

The Hand Off

Skyzoo

Stir up the pot cooking
Leaving the block shookin'
I'm the reason all the bad broads and the cops lookin'
You got the drop, jooks 'em
Call us and not hook 'em
Take your shit, scrape your bitch
Leave and just shout "Brooklyn"
Nigga, we outchea
Raised in the projects, to not care
The pigs come knockin', he not here
Learn that it's not fair
Vivid, but not clear
Never had nothin', bag somethin' and not share
Mastered unruly
Facts of life, truly
Learn with no Blan no Tootie
Just air and one toolie
Ain't near but one-two me
Microphone check, or one-two me
I need a young Whitney run to me
Young Britney come through me
Oops, I did it again
The '80s just a kid with a pen
In present day, just a nig in the Benz
Who got snaps on the petro
Kicks still the same, they just retro
Let's go

My first time inside a bra was out in Southside Jamaica, Queens
Following the porn was my outline to make a scene
First 48, couple days I grew a name
She told her friends the way I stepped in it
They start to call me elephant
My delivery heavensent, like Biggie blew his breath in it
Glock 30 lyrically, I drop murder wizardry
My block murder literally
One way or another, blues or clues
I peruse in better shoes
Nowadays you'd be surprised how much clappin' in the air will getchya
This shit is a thirst trap like a Tahiry picture
Learnin' jewels over Ronny Jordan loops
Pops read the final call, Glock set behind the wall
And my number never changed
Just the motherfuckers callin' it
My jumper never changed
Just the spots where I could water it
I'm around the corner, back block
And right in front the store with it
You seein' orange glows, or whatever color my aura is
Rick James bitches, my bitch frame vicious
The only thing meaner is how I kick game switches
A pack of Now and Laters in the tent, range dippin'
Parked in front of Popeye's, livin'
The simple life of Skyler, huh