

Eastern Conference All-Stars

Skyzoo

Understandable smooth shit to jump off the stoop with
Know I kick in my two cents, it's duffles and toothpicks
To give you 16 feels like if a pound flew in
Competition nutso? Let's GPS where the roof is
Yea, the same flow came out the hallway with me
I put 95 on my back like I'm DeAndre Bembry
It's like I'm Illmatic sitting on loop
Meets Mortal Kombat finishing moves
You seen what the Genesis do
And the endings is Jordan-esque or whichever way that the play goes
Cause six joints will get you whatever, I came as Thanos
I threw you jewels with an NYCHA flow
Blue and orange signs like I was on Dolan's payrol
Malcolm X Air Raid Nikes, by the caseload
But still good to fuck with a Becky like John Stamos
Taught to know that the rule of thumb was innuendos
And to slay the Box but to make love to instrumentals, do the math

I spent more on the baggies than what they spent on the yola
Off a plate got rid of weight just like I'm Marsha Ambrosius
My bitch caught a job to shop and take up yoga
The strap on the heckler, I'm Koch made out of cobra
You know Benny stuff them 12 12 skinny's until it's over
Strip ladies, still was stingy just like I'm Tommy Mottola
Nobody rhyming dominant, honest probably since Hova
Crown me kindly, I'm known as the Blueprint finally decoded
Proud to be noticed, watch me, all this grinding got me promoted
We click statues, poverty molded
I got rich with the Pyrex turn the forks around it
Then retired and got richer just talkin' 'bout it
I'm still smoking on the rawest Sour
Open the trap, close that, then the count the racks up after office hours
Fans want classics and suckas walk past us
Hustlers don't want much, just comfortable traffic
All these rap niggas get as comfortable caskets
No subliminals, I'm shootin' hunting bow accurate
Let's go, who run this city the most
Me and Sky shot up the club like Diddy and Po
I be at your front door if it really was smoke
Every hustler who seen a brick say Benny The G.O.A.T.

Everybody talkin' that who's the best shit, all of y'all could stop it
For two years, I recorded the hardest shit that's rockin'
Verse of the year on like all the shit I jotted
I raised the bar then I linked with Marshall in the process
I weigh the raw, I link from Baltimore to Compton
It ain't no ice, leave that cold water on the locket
Yeah, now it's Audemars the watches
Fifty pointers, like Harden for the rockets
Silencer on the real, got it muffled to see
Popped a nigga in his side and broke a couple of ribs
Sky, I was broke when we shot that "Luxury" vid
Now I'm on I.G. showin' bitches what luxury is
Aw yeah, I made it clear, they can't fuck with the kid
I d'ed shorty that played Faith, 'cause I just did it "Big"
Griselda Records, I'm the muscle, you dig?
I don't tussle, I let my gun touch you, you dig? It's the Machine, bitch

I can see clear throughout the universe, the quasars and soon a verse
Through multiple suns, moons, the Earths
I rhyme exquisite and shut your city down, to the West, I'm a blizzard
On the East, I'm a Kamikaze pilot visit
Who said the kid in the Byzantine who envisioned green
Isn't mean as a prison scene and don't keep their division clean
I spit that hot tamale, wasabi mixture, that's a Rob Zombie picture
Stop playing checkers with Bobby Fisher
And just embrace it, I made it to the top floor out the basement, blew your
advance on a bracelet
Pick a line I write, it's not as wicked as a sick piranha bite
A brick of China white, lit wick on a stick of dynamite a quick reminder might
Show you niggas with a slick persona, I come through your chick's pajamas and
dick ya mama right
Either the flow's acid, or a trigger finger to expose plastic
Leave it closed casket with a rose basket

Ayo, my first love was a Mac-10
I caught a handful, I had three bodies back then
Little snott nosed nigga, takin' niggas chains off
Dope so thick, I had to hit it with a chainsaw
Aston Martin with the snake seats
In the kitchen for a different stove fish waist deep
Yankee blue tops, twenty dollars get you three of 'em
Paul made the sweat suit be leanin' with the thing on 'em
Ayo, Versace on the goalie, told my teacher fuck you, I'm in class in a Rollie
Stacked a hundred thousand, that was back in 2000
Sold a dummy brick, hurry up nigga, count it
I need the Cherry Mayback, ASAP, and then counseling
Plug thirty fiends at the Raddison, got 'em dirt cheap
Three states we had to travel in, make it back safe
Forty each, I was abdomen, break one down
Everything off the mannequin