with gold teeth
Ain't afraid to hold heat
Control the Jeep
That's for the slow creep
Ya fuckin' pussy smells like old meat
It's me

-Verse 31: Heems-

Heema the highest human, flyest cumin in my unit
I ?, the shorties swoonin', and they want to get to spoonin'
Never wished i was taller, himanshu ain't no midget
Never wished i was a baller, if I want it, then I get it
I built a fucking blueprint, like who the fuck you kidding?
I;m ridin' around and I'm gettin' it, if it's mine, i'm spending
You lames and you fall, i'm like 2 Chainz when i ball
Got Husseins on my feet and Husains on my wall
Hussein Chalayans, a pretty girl said that's fancy
Unless his name is Hussein, give a fuck who your mans be
My shoes got dials, they ain't got laces

If you got beef, I show up with many faces
 Been to many places where we leaving many casings
 Running 'round, man, but we never catch no cases
 Give a fuck about what you say, kicking it with like two babes
 Top off, toupee, hot as fuck, creme brle

-Verse 32: Mike G-

There's no way I can care about much
 You probably do the most and it's never enough
 King Midas, I can make gold with a touch
 Change my location to awesome, you should address me as such
 Swear this game, you have to know it like the back of your hand
 Destined to be like Superman for as long as you can
 Wondering what's the purpose without living a life so grand
 The worst hand is having the world without a master plan
 I feel like you gotta pardon Mike for taking over this Earth
 Despite sleepless nights and long flights
 And I don't like discussions unless it concerns a price
 If you make it out of spite, you still make it so it's alright
 I spit magic, so cold and lavish
 Bad broads perform sexual acts in traffic
 So smooth, the saxophone and jazz is
 It's horrendous what you lack and focus on what you have in the G
 More than average, I'm nothing to test
 If it's to me, you step and contest, then bring your best
 Give it your all, now women beg me to call
 And unless we overseas, we don't shop in the mall
 Consider this move so private I've become urban myth
 My aim is so swift, with this I can't miss
 Top notch, number one on everybody's list
 I promise to kill them all til everybody's missed

-Verse 33: Yak Ballz-

I never sell drugs, I took 'em
 I don't write rhymes, I cook 'em
 I'm from the Old New York
 Where you got your chain snatched
 And your kicks taken
 I put my city up like I'm bench pressing
 Scoring high off the -?-
 Brutal, last in 10 seconds
 Jolly good, body good
 I met a stripper named Hollywood
 In Hollywood, glass slipper
 And she gave me the sloppy goooooood
 So you should tip her if you execute

Young leisure suit
 Larry with no extra loot
 My ex left me destitute
 So chances are I don't remember you if I slept with you
 You want karats, I'm turnin' rappers to vegetables
 City of God, I'm askin' what would the devil do?
 Instagram it, I forever rule, Ricky

-Verse 34: Zebra Katz-

Super villain, I'm killin', kick in the door
 Watch me spillin' 'em, fuckin' winnin'
 Straight killin' haters, they catchin' them feelings
 See me grillin', me drillin', like we chillin'
 But really see I'm fulfillin' their fantasies
 Like I'm fuckin' my frienemy
 Yo what's up, see me on motherfucker tryna get buck
 Where in the world did he get that from?
 When the bass drop down and he kick that drum
 So what's up? Where in the world did he get that from?
 Where in the world did he get that from?
 When the bass drop down and he kick that drum
 Yeah I've been known to really fuck it up
 No damn, no shit, zip zap zup
 Speedin' on the highway, Bronco truck
 When you ask for the Katz, mothafucka here I come
 Yeah I've been known to really fuck it up
 -?- zip zap zup
 Speedin' on the highway, Bronco truck
 When you ask for the Katz, mothafucka here I come

-Bridge: Zebra Katz- x2

Need -?-? Well I got it right here
 Need motivation for the ass to gon' twerk? Well I got it right here
 If you need a thing, a thing, then I got it right here
 -?- I got it right here, I got it right here

-Verse 35: Curtis Williams-

Most of these niggas gon' hate
 Me and my niggas get paid
 One nigga swing then we all gon' swing
 We all gon' catch that case
 Couple blunts to the face, got a nigga straight
 Rappin' on beats got a young nigga made
 What can I say? My closet got Bape
 I don't do delays, I want it today
 Noisy pack in my wrap
 Hennessy in my cup

Ginger ale if I chase
 But I really don't do that much
 I really don't have no time
 You ain't tryin' to get no funds
 Doin' this shit 'til I die
 I'm rollin' and smokin' on drugs

-Verse 36: Reese-

Rollin' up, chokin' up on the kush smoke
 Whip sick, big wheels, Big Willie shit
 Hot boxer, hot sauna, car full, thick
 I love the constituents, is down to get their lids peeled
 Still pimpin', ridin' 'round town gettin' low
 With my bright skin shawty, call her light show
 She like Reese I'm tryna light that
 Show love, she hold me down like an ice pack
 It's big faces on faces bruh
 Big faces on faces bruh
 Dead men in my pockets got me goin' up
 It's goin' face down if a nigga flex us
 Yeah, in God we trust, but bands is a must
 We gotta get that, spend that, get that
 Re-up, recoup, repeat that

-Verse 37: Dave-

Say deuce 9 in that ending
 Been winning since the beginning
 Did a couple shows, need a couple more
 That price right but we skippin'
 But to our niggas, we gettin' it
 With that work I turn into a chemist
 Walter White, send a -?- to my niggas locked up in prison
 Free my nigga Chris
 And free my uncle Marky
 Now tell them they fucked up
 When they told 'em they could start me
 Cause I ain't lettin' up, they're talkin' 'bout the best
 They better mention us, yeah they better mention us

-Verse 38: LightSkinMac11-

Apartment off -?-
 Rottweiler just to watch 'em
 Maybachs for the profit
 Get a Lexus for my mama
 Hail Marys for our fathers
 Press the pedal to get farther
 In that new thing

No tags, nigga, fuck the dollar
 All about it so don't fuckin' bother
 My loose change got me Bruce Wayne
 And a 3 page spread
 Y'all was sleepin' on the flow just a couple months later
 Now y'all purchasing the flow, East Coast

-Verse 39: Alkebulan-
 King, god, pharoah
 Feared the sensei, gold for bone marrow, save
 My name is running coyote
 I'm on peyote with the queen, running on waves
 I will make water out of Hennessy
 Target my ankh, I was born a public enemy
 Reign insurmountable
 A woman will make me climax but she won't be ending me
 This is not a dream, marchin', in all black
 A Black Clan king
 Respect the illustrator
 Don't you dare ever try the Elohim, fuck flexin'
 I say my name when I name drop, son
 Who's the god in this pantheon?
 Two-9, Alkebulan, Alkebulan, Alkebulan, Alkebulan

-Verse 40: CEEJ-
 Get up trick
 Put your head to your knees like a sit-up, bitch
 Get too live for the crew, Two-9
 We're the new 2 Live Crew, give up, bitch
 Send 'em all to Hell, kill this shit
 Spit it like braille, gotta feel this shit
 Gotta check up, haters still -?-
 Yellin' kill 'em all and I'm on ball like I'm Billups, bitch

-Verse 41: Jace-
 Runnin' our heart, sit up bitch
 Hard to go to sleep, all we know is work
 Catch no Zs, chilled on purp
 -?- came second but my bills on first
 East Side nigga, still my turf
 Pierce like 'Matic, hoes still at it
 Swing like a batter and my crew goin' at it
 Best believe that that shit gon' hurt

-Verse 42: Alexander Spit-
 Toot up the French horn
 The fog machine is sandstorm

Ain't go to camp
 Cordless toward the performer that's keepin' your amps warm
 'Fore the fans swarm
 All but the limousine, swear to God that's in between
 Indigo indie dream, you intervene
 Yeah that's a Spit sixteen
 Hearts inside of my tip jar
 Like a bleeding heart beneath wood floor
 And if every lion is purrin'
 Then I'ma be certain I let my engine roar
 I'm swingin' swords and swingin' chains
 Singin' pure and bangin' strange
 This Alexander Spit and I'm off the wall like -?-
 I'm changin' lanes
 Driftin' around whatever it is this game became
 Like gorillas and orangutans
 Go bananas and bangarang
 They say I'm prayin' to that cross
 For all of that fifteen minute fame
 But I'ma get my -?-
 And the god's here
 So baby just open your bra zip
 And just let them titties out
 And let 'em bounce like this was Paul Revere
 I'm 7.0in' on Pitchfork
 I'm 10-0in' on this court
 This Alexander Spit with a pistol
 -?- full of -?-, I got this

-Verse 43: ScottyATL-
 Better have my check, I need that first
 Before I move, before I step
 See I been burned it don't take long
 And learn quick, it ain't no twice
 I gave my time, I gave my life
 So I won't bet what all I spent
 I'm trying to be good, I'll take your bitch
 And I ain't even playin, just ask my clique
 You know my steez, trying to get real A-Town
 Got that or either got sump'n to give away
 Big feet on the bottom of a Chevrolet
 Everybody and they mamma sell plenty hay
 Need to ride with the weight scale
 Propped up in the seat trying to get that
 My ? on a eastside ho ?????
 Tell Bron Bron we can bring the Heat back

I'm a champ, I support it
 Flipping through the hundred
 Cool Club with it
 Running to the money
 I'm in shape, I'm in shape stacking cake
 Duncan Hines go get "Faith" thats my last tape
 I'm on 10, I'm on fire, I'm on point, I'm on smash
 Rolly on my dash, breaking down in my Cad'
 I'm Atlanta, ScottyATL ho 1 space that's a Y not an IE
 Slipped in ain't even check ID
 Game need me I'ma rap IV

-Verse 44: Da\$h-

Year before '83, I be the kid who found ET
 Tell him teach me all he know, prolly make him smoke some dope
 Call a bitch over for throat and put her on some game
 Just to get up in her brain and now she out makin' me change
 I'm full of dynamite, throw her on the blade, no Wesley Snipes
 Young Roxanne, baby, sell that body to the night
 I'm trife as fuck, light the blunt, get high enough to die for once
 Throw the pad at Christ, they askin' God how do I write this stuff
 The Lord never liked me much, but I'm sayin', "Oh well"
 Blazin' up with the devil, watchin' old Hell in the Cell
 Matches your favorite actress, blasted, naked on my mattress
 Polygraphs break, you say I ain't the illest nigga rappin'
 The fucking captain of this multi million dollar faction
 Commander and chief
 My sons is Son of Sam with the beef
 We get loot, always ran from police
 You bitch niggas lose your head if you speak
 I ash the doobie off the cruise ship
 And flew hash, cheffin' out of Ruth Chris
 Two bitches tellin' me they do sniff
 What do you know?
 So much wax in this blunt I'm smokin'
 You'd thinkin' I'm fuckin' Madame Tussauds
 You think I'm fuckin' mad, I'm too so
 I'm out of it, bitch, oh
 Nah, fuck that
 Bring them fuckin' trumpets back
 Light a dub sack for my niggas who slung crack
 On a daily basis, sip liquor, I never chase it
 Fucker I'm the greatest, carve a statue of my face, bitch