You know the name will be back yea it's the show starters We flow smarter and go harder than most artists A points proven in the records we drop They say they're gonna take us over I say they're definitely not Because we put it in our time and our ref is spilling our mind On a record why do they try for a second? I am the type that'll wreck em dissect them And infest their lives with the (test of my weapons?) fire It some words infect your neck and spine with a sentence of wild Made our own styles and never will we copy shit They think it's gonna work so then they try and copy this We always setting it out and sometimes you gotta speak We ain't some politicians promises I wanna keep Got our feet on solid ground and mobbing around us So the vultures and they're sobbing and frowning One will be founded but no working hard and we grinding I gotta cypher it's violent it's nothing to have a rapper hiding in silence you know?

Hold on here we come we the bad guys
That's what they label us but we be thinking how why?
It's our ride they just jumping aboard
Let two off in the air and let one off in the floor
That was a warning call and that's to all of y'all
We hit heights so we high we can't fall we sure
The top spot is ours you get used to it
Brothers running this shit so come try move the clip

That's right the blood brothers of rap Start with nothin' make it flip how you fucking with that? From the shows to the pot clouds we be droppin' hot sounds I've seen Ratesy swing on most these rappers they got stomped out We soldier on and on pushing past these hater faggots They wouldn't know what to do when fucking danger happens Crazy masses that's the shit that we appeal too If that's the case then most of them must all be real too On Untold I heard a letter to me I can't address it it's too strong it got the better of me Just know the shit hit me hard with every bar that you wrote It couldn't get any realer only half of them know All the shit that we fought through in district Aus move Breaking all these barriers and never get awards true You know we laugh at them try to copy us now I think we told them man they gotta sit the fuck down

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I couldn't care for them if they were sinking in a rut I'd offer out a hand to punch them I ain't gonna pick them up See we never give a fuck we don't care if we're blacklisted

Fuck their wack writtens me and Kerser man we're that gifted You fucking pussies fucking lucky I don't bash kittens ABK Records for the record yeah you have to listen Set it before Debbie get the pen when I talk Now I'll pass you back to Kers to put your head through the door Aye

Head through the door I'll leave them dead on the floor
ABK Records cunts they ain't ready for more
Pissing people off with every song that we drop
And it makes it even worse that we're not gonna stop
Certified with a street sound they don't want a beat down
Every album dropped you're getting swept off your feet now
We the bad guys shit we can handle that
Kers with Rates one injure and dismantle rap

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