

The Burn Notice

Skyzoo

The 7-1-8 flag carrier
Barely accounting the passing since my classic
And since I classed in, they're using me to give 'em a class sense
And I don't even remember what class is
To each one his own
I'm John Wall, the money leading my road
I sign before I signed, get my sneakers and go
So if the come and go, the bottom line is a tuck and roll
Try'na hide something in the broad's underclothes
Lyrically sitting me in between 1 and 4
Possibly the 5th but I'm out of reach from the 6 and on
Like get 'em I'm gone, still on my pen strike
The author or Brad Jordan, so know what my pen's like
The Kanye of Duck Down, Sean Corey of JAMLA
Corner store with the grammar, y'all applaudin' the banter
All in all with the stanzas, the literature smack
The tape comes with a rope, you can calligraphy that

Far as rap go, rap go
In and out of leagues
We don't rap close
None of that is similar to me
And if we that close
That rope don't abide to me
Play the back bro
Bodied if you get a bunch of speed, I mean
I burn something, I burn something, yeah
I burn something, I burn something, yeah
I burn something, I burn something, yeah
I burn something, I burn something, yeah

Stupid niggas try'na rap need to read books
You think hijack means getting your weed took
Fuck all that shit you talkin' 'bout, your whole team crooks
You got a couple niggas on your team with that fiend look (Ew!)
Jaw shaking all crazy, y'all playin' gon' make me angry
Y'all gon' lay in the morgue, Tracy
Plus y'all lazy with your bars lately
I'm raising the bar, raising all hell
Somebody should call Satan
Tell him a monster done stole his whole crib
And he 'bout to drop it off at your crib
I give 'em HELL
You wouldn't raise hell if hell was your kid
stepped on dog shit, this nigga frail!
We done passed that stage and the click blaow!
On that stint, you tried to cop pleas, you Chris Brown!
Lying 'bout you palm the Mag, please stop it
Treat yourself to one of them shards of glass freeze pops

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5, 4, 3, 2, start a pistol blast off
No proctologist, Ruck is rapping his ass off
Niggas lost like the Tribe of Shabazz
Find 'em with a verse that'll surprise their ass
Wizard of wordplay, all my phrases rock shit
Brownsville, still smoke haze and chocolate
Fuck a fair one, I don't get paid to box, bitch
Gang leader, say shoot, your ass get shot which
Ran the team, futuristic laser the beam
Heat spit, street shit have me way off my Dīn
Writing a rhyme, should be studying my Qur'an
Like when I rhyme even though the shit is Haraam
Dropping a bomb, nickname Napalm Sean
Stick to your skin, big gun raised in my arm
Breaking his arm, listen to this shit with your mom
I would've said your pops but the nigga is gone
P!

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