

The Beginning

Stat Quo

Feels like fresh air
I can breathe
Long time coming
Let us begin

This is statlanta wih no em and no dre
Just nothin but that mothefuckin a (yeah)
They can't keep him away hes too resourceful
Getting that gwop with the glock by my torso
The young terror from the crack era
I turn never to a gaurentee
God speaks through me
This is my bio read my life
Tune your ears to my soul
Let my music bring light
No hype no gimmicks
Obie told me there's no love in this game
Most niggas od
On the fame and the change
But I remain sane
With my feet and my body engulfed in the flames
First album but it feels like the third
Countless mixtapes I'm a grind on the curb
Stood strong when the bullshit occurred That's my word
I am what the hood prefer listen her
A magazine can't make him or break him
I'm still the future double x l's mistaken
It's trouble when the monsters awaken
The top spot vacant it's mine for the takin
Throwback flow no breaking
Old zone swag off in Beverly hills I'm cakin
On the cover of magazines n****s hatin
The game lack creativity they just tracing
No equals too leathal hear me people
This is just a preview stay tuned for the sequel (part two)
I saw past what the rest couldn't see through
I am the young beast it's time that I feast
Fuck n****s retreat may you forever sleep
Where the maggots and the earthworms eat
This is murder on a beat have a seat
Feel the power when you leave this beat
Having moneys so bitter sweet
It's like a double edge sword
When the blade and the flesh meet
These so called best rappers looking like fresh meat
Yeah so it's time to die
And I ain't askin n****s shit I'm just takin mine
Rhyme for rhyme soul for soul line for line show for show
The survey say stat quo
Those that don't know don't matter bitch
And if you don't understand just listen to this